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# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

## A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED.

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## VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1880, TO JULY, 1880.

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## THE APPARITION AT KNOCK.

We have just received a beautiful col red lithograph, 12x20, of "The Apparition at Knock," a subject already dear to every Irish Catholic heart throughout the world.

The sketch was taken by one of those present when our blessed Mother, attended by St. Joseph and St. John, appeared, and it has been recognized by others who were present as a faithful reproduction.

To meet the great demand for this beautiful picture, the publishers, Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co. (17, 19, and 21 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.), have generously placed the reta l price a 25 cents (sent free by mail); at which no home should be without one.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

## ERIN'S HOME TREASURES.

A HANDSOME GIFT TO THE IRSH PEOPLE, FOR IRISH HOMES AND THEIR ADORNMENT.

The most beautiful and appropriate ornament of an Irish household is a superb picture, la ely issued and specially dedicated to the Irish people, which will be supplied to all subscribers to Donahoe's Magazine. The picture is call d "Erin's Home Treasures," and represents the pleasant interior of an Irish cottage, where a comely young Irishwoman is nursing her first child, whilst the husband and fa her sits by their side, and the proud and happy expression upon his manly face plainly proves the appropriate character of the title, — "Erin' Home T easures."

Terms. — Subscribers who pay one year in advan e shall receive a copy of this beautiful picture.

Ten Cents in postage stamps must be sent to pay expense of mailing.

Those who call at our office can have the picture without expense.

Remember that every subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance will receive "Erin's Home Treasures." It is worth one dollar.

To those who do not subscribe for the Magazine, the picture will be sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps.

Canvassers wan ed in every town and city in the United States, New Dominion, etc. With this beautiful picture, no one will refuse to subscribe for Donahoe's Magazine.

The size of the engraving is 19x24.

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The Catholic Church *in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty: the Complete Discussion between Rev. J. P. Bland, B. D., and Rev. John O'Brien, of Cambridge, Mass.*

Some months ago a discussion took place between a Unitarian minister and the pastor of St. John's Church, in the columns of the "Boston Herald." The discussion attracted considerable attention, as it hinged upon the public-school question. The various editions of the "Herald," in which the discussion took place, met with a large sale.

Father O'Brien has had the letters published in a pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, and offers it to the public at the low price of five cents a copy.

We need not say, to those who know Father O'Brien and have read his letters, how completely he vanquished Mr. Bland. But those who have not read the letters should not only procure copies for themselves, but buy copies to give to their neighbors.

Clubs of twenty or more might be formed in the country towns and send for packages of the letters. Twenty copies will be sent free by mail for eighty cents. Address Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass.

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The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. By Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., Profes or of Theology in Maynooth College.

"I will hear that play; for never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it."

In our July issue we will g ve this intensely interesting moral drama. Father Molloy witnessed the performance in 1871, and gives a graphic description of it.

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The 'Union d'Alsace-Lorraine" announces the death of a Siste of Charity at the Military Hospital of Strassburg, and states that she was buried with the military honors given to officers. Gen. von Skopp s nt a representative. There was a detachment from each company of the regiments garrisoned at Strassburg. Herr Schwiertz dwelt briefly upon the spirit of charity perpetuated in the Church, and personified in the Sis er of Charity.

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Mr. Thomas F. Ring delivered a very interesting lecture before the Catholic Union, on the evening of April 28. His subject was on the work and labors of the Overseers of the Poor, and what Boston does for her wards.

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Mr. Patrick Denvir having resigned the office of Superintendent of the Catholic Cemetery on Bunker Hill, Charlestown District, the Most Rev. Archbishop has appointed Mr. John Reade to the position. Any person having any interest in the cemetery, or desiring to communicate with the Superintendent, should apply to John Reade, undertaker, 147 Main Street, Charlestown District, Mass.

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Miss Florence Verry, daughter of Hon. Geo. F. Verry, the most prominent lawyer in Worcester, Mass., prompted only by the impulse of her noble heart, and accompanied only by the angel of charity, who guided her in almost every house, store, shop, and factory of the city of Worcester, has collected the large sum of $1,735.62 for the relief of the suffering people of Ireland.

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The steamer "Strassburg," of the Baltimore and Bremen line, arrived at Baltimore. She brought 1,914 emigrant passengers from Germany, Austria, Sweden, and Norway. They started for the West in four trains over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to settle principally in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Nebraska.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention is directed to the advertisements of the

New York Life Insurance Co.,
Oak Hall,
Old South Clothing House,
Tea Co., etc.

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LORD O'HAGAN has secured the appointment of Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

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THE sum subscribed in France towards the relief of Irish distress exceeds ten thousand pounds.

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THE Irish Athletic Club of Boston will picnic at Centennial Grove, June 17. Seven hundred dollars will be awarded for games.

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THE "London Gazette" announces the elevation of Sir Arthur E. Guinness to the peerage with the title of Baron Ardilaun, in the county of Galway.

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ACCORDING to a despatch from Rome, the reply of the Emperor of Russia to the letter of the Pope, congratulating his Majesty upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, has arrived at the Vatican. The Czar, while thanking his Holiness for his good wishes, expresses only in vague terms the hope that friendly relations may be re-established between Russia and the Holy See.

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MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY has entered upon its eighth volume. It is the most successful Catholic illustrated newspaper ever published in the United States. We are glad to notice that its success is assured and that its prospects were never brighter. Its literary editor said a week or so ago that he had a crow to pluck with us for not placing the "Illustrated" on our cover. We have been pretty well "plucked" in our day, and to avoid another picking, we have placed McGee on our frontispiece.

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DEATH OF THE MAYOR OF CLONMEL. — Seldom have we to record a death so touchingly melancholy as that of Mr. O'Connell Hackett, J. P., the young but twice-elected mayor of Clonmel. It is only the other day that we grieved to chronicle the untimely demise of his loved and loving wife, at the very moment of whose death her husband was himself stricken down by insidious sickness, in the prime of his years and his strength. Mayor O'Connell Hackett died on the 29th of April, at his residence, Prior Park, Clonmel, of inflammation of the lungs.

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FATHER BURKE, O. P. — The people of Dublin — indeed we are sure we may say the people of Ireland, without distinction of creed or class — will be glad to learn that our distingu shed fellow-countryman, Father Thomas Burke, O. P., is so far recovered from his recent severe and prolonged illness as to be enabled to appear once again in the familiar pulpit in Dominick Street Church, from which his eloquent voice was so often heard with rapture and edification. He preached there April 30, at the solemn high mass which was celebrated in honor of the feast day of the great and gentle St. Catherine of Sienna and in honor, as well, of the fifth centenary of her holy and happy death.

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FOR KNOCK. — Nine Catholics, suffering from incurable diseases, left Boston on the 8th of May, in the "Samaria," on a visit to Knock, in hopes to be cured at that now celebrated shrine. The number of persons who have visited Knock for the purpose of being cured amounts to thousands in the old country and hundreds on this side of the water, a large majority having departed from Boston and vicinity. A curious incident was related to a "Globe" reporter by a lady connected with the upper-ten circles, and who resides on Commonwealth Avenue. She said that, being afflicted with paralysis, she journeyed to Knock, was cured, and left her silver-headed cane at the chapel at the request of the parish priest, but against her own wishes. On arriving home, an uncontrollable impulse compelled her to send for her walking-stick, and it was duly forwarded; but as soon as she touched it, it fell from her nerveless grasp, and her dread enemy, paralysis, bound her hand and foot, and has ever since held supreme sway over her limbs.

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WHEN we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older; and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we waited so long before we began to do anything.

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CARPETINGS. — Mr. McGOWAN is still with Mr. Franklin Crosby. He is as polite as ever, and will be pleased to wait upon customers.

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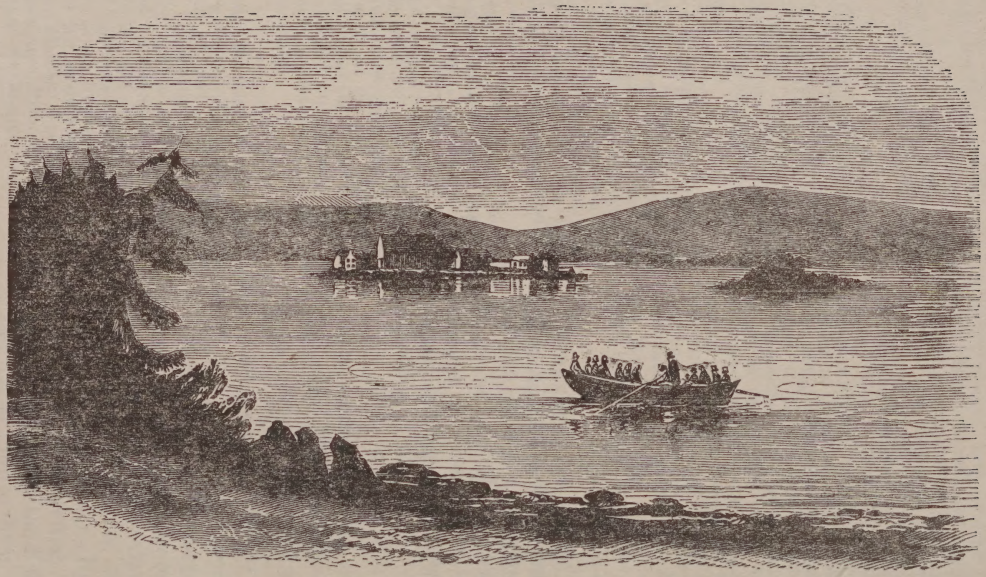
HUMILITY. — "I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration, and publicly confessed the Catholic faith: for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's Word on his own authority."— *Dr. Brownson.*



LOUGH DERG. FROM THE QUAY.

(See page 87.)

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1880. No. 1.

"ST. PATRICK is the patron of Ireland and the Irish, and he is by that fact almost the patron of the American Church, which, but for the Irish, could hardly have a name to live."—BROWNSON.

LET no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape slander. There will be those even who hate because of the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folk in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

PEOPLE talk of the infidelity of the age. But so were the first centuries of our era infidel; and yet in those infidel years the Church won the greatest triumphs. "Lux lucet in tenebris et tenebris non comprehenderunt": The light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it. If men at large should grow more wicked, all the more need for the Church to teach justice and right; if society should become disorganized, all the more reason to call for the Church to exercise her saving influences.

## CHRISTMAS: A PLEA AGAINST MODERN INFIDELITY.

REV. J. VINCENT O'CONNOR.

Now that the holy Christmas-tide is at hand, the restless human mind, outside the Catholic church, is drawn with a sort of traditional force to the deep significance of the birth of our Redeemer One of the many fatal mistakes of Puritanism was its lowering of this significance; and the substitution of a secular Thanksgiving Day for Christmas has worked evil in New England, if only through its abrupt breaking with the historical life of Christianity. The history of the Christian religion is best studied in its festivals, as has been eloquently pointed out by Dr. Pusey. If our Lord is regarded only as the Supreme Prophet and Master, whose work and ministry were limited to the humanly narrow sphere in which he wrought and spoke, his ministry fails to touch us with absolute power. But, if we view him as eternally living in his church, the year seems naturally to divide itself into periods marking and recalling his life. Emerson says that every day that dawns out of infinity contains within itself the ever-new miracle of creation,—a thought probably suggested to him by the Greek philosopher who speculates upon the feelings of a man who sees the sun rise for the first time. The Catholic church constantly presents Christ to us, not as a merely historical personage who lived in an obscure part of Judæa, under the reign of certain Roman emperors, and who, in the language of Tacitus, was put to death, *Tiberio imperitante*. No. For her, Christ lives forever, and his divine ministry is perpetually present to the race which he has redeemed. The joy of the angels at his birth is year by year renewed; his Cross and Passion are duly commemorated, and

each Easter, the Paschal gladness fills the earth.

It is impossible to exaggerate the profound influence exercised by the thought and the observance of Christmas; and, as the feast is pre-eminently *human*, inasmuch as it deals with the universal fact of our birth into the world, and the relations which that birth has put us into with the world, the feast seems to us to solve the difficulties which our unbelieving age has raised with regard to the origin of man and his place in creation.

Our readers cannot be unaware of the sceptical tendencies at powerful work outside the household of the faith. Modern scientists have made a vast and most destructive advance upon the infidelity represented by the school of Voltaire and Diderot in the eighteenth century. It is not only Christianity that is assailed, but the very foundations of all belief in the divine origin of man and his destiny in a future life. The eminently irrational nature of Prostestantism is to blame for its having placed the conditions, out of which this scepticism has flowed. The slightest reflection suffices to convince the dispassionate mind, that there can be no "improvement" or development of Christianity once that its oldest and most logical embodiment, in the Catholic church, is abandoned. Luther himself foresaw this, and, uselessly as it proved, warned his followers against the innovations which daily gained ground among them. Men soon perceived that the Scriptures depend for their authoritative acceptance upon the tradition and the infallible testimony of the church which they had deserted; and if the Bible be not the word of God, a proposition unprovable without the testimony of the church, the logical sequence is infidelity

The best minds of England and of Germany, in the epoch immediately subsequent to Luther, abandoned the Scriptures as an inspired record, but they did not relinquish the truth of the existence of God, nor did they lean to the notion that the world is eternal and self-subsisting, and that man is only one of the many diversified forms or modes of a Life or Power which, in the language of modern Evolutionism, is unknown and unknowable The healthy human intellect perceives the absolute necessity of a First Cause, and rejects instinctively the idea of an eternal and self-created world or cosmos, such as falls beneath its vision. But Christianity, being a divine revelation, supposes and necessitates a divinely assisted medium of knowledge and instruction, such as men believed in prior to the advent of the great apostasy of the sixteenth century. The most deplorable fact has been the defection of the northern nations of Europe, brought about by the Reformation: for though it was only the rabble of Germany that followed Luther, and though the change of faith in England was effected by force, we see the modern descendants of the first recalcitrants born into a condition of heresy and unbelief, which, if they knew their deformity, they would reject with abhorrence, and for which they cannot be held wholly responsible. This entailment of heresy explains the meaning of the awful denunciations of heresy and schism, scattered throughout the workings of St. Paul and St. John; and Dante is theologically correct, when he represents the punishment of heresiarchs as intensified by the suffering of each unhappy being who can trace his eternal loss to the pernicious influence of their acts and teachings.

The doctrine of St. Thomas of Aquin, which Pope Leo XIII., in his last encyclical, teaches to be most applicable to the unhappy errors of our day, dwells most powerfully upon the necessity of a divine revelation to mankind, in order to inform them of many truths, which the unaided reason, indeed, can grasp, but which it cannot fully understand or carry into practice. Indeed, the saint expressly declares that our conception of the existence

of God only tells us that he exists, but that it is silent about his nature and his ways. The saint also says that the existence of God may be an object of faith, and has the merit of faith even if our intellect can perceive the truth of the divine existence. One might suppose that no truth dawns more clearly upon the human intelligence than that of the being of God; for, as Cicero remarked, there is no nation so barbarous that has not some idea of a supreme being. But when it comes to a definition of his relations with us, our mode of worship, and our special obligations, the need of a revelation becomes apparent; and if the fact of a divine revelation is once established, the absolute necessity of an infallible medium of transmitting it and preserving it is a conclusion from which there is no escape.

It would seem that the infinite condescension of the Creator desired that we should know him. No greater insult can be offered to the divine majesty than to say that He is the unknown and the unknowable. It is true that not even in heaven shall we fully comprehend God, and the chief joy of the blessed is in their new discoveries of the infinite blessedness. But here on earth, we not only have the divine illumination of the Church, but all men, of every grade and station, have glimpses of their creator. The very worst phase of modern scepticism, as defended by such men as Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley, is the presentation of God as the utterly unknowable, the completely hidden power; whereas, He is the supremely known, nor can we even think of his universe without, implicitly at least, thinking of Himself. Indeed, the intellectual consciousness of the human race has perceived Him in the works of his hands, and Aristotle and Tully have written treatises which are only comments upon the words of David, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." It is a contradiction in the very phrase, to say that the human mind has no idea of God. The very fact that our mind contemplates such a thought shows that it has an objective existence, for we have *no* thought of that which is unknown. The Creator has hung out signals over all his creation; and lest men should not perceive him in the splendor of the sun or the rings of Saturn, he draws and touches the humblest and simplest of hearts, in his true manifestation as the Babe of Bethlehem.

The tendency of all modern scepticism is to degrade the human nature which the Eternal Son of God assumed. If it can be shown that man is only a superior ape, that his existence is due to a fortuitous concourse of molecular forces, and that the thinking principle within him is only a highly subtilized mode of matter, the triumph of Satan is complete. A very thoughtful Catholic writer has said that "the great aim of Satan in our day is to make man disbelieve in his existence, or in the state and condition of hell." The soul of man fights against this materialism, and refuses to accept it; and this struggle of the human spirit against its enemy is deeply interesting to the Catholic philosopher. Thus, Darwin himself admits that his hypothesis cannot bridge over the difference between man and the brute. The soul cries out against this outrage upon her glorious powers of thought, of freedom, of spiritual yearning; and before that indignant and defiant cry, science shrinks abashed. The most degraded of the human race feel the immateriality and immortality of their spirit, and the burial mounds of the red Indian, with their humble tokens of belief in the immortality of the soul, give as powerful a rebuke to scientific irreligion, as the "Phædus" of Plato or the "Confessions" of St. Augustine.

All philosophers agree in regarding a great national religious custom as indicative of the truth of the idea which suggests it. One of the criterions of human certitude is, the uni-

versal credence given to certain axioms, — a philosophical proposition which finds a partial expression in the saying "What everybody says must be true." Cardinal Newman was drawn to the Church by his perception of the constant action and consistency of the Church upon all matters of faith. Although Manicheism and Arianism ravaged the fold of Christ more fearfully than Protestantism, still, there was present in the whole Christian world a continuous sense that these heresies *were* heresies, and the great mind of the cardinal quickly perceived in his studies, though pursued in Protestant authorities, that this continuous sense and spirit of divine faith, as opposed to triumphant heresy, must be of divine origin, he received the grace of realizing that the universal Church is secure in her theological judgment, "*securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" Now, the celebration of Christmas in Catholic Ireland is an admirable exemplification of this great truth, for no other land has a keener perception of the meaning of Christmas or rejoices in it on more religious grounds.

That the people of Ireland have realized the highest ideal of the faith, under conditions most favorable to infidelity, is perhaps the finest argument, historically speaking, for the divinity of the religion which they profess. It is easy for a man to believe in providence when providence gives him an abundance of temporal and spiritual blessings. But it is very hard for the natural man to believe in the mercy and the justice of God, when, so far as he can see, his surroundings disprove them. The people of France, or a large plurality of them, scattered to the winds the immemorial faith of their nation, because of the oppressions of the kings that immediately succeeded Louis XIV. But France at no time was worse than Ireland, in the matter of rulers, and the exactions under Louis XV. stopped short at least at legally owned property, whereas wholesale robbery and spoliation were the rule in Ireland for two centuries; and to them was added that cruellest form of persecution, namely, the persecution of the religious convictions of a people.

Yet we learn from the old Irish chroniclers and historians that the people were marvellously drawn to the celebration of the birth of Christ. That happy day brought them sweet comfort and an abiding sense of the mystery of poverty and humiliation. Not that their high spirit did not resent the tyranny of which they were the prey; but there was in the mystery of the birth of our Saviour a compensating sympathy with their hard lot, and a sweet approval of their sacrifices for the faith of the "Child that was born for us."

All this is unintelligible to the sceptic of to-day, who regards Christ and his religion as a tale that is told. Still the great heart of the world yet trembles, like the varying needle of the compass, in the direction of Bethlehem, and the mystic radiance of the first Christmas midnight still fills the moral firmament. The Crib is a silent protest against the horrible teachings of modern paganism, that the mystery of human generation and the advent into the world of a prospective heir of the kingdom of the Babe of Bethlehem, must be discarded, and the child must be looked upon as an intruder into and incumbrance upon the earth which, in the beginning, was created for the sake of the human family to which it belongs. The snake and the insect may breed, but a stop should be put to the propagation of man, the lord and master of creation. The horse and the cow must be well kept and fed, but the human infant may cry out in pain and squalor. We tremble as we read the medical reports concerning fœticide and abortion, because here we recognize the devilish cunning of Satan, who rejoices in the very thought that by immoral practices a number of human beings, the creation that God dearly cares about, are pre-

vented from reaching that bounding light and life, in which disport the swallows which he numbers and the lilies upon which he smiles.

George Eliot, the great advocate of science in its more poetical and literary aspects, sneers at the precious truths handed down by the Church, as also they are handed down in a natural way, by the traditions of the human race. She asks, What can be more unlovely than poverty, unless it be ignorance! But poverty may contain a mine of spiritual riches to which Crœsus himself were a stranger. The wisdom imparted by the Church to the humblest of her children surpasses all the scientific attainments of which the lordliest intellect is capable. The Christian does not regard this earth as his abiding home, nor, since the redemption, does God wish him to find in his life here all the compensations which make life enjoyable. We are not of the number of those who pass their whole existence in the study of nature as a final end. In heaven we shall know much more about earth than we can ever learn here. Sir Isaac Newton, at the close of his life, said that he was but a child playing on the shores of the ocean of knowledge, although he surpassed any man before or after him in the range and accuracy of his scientific attainments. Poverty is not a curse, even in the untutored common-sense of mankind; life is worth living, for even the most wretched existence contains in itself the promise and potency of eternal life; and there is no place for despair, even in the saddest heart, at Christmas time, for the messengers of the known and knowable God take up the strain which is a part of all creation's song in His praise, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of goodwill."

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EXPERIMENTAL philosophy is illustrated when a man tries to borrow money from a friend — natural philosophy when the latter refuses.

## A WORD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I HATE to see children forced to do things that are disagreeable to them, merely for the purpose of making them obey. Where any good end is to be answered, it is different. Little ones often object to what is good for them, and when firmness is necessary, people should, of course, be firm. But if a little, powerless creature has a strong fancy or a great repugnance, a parent or guardian abuses his power in ignoring it. Why should your little boy be made to eat the fat of his meat if he loathes it, or anything, no matter what, that is repulsive to him? It may be necessary to refuse some things at table, but seldom, if ever, to force anything upon them. Why make a child, either girl or boy, miserable by forcing it to wear articles of clothing of which its taste does not approve, or at which other children laugh? I think little girls suffer more from this than from any one thing. Almost all of us have some such memory. I knew a lady whose childish life was made very wretched for a year by an obsolete old bag in which she was forced to carry her books to school; and another whose mother forced her to wear some old lace, which, though costly, was laughed at by the ignorant children who made her world, and declared that she actually wished herself dead, until that lace was banished from her wardrobe. If you can afford it, it is wiser to give your boy the particular top or kite he wants, and your girl the very doll she covets or the blue ribbons she admires. And, at any rate, you need not uselessly force them to anything from which they shrink, or which makes them unhappy.

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A MAN of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber; for, although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

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THE greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

## IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

T. O'N. Russell.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE circular stone fortresses of Ireland are amongst the most remarkable prehistoric remains in Europe, and strange to say, very little notice has as yet been taken of them by any class of writers. They are to be found mostly in the out-of-the-way and inaccessible places, where tourists seldom penetrate. Some of them have been noticed, and those that have been are mostly in a good state of preservation, such as the Stague fort, Dun Aengus, and Dun Connobhar. The former of these is in Kerry, and the two latter in the great island of Arran in Galway Bay. These fortresses are circular, or nearly so, with walls from nine to fifteen feet in thickness, and from ten to about sixteen in height. They are built without cement, and the stones bear no trace of hammer or chisel, but they are placed together with wonderful nicety, and seem the work of skilled artisans. Of these ancient stone forts there are only about half a dozen in anything like a state of preservation, but the ruined ones might be reckoned by the hundred. It is almost a certainty that few of them were roofed, or in any way enclosed overhead; they were intended merely as a defence round the houses they encircled.

All these ruined fortresses may be called prehistoric save one, as our annals never mention them, and it is the opinion of the few antiquarians who have written about them that they were erected by a race who possessed the island before the Milesians. This seemed rather improbable, for the circular fortress or *dun*, whether of stone or earth, was common in Ireland to a comparatively recent date, and was the only style of stronghold known until about the ninth or tenth centuries, when the keep or castle built with cement began to supersede the circular *dun* of dry stone or earth. The earthen fort was always used when stone was scarce, but in places where there were plenty of stone, stone-built ones are almost invariably found to prevail.

Although not of the vast extent of the forts in the island of Arran, and not nearly in such a good state of preservation, the best known and most remarkable stone fortress in Ireland is the celebrated one of Ailech, a few miles west of the city of Londonderry, in the county of Donegal. This fortress owes its celebrity to the fact that it is the only one of them mentioned in the ancient annals and books of Ireland as a stone fortress. In the "Dinseanchus," or history of the strongholds of ancient Erin, it is mentioned as a fortress that "half the world could not burn." It was for centuries the chief stronghold and residence of the northern branch of the powerful O'Neills, and it was from there that Muirceartach MacNeill set out with his thousand warriors about the year 950, to make his celebrated "Circuit of Ireland." A poem with this title was written on the subject, by Cormacean Eageas, one of the followers of Muirceartach, and a most beautiful and extraordinary poem it is; it has been translated by John O'Donovan, and can be found amongst the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

The fortress of Ailech stood intact or nearly so until the latter part of the eleventh century, when it was razed to the foundations by the O'Briens, in revenge for the destruction of *their* stronghold, Kincora, by the O'Neills.

Ailech crowns the summit of a lofty, heath-clad hill that lies on the narrow isthmus or neck of land between Loch Foyle and Loch Swilly. It is about one hundred feet in diameter, and perfectly circular. The walls have been levelled to the very foundations, and the stones cast down the hill some thirty or forty feet. The walls were from six to nine feet thick; how high they were, we have no means of judging exactly, but from the quan-

tity of stones lying round, it would seem that they could not have been less than twenty feet. Ailech has been recently restored as far as it was possible to do so. An ardent antiquarian, residing in Derry, worked up his townsmen to excitement about the ruined condition of Ailech, and by the dint of patience and eloquence he succeeded in getting the farmers in the vicinity to agree to give him a certain number of workmen so many days each year to assist in restoring the ancient fortress. In about two years he had it completed, as far as the remnants of the old materials would admit, and after eight hundred years of ruin, Ailech once more crowns the summit of Greenan Hill.

The wanton destruction of many of these old fortresses by the land-owners of Ireland is a dark stain on them. In O'Donovan's unpublished letters in the Irish Academy, instances are mentioned where they were torn down to build houses for the landlord. Within a mile and a half of the town of Sligo, in the townland of Carn, there are the remains of three that have been levelled, like Ailech, to the very foundations. The stones composing them were carried away to build walls. One of these forts is the most remarkable, perhaps, in Ireland. It was a *double* walled stone fortress, with walls nine feet in thickness. The outer wall encloses about half an acre, and the inner one about a quarter of an acre. The most remarkable feature about this fort is the remains of a subterranean entrance that extended under both walls. It must have been a fortress of immense strength, if one is to judge by the size of the foundation stones, the only parts of it that now remain. These stones are from half a ton to a ton in weight; if they were smaller, they would most likely have been taken away. In the immediate vicinity of this fort are two others. They were built of much smaller stones, and some three or four feet of the walls are still standing.

The town of Ballinrobe, in the county Mayo, seems to have been built principally from the remains of one of those vast old fortresses, the ruins of which are to be seen in the townland of Rothkelly, adjacent to the village. It was perhaps the largest stone fort in Ireland, and like the one near Sligo, it was double, having two circular walls at about twenty feet distant from each other. The foundation remains visible only in places, as the spot has in recent times been a stone quarry, so that even the greater part of the foundation is no longer visible. So obliterated are the ruins of this immense fortress, that few of the inhabitants of the vicinity know anything about it. Almost all over the west and southwest of Ireland the ruins of these gigantic forts can be seen in almost any townland.

Ireland is, *par excellence*, the land of Druidic remains, but like the earthen raths and stone fortresses, they are being rapidly destroyed. The wanton vandalism with which these venerable monuments of prehistoric Ireland have been obliterated is a stain on the whole Irish nation, for if public opinion on the subject of antiquarian remains existed in any force, neither landlord nor alien would dare to remove them. In one townland near Sligo, containing not more than forty acres, the writer counted the remains of *twenty-two* cromlechs or Druids' altars. Some of them, those that happened not to be in the way, or were too heavy to remove, were let stand; but most of the others were destroyed. The stones of a great many were carried away and built into the walls of the road that is adjacent. The two finest Druid circles in Ireland, or in Europe perhaps, next to Stonehenge, were within a mile of Armagh, in the townland of Ballygarvly. One of them is still nearly perfect, but the other has within a few years been actually torn down by some villanous road contractor, and the stones first blown to fragments by

gunpowder, and then smashed to smaller pieces with a hammer, to make material for mending roads! The circle that remains has been turned into a haggard by the farmer on whose land it stands. The one that was destroyed was fully as fine as the one that still remains, but not a trace of it is now to be seen. The stones of which the remaining one is composed are probably from a ton to a ton and a half in weight, and enclose a space about a hundred feet in diameter. These enclosures are called Druids' rings, and must have been used for some purpose different from that of the cromlech, or Druid's altar. These two monuments of pagan times were evidently connected in some way with the ancient palace of Emania, or Eman Macha, the seat of the Ulster kings, as they are only a short mile from where its remains are to be seen.

There exists another class of prehistoric remains in Ireland, of which very little notice has been taken. These are sepulchral mounds, some of earth and some of stone. They exist almost all over the island, and are often erroneously supposed to have been fortifications or military strongholds. We do not now speak of Dowth or New Grange in Meath, for they have been thoroughly written up and explored long ago. There are, however, scores of sepulchral mounds all over the country that no writer has as yet noticed. The most perfect and beautiful one in Ireland is in the townland of Ballylochloe, parish of Calry, county Westmeath. A range of high sand-hills has been cut in two, and a magnificent mound or moat, of about a hundred and fifty feet in height, has been formed. It is perfectly conical, and covered with grass of the brightest green. It is a most beautiful object, looked at from no matter what point of the compass, and is a sort of landmark for the entire surrounding country. Its sides are so steep that it is no easy task to climb them, and it is so high that some of the timid inhabitants of the vicinity are afraid to ascend it. It would appear from a tract in the book of Lecan that the moat and lake of Ballylochloe — for there is a small lake at the foot of the moat — got their name from a woman called Lucha, the wife of a *brughaiche*, or public hospitaller, called DaChoga, who lived at a place called Cloch Breen, about two miles from Ballylochloe; he was killed, and his house was destroyed in a terrific battle between the men of Ulster and Connaught, about the time of the Incarnation. It is related in the tract in question that Lucha went to Loch Lucha, and died there of a broken heart. It is supposed by some that the moat was raised over her remains, and that the townland and loch were named after her.

Of the numerous sepulchral stone cairns in Ireland, the most remarkable and probably the largest is the one on the summit of Knocknaray, near Sligo town. This cairn is fifty feet in height and about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter at the top. It is entirely composed of small stones, averaging about seven pounds in weight each. The labor of erecting this gigantic cairn, on the top of a mountain fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, may easily be conceived. Its name tells plainly what it is, for it is still called Mioscán Meabh, or Meabh's heap or pile. This Meabh was the celebrated queen of Connaught who occupied such a prominent place in Irish pagan history. She reigned about the time of the Incarnation, and is said to have ruled over Connaught for ninety-six years; she has passed even into English legend, as Queen Mab or the fairy queen. Nothing can show more plainly the apathy that exists amongst the people at large about the antiquities and history of their country, than the fact that hardly one of the inhabitants of the vicinity, although most of them speak Irish, know the meaning of Mioscan Meabh, or why it was so called. It must be admitted, however, that Irish history does not say

that Queen Mab was interred on the top of Knocknaray, but there seems good ground for believing that she was.

While speaking of Queen Mab, or Meadb, as the name is generally spelled in the ancient books of Ireland, it will not be out of place to say a few words about what remains of her ancient palace of Cruchain, now called Rath Croghan; it is in the county Rosscommon, about seven miles east of the town of Castlerea. All that remains of this once celebrated seat is a circular mound of earth, about ten or twelve feet in height and an acre in extent. It is different from the remains of most of the strongholds of ancient Ireland, as it is not hollow inside but perfectly level, which goes to prove that the mound was not constructed altogether for defence, and that its entire surface was covered with a building or buildings of some sort. There are not the least traces of stone buildings of any kind at Rath Croghan, and there never were any there. It was composed entirely of wood. There are very minute descriptions of this ancient palace in Irish manuscripts. It was built of pine, according to one account; and of yew, according to another, and replenished with ornaments of gold and bronze. It is certain that Rath Croghan was a very fine building in the days of Queen Meadb, and although built of wood, may have been not only as comfortable, but even as elegant an edifice as some modern ones that are built of stone.

The gold ornaments and bronze weapons found in Ireland are more numerous than those found in any country in Europe. The collection of weapons, utensils, brooches, etc., in bronze, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, is simply immense; if they were properly arranged in a room large enough to display them to advantage, they would be simply overwhelming in their numbers. A very large proportion of the bronze weapons in the British Museum, London, were found in Ireland; and there are many private collections of them all over Great Britain and Ireland. From the quantity of antique gold ornaments preserved, and those known to have been melted down, it would appear that ancient Ireland was the richest country in the world. More gold ornaments have been found in Ireland than in any half-dozen countries in Europe, but unfortunately, most of them have been melted down and sold as bullion. Some of those preserved are of exquisite workmanship; the Tara brooch and chalice of Ardagh are considered the finest specimens of gold filigree work extant. Both of these priceless evidences of the perfection of ancient Irish art are preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

It may be asked, What good can be done by the study of the remains of the dead past? The answer to such a question is easy, and the best way to answer it is by asking another, such as this, Is anything to be gained by the study of history? No utilitarian of the deepest dye, no communist of the worst kind, would dare to answer this question by saying that the study of history was useless. A nation's antiquities are its history, — the truest kind of history, which neither bigot nor falsifier can alter or deny. A true history of Ireland has yet to be written. Men have attempted to write histories of Ireland without knowing anything of the antiquities or language of the country about which they wrote: their histories are consequently worse than useless. Until the Irish race take an intelligent interest in the history and antiquities of their country, they can never become truly leavened with the real spirit of patriotism, or enjoy that liberty for which they have yearned for centuries. If Greece had forgotten her past, despised her antiquities, and ignored her language, she would

to-day be nothing but a geographical term and a dead nation, instead of being, as she is, full of life, liberty, and of hope in the future.

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### ITALY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A VERY lamentable picture of the state of this country is drawn by the "Unita Cattolica" in a recent issue. The conditions of the country are much worse to-day than they were in 1848, when a sort of despair of the future filled men's minds. To-day the prevalent evils in Italy are hunger, fever, and a popular disaffection in the interior; and abroad Italy meets with indifference, contempt, and hostility. Last week the "Riforma" declared that the condition of the Italian people was most wretched, and gave birth to serious fears, and after having complained of the rich and great landed proprietors, who have not yet comprehended either their mission or their interests, and who, in all probability, will repent later their want of foresight, their thoughtlessness, and their fatal egotism, excited the government to take the matter in hand, and provide against the danger in time, if it would not bear the responsibility of the sad events looming in the distance. A Roman journal, the "Bersagliere," referring to the serious straits in which the country is found, laments that, instead of seeking a remedy, time is spent in fruitless debates of parties on programmes and on personal questions. The "Popolo Romano," after having shown the perils that Italian commerce is falling into, and declaring that the Mediterranean is in the power of England, France, and Austria, says, "Italy, like the poor man in the parable, must content itself with gathering the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich."

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WHY is an author looking for writing-fluid like a coroner discharging the duties of his office? Because he is holding an ink quest.

### THE ISLE OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS.

CONCERNING the Irish scholars of the fifth and six centuries, the Rev. Maurice Ronayne, S. J., writes in his book on "Religion and Science": — "The apostle of the Irish, with a lofty view, which embraced the future as well as the present, determined that the Church, which, with God's grace, he was about to found, should be learned as well as holy. With that view, Colgan tells us, 'Patrick sent Olcon, burning with zeal for knowledge, to pursue the higher studies in Gaul (discendi aviditate ardentem Olcanum altiorum studiorum causa, misit Patricius in Gallias), where he made fruit in sacred letters and in all the best kind of literature, so that on his return to his country he might open public schools and become the teacher of many prelates and masters.' The statesmanlike plan of forming a truly Christian normal school produced its results in a few generations. Ireland became enriched with monastic colleges, students from every European nation flocked to her shores in quest of knowledge, and all the branches of learning were taught by her masters with such renown that for centuries she was looked upon as the University of Europe. The classics of Greece and Rome were cultivated in the cloisters of Bangor, of Armagh, and of Lismore, and ascetic scholars dwelt with delight over the dialectics of Aristotle as well as over the poetry of Homer and the eloquence of Cicero. On this point a testimony above suspicion is that of M. Haurean, the brilliant and erudite free-thinker, in his 'History of Scholastic Philosophy': 'If the history of the Irish schools be obscure, what we do know of it is all the more astonishing. In the sixth century there is a region of old Europe where the tradition of the Latin letters and the Greek letters has been preserved, where multitudes of young Christians sit at the feet of masters who teach them to understand not only Virgil, but Homer; and this region is Ireland.'"

## THE WORKHOUSE CHILDREN.

### A TRUE TALE.

Lady Herbert of Lea, in the Irish Monthly.

It was a cold, drizzling, wretched evening in November. People hurried along the slippery, muddy streets of London, intent on their work or business, and only anxious to get home out of the wet.

But there was one whose step was even quicker than the rest, though his grave countenance and downcast eyes showed that he was the bearer of *Something* that kept him recollected amid his hurry. We will follow him past the broad, gaslit street and down a narrow passage, till he pauses at a house in a wretched court, of which the entrance was half choked with rags and bones. He does not speak, but hurries on up the dirty, broken staircase, and some of the lodgers in the same house follow him, awe-struck and silent too, till he reaches one particular door. It is opened by a crying boy of ten or twelve years old, who instantly kneels, while his sister, a little older than himself, lights a candle, and together with their visitor approach a bed in the corner of the miserable room, on which is lying a woman, still young, but in the last stage of decline. Her poor, wan features light up with joy as she sees her Lord approaching; and for a short time naught is heard but the voice of the priest, who is come to soothe that dying bed, and give the one great strength for the last dread journey.

A quarter of an hour passed, the service was over, and in a faint and feeble voice the dying mother spoke: "Father, I could go in peace, and gladly, too, but for one thing. What is to become of my poor children? They must go to the workhouse. Sad enough to think that *his* children should come to this! But it is n't only that, you know what I mean! If they go, they will lose their faith. It 's no use telling me the contrary. I know the law is on our side, and the law says that children are to be brought up in the religion of their parents. But the guardians don't care about the law; they 'll *force* them to be Protestants, as they did Mary Green's children last year. And when I went to see 'em, the poor little boy, he cried so! and said they beat him if he made the sign of the cross or said his own prayers. O sir, would that I had buried them with their poor father! I would rather see them die this minute than become Protestants!"

"And does not our Lord know this, and will not he provide, O you of little faith?" replied the kind old priest, gently taking her hand. "Do not fear, my child; we will all look after them. And the newspapers have taken up the matter, and now the guardians dare not keep the children as they used to do. Only commend them to His care who never yet forsook the widow and the fatherless."

"I would be beaten to death sooner than give up being a Catholic, mother!" exclaimed the boy, who had been eagerly hanging on his mother's words. The little girl was silent; but she drew nearer to her mother and imprinted on her forehead one long, long kiss. It seemed as if this silent compact were understood by both mother and child. "God bless you, my darling!" murmured the poor woman. They were her last conscious words. Soon the death struggle began, and before morning dawned, the poor children were orphans and alone.

We will pass over the misery of the few intervening days. A kind neighbor took pity on the children's misery and desolation, and shared with them her scanty meals. But this could not last; and the morning came when the terrible separation was to take place from all they had ever loved or known. The pauper funeral over, the brother and sister found themselves somewhat roughly, yet not unkindly dragged down the street by a policeman, and brought to a big stone building, with a high wall and an iron gate, at which

he rang. After a few words with the porter, they were shown a long passage into a bleak, large room, in the corner of which was a stern man sitting behind a high desk, who looked up at them with a cross, disagreeable expression of face, and exclaimed to their guide, "What! more brats? The house is chock-full already! What's their names?" "Mary and Arthur Duncan, sir," replied the policeman, touching his hat respectfully to that awful functionary, the master of the workhouse. "Their mother was a very respectable widow, sir, but who had been ill a long time, and so got behindhand with the rent and everything. She lived in King's-head Court, and was buried by the parish this morning, leaving the children quite destitute. They are Catholics, sir," he added, in rather a deprecatory tone.

"Papists are they?" exclaimed the master, in an irascible tone. "Oh! we 'll soon knock that out of them," ringing violently, as he spoke, for one of his underlings, who received orders forthwith to take the children to their respective quarters. Before they were separated, Mary threw her arms round her brother's neck. "Remember poor mother and your promise!" she whispered. Arthur nodded: his heart was too full to speak, and he followed his conductor down the cold stone staircase to a large room, where boys of all ages were sitting huddled up together, looking too cowed and miserable to play, although the tasks were over, and dressed in the workhouse livery of brown holland pinafores, which added to the sallow and unwholesome look of most of their faces. Even Arthur's arrival amongst them excited scarcely any remark or comment, except that one of them, with a nicer face than the rest, made room for him on the bench where they were sitting, and began to speak to him in a low voice. His name, age, and the like were the first questions; and by degrees Arthur was led on to speak of his mother and his faith. An expression of terror passed over the face of his interlocutor. "Keep it dark as you value your skin!" he whispered eagerly. "I was, like you, a Catholic, and they nearly murdered me — and now —" What more he might have said was stopped by the loud and angry voice of the master summoning the boys to dinner; but poor little Arthur's heart sank within him, and he thought to himself, "Shall I ever be brave enough to be one of those confessors mother told us about?"

We must leave Arthur and Mary to their fate for a few weeks, and introduce our readers to another room in the same building, where a large number of persons are assembled. It was "board day," and there was evidently an unusual excitement among the guardians, who spoke to one another in low voices, and occasionally looked first towards the chairman, and then towards the door.

"The lady is waiting down stairs, sir," said the clerk, addressing a pompous-looking individual seated at the end of a long table covered with green baize, round which about fifteen other men were assembled.

"Show her up," was the reply; and in a few seconds the door opened and admitted a lady, very simply dressed, who, in accordance with the chairman's invitation, took a seat near him, and then remained silent.

"May I ask you, madam, for what reason you have wished to see the board to-day?" inquired the chairman.

"I am come," replied the lady, "to ask for two children now in this house, Mary and Arthur Duncan. They are the children of Catholic parents; and, as such, I wish to have them transferred to one of the Catholic industrial schools certified for that purpose by the government."

Complete silence followed this speech, which was broken by the chairman sending for the master, and inquiring into the particulars of the case.

"Duncan, sir? Yes, sir. Two

children, — boy and girl. Boy as obstinate a little Papist as ever you saw, sir. He had been taught by the 'Christian Brothers' (as they call 'em) before he came here; and they had made him make the sign of the cross when the clock struck. And we can't cure him of it, sir, though we 've tied his hands and feet, and beaten him scores of times for it.* And the girl 's just as bad, the mistress says."

The lady's color rose, but she simply said, "Are these children's names entered as Catholics in the Creed Register?"

"No, ma'am," replied the master. "We keep no Creed Register here."

"Are you aware, sir," continued the lady, "that this is in direct contravention of two distinct acts of Parliament?"

The chairman fidgeted, and looked at a fat, red-faced man, seated a little lower down, who replied, "Very sorry, ma'am, but in my opinion, a Creed Register is quite unnecessary. These children are orphans and should be taught without sectarianism. Such children, I say, should be brought up in the established religion of the country. What 's good enough for us is good enough for them, I should think."

"Are you a father?" replied the lady quietly.

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

"Well, then, supposing (which I allow is very unlikely) that in the fluctuations of trade you were to be unfortunate, as some are, and then die, and leave your children unprovided for, would you like to think that they would be brought up as Catholics?"

"I would sooner see them in their graves!" eagerly exclaimed the red-faced grocer.

"There 's an old proverb," replied the lady, smiling, "that 'sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Now, I knew the parents of these poor children. Their mother died when I was present. One only thought embittered her last moments, — the terror lest her children should be brought up as Protestants. She made use of just the same words as you: 'I would sooner see them in their graves!'"

"But, ma'am," continued the speaker, "we guardians don't recognize them as Roman Catholics, or anything else. The children here are simply taught what we believe to be the truth. We 've got to keep them and feed them, and it 's our duty, I take it, to try and make something better of them than would have been the case if they had been left to their popish parents."

"But you forget," replied the lady, "that this is not a question for you or me to judge or decide upon. The law says, 'No child shall be instructed in any other religious creed than in that of its parents.' (Act, Victoria, 1862, Sect. 9.) And further, that 'No child shall be compelled to attend any religious service contrary to the religious principles of its parents.' (Act, William IV., 1834, Sect. 19.)"

"But surely," interrupted the chairman, "these acts are permissive, not compulsory, on the guardians."

"I may be wrong in my knowledge of English grammar," replied the lady; "but I consider although '*may*' is permissive, the word '*shall*' is peremptory; and the clause says: '*No* child *shall* be sent under this act to any school which is conducted on the principles of a religious denomination to which such child does not belong."

The chairman, seeing that the argument was not going in favor of the board, interposed with the question, "May I ask, madam, by what right you come here to claim these children?"

"By my right as godmother," answered the lady firmly, "in pursuance to the fourteenth section of the Act of 1866, which has been again confirmed by the Act of 1868. I have brought with me all the papers required by this Act, — the certificates of their baptism, and of the marriage and death of their parents. It is a clear and straight-forward case according to

*A fact.

the law of the land. But I would rather appeal to your feelings as gentlemen, and ask you to let me remove the children quietly, without having recourse to extreme measures."

The lady, hereupon, was asked to withdraw for a short time while the board discussed the matter.

"I really know nothing of the law of the case, gentlemen," said the chairman testily, when the door was closed. "Mr. May," he added, turning to the clerk, "what do you say in this matter?"

"That there 's no denying the lady has the law on her side, sir. She put it as neatly as possible, and there 's no escape from it, I 'm afraid, do what you will. Here are the words as plain as a pikestaff," he added, unfolding the Acts of Parliament as he spoke, and pointing to the clauses before mentioned. "I see no alternative but that you should let the children go."

"Besides, that woman has influence, and is capable of putting the whole thing into the newspapers if we resist," grumbled another of the board, who had a righteous horror of being "shown up" as the narrow-minded bigot he really was.

"What with the Poor Law Board interfering one day, and a radical press the next, I don't know what use guardians are of, any longer!" angrily exclaimed a conservative corn-chandler, who sat next him. And so the discussion waxed hot and angry, with the consciousness on the part of the speakers that their case was indefensible.

Meanwhile, the lady, having asked for the matron, was occupying herself in visiting the house.

"Which is Mary Duncan?" she asked, on coming into the girls' school-room.

The mistress colored. "She 's in disgrace, ma'am, for obstinacy and disobedience."

"I am very sorry to hear that," replied the lady. "What has she done?"

"She would n't say the prayers, ma'am, in the morning with the others, and she would n't learn her Catechism, leastways that bit about the sacraments. She *would* say there were seven instead of two; so I just boxed her ears, and locked her up in the black hole."

"Are you aware that she is a Catholic?" asked the lady.

"I know nothing about that," answered the mistress sulkily. "My business is to see that the children say the prayers and learn the Catechism, and don't set themselves up to be wiser than their betters."

The lady sighed. "I must ask you, for my sake, to let Mary Duncan out this time, so that I may speak to her. I knew her mother, and I promised that I would look after her child."

The mistress reluctantly complied, and Mary was brought down. She was very pale, and looked ill and exhausted; but her face brightened at the sight of the lady. "O ma'am! O poor mother!" was all she could say, as the recollection of the last time they had met came across her, and then burst into a violent fit of crying.

"My poor, dear child!" whispered the lady. "I know all. Keep up your heart; I am doing my best, and soon I hope to have you out of this place" Then, turning to the matron, she said, "I should like to speak to this little girl in your parlor for a moment, if you will allow me."

The matron acquiesced; and Mary, holding fast by her protector's hand, soon found herself alone with her old friend in the matron's room.

"Are there many Catholic children in the house?" was the first question asked by the lady.

"There were a great many, ma'am," replied Mary, "but now they dare n't own to it. The mistress is so cruel, and puts such extra work on them if she finds out that they 're what she calls 'papists'; and half the time they don't get their dinner or supper; so

they 're just starved and beaten into being Protestants." *

"And my poor little confessor here has borne all this?" said the lady, smoothing the hair off the child's forehead, and looking at her lovingly.

"I tried to think of Jesus, and how he bore pain and shame for us, as poor mother used to tell us," said the child simply; "and then it did n't seem so hard. And I pray to him and to our Lady every day to give me strength to bear it; and if it may be, to get me and Arthur away from this terrible place."

A messenger here interrupted the conversation by summoning the lady to reappear before the board.

"Courage, and hope on!" whispered she, as she left the little girl to obey the summons.

"We have considered the case you have brought before us, madam," said the chairman gravely, "and though you must allow me to say there is no legal right in the matter of removing the children to the district schools, which is left to the discretion of the board, yet we think, considering all the circumstances, it will be well to grant your request. You are therefore at liberty to remove the children when you please, and we have desired the necessary forms to be prepared for the purpose."

Reader, my tale is told, and, unlike some tales, it is a true one. If it should induce you or any one else to take up the cause of these poor children, and to second the measures which are being set on foot to deliver these little ones from the cruel persecution they are now undergoing for their faith, or from the still more irreparable wrong of their being robbed of it altogether, and forcibly brought up in error, my object will be attained.†

* A fact.

† It is certain that Catholics in these countries are quite too indifferent to the losses which the Church, alas! is suffering in England and the United States by the anti-Catholic influences brought to bear on Catholic orphans and other poor children in workhouses and similar establishments. We have seen most harrowing statistics on this question put forward lately in American journals. The foregoing little tale may help us to realize the fate of some of these wretched little creatures. It has been before in print, but not in a public journal; and we use it now with the kind permission, and indeed at the suggestion, of the noble writer.

## THE KING OF KINGS.

THE Very Rev. Canon Guard, of the Valais, is a fascinating orator. To follow his periods and his imagery is an intellectual feast. They have founded a society in his country, a Catholic society, to forward the study of letters, science, and art, to gather and utilize all that is clever and noble in the land for the better cultivation and refinement of humanity. Listen to him picturing the attributes of the Creator, with all the defects of imperfect translation: "The God of eloquence, who by one word created the heavens and the earth and formed the universe out of nothing. The God of painting, whose brush colors the firmament, the flowers of the field, and the lily of the valley, so that the glory of the robes of Solomon was as nothing beside. The God of music, who directs in person the concerts of the birds, of the streamlet, of the river, of the ocean, and of all nature. The God of architecture, who sees gaps, disproportions, faults in the most perfect human works, while His have never revealed the shadow of an imperfection. The God of science, who is the principle of everything, the centre of everything, the end of everything, and who by His intelligence as by His essence is present everywhere." A sublime argument for the direction of all studies to the honor and glory of a God so omnipotent, "I give place," said the eloquent Canon, "to speakers more competent than myself."

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QUERY. — Is there a scientific man in the country who can tell, after a sock gets a hole in it, what becomes of the material that once took the place of the aperture?

## THE LAST WILL OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

THE following is the last will of a noble lady who lately died in Florence, as we find in it the type of a true Christian mother who leaves to her children the most precious inheritance the holy fear of God. After having judiciously and equitably disposed of her patrimony in favor of her family, she addresses her children in these words: —

"My words are now directed to you, my most dear and beloved children, whom I hope to see around my death-bed when I shall breathe my last.

"I recommend to you, dearest children, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Mary Immaculate, and to the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph. In every difficulty and grief which may befall you during your lifetime, have recourse to Mary, and you shall ever find her your tender and affectionate mother. I leave her to you and consecrate you all in a special manner to her; it is not possible that this good mother should refuse to accept you for her children, and to protect you in every situation.

"Two more devotions I recommend to you, the one to your guardian angel and the other to the souls in purgatory. If God, as I hope, shall have mercy on me, and my soul shall be one of their number, I promise you to pray for you always, as well as for those who shall take care of you. I promise, likewise, to pray for all my friends, as this is the only means left me to show my gratitude to them, and I take this opportunity to thank all with all my heart.

"Next I recommend to you, my children, and in good earnest, sincere attachment to the person of the supreme pontiff and to the Holy Church, accepting every decision and faithfully observing every order, whatever the world may say. The thought of your soul must be above all the others; do not allow yourselves to be guided by human respect, which is a degrading thing, and reflect that those very persons who laugh at you, will esteem you in the interior of their hearts, when they see you superior to human respect.

"If our Lord grants me, as I hope, the salvation of my soul, I shall pray much, my children, for you with this intention, that not one of my beloved children ever fails in the reverence and attachment due to the supreme pontiff and the Holy Church. Nothing would grieve my heart more than the idea of one of my children failing in this respect.

"I recommend to you frequent approach to the Sacraments, without which it would be impossible to remain in the right path of virtue. To thee, my dearest son, Ignatius, when you shall have grown older, I recommend the good choice of companions. Bad companions are the ruin of many a youth.

"I recommend the same to you, my most dear daughters; select your friends always among those who belong to families that fear God, and allow yourselves to be guided in this by those who shall have charge of your education.

"Never read bad books, nor read in secret, as this also may damage you much. I have never read any book without having first consulted prudent and pious persons. Follow in this the example of your mother, and let this be a token of your affection for me.

"Be united among yourselves. Union is a great treasure in a family, and woe to those in which this union is wanting. Be also charitable to the poor, and, in these miserable times especially, to poor religious. In the poor we must see the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and think that well-ordered charity never impoverishes and is highly meritorious before God.

"I have recommended to you, I think, what I judge to be the principal things, and I rely upon the affection

you have always had for me that you will carry them into effect. Now, my beloved children, I have nothing more to do than to bless you. The blessing of God be upon you and make you happy in this world and in the next! I leave you recommended with all my heart, to the most holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, who will henceforth be doubly your mother; and rest assured that if the Lord shall, as I hope, have mercy on me, whether in purgatory or in paradise, the prayers of your mother, who loves you so tenderly, shall never fail you; but do you also pray, and make others pray, much for the repose of my soul. The Lord bless you again, and sanctify you! This is my supreme desire. Amen."

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MAN has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect this he has in maturity and health sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. As to speed of animated beings, size and construction seem to have little influence. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds, but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes, an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour. A violent wind travels from sixty to seventy miles an hour. The reader who doubts the correctness of any one or all of these assertions is at perfect liberty to demonstrate by count, measurement, or observation how much they vary from the strict line of exactness.

## THE MOVING BOG NEAR MYLERSTON, IRELAND.

THE "Freeman's Journal" gives the following account of the moving bog reported at the time of the late heavy rains, the one known as Mylerstown Bog. It adjoins the village of Robertstown, and supplies the country around with turf, the practice being for its poor people to rent a certain portion from the landlord, cut the turf, and retail it to the householders, in this way earning what is at best a very precarious livehood. The unprecedented rains of Saturday and Sunday night week turned the bog into a vast floating mass. During the night it split up into two sections, one of which, comprising upwards of sixteen acres, moved fully three quarters of a mile from its original position. It pursued a direct line towards a river, which the agent of the property had had sunk not long since for drainage purposes at an expense of £50. At the farther side of the river, the ground rose to a considerable elevation. The moving peat having choked up the river, had its course checked by the elevation alluded to. It then turned at right angles and followed the course of the river for 500 yards down, completely obstructing the passage of the water, which, having no other means of escape, spread over the low-lying lands, and flooded them to a considerable height. The greater part of this extraordinary occurrence took place on Sunday night, though the bog has been moving gradually since, and may be expected to do so until the floods have altogether disappeared. To carry off the water a number of men are employed cutting a drain through it. It is not easy to give an accurate estimate of the value of the turf destroyed, but probably £300 is not over the margin. Unfortunately all the sufferers are extremely poor people, small farmers. One man has lost £15 worth of turf and another £11 worth.

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A PAPER that is always full of good points — a paper of needles.

# THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MURDER OF THE FRANKS.

The Franks family. — Miss Kearney. — The new house. — The treble murder. — The servant's escape. — Trial and conviction. — Trial of Arthur Keefe. — Defended by O'Connell. — Acquittal.

On the lands of Lisnagourneen, at some distance from Kildorrery, a small village on the crest of a lofty range of highlands in the northwest of the county of Cork, and on the borders of the county of Limerick, there resided some forty years ago a family named Franks. They were of a highly respectable race in the county of Cork. One branch settled at Carrig, a lovely demesne near Mallow, possessed a considerable fortune, and intermarried with the Norreys and other houses of distinction. The eminent solicitor, Matthew Franks, was of the same family as the Mr. Franks here referred to; he was also related to Sir John Franks, a member of the bar; and, although living in retirement near Kildorrery, this gentleman was in comfortable circumstances, which he increased by some agencies connected with the great Kingston estates.

Mr. Franks possessed a small estate, which was partly let to tenants, the remainder farmed by himself. He was married many years and had an only son who reached manhood. This young gentleman was good looking, well conducted, and well educated. He found favor in the eyes of a Miss Kearney, a county heiress in expectancy, of the neighborhood, who was connected by marriage with a Mr. Keeffe. As the fortune of Miss Kearney consisted of a property which Mr. Keeffe claimed by right of his wife, it was reported in the neighborhood that he was averse to the match. It was supposed he would cease to have the management of Miss Kearney's estate if she became Mrs. Franks, and he used his most strenuous efforts, it was said, to break it off. As his object was plainly to keep her and her fortune under his own control, opposition to the young lady's avowed preference was sure to have an effect contrary to that desired. The marriage was fixed, and in order to provide a home suitable for his son's bride, Mr. Franks the elder built a new house, in which he meant the young couple should reside. With fond anticipation he watched the rising walls. In this mansion he expected a new generation would arise, and gladden his wife and himself in their declining years. The building rapidly progressed. Miss Kearney was constantly driven by her betrothed on their jaunting-car, to see her future home; and soon the house was roofed in, the walls plastered and prepared for papering. Still the progress of the tradesmen did not keep pace with the young lovers' eagerness to have the house completed, and thinking that by moving in he should get the workmen out, he persuaded his parents to leave the village of Kildorrery, and occupy the unfinished house. His mother loved him dearly; he was her only child, and she could not refuse him any request. She consented to yield to his wishes, and urged her husband's compliance. Her husband, a quiet, easy-going man, did just as she wished, and the family went to live in the new house. As the parlor was as yet considered too damp to live in, fires were kept burning there, and until it was sufficiently aired, the family took their meals in the kitchen.

One morning in the month of September, 1823, that kitchen presented a sickening scene. The dead bodies — dead by violence — of father and mother and son told a horrible tale. Murder had stalked into the lonely dwelling, and taken these three lives. Groups of men assembled, with horror-stricken faces and eager and inquiring looks when the terrible intelligence was spread abroad. The father of the author, then Barrack-master of Fermoy, in which district this savage deed was perpetrated, was present at the scene of the murder, accompanied by Colonel, afterwards Major-General Sir

Thomas Arbuthnot, K.C.B., commander of the Fermoy garrison, and Mr. Plunket, then a law student, now queen's counsel, who was on a visit at our house; the Rev. Dr. Woodward, rector of the neighboring parish of Glanworth, and several others, were also present.

A servant girl named Mary Myers, who had been attending on her master and mistress as they sat at dinner, detailed what occurred.

The family of three had just dined. A candle was lighted and they were sitting at the dinner-table, when two men of alarming appearance walked suddenly into the kitchen. One had a white shirt over his clothes, the other carried a large pistol. The servant girl, terrified at the sight, crouched under a table near the wall, where the light did not reach, and was not noticed. The visitors demanded that Mr. Franks should give them his fire-arms.

"I declare to God," he replied, half dead from terror, "there are no arms in the house."

"No, indeed," added his son; "they are all at Mr. Smith's; but we can send a message for them, and you can have them"

Another of the ruffians outside, who appeared to be the principal, and was dressed in a green coat and white trousers, gave a kind of signal, and ten men, or rather savages, rushed in. He sternly said to the terror-stricken family, "It is not for arms you want to send: it's for the soldiers!" and turning to his band, cried, "Do your duty!" The weapons of death were raised and poor Mrs. Franks was the first victim. She flung herself between her beloved child and immediate death, a white apron was flung over her head, and twisted round her neck. She was soon killed. Father and son were shot dead, and their work of destruction thus ended; for, as I before mentioned, the servant girl was never seen: the murderers departed.

Nothing could exceed the horror of all the inhabitants of the vicinity at this savage outrage. Various conjectures arose as to its motive. General suspicion fell upon the illegal combination termed Whiteboys, whose ravages were frequent at that period. Some considered the conduct of Mr. Franks, as a harsh landlord, or rigid agent, had drawn upon himself and family the wild justice of revenge; while again suspicion fell upon Mr. Keeffe, the connection of Miss Kearney. The police were soon at work, and, at the spring assizes of the county of Cork, on the 9th of April, 1824, three brothers, named Patrick, Maurice, and John Cronin, were tried before Mr. Justice Torrens, charged with this murder.

The principal witness against these men was an accomplice, Edward Magner. He swore the prisoners asked him to commit the murder. He consented and accompanied them to the house, where they resolved to murder the family. He disguised himself by putting on a woman's cap and gown. Patrick Cronin had a shawl and apron. They were armed with pikes and bayonets on sticks. He had a pistol. They went into the room where the Franks family were. The table had a cloth on it, also a jug, and a lighted candle. Mr. Franks was seated near the table. They asked for arms. Mr. Franks said "they had none, but would send for them." Patrick Cronin then threw the jug at Mr. Franks's face, whereon witness fired the pistol at him; it was loaded with a ball and two slugs. Patrick Cronin also struck him with the poker when he fell. Young Mr. Franks took up a chair to defend himself, but his arm was broken by a blow. The light was put out, and they twisted a shawl round Mrs. Franks's head to prevent her shouting while they were killing the rest. They killed her along with the others. The three prisoners were assisting. Dr. Piddel proved that Mr. Franks had been shot in the breast; his skull also was fractured. Young Mr. Franks had his arm broken, and

was beaten to death. Mrs. Franks was suffocated

The jury found the prisoners guilty. They were executed, vehemently protesting their innocence.

At the autumn assizes for the county of Cork, on the 18th of August, 1825, Arthur Keeffe and Thomas Bourke were tried before Baron Pennefather on a similar indictment. Mr. Serjeant Goold, when stating the case for the crown, alluded to the fact of Keeffe being married to a Miss Kearney, daughter of a farmer named Kearney by his first wife. In her right Keeffe had, or asserted, a right to considerable property after the death of Kearney, and this Mr. Kearney had married a second wife, by whom he had daughters, and it was to one of these that Henry Franks was engaged to be married. Keeffe had made declarations from which it appeared he was opposed to this marriage, for he considered his pretensions would be interfered with if it ever took place. The character of the Franks gave facilities for their destruction. They were regarded as severe landlords to their tenants. He then detailed the account of the murder as already given, save that he implicated Keeffe.

Timothy Murphy, an approver, was examined by Mr. Quin. He identified Thomas Bourke as one of the murderers, but not Keeffe.

The prisoners were defended by O'Connell, who obliged this infamous wretch to acknowledge a career of guilt that induced the judge to say, "it was unnecessary to cross-examine him further." A man named Glavan swore positively that "Keefe was present at the murder." He was, however, not a reliable witness. He admitted on cross-examination he had been in the service of the Franks; that he knew of the intended murder, and did not give the least hint of it to warn them of their danger. Mary Myers, the servant girl, also identified Keeffe as one of the parties who were present on that memorable night, when she lay concealed under the table. He said, "Do your duty."

On cross-examination by O'Connell, she admitted that on two previous occasions she swore she did *not* see Arthur Keeffe at the murder, so was discredited. The wretch, Edward Magner, was also examined, but his own account of his crimes rendered him unworthy of the slightest credit.

O'Connell examined some witnesses for the defence, who gave Mr. Keeffe and Bourke good characters, whereupon, after a brief deliberation, the jury found them "Not Guilty."

## CHAPTER XVII.

EXTRAORDINARY ACTION AGAINST A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN. — M'GARAHAN *v.* REV. THOMAS MAGUIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Maguire P.P. of Innismagrath. — The New Reformation. — Discussion between the Rev. Mr. Pope and Father Tom Maguire. — Odious accusation against the Catholic priest.—Declaration *per quod amitiam servicit.* — The plaintiff in the case. — The innkeeper and his family. — Startling letter to Rev. Mr. Maguire. — His indignant reply. — O'Connell retained for the defence. — Suspects a conspiracy. — The plaintiff an insolvent. — Letter from Anne, avowing the priest's innocence. — Preperations for the trial. —The *élite* of the Protestant bar engaged for the plaintiff. — Sketch of Mr. Bennett, K. C., Mr. Jackson, K. C., Mr. North, K. C., and Mr. Richard Keatinge.

PERHAPS the most successful case in which O'Connell was leading counsel, and certainly one in which he felt an amount of anxiety greater than counsel usually experience, was in the case of Bartholomew M'Garahan against the Rev. Thomas Maguire. The sacred character of the defendant, and the nature of the charge preferred against him, will fully account for O'Connell's anxiety.

The Rev. Thomas Maguire was parish priest of Innismagrath, a parish in the county of Leitrim. He was a young clergyman little known outside the district in which he fulfilled the duties of his mission before the year 1827.

At that time great efforts were made by zealous and well-meaning Protestants to rescue the benighted Irish, as

they conceived, from the thraldom of Popery, and a New Reformation movement was got up for the purpose. Theological discussions were constantly taking place in all parts of the country, and the most celebrated was carried on in Dublin, by the Rev. Mr. Pope, arguing against his namesake of Rome, while the popish champion was Father Tom Maguire, the young parish priest of Innismagrath. The discussion, held during April, 1827, was carried on in the midst of popular excitement. It lasted for six days, and every one allowed, that for ability, ready knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, accurate power of reasoning, and trenchant arguments, Father Tom could not be surpassed. From being the obscure pastor of a secluded parish, he sprung into fame as a victorious champion of the Catholic faith, and his name soon became a household word throughout the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle.

Great, therefore, was the indignation of the Roman Catholics when the news was bruited that this excellent guardian of their faith was summoned to appear, once again, before a Dublin audience, not to encounter a theological adversary, not to defend his faith from accusations, not to display again his gifts of mind, to pour forth the stores of knowledge he was possessed of, but to meet a charge odious to any man, but still more so to one who had taken vows of chastity, — the charge of seduction. It was too true! A declaration was put upon the file of the Court of Exchequer, stating "that he, the Reverend Thomas Maguire, intending to deprive the plaintiff of the services and assistance of his servant and daughter Anne, seduced her, by reason whereof he deprived the plaintiff of her services, and put him to great expense." This Bartholomew M'Garahan, the plaintiff, was landlord of the little inn of the small village of Drumkerin, in the parish of Innismagrath The Rev. Mr. Maguire was appointed to the parish, but before he was suited with a house (which was no easy matter where the accommodation, in a small village of fifty-one small tenements, was so wretched), he resided in the only place affording a lodging, the rural inn. It appears he found the family obliging, and having no great choice of society, and having been always of a social disposition, he became acquainted with the children of the innkeeper. Little, however, did he suppose his condescension would be so cruelly abused. The family of the innkeeper consisted of himself, his wife, two daughters, and a son. The girls concealed their real character from the priest, for, according to the disclosures which subsequently transpired, they were anything but reputable acquaintances. The Rev. Mr. Maguire went from Drumkerin to accept the controversial challenge of the Rev. Mr. Pope in Dublin, and while superintending the printing of the report of the discussion, in which he bore so triumphant a part, for publication, he was startled and shocked at receiving a letter from Jane M'Garahan, one of the sisters, accusing him of her sister Anne's elopement and ruin; she described the anguish of their mother, who was venting her sorrow in imprecations on his head, and insisting he must have been a partner in her sister's flight. Mr. Maguire replied to this letter. I quote some passages from his answer:

"MAY 4TH, 1827.

"MY DEAR JANE, — I did not receive your letter until yesterday, in consequence of those at the post-office not knowing where to send it. Need I say how much its contents astonished and confounded me? If I do not prove that I am guiltless as the child unborn, you may accuse me in what manner, in what terms, and wherever you please. I can account for every half-hour I have spent since I have left your place, and also for the company with whom I have spent them. If any other person dared to charge me with what you have stated I should seek prompt redress; but I forgive you and your heartbroken mother. Oh! for Christ's sake, do not gratify your enemies and mine, or your pretended friends, by destroying a character which ought to be as dear to you as life; nay, you ought not to be wholly indifferent about mine."

After again protesting that he had "neither seen, nor spoken, nor com-

municated" with her sister since he had seen the writer (Jane), he proceeds:—

"My report of our discussion will appear immediately; then I will go home and justify myself before God and man; and what will you say when she herself will acquit me, and substantiate every word of this statement, as I think she will, by a solemn oath, unless the whole be a conspiracy to ruin me, which I think could never be the case."

Active steps, however, were taken to meet the action at law. There was enough to lead the sagacious mind of O'Connell to believe there was a conspiracy when he was retained to defend Father Maguire. Rumors that the M'Garahans were to get £500 for bringing the action against the priest were afloat, and it was discovered that, on the 11th of November of the previous year, Bartholomew M'Garahan, the father of this girl, was arrested for debt, and discharged as an insolvent. Persons were ready to prove conduct of gross immorality on the part of this woman, Anne, and O'Connell was sanguine about a triumphant defence. The following curious incident occurred: a letter was received from this woman by the Rev. Thomas Maguire, informing him "that a secret friend supplied her with pen, ink, and paper, and she requested the defendant to draw up as strong an affidavit as possible of his innocence, and that if there was a magistrate in the country he could safely trust, to let him come to her home, and while his horse was feeding she would contrive to see him, and swear the affidavit." She further stated "she had already sworn to his innocence, but not before a magistrate; that £600 had been offered them for prosecuting the priest, but though there were visits paid at her father's house by gentry who, she feared, made her family believe it was a virtue to punish a priest, yet money should never corrupt her heart, and, however humble was her lot, her soul shrank at the idea of wilful perjury; its best safeguard lay in his innocence and her principles." It also intimated her fear that she would be turned out, and hoped for support in that event from the Catholics.

Notwithstanding this letter, the preparations for the trial went forward, and O'Connell felt convinced that ample means were furnished to the insolvent plaintiff from some unknown source, when the *élite* of the Protestant bar appeared in the Court of Exchequer on the day of the trial, 13th December, 1827. Mr. George Bennett, K. C., Mr. Joseph Devonsher Jackson, K. C., Mr. North, K. C., with Mr. Keatinge, appeared for plaintiff. O'Connell for the defence was associated with Mr Shiel and Mr. O'Loghlen.

Ere we raise the curtain for the drama, I shall give some slight memoirs of the counsel for the plaintiff.

George Bennett, K. C., one of the justly respected leaders of the Munster bar, was the leading counsel for the plaintiff. His appearance and manners were singularly adapted to win confidence and inspire trust. He was a frank, good-humored, well-looking gentleman, over six feet high, with a downright, hearty, unaffected manner, that made a witness at home with him in a moment. There was a total absence of pertness or snappishness in his mode of examination. He looked the very reverse of a cadaverous, thoughtful, blackletter lawyer, and was apparently so artless and natural, that he obtained implicit credence both from witnesses and juries. Indeed, some juries carried this feeling of reliance to such an extent, that, as it often appeared to me, his very addresses were received almost as conclusively as direct evidence on the point at issue. In speaking, he seldom rose to anything like oratory; yet he threw such genuine feeling, so much natural heartiness into what he said, that it made a deep and lasting impression on the mind; and no doubt the absence of pretension, the simplicity—I had almost said rusticity—of manner with

which he delived his sentiments, very much caused this effect. He had little of the lawyer, according to the vulgar idea, in his demeanor; none in his dress. A dark coat, not unlike a shooting-coat. plaid waistcoat, and gray or checked pantaloons often constituted his usual dress. He might easily have been mistaken for a county gentleman, or the client in his own person, while, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and a voice choked with emotion, he solemnly *protested* with what pleasure he displaced the ingenious fictions of the other side, unsustained even by the hard swearing of the witnesses, by the honest case of his respectable client. His good-humor often set the court in a roar. An action brought by two brothers named Hawks against a Mr. Nagle, he humorously commenced in this fashion: "Gentlemen, this fight is between two Hawks and an Eagle." He wound up a highly pathetic speech for the plaintiff, who claimed damages for the loss of service of a dear child who had fallen a prey to the seductive arts of the defendant, in the following comic peroration: "The conduct of this defendant, gentlemen of the jury, has been most flagitious. He wound himself into the confidence of the father, in order to betray that confidence. He crept like a serpent into his *bosom*, in order that he might sting him behind his *back*."

Speaking one day of the disappointment caused by incorrect or scanty reports in newspapers, he related the following anecdote: "The first speech I ever made, after being called to the bar, was in stating the case of the defendant in a heavy record. I made a long speech and I felt proud of it, and looked most anxiously for the paper published next morning, which was to contain a report of the trial. Judge my feelings when I read the following notice of my display: 'Mr. Bennett spoke for two hours on the part of the defendant, during which the judge asked a question, the purport of which we could not collect.'"

He was born in the city of Cork, on the 20th September, 1777. His father was one of the judges of the King's Bench. Mr Bennett was called to the bar in 1800, and soon got into good circuit practice. He also had for many years the lucrative office of crown prosecutor. When offered his silk gown by Lord Manners, Lord Chancellor in 1822, he humorously said, "I'd rather the silk gown were given to my wife." He was a dear kind friend to every member of the Munster bar.

Joseph Devonsher Jackson, K. C., also counsel for the plaintiff, was a native of Cork. He was greatly respected, and his courteous manners and gentlemanly address bespoke the cultivated mind. He, too, held a high position on the Munster circuit; and though a strong politician of the Tory or Conservative school, no trace of it ever interfered with his kindly social friendship. He was an admirable *nisi prius* advocate, possessed of much fluency, and impressive court manner, and great tact. He was a king's counsel and sergeant-at-law; represented the borough of Bandon for many years in the imperial Parliament; became Solicitor-General in 1841; and sat upon the Common Pleas bench until his death.

Mr. North, K. C., who also appeared for the plaintiff, was one of the most talented members of the Irish bar. While a student of Trinity College, Dublin, he was one of the most able speakers of the Historical Society. He determined to study for the bar, and the oratorical efforts which had been trained into vigorous maturity in the Historical Society were, on the occasion of Mr. North's proceeding to complete his legal term in London, transferred to the Academic Society of the great metropolis. The result was most encouraging. The stamp of approval which had been cordially given by the Irish auditors who heard Mr. North in Dublin, was recognized

and authenticated by the English critics. His style, though essentially different from that to which they were generally accustomed, was highly applauded. Though copious and rhetorical, it was argumentative and correct. Indeed, the fame of his talents as a speaker was such that it was rumored instructions were sent from Downing Street to an emissary to ascertain the suitability of the Irish law student for the House of Commons, where his talents might be employed in the service of the government. Whether the report was disparaging on the ground of incompetency as a debater, or that the ideas of the young Irishman were not in unison with the minister's views, I know not, but no result followed, and Mr. North pursued his way to the bar. He was well read in the lore of his profession, and singularly gifted with quickness of perception. His mind was at once vigorous, intelligent, and expansive. He had great power of concentrating his attention, and however difficult or obscure the question to be unravelled, he always found out the clew. I need hardly say that anything he saw clearly, he imparted with like distinctness. He had a choice command of language, and every word fell into its place with the nicest precision.

From such a practitioner at the Irish bar great things were predicted. From such a lawyer much was expected, and truth compels to say, the public anticipations were not realized. There was the *power*, but not the *will*, and both were requisite to insure success. What availed the talents of his mind, his intellectual greatness? He allowed his talents to slumber, his faculties to rust. He wanted the energy to make way, and sacrificed success to ease; he had all the ambition to be at the top of the tree, but he lacked the courage to risk a fall in climbing. There was nothing in Mr. North's features or figure to call for any observation, nothing to indicate to the stranger that he was a man to be noticed. His countenance was small, and generally wore a thoughtful expression, often indicative of exhaustion, to which the pallor of his cheeks much contributed. The small but expressive mouth had that curve of the lips which is indicative of a refined mind somewhat disposed to sarcasm. It was not easy to disconnect the aspect of Mr. North from the notion that you looked upon a disappointed man. He was of middle height, and slenderly built, his appearance at once aristocratic and fastidious.

On an occasion of considerable excitement, Mr. North acquitted himself in the discharge of his professional duties with signal and complete success. He defended the political rioters at the Dublin Theatre, on trial for insulting the Viceroy. The best account of his conduct on that memorable occasion is that related by Mr. W. H. Curran.* "It was altogether a singular scene, presenting a fantastic medley of combinations and contradictions such as nothing but the shuffling of Irish events could bring together; a band of inveterate loyalists brought to the bar of justice for a public outrage upon the person of the king's representative." (A bottle had been flung at the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during a command night.) "An Attorney-General† prosecuting in behalf of one part of the state, and the other exulting with all their souls at the prospect of his failure; a popular Irish bench; an acquitting Irish jury; and, finally, the professional confidant of the Orange lodges, the chosen defender of their acts and doctrines, Mr. North. It would be difficult to conceive a more perplexing office. He discharged it, however, with great talent and (what I apprehend was less expected) consummate boldness. As a production of eloquence, his address to the jury contained no specimens of first-rate excellence, but many that were not

* Sketches of the Irish Bar, Vol. I. p. 230.
† Plunket

far below it; while his general line of argument and his manner of conducting it, gave signs of a spirit and power from which I would infer that, should state trials unfortunately become frequent in Ireland during his continuance at the bar, he is destined to make no inconsiderable figure as a leading counsel for the defences." *

Mr. Richard Keatinge, the junior for the plaintiff, was second to none of his able assistants in legal skill or forensic eloquence. Called to the bar in 1813, he selected the Connaught circuit, and his legal talents were soon recognized by the quick-witted race west of the Shannon. He was emphatically the "man for Galway." He became a bencher of the Honorable Society of King's Inns in 1843, a Privy Councillor and judge of the Court of Probate, a judicial position which he fulfils with great ability, and for which his great legal acquirements and knowledge of human nature eminently qualify him.

*To be continued.*

## THE IRISH GIRL IN AMERICA.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the saving influence of Irish virtue on society in America. The Irish girl is a most important factor in the future of this republic, and historians will yet love to dilate on the salutary influences which she has exercised on every class in society. It is truly said that example is more powerful than precept, and it is by her good example that the Irish girl fashions and to a great extent moulds the conduct of those who come under her influence. She is a missionary of the faith, and by her practice of its teachings has brought many a soul out of the darkness of error and infidelity. All classes, Catholic and Protestant alike, bear testimony to the virtue and honor and honesty of the Irish girl. But it is as a mother that the Irish girl becomes the hope of the republic. She instills into the minds of her children a love of liberty and a hatred of everything mean. She fully recognizes the fact that a happy earthly home is a foretaste of a heavenly one, and she does all that lies in her power to make her home a sweet abiding-place, not for herself, but for her husband and her children, and for the stranger who applies for shelter or the poor for help. God bless the Irish girl in America! She is, as Archbishop McHale says, her country's glory.

* In 1830 Mr. North was appointed judge of the Irish Court of Admiralty. He died the following year.

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THE CHURCH IN INDIA. — An official calendar, recently published at Madras, contains full particulars of the establishments connected with the Catholic Church in India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, from which it appears that in 1877 there were 21 Bishops, 23 Vicars-Apostolic, 1,098 priests, 1,088,309 professing members of the various churches, besides 1,422 schools, containing 51,494 pupils. The Archbishopric of Goa contained 766 priests, having under their charge 156,162 souls. These numbers compare with 16 Bishops, 20 Vicars-Apostolic, 700 priests having congregations of 915,590 persons, and 716 schools, with 27,068 pupils, in 1866. The "Journal du Commerce Maritime" says that in the prefecture of Pondicherry alone there were, in 1866, 69 priests, whose flocks numbered 112,000, and 90 schools with 1,800 pupils; while in 1877 the numbers had increased to 85 priests, 141,250 persons professing the Catholic faith, and 67 schools with 4,000 pupils. Of this number of Catholics in the French colony of Pondicherry, only 3,000 were Europeans. Of the 85 priests, 25 were natives of India. The number of adult converts from heathenism baptized in 1877 was 1,920, besides 1,513 children; and 87 Protestants are said to have been converted to the Catholic faith in the same period. Pondicherry has four separate orders of sisterhood.

## THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

How great, how grand, how beautiful are the works of nature! And who amongst us can remain unmoved at the wonders it unfolds? There is not even a single atheist who does not at times feel profoundly moved; and then at those moments, when the passions are calmed, and reason seems to burn with a purer light, he feels startled at his projects, and in spite of his fallacious arguments, is obliged to acknowledge that there is a Supreme Being. We shall confine ourselves to speaking of things which require neither science nor painful efforts of the understanding, but which being so familiar, strikes us, unfortunately, with the less force. What chains of wonderful phenomena does not the planetary world present! Do they not raise our minds to the contemplation of the Divinity? Those majestic luminaries, which for so many centuries revolve in space without ever wandering from their orbits or clashing in their evolutions. The sun, suspended from the celestial vault of heaven like a burning lamp, gives light and vivifies all nature; it warms the earth without consuming it. The star which presides over the night and enlightens the earth with its soft rays, which so constantly varies its course, and yet how regular, and from which the genius of man reaps so many advantages. This earth, so fruitful, upon which we see the law of nature continue to perpetuate a multitude of living beings, admirably proportioned as regards the two sexes. These vast seas, with their periodical tides; these elements, so mysterious, which blend, modify, and combine so as to nourish and supply the wants of this prodigious multitude of living beings, that are so diversified in form and greatness. Lastly, the regular course of the seasons, which change continually the earth, and present it under a different aspect. Behold, after the repose of winter, it comes forth embellished with all the flowers of spring, enriched with the harvest of summer, crowned with the fruits of autumn, and thus rolls on the year in a circle of variegated scenes without confusion, and alike without monotony; forming thus a concert, a concord of parties, from which you cannot detach one without breaking the universal harmony And, then, how is it possible not to turn to the Author and to him who presides over this admirable unity, to the immortal Spirit who embraces all things in his providence, and makes them walk on to their destiny with strength and wisdom? FRAYSIMONS.

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## CAROL.

From the Spanish, in "Catholic Progress."

THE night is cold yet lovely,
Our village homes we leave;
To sing a hymn of gladness,
And welcome Christmas eve.

The Lord of earth and heaven
Is born this happy night,
Come, shepherds, brave the weather,
Heed not its rigor bright!

Within a lowly manger
He makes his first abode,
The humble beasts of burden
Are lying near their God.

A little shed enfolds Him,
And for His rest is spread,
By loving hands collected,
Some straw to make a bed.

In Bethl'em we behold Thee,
Poor infant, at thy birth,
Yet own thee God Almighty,
And Lord of heaven and earth.

A conqueror, descending
To win the souls of all,
We love Thee, unarmed warrior,
As at Thy feet we fall.

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HOPE is the last thing that dieth in man; and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life, it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

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LOOKING back—"I loved thee once," as a teetotaller said to the bottle of whiskey.

# LITTLE QUEEN PET AND HER KINGDOM

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

ROSA MULHOLLAND IN IRISH MONTHLY

THERE was once a little queen who was born to reign over a great, rich kingdom called Goldenlands. She had twelve nurses and a hundred and fifty beautiful names, only unfortunately, on the day of the christening, there was so much confusion and excitement that all the names were lost as they fell out of the bishop's mouth. Nobody saw where they vanished to, and as nobody could find them, the poor little baby had to return to the palace nursery without anything to be called by. They could not christen her over again, so the king offered a reward to the person who should discover the princess's names within the next fifteen years. Every one cried, "Poor pet! poor pet!" over the nameless baby, who soon became known as the Princess Pet. But her father and mother took the accident so much to heart that they both died soon after.

Of course little Pet was considered too young to manage the affairs of her own kingdom, and so she had a great, powerful government to do it for her. This government was a most peculiar monster, with nine hundred and ninety-nine heads and scarcely any heart; and when anything was to be decided upon, all the heads had to be laid together, so that it took a long time to make up its mind. It was not at all good to the kingdom, but little Pet did not know anything about that, as she was kept away in her splendid nursery, with all her nurses watching her while she played with the most wonderful toys. Sometimes she was taken out to walk in the gardens, with three nurses holding a parasol over her head, a page carrying her embroidered train, three nurses walking before fanning her, and six nurses following behind; but she never had any playfellows, and nothing ever happened at all different from everything else. The only variety in her life was made by startling sounds, which often came echoing to the nursery, of the gate-bell of the palace ringing loudly.

"Why does the bell ring so?" little Pet would cry, and the nurses would answer, "Oh, it is only the poor."

"Who are the poor?" asked Pet.

"People who are born to torment respectable folks," said the head nurse

"They must be very naughty people," lisped Pet, and went on with her play.

When Pet grew a little older she became very tired of dolls and skipping ropes, and she really did not know what to do with herself; so one day when all the nurses had gone down to dinner at the same time, she escaped from her nursery and tripped down the passages, peering into the corners on every side. After wandering about a long time she came to a staircase, and descending it very quickly, she reached a suite of beautiful rooms which had been occupied by her mother. They remained just as the good queen had left them, even the faded roses were turning into dust in the jars. Pet was walking through the rooms very soberly, peering at and touching everything, when she heard a queer little sound of moaning and whispering and complaining, which came like little piping gusts of wind from somewhere or other.

"Fiss-whiss, whiss, whiss, whiss!" went the little whispers, and "Ah!" and "Ai!" and "Oh!" came puffing after them, like the strangest little sighs.

"Oh, dear! what *can* it be?" thought Pet, standing in the middle of the room and gazing all round. "I declare I do think it is coming out of the wardrobe!"

An ancient, carved wardrobe ex-

tended all along one side of the room, and indeed the little sounds seemed to be whistling out through its chinks and keyholes. Pet walked up to it rather timidly, but taking courage, put her ear to the lock. Then she heard distinctly: —

"Here we hang in a row,
In a row,
And we ought to have been given
To the poor long ago."

And besides this strange complaint she caught other little bits of grumbles floating about, such as, —

"Fiss, wh'ss, whiss!
Did ever I think
I should have come to this?"

And

"Alack and well-a-day!
Will *nobody* come
To take us away?"

As soon as she had recovered from her amazement, Pet opened the wardrobe, and there she saw a long row of gowns, hanging in all sorts of despondent attitudes, some hooked up by their sleeves, others caught by the waist with their bodies doubled together.

"Here is somebody at last, thank goodness!" cried a dark-brown silk, which was greatly crumpled, and looked very uncomfortable hanging up by its shoulder.

"O gowns, gowns!" cried Pet, staring at these strange grumblers with her round blue eyes, "whatever do you want?"

"*Want?*" cried the brown silk. "Why, of course to be taken out and given to the poor."

"The poor again!" cried Pet. "Who can these poor be at all, I wonder?"

"People who cannot buy clothing enough for themselves," said the brown silk. "When your dear mother was alive she always gave her old gowns to the poor. Only think how nice I should be for the respectable mother of a family to go to church in on Sundays, instead of being rumpled in here out of the daylight with the moths eating me."

"And I," cried a pink muslin, "what a pretty holiday frock I should make for the industrious young schoolmistress who supports her poor grandfather and grandmother."

"And I! and I! and I!" shrieked many little rustling voices, each describing the possible usefulness of a particular gown.

"Yes, we should all turn to account," continued the brown silk, "all except, perhaps, one or two very grand, stiff old fogies in velvet and brocade and cloth-of-gold; and even these might be cut up into jackets for the old clown who tumbles on the village green for the children's amusement."

"My breath is quite taken away!" cried Pet. "I shall certainly see that you are all taken out and given to the poor immediately."

"She is her mother's daughter after all!" said the brown silk triumphantly; and Pet closed the door upon a chorus of little murmurs of satisfaction from the imprisoned gowns.

"This is a very curious adventure," thought the little queen, as she trotted on, fancying she saw faces grinning at her out of the furniture and down from the ceiling; and then she stopped again, quite sure she heard very peculiar sounds coming out of an antique bureau which stood in a corner. After her conversation with the gowns this did not surprise her much at all, and she put her ear to the keyhole at once.

"Clink! clink!
What do you think?
Here we are
Shut up in a drawer!"

cried the queer little voices coming out of the bureau.

"What can *this* be about, I wonder?" said Pet, and turning the key, peeped in. There she beheld a whole heap of gold and silver lying in the depths of the bureau, all the guineas and shillings hopping about and clinking against each other and singing, —

"Take us out,
And give us about,
And then we shall do
Some good, no doubt."

"Why, what do you want to get out for?" asked Pet, looking down at them.

"To help the poor, of course," said the money. "We were put in here by the good queen, your mother, and saved up for the poor who deserve to be assisted. But now every one has forgotten us, and we are rusting away while there is so much distress in the kingdom."

"Well," said Pet, "I shall see to your case, for I promise you I am going to know more about these wonderful poor."

She shut up the bureau, and went on further exploring the rooms, and now you may be pretty sure her ears were wide open for every sound. It was not long before she heard a creaking and squeaking that came from a large wicker basket, which was twisting about in the most discontented manner.

"Once on a time I was filled with bread,
But now I stand as if I were dead."

mourned the basket.

"And why were you filled with bread?" asked Pet.

"Your mother used to fill me," squeaked the basket, "and give the bread out of me to feed the poor."

"Why, do you mean to say that the poor have no bread to eat?" asked Pet. "That is really a most dreadful thing. I must speak to my government about these poor immediately. Whatever my mother did must have been perfectly right, at all events, and I shall do the same."

And off she went back towards her nursery, meeting all her twelve nurses flying along the corridors to look for her

"Go directly and tell my government that I want to speak to it," said Queen Pet, quite grandly and she was brought down to the great council chamber

"Your Majesty has had too much plum-pudding and a bad dream afterwards," said the government, when Pet had told the whole story about the gowns, and the money, and the bread-basket, and the poor; and then the government took a pinch of snuff, and sent Queen Pet back to her nursery.

The next day, when all the nurses had gone to their dinner again, Pet was leaning out of her nursery-window with her two elbows on the sills and her face between her hands, and she was gazing down on the charming gardens below, and away off over the fields and hills of her beautiful kingdom of Goldenlands. "Where do the poor live, I wonder?" she thought; "and I wonder what they are like. Oh, that I could be a good queen like my mother, and be of use to my people! How I wish that I had a ladder to reach down into the garden, and then I could run away all over my kingdom, and find things out for myself."

Just as she thought thus an exquisite butterfly perched on her finger, and said gayly, —

"A thousand spiders
All weaving in a row,
Can weave you a ladder,
To fit your little toe."

"Can they indeed?" cried Pet. "And are you acquainted with the spiders?

"I should think so, indeed!" said the butterfly. "I am engaged to be married to a spider; I have been engaged ever since I was a caterpillar."

"Well, just ask them to be so good," said Pet; and away flew the butterfly, coming back in a moment with a whole cloud of spiders following her.

"Be as quick as you can, please, lest my nurses should come back from dinner," said Pet, as the spiders worked away. 'Fortunately they have all good appetites, and cannot bear to leave the table without their six helpings of pudding."

The ladder being finished, Pet

tripped down it into the garden, where she was hidden at once in a wilderness of roses, out of which she made her way through a wood and across a stream, and quite far into the open country of her kingdom.

She was running very fast, with her head down, when she heard a step following her and a voice speaking to her, and looking around saw a very extraordinary person indeed. He was very tall and all made of loose, clanking bones; he carried a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, and he had a pleasant voice which made Pet not so much afraid of him as she otherwise might have been.

"It is no use trying to run away from me," said this person. "Besides, I wish to do you a good turn. My name is Time."

Pet dropped a trembling courtesy.

"You need not be afraid of me," continued the stranger, "as you have never yet abused me. It is only those who are always trying to kill me who have cause to fear me."

"Indeed, sir, I wish to be good to every person," said Pet.

"I know you do," said Time, "and that is why I am bound to help you. The thing you want most is a precious jewel called Experience. You are going now in search of it; yes, you are, though you do not know anything about it as yet. You will know it after you have found it. Now I am going to give you some instructions."

"Thank you, sir," said Pet, who was delighted to find that he was not a government, and had no intention of bringing her back to her nursery.

"First of all I must tell you," said Time, "that you have a precious gift which was born with you, it is the power of entering into other people whenever you wish, living their lives, thinking their thoughts, and seeing everything as they see it."

"How nice!" cried Pet.

"It is a most useful gift if properly cultivated," said Time, "and it will certainly help you to gain your jewel. Now whenever you find a person whose life you would wish to know all about for your own instruction, you have only to wish, and immediately your existence will pass into theirs."

"And shall I ever get out again?" asked Pet, who had an inveterate dislike of all imprisonment.

"I am going to tell you about that," said Time. "You must not remain too long locked up in anybody. Here is a curious tiny clock with a little gold key, and you must take them with you and be very careful of them. Whenever you find that you have passed into somebody else, you must at once wind up your clock, and hang it somewhere so that you can see it as you go about. The clock will go for a month, and as soon as it runs down and stops you will be changed back into your separate self again. A month will be long enough for you to live in each person."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Pet, seizing the clock.

"One thing you must be sure not to forget," said Time, "so attend to me well. There is a mysterious sympathy between you and the clock and the little gold key, and if you lose the key after the clock is wound up, the clock will go on forever, or at least until you find the key again. So if you do not want to be shut up in somebody to the end of your life, be careful to keep guard of the key."

"That I will!" said Pet.

"And now, good by," said Time. "You can go on at this sort of thing as long as you like, — until you are quite grown up, perhaps: and you could n't have a better education."

With these words the stranger vanished, and Pet trotted on her way again, with the clock and key in her pocket.

She had not gone far till she began to notice a great many little cabins and cottages about the country, which looked very bare and uncomfortable. "Surely these must belong to the poor," she thought, "and I dare say

that is a very poor man who is following the plough over in that field."

She walked across the meadows until she reached the ploughman, and having noticed that his clothing was very bad indeed and that he looked worn and sad, she formed her wish, and the next moment she was following the plough as if she had been at it all her life. She had passed completely into the man; there was not a vestige of her left outside of him; she felt her hands quite hard and horny, she took great long steps over the rough ground, she cried, "Gee up!" to the horses, and she knew very well that if she could only look in a glass she should see, not Pet any more, but the sunburned man toiling after his plough. She was quite bewildered by the change at first, but presently she began to interest herself greatly in all the new thoughts that poured into her mind. After a time she quite lost sight of her old self, and felt *that she was the man*. She put her horny hand in her pocket and found that the clock and key were there safely, and this consoled her with the thought that she was not hopelessly buried in the ploughman. When the sun went down she stopped ploughing and went home to a little cottage which was hidden among some bushes in a field.

Half a dozen little hungry children, with poor, scanty clothing, came running to met her. "O father," they cried, "mother has been so ill to-day, and neighbor Nancy says she will never get well without some wine to make her strong!"

The ploughman groaned at hearing this. "Ah," thought he, "where can I get money for wine? I can scarcely earn food enough for so many, and who will give me wine?"

Pet was greatly distressed at finding these painful thoughts throbbing through and through her. "At home in my palace," she said, "everybody drinks a bottle of wine a day, and they are not sick, and are all strong. I must see about this afterwards."

Then she went into the cottage, and the first thing she did was to take the clock out of her pocket and wind it up with the little gold key, and hang it on a nail on the wall.

"What is that you have got?" said the poor woman from her straw bed.

"Oh, it is a clock that a gentleman made me a present of," said the ploughman.

The eldest girl now poured out some porridge on a plate and set it down before her father. Pet was very hungry, and was glad of anything she could get; but she did not like the porridge, and thought it was very different indeed from the food she got at home. But while she was eating, the poor man's thoughts quite overwhelmed her.

"What is to become of them all?" he thought. "I have ten children, and my wages are so small and food and clothing are so dear. When the poor wife was well she used to look after the cow and poultry, and turn a little penny, but now she is not able, and I fear —"

"O father, father, the cow is dead!" cried four boys, rushing into the cottage.

And the poor man bowed his head on the table and groaned.

"Why, this is dreadful!" thought Pet. "Is this really the sort of thing that poor people suffer? How I wish the month was up that I might do something for them!" And she tried to glance at the clock, but could not, because the man kept his eyes bent on the ground.

Pet was kept awake all that night by the ploughman's sad thoughts, and very early in the morning she was hard at work again, carrying a heavy heart with her all about the fields. Day after day this went on, and she was often very hungry, and very sad at hearing the complaints of the hungry children and seeing the pale face of the sick woman. Every day things became worse. The ploughman got into debt through trying to procure a little wine to save his wife's life, and

when rent-day came round he had not enough money to pay. Just as things arrived at this state, the clock ran down, and Pet, who had taken care to put it in her pocket that morning along with the key, suddenly found her old self standing alone in the field, watching the poor ploughman following his plough, exactly as she had first beheld him. She at once began running away as fast as she could, when she was stopped by her friend Time, who stood in her path.

"Where are you running to now?" asked he.

"I am hurrying home to my palace to get money and wine and everything for these poor people!" cried Pet.

"Gently!" said Time. "I cannot allow it so soon. You must continue your experiences and trust the poor ploughman and his family to me; I will take care of them till you are able to do something for them. Were you to go back to your palace now, you would be kept there, and I should no longer be able to stand your friend; on the contrary, I might, perhaps, against my will, be forced to prove your enemy. Go on now and remember my instructions."

And he vanished again.

Pet travelled a long way after this, and as she had to beg on the road for a little food and a night's lodging, she had very good opportunities for seeing the kindness with which the poor behave to each other. Mothers, who had hardly enough for their own children to eat, would give her a piece of bread without grumbling. At last, one evening she arrived at a splendid large city, and felt quite bewildered with the crowds in the streets and the magnificence of the buildings At first she could not see any people who looked very poor; but at last, when lingering in front of a very handsome shop-window, she noticed a shabbily dressed young girl go in at a side door, and something about her sad face made Pet think that this girl was in great distress. She formed her wish, and presently found that *she, Pet, was the girl.* Up a great many flights of stairs she went, passed gay show-rooms, where fine ladies were trying on new dresses, and at last she arrived at a work-room, where many white-faced girls were sewing busily, with their heads bent down. The little seamstress, who was now one with Pet, had been out matching silks for the forewoman of the work, and now she sat down, with a bright heap of satin on her knees. "Oh, dear!" thought Pet, as she threaded her needle, "how very heavy her heart is! I can hardly hold it up. And how weak she is! she feels as if she was going to faint." And then Pet became quite occupied with the seamstress's thoughts, as she had been once with the ploughman's. She went home to the girl's lodging, a wretched garret at the top of a wretched house, and there she found a poor old woman, the young girl's grandmother, and a little boy asleep on some straw. The poor old woman could not sleep with cold, though her good granddaughter covered her over with her own clothes. Pet took care to hang up her clock, newly wound, as soon as she went in, and the poor old woman was so blind she did not take any notice of it. And, oh, what painful dreams Pet had that night in the girl's brain! This poor child's heart was torn to pieces by just the same kind of grief and terror which had distracted the mind of the ploughman, — grief at seeing those she loved suffering want in spite of all her exertions for them, terror lest they should die of that suffering for need of something that she could not procure them. The little boy used to cry with hunger; the young seamstress often went to work without having had any breakfast, and with only a crust of bread in her pocket. It was a sad time for Pet, and she thought it would never pass over. At last, one day the poor girl fell ill, and Pet found herself lying on some straw in the corner of the garret, burning with fever, and no one near to help her.

The poor old woman could only weep and mourn; and the boy, who was too young to get work to do, sat beside her in despair. Pet heard him say to himself at last, "I will go and beg; she told me not, but I must do something for her." And away he went, but came back sobbing. Nobody would give him anything; everybody told him he ought to be at school. "And so I should be if she were well," he cried, "but I can't go and leave her here to die!"

The sufferings of the poor girl were greatly increased by her brother's misery, and what was her horror when she heard him mutter suddenly. "I will go and steal something. The shops are full of everything. I *won't* let her die!" Then, before she had time to stop him, he had darted out of the room.

Just at this moment Pet's clock ran down, and she flew off, forgetting Time's commands, and only bent on reaching her palace. But her strange friend appeared in her path as before.

"Oh, *don't* stop me," cried Pet. "The girl will die, and the boy will turn out a thief!"

"Leave them to me, leave them to me!" said Time, "and go on obediently doing as I bid you."

Pet went her way in tears this time, still fancying she could feel the poor sick girl's woful heart beating in her own breast. But by and by she cheered herself, remembering Time's promise, and hurried on as fast as she could. She met with a great many sad people after this, and lived a great many different lives, so that she became quite familiar with all the sorrows and difficulties of the poor. She reflected that it was a very sad thing that there should be so much distress in her rich kingdom, and felt much puzzled to know how she could remedy the matter. One day, having just left an extremely wretched family, she travelled a long way without stopping, and looking around she had not seen a very poor-looking dwelling for many miles. All the people she met seemed happy and merry, and they sang over their work as if they had very little care. When she peeped into the little roadside houses she found that they were neatly furnished and comfortable. Even in the towns she could not find any starving people, except a few wicked ones who would not take the trouble to be industrious. At last she asked a man what was the reason that she could not meet with any miserable people.

"Oh," he said, "it is because of our good king; his laws are so wise that nobody is allowed to want."

"Where does he live, and what country is this?" asked Pet.

"This is Silver-country," said the man, "and our king lives over yonder in a castle built of blocks of silver ornamented with rubies and pearls."

Pet then remembered that she had heard her nurses talk about Silver-country, which was the neighboring country to her own. She immediately longed to see this wise king and learn his laws, so that she might know how to behave when she came to sit on her throne, and she trotted on towards the Silver Castle, which now began to rise out of a wreath of clouds in the distance. Arrived at the palace, she crept up to the windows of the great dining-hall and peeped in, and there was the good king sitting at his table in a mantle of cloth of silver, and a glorious crown, wrought most exquisitely out of the good wishes of his people, encircling his head. Opposite to him sat his beautiful queen, and beside him a noble-looking lad who was his only son. Pet, seeing this happy sight, immediately formed her wish, and in another moment found herself the king of Silver-country sitting at the head of his board.

"Oh, what a good, great, warm, happy heart it is!" thought Pet, and she felt more joy than she had ever known in her life before. "A month will be quite too short a time to live in this noble being. But I must make the best of my time and learn everything I can."

Pet now found her mind filled with the most wonderfully good, wise thoughts, and she took great pains to learn them off by heart, so that she might keep them in her memory forever. Besides all the education she received in this way, she also enjoyed a great happiness of which she had as yet known nothing, — the happiness of living in a loving family, where there was no terrible sorrow or fear to embitter tender hearts. She felt how fondly the king loved his only son, and how sweet it was to the king to know that his boy loved him. When the young prince leaned against his father's knees and told him all about his sports, Pet would remember that she also had had a father, and that he would have loved her like this if he had lived. She could have lived here in the Silver Castle forever, but that could not be. One day the little gold clock ran down, and Pet was obliged to hasten away out of Silver-country.

She made great efforts to remember all the king's wise thoughts, and kept repeating his good laws over and over again to herself as she went along. She was now back again in her own country, and the first poor person she met was a very miserable-looking old woman, who lived in a little mud hovel in a forest, and supported herself wretchedly by gathering a few sticks for sale. She was so weak and so often ill that she could not earn much, and she was dreadfully lonely, as all her children were dead but one, and that one, a brave son whom she loved dearly, had gone away across the world in hope of making money for her. He had never come back, and she feared that he too was dead. Pet did not know these things, of course, until she had formed her wish and was living in the old woman.

This was the saddest existence that Pet had experienced yet, and she felt very anxious for the month to pass away. After the happiness she had enjoyed in Silver-country, the excessive hardship and loneliness of the old woman's life seemed very hard to bear. All day long she wandered about the woods, picking up sticks and tying them in little bundles, and perhaps in the end she would only receive a penny for the work of her day. Some days she could not leave her hut, and would lie there alone without anything to eat.

"O my son, my dear son," she would cry, "where are you now, and will you ever come back to me?"

Pet watched her clock very eagerly, longing for the month to come to an end, but the clock still kept going and going, as if it never meant to stop. For a good while Pet thought that it was only because of her unhappiness and impatience that the time seemed so long, but at last she discovered to her horror that her key was lost!

All her searches for it proved vain. It was quite evident that the key must have dropped through a hole in the old woman's tattered pocket, and fallen somewhere among the heaps of dried leaves, or into the wildernesses of the brushwood of the forest.

"Tick, tick! tick, tick!" went that unmerciful clock from its perch on the wall, all through the long days and nights, and poor Pet was in despair at the thought of living locked up in the old woman all her life. Now, indeed, she could groan most heartily when the old woman groaned and shed bitter tears, which rolled plentifully down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks and over her nose.

"O Time, Time, my friend," she thought, "will you not come to my assistance?"

But though Time fully intended to stand her friend all through her troubles, still he did not choose to help her at that particular moment. And so days, weeks, and months went past; and then the years began to go over, and Pet was still locked up in the miserable old woman.

Seven years had passed away and Pet had become in some degree reconciled to her sorrowful existence. She wandered about the forest picking up her sticks, and trying to cheer herself

up a little by gathering bouquets of the pretty forest flowers. People passing by often saw the sad figure, all in gray hair and tatters, sitting on a trunk of a fallen tree, wailing and moaning, and, of course, thought it was altogether the poor old woman lamenting for her son. They never thought of its being also Pet, bewailing her dreary imprisonment.

One fine spring morning she went out as usual to pick her sticks, and looking up from her work, she saw suddenly a beautiful, noble-looking young figure on horseback spring up in a distant glade of violets, and come riding towards her as if out of a dream. As the youth came near she recognized his bright blue eyes and his silver mantle, and she said to herself, "Oh! I declare it is the young Prince of Silver-country; only he has grown so tall! He has been growing all these years, and is quite a young man. And I ought to have been growing too; but I am left behind, only a child still, — if indeed I ever come to stop being an old woman!"

"Will you tell me, my good woman," said the young prince, "if you have heard of any person who has lost a little gold key in this forest. I have found —"

Pet screamed with delight at these words.

"Oh, give it to me, give it to me!" she implored. "It is mine, it is mine!"

The prince gave it to her, and no sooner did it touch her hand than the clock ran down, and Pet was released from her imprisonment in the old woman. Instantly the young prince saw before him a lovely young maiden of his own age, for Pet had really been growing all the time, though she had not known it. The old woman also stared in amazement, not knowing where the lady could have come from, and the prince begged Pet to tell him who she was and how she had come there so suddenly Then all three, the prince, Pet, and the old woman, sat upon the trunk of a tree while Pet related the story of her life and its adventures.

The old woman was so frightened at the thought that another person had been living in her for seven years that she got quite ill; however, the prince made her a present of a bright gold coin and this helped to restore her peace of mind.

And so you lived a whole month among us and we never knew you!" cried the prince, in astonishment and delight. "Oh, I hope we shall never part again, now that we have met!"

"I hope we sha'n't," said Pet; "and won't you come home with me now and settle with my government? for I am dreadfully afraid of it."

So he lifted Pet up on his horse, and she sat behind him; then they bade good by to the old woman, promising not to forget her, and rode off through the forests and over the fields to the palace of the kings and queens of Goldenlands.

Oh, dear, how delighted the people were to see their little queen coming home again! The government had been behaving dreadfully all this long time, and had been most unkind to the kingdom. Everybody knew it was really Pet, because she had grown so like her mother, whom they had all loved; and besides they quite expected to see her coming, as messengers had been sent into all the corners of the world searching for her. As these messengers had been gone about eight or nine years, the people thought it was high time for Queen Pet to appear. The cruel government, however was in a great fright, as it had counted on being allowed to go on reigning for many years longer, and it ran away in a hurry out of the back door of the palace, and escaped to the other side of the world, where, as nobody knew anything of its bad ways, it was able to begin life over again under a new name.

Just at the same moment a fresh excitement broke out among the joyful people when it was known that thirty-five of the queen's royal names, lost on

the day of her christening, had been found at last. And where do you think they were found? One had dropped into a far corner of the waistcoat pocket of the old clerk, who had been so busy saying "Amen" that he had not noticed the accident. Only yesterday, while making a strict search for a small morsel of tobacco to replenish his pipe, had he discovered the precious name! Twenty-five more of the names had rolled into a mouse-hole, where they had lain snugly hidden among generations of young mice ever since; six more had been carried off by a most audacious sparrow who had built his nest in the rafters of the church-roof; and none of these thirty-one names would ever have seen the light again only that repairs and decorations were getting made in the old building for the coronation of the queen. Last of all, four names were brought to the palace by young girls of the village, whose mothers had stolen them through vanity on the day of the christening, thinking they would be pretty for their own little babes. The girls being now grown up had sense enough to know that such finery was not becoming to their station; and besides, they did not see the fun of having names which they were obliged to keep secret. So Nancy, Polly, Betsy, and Jane (the names they had now chosen instead) brought back their stolen goods and restored them to the queen's own hand. The fate of the remaining names still remains a mystery.

Now I dare say you are wondering what these curious names could have been; all I can tell you about them is that they were very long and grand, and hard to pronounce; for if I were to write them down here for you, they would cover a great many pages, and interrupt the story quite too much. At all events, they did very well for a queen to be crowned by; but I can assure you that nobody who loved the little royal lady ever called her anything but Pet.

Well after this, Pet and the Prince of Silver-country put their heads together and made such beautiful laws that poverty and sorrow vanished immediately out of Goldenlands. All the people in whom Pet had lived were brought to dwell near the palace, and were made joyous and comfortable for the rest of their lives. A special honor was conferred on the families of the spiders and the butterfly, who had so good-naturedly come to the assistance of the little queen. The old gowns were taken out of the wardrobe and given to those who needed them; and very much delighted they were to see the light again, though some of the poor things had suffered sadly from the moths since the day when they made their complaint to Pet. Full occupation was given to the money and the bread-basket; and, in fact, there was not a speck of discontent to be found in the whole kingdom.

This being so, there was now leisure for the great festival of the marriage and coronation of Queen Pet and the Prince. Such a magnificent festival never was heard of before. All the crowned heads of the world were present, and among them appeared Pet's old friend Time, dressed up so that she scarcely knew him, with a splendid embroidered mantle covering his poor bare bones.

'Ah," he said to Pet, "you were near destroying all our plans by your carelessness in losing the key. However, I managed to get you out of the scrape. See now that you prove a good, obedient wife, and a loving mother to all your people, and, if you do, be sure I shall always remain your friend, and get you safely out of all your troubles."

"Oh, thank you!" said Pet; "you have indeed been a good friend to me. But — I never found that jewel that you bade me look for. I quite forgot about it."

"I am having it set in your Majesty's crown," said Time with a low bow.

Then the rejoicings began; and

between ringing of bells, cheering, singing, and clapping of hands, there was such an uproarious din of delight in Goldenlands that I had to put my fingers in my ears and run away! I am very glad, however, that I stayed long enough to pick up this story for you; and I hope that my young friends will

"Never forget
Little Queen Pet,
Who was kind to all
The poor people she met."

## WHY PEOPLE ARE POOR.

It is stated on very excellent authority that "the poor have ye with you always." The remark was true when uttered, and has been true ever since, and from appearances always will be. There are those who have no disposition to save; who "live from hand to mouth," so to speak; who take no thought for to-morrow. Having enough for the present hour, they are content, and leave the future to take care of itself. If property were to be equally divided among the people Monday morning, before Saturday night the majority would be in destitute circumstances, dead broke, while the prudent and saving would be on the road to pecuniary independence. One class of people spend whatever money they get hold of, and as fast as they get it, while others save means that come into their hands, judiciously invest the same, and become rich. There are those who not only do not know how to save, but they do not know how to spend. If they get anything, it goes for what they do not need, for articles that could be dispensed with. Those who are destitute of the comforts of life, as a rule, may blame themselves therefor. If they have anything, they do not take care of it. They buy articles that people in better circumstances would think they could not afford. So they are always poor. Relieve their wants to-day, and they are no better off to-morrow. They are bound not to save, to have nothing, and are generally bound to be in debt if they can find anybody to trust them. Of course we understand that people are sometimes unfortunate. They get sick, or those dependent on them become so. We know that people are sometimes overtaken by misfortune; but where there is one case of this kind there are fifty in which the entire trouble may be found in the indisposition to save.

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A Curious Calculation. — It is asserted by scientific writers, says an Irish newspaper, that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time, amounts to 66,627,843,237,075,256. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000 — the number of square leagues on the globe — leaves 11,320,689,732 square miles of land, which being divided as before, gives 1,414,626,075 persons to each square mile. If we reduce these miles to square roods, the number will be 1,853,174,600,000, which divided in like manner, will give 1,373 inhabitants to each square rood, and these being reduced to feet will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. It will thus be perceived that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each rood of it 1,283 human beings lie buried, each rood being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The whole surface of our globe, therefore, has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.

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## AUTUMN.

F. K. A., in "Catholic Progress."

Thickly the dry leaves on my path are shed,
Leaving the autumn branches drear and bare,
That erst with budding honors were so fair.
Sadly they whisper, as my footsteps tread,
With ghastly voice that tells me they are dead.
The early snows have fallen on my hair
With frosty touch, and left their color there;
And, oh, my heart is gray as is my head!
Oh, say not so! Religion hath no age.
The heart enlightened by its hallowed rays
Forever reads a bright, illumined page;
E'en in the falling leaves, the dying blaze
Of the sun-setting, finds a joyful gage
That death is but the gate to endless days.

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH THE SAME MAY BE SECURED.

### THE VALUE AND USE OF TIME, AS EXPOUNDED BY RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYAN, AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

TEXT. — For the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men. Instructing us that, denying ungodliness and unworthy desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world. Looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to himself a people acceptable, a pursuer of good works. These things speak, and exhort and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee. — *Epistle of St Paul to Titus.*

THE SERMON.

MANY times within the last few days have your friends wished you a happy new year; and to-day, from the pulpit of truth, I wish you also a happy new year, and shall endeavor to show you how true and permanent happiness may be obtained. There is a happiness of the senses; there is a happiness of the senses which is sinful; there is a happiness of the senses not sinful; there is an intellectual happiness from the acquisition of truth; and there is a moral happiness and peace arising from the submission of the inferior appetites or passion to the sway of reason and religion. This is the truest happiness, and requires, before it may be attained, that certain impediments should be removed,— the passions which you will find not only impeding the soul on its way to God, but also render us unhappy in a temporal sense. You will find that the passions cause not only eternal misery, but are the cause of temporal misery, and in order to have happiness and peace it is necessary that they should be kept in subjection. Hence the words of the apostle that piety is useful for all things. "Take my yoke," says Jesus Christ: "accept my yoke; my yoke is sweet, my burden is light. Learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find peace for your souls." Hence it is in the proper regulation of the appetites, the proper dominion over them by reason and religion, that true happiness is to be sought; not the delirium of a moment, which will leave a remorse that even in this world is too dear a price, but in that real manhood, in that dominion over the lower senses, true happiness and peace must be sought. And therefore it is that if we would attain to this happiness we must first of all remove the impediments, and then earnestly endeavor to acquire those virtues, those fruits, which should arise from the practice of our religion; and therefore, by the removal of the impediments and the acquisition of positive virtues we attain to all that is worth looking for in this world, that happiness and peace of soul which God gives to those who serve him.

NOW, TIME IS GIVEN TO US

for this purpose. A new year has God awarded us, as if he had raised us from the dead and said, "Here is an opportunity to retrieve the past and lay the foundation of solid virtue for the future." Whilst there is life there is hope. Whilst time remains you may become Christian men and women if you will only be in earnest, with an earnestness that will be sacrifice-producing. The master of the vineyard came and saw the barren fig-tree, and said to the dresser of the vineyard, "Three years have I come and have found no fruit upon the tree. Why cumbereth it the ground? Cut it down and cast it into the fire to burn." And the vineyard dresser begged him, saying, "No, master, but give me one year more, and I will dress it, I will attend it, and perhaps it will bring forth fruit, and if it bring not forth fruit then let it be cast in

the fire to burn." Perhaps three fourths of our lives have passed away, perhaps three out of the four years that might represent these lives have passed away, and still are we barren, no good works, and God, tired of us, as it were, tired of our ingratitude, tired of our resolution so faint, tired of seeing no fruit, notwithstanding his sunshine has afforded it light and heat and all the means to bring forth fruit, said, "Why cumbereth he the ground? I have fed and clothed this man, and given him inspiration for good; my grace has shone upon him: his life is passing away. What good doeth he upon the earth to himself or his neighbor? He takes the place of some good man. Why cumbereth he the ground? Cut him down and let him be cast into the fire and burned!" So says God's justice. But God's mercy, like the dresser of the vineyard, kneeling at the feet of the eternal throne, says, "Lord, another year! Give to him

BUT A LITTLE MORE TIME,

and I will pray to thee that the new grace — the grace of remorse first, and then the grace of gratitude for long waiting on the part of God, and the grace of a sense of responsibility — may be afforded him for one year; and then if he bringeth forth not fruit, let him be cut down and cast into the fire and burned."

The first step towards this achievement must be a proper appreciation of time itself, and the second seeing and heeding and acting out in our daily life the counsel given us by the apostle in the passage which I have read to you. First of all, we must appreciate time. Hours, weeks, months, and years pass away, and we live as if we were irresponsible possessors of time, as if we had to give no account of it to God, as if it were not given to us to be the means of obtaining an eternity of happiness. We are triflers very often throughout life. A melancholy epitaph is that in Westminster Abbey above the tomb of a distinguished poet, taken from his own writings: —

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought it once, but now I know it."

Most false, most melancholy! And yet how many live as if life were but a jest, who trifle with existence, who trifle with time! Life is a serious thing. Life is given to us for a purpose. God will demand an account of the time he has given us to attain those things for which he created us. For every idle word that man shall speak shall he render an account on the day of judgment, and for every idle hour, for every hour misspent, shall man account on the same day of judgment. "We are killing time," say these triflers, — "we are killing time." Murderers of time, murderers of your own immortal souls, killing that which millions of souls would give all that they could possess on this earth for! Killing time, trifling with existence, jesting away our lives! But the reasonable man must feel in his conscience that this is the murder of all that is most precious. Others are not indeed idlers, are not in sin, do not use time to offend the God who gave it, but they fritter away time.

HOW MUCH TIME IS LOST

for want of a proper appreciation of it by busy people! They are exceedingly busy in doing nothing in particular, but spend the day, not idly, not in sin, but with nothing done, and find their hands empty in the evening, as in the evening of their days they will find their hands empty when they come down to their graves. We must not fritter away our time when the greatness of eternity should engage our attention.

Yet how careful should we be of time! Is time something to be despised? Let time explain itself. Let me imagine for a moment that Time should describe its power. Let Time speak for itself. Ask what are its achievements, and what will it say? I am Time, the conqueror of strength.

I am Time, that bringeth boastings down to the dust. I am Time, that strikes the conqueror in the day of his strength. I lay waste his possessions. I make the streets of the city but Appian Ways of tombs I conquer the fortresses that withstand the assaults of men, and I bind the bands of ivy, the trophies of my power, over them. I only look in the face of beauty, and it withers at my breath. I come like the thief in the night, and rob the miser of his wealth, stealing it from beneath his pillow, and I leave him poor and desolate. I am Time, the conqueror of man and of power. I dissipate the illusions of life. I dissipate these castles in the air, speculations and thoughts, vain hopes and vain loves. They stand not my test. I take power from the powerful, and behold! as I advance, men wither before me. I prove all things. Unless they have the impress of my seal upon them, the actions of men soon become valueless. And not only do I destroy, but I build up.

I BUILD UP LOST REPUTATIONS,

I build up lost fortunes. I build up throughout the world, for behold! my achievements are not alone for the fall but for the resurrection of many. But I shall remain until God's angels shall descend and swear that Time shall be no more; my influence shall not end, for I shall bequeath my children to Eternity. They shall be in happiness or woe, according as they have served me. They shall be punished or rewarded, according to the things they have done in time. Therefore, behold my influence for eternity. Behold, in one moment the greatest sinner can return to God. A few moments, and one wild cry from the cross, on the part of the penitent thief, brought him from sin to sweet forgiveness and happiness for all eternity.

Behold the value of time in its career of destruction. Behold the power of time in its career of restoration. Therefore undervalue not that which is so powerful. Remember it is God's gift, and never be found murdering time, or frittering away time, or daring to say that this life is a jest, and that your time is your own. Your time is not your own: your time is God's, — is God's gift, for it is the price of your eternity. Therefore spend it not in frivolous conversation, in mere amusements that lead you to neglect prayer, in occupations that are unmanly or unworthy of a child of God. Therefore appreciate time, remembering for what it is given, remembering the account that is to be rendered of it, and above all remembering how short it is for each of us.

Time is long, indeed, extending from the creation to the destruction of the world, but the little portion that we have of it, how brief it is! When Jacob was introduced to King Pharaoh, he, who must have admired the venerable patriarch and loved the father of Joseph, whom he himself so loved and admired, asked the patriarch his age, and the patriarch replied, "The days of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years, few and evil." One hundred and thirty years! how few when compared to that immense eternity that lay before him, or compared, as he himself said, with those who went before him

WHOSE PILGRIMAGES WERE LONGER.

How brief this little time given to us compared to the eternity which is to be determined by it! and therefore should we esteem it. Compare the longest time with that eternity. Three figures will describe the longest life. No one attains to a life expressed by four figures. Imagine a line of figures from the earth to the sun, and the length of years expressed by those figures would not be a moment compared with eternity. Imagine, as it has been sometimes suggested, because our reason requires something of this kind to enable us to realize some idea of eternity, — imagine a bird coming once in a century and taking away one grain of sand from the seashore, and transferring it to some distant planet, and

the bird comes only once in every one hundred years, and takes but a single grain, the time would come when the seashore would be sandless, because it contains, after all, only a certain number of grains. If after the sands had been exhausted, a bird should come but once in a century, and take one drop of the ocean, the ocean, too, would be finally exhausted, for it contains but a certain number of drops; but yet at the end of all that time eternity would be but at its beginning; because nothing finite, no matter how great, is anything compared with that which is infinite. And yet upon this short time, upon these few years,

DEPENDS THAT ETERNITY.

The days of our pilgrimage are short and evil, and yet so much depends upon them. We are like people on the railroad cars, dashing onwards, rapidly dashing onwards, ever onwards. We look through the windows and see a beautiful landscape. Now storms are upon us. Now we see desolation. Now it is warm and genial. Then it is freezing. And ever onwards. Then the train stops at a station, and friends leave us. It is their time to go out. For them, time is ended. But onward still, soon to come to the end of our journey, soon to see the beginning of a year, the termination of which we shall never see. We are, in life itself, but as a year now; in its springtime full of sunlight and flowers; now scorched by the consuming and contending passions and terrible ambitions, now in its fall, now in its decline. Often we imagine we are getting midsummer when it is but the Indian summer, the light of day in the declining year of our life; and then come the cold and chill and winter of life, which was so short. The year of its existence, its journey, was reached. O God, why do we not think of it, that eternity depends upon it? Therefore, brethren, should we value it; therefore, also, should we heed the exhortation of the apostle whilst it is given to us. We should renounce worldly desires. This world is soon to pass away. You yourselves may be amongst those that shall pass away before next New-Year's day. And then, then, with the light that shall shine upon your dying bed, you will understand these. It was a shadow, a ship upon the waters, a passing cloud over the summer sky, — anything that was evanescent. Then at that supreme moment will you understand what it was to be told that life was short. You may say, "I did not expect it so soon; but, fool that I was, that I did not think before it would be too late." Therefore renounce worldly desires; not only impiety, but even worldly desires. People may say, "But desires are not sins." Words may be sins, actions may be sins. God hears words, but desires are also heard in heaven. The desire of a soul is the life of the soul God looks into the soul, and he hears the desire. Therefore go to the root, renounce impiety and worldly desires, desires of sinfulness.

Live, says the apostle, soberly, justly, and piously; and in these three words he describes our duties, or expresses, rather, in a few words our duty to ourselves, our duty to our neighbors, and our duty to God. Live soberly, not only by practising the virtue of temperance, but in that sobriety which meditation produces, in that necessary gravity which arises from true Christian manhood. Think of those eternal principles that will wean you away from the intoxication of the inebriating cup. There is an

INTOXICATION OF EVERY PASSION.

For every passion produces in the soul a fever, and whilst the soul is under its influence, it can no longer realize its origin, its present duty and condition and its destiny. Therefore live soberly, live justly to your fellowmen, justly towards yourselves and towards your family. This is the day to examine your consciences, breth-

ren. These are our pausing days on the road to eternity. These should be days of retreat for a little while, to look into the record of our lives, and see how we stand with God, to see what are our chances of eternal happiness. Reason, as well as religion, tells a man that in the course of his life he should pause. These are the times for examining how we stand towards God, how towards our neighbors, and how towards ourselves and our eternal interest. Therefore, brethren, examine your consciences. Have you acted justly — justly towards your fellow-men, justly towards your children? Have you taught them those eternal truths that can alone save modern society from utter destruction? It seems sometimes as if society was upon the very eve of dissolution. How will you preserve it? By teaching your children to fear and love God, and by teaching them those principles of Christianity which saved the world from destruction before. We don't see just now the immediate effect of the want of faith. It will produce its effect for a little while, even as a vessel will boil over for a few moments, being taken from the fire; but after a while the boiling will cease and the water will become cold. And so with your children, if you teach them not these great truths of Christianity. The influence upon them for a while may produce a small effect. But take away the producing cause, and by their ignorance the effect upon their daily life will be lessened until it is entirely lost. Therefore see that you act justly towards your children, for you are bound in justice to teach them of God and of his commandments, and to see to the interests of their immortal souls. Now is the time to examine into these duties and to amend whatever you see culpable in your past lives.

Another year is begun to you. God's mercy is held out to you. God grants this time to you. God sends these days of warning to you, and he says, "He who hears you hears me, and he who despises you despises me." As a messenger from God I come to you — his messenger. You might say, "if some one whom I had known in life rose from the dead and warned me, it would produce

A CHANGE IN MY LIFE."

It would frighten you for a moment, but you have the words of Jesus Christ that if you heed not those whom he has commissioned to speak to you, neither would you the one who arose from the dead. "They have Moses and the prophets," said Abraham to the rich man; "if they hear not them, neither will they though one rose from the dead." Therefore, by the authority of Almighty God, I speak to you to think seriously now, upon the threshold of a new year, now that the fear of entering upon another journey of life is upon you, — because sometimes we enter upon the new year with fear as to the future, — lest the last year of life might be before you. Therefore turn to God, feeling your dependence upon him. Live justly, soberly, and piously towards God. Look to God, that King of the Ages, immortal and invincible to all time and eternity. If you have neglected him until now, pray to him now, pray to him to-day during the offering of this holy sacrifice of Mass. Ask him to bless the new year. Ask him to keep spiritual danger from you and your family. Ask him for his holy fear and love for your little ones. Ask him, you who are out on this tempestuous ocean, where so many are sunk in impurity, injustice, and in all madness and folly, ask him that his holy angels may take care of you and your little children where so many have been lost. Ask him that his mercy may come to you at the commencement of the year, that he may bless you and grant you his holy grace, that living

JUSTLY, SOBERLY, AND PIOUSLY

you may use time so that you may gain eternity. I ask of Almighty

God, the Eternal Father, through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ his Son, that he may bless you; that some thought, when this sermon is over, when you leave the church, when you go home to-day, may come to you of what you have heard; that you may think seriously over it, and that it may not be like so many sermons in the past, so many New-Year's exhortations. It may be your last. I ask God that he may impress it upon you, — he who alone can give the increase; he who alone sees the human heart, and can impress deeply upon it the words he gives his servants to speak. Oh! may that God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, bless you, and bless you above all things with a deep impression of the importance of time, with a deep impression of your sublime vocation as Christians, with a deep impression of that tremendous eternity which shall succeed time and shall never, never end. For as the tree falls, so shall it remain forevermore, with God or with his accursed angels that fell by disobedience. Then lift up your hearts to God. Speak as his Holy Spirit prompts you, that, beginning well, you may persevere well and end well.

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REV. FATHER KAVANAUGH, of Ithaca, was lately the victim of a clever fraud. When he was in his pulpit, a stranger approached and handed him a note "from the Bishop," introducing Rev. Father Pope. Mr. Pope preached a sermon, went home with the priest, and he complained of illness, allowed Mr. Pope, who just then claimed to know something about medicine, to prescribe for him; the priest was drugged, and remained so several hours. Pope decamped with the pew rent collection, a large one, with other valuables, and while the priest was insensible, played priest very successfully to callers, he not being yet ready to go with his plunder.

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BLESSED is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

PROSPERITY

THE proud man in prosperity forgets the Divine Providence to whom he owes everything. In order to satisfy his desires, he abuses his wealth. Fool that he is, he applauds himself as if he was the architect of his own fortune. His luxurious pomp ministers to his wickedness and ingratitude towards God, and makes him insolent and harsh to the poor. The true Christian, on the contrary, in prosperity becomes more religious, and kinder to those that suffer.

Those who have been in the enjoyment of long prosperity are called happy by the world. But religion sees hidden shoals beneath this apparent happiness, and the good Christian, far from placing his complacency in prosperity, becomes more vigilant, in order that the secret poison of pride, ingratitude, vanity, ambition, and the other vices which are attendant on this state, would have no part in him. And, entering into the designs of Providence, he believes himself happy in relieving the miserable, and doing good to others. He is not in affliction, nevertheless he is not proud; adversity and sorrow seem never to visit him, but he loves to mortify his will and to practise penance, that when it pleases Providence to send him his cross, he may receive it with submission. We may add, that in proportion as he gives, he becomes rich, and amasses wealth for himself and posterity. Divine Providence loves to shower on him his choicest blessings, because he has nourished, in a manner, all those whom he had confided to his care. Behold how the friends of God fulfil their days! The tears of the poor are their eulogy after death, and the prophet exclaims, speaking of a disciple of Jesus Christ, "Happy he who fears the Lord, and places his affection in his ordinance."

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SWEEPING conclusion — The train of a lady's dress.

## PROVIDENCE.

FAITH, experience, and reason teach us that there is a first Being, infinitely good and sovereignly perfect, who watches over the world that he has created, who guides all things, and makes all subservient for the good of those that fear him All in heaven and on earth conspire to make us admire and adore this sovereign wisdom, this infinite goodness, this virtue without limit, who, immutable in repose, does all, governs, orders, and arranges so that all fulfil the destiny marked out in the secrets of his eternal councils.

Even if the Holy Ghost had not expressly revealed this dogma of our faith, even if no inspired author had assured us of this uncreated wisdom that penetrates and reaches from one extremity to the other, and disposes of all things, he could not be ignorant of this truth. The voice of all creatures proclaim it, and nature illustrates the history of Providence. The pagans even could not deny it. In every century and amongst all people who have inhabited the earth, amongst all nations, barbarous or civilized, they have always recognized the existence of some divinity, the first cause of all other beings. To recognize a creating of God is to acknowledge a Providence, and bow to that Almighty hand who made us as we are, and who, after having given us life, renews it each moment we breathe.

A created being has not a fixed or independent existence; it is not its nature. It exists, it ceases to exist, and subsists as long as the gratuitous gift of existence is continued. If it required the hand of the Creator to bring it forth from nothingness, it needs it not less to prevent it from falling into its original state of non-existence.

This continued and uninterrupted agency of God over his creatures, in order to preserve and direct them, is called Providence.

It extends over all; and what we say of each creature must necessarily be said of the whole world Nothing created can be independent. It would be just as impossible that the world could preserve and govern itself as it was for it to give itself existence. Its dependence on the First Cause is universal.

If the beauty, the harmony, the proportion, the regularity of the universe, the adjustment of all its parts, be the work of an infinite intelligence, the preservation and government of the human species is the same. The chastisement, which is sometimes visible, of the wicked, and the happiness of the just, must enter into the same order. It is, then, Providence who presides over all, who regulates success, who decides the fate of man, of nations, of people, and of individuals. Nothing can escape his control, as nothing can be hidden from him, neither in the darkness of night nor in the profound depths of the sea, nor in the most hidden folds of the conscience. Not only all our actions, but all our desires, our intentions, our most secret thoughts, are better known to him than to ourselves. The Divine Providence penetrates the immense details of all the events that happen, and of all the events that will happen in ages to come, in the regulation of time, of the seasons, of the productions of seeds and of the fruits of the earth, of the formation and preservation of plants and of animals, even to the meanest insects.

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THERE is no material difference between trapeze performers, liquor dealers, and lawyers, as they must all be admitted to the bar in order to prastise their professions.

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A VOLUME entitled "The Beauties of Burns" has lately appeared, and an acquaintance of ours, who has been severely scalded, says it is a mean attempt to joke upon serious matters.

# IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

## THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASSWORDS.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE CEREMONIES AND OATHS OF FREEMASONRY.

"Ye shall have mysteries — ay, precious stuff,
For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enough,
Dark, tangled doctrines; dark as fraud can weave,
Which your blind votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe"

MOORE.

IN this chapter I will give, in as few words as possible, an idea of the ceremonies of initiation to the more important degrees of masonry. Each degree is founded on some portion of the history of King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. Persons and circumstances connected with the building of that temple, and the rebuilding in the time of Cyrus, are liberally used as types, symbols, and lessons in the different classes of the school of freemasonry These anecdotes are called the *Legends* of the degree.

### FIRST DEGREE.

#### *Initiation of Entered Apprentice.*

Seven freemasons, six of the degree of Entered Apprentice, with one Past Master, acting under a charter or warrant from the Grand Lodge, assemble in a room or place representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple.

When the officers are all seated, the Master gives one rap with his gavel or hammer, requests that if there be any person present who is not a freemason he will at once retire, and directs the Brother Junior Deacon to perform the first care of congregated masons. The Junior Deacon steps quickly to the door and stations the guard outside. This personage always carries a drawn sword. His office is to guard against any possibility of *cowans*,* uninitiated persons, or eavesdroppers penetrating as far as the lodge; to alarm the lodge by a knock, if he encounters a doubtful person; to respond promptly to any summons from within. He is masonically termed the *Tyler*, and generally receives a small remuneration. The Junior Deacon tests the watchfulness of the Tyler, by, first, one distinct knock, and afterwards by three; then whispers the command of the Worshipful Master in his ear, returns, and announces that the lodge is masonically "*Tyled* with secrecy and brotherly love, and also by a brother of the degree outside the door with a drawn sword, so as to keep off all *cowans*, eavesdroppers, and persons unqualified to pass"

The Master, thus assured, gives the order to the lodge to be clothed. All the officers put on their aprons and jewels, and resume their seats. The Worshipful Master gives two raps with his gavel, which bring all the subordinate officers to their feet, and each standing in his place, recites his duty there.

The lodge is an oblong square, its greatest length from north to south, its greatest breadth from east to west. This, according to Mackey, denotes the universality of masonry. The north is the inhabited parts of Europe; the south the inhabited parts of Africa; the east, Asia Minor, the west the Atlantic Ocean, and the centre the Mediterranean Sea. *The Master* sits in the east, to rise like the sun to open the lodge, and to enlighten it with rays of masonic light. *The Senior Deacon's* place is to the right of the Master in the east, to carry his messages about the lodge as he may direct, etc. *The Junior Deacon* sits at the right in front of the Senior Warden and carries messages from the Senior Warden as he may direct. *The Secretary's* station is on the left of the Worshipful Master. *The Treasurer's*

* The word *cowan* means a dog, a profane one.

station is on the right hand of the Worshipful Master in the east. *The Senior Warden's* place is in the west; as the sun closes the day, by sinking in the west, so he assists the Worshipful Master to close the lodge. He is also supposed to pay the craft their wages for the building of Solomon's Temple. The *Junior Warden's* station is in the south, where he calls "the craft from labor to refreshment," when the sun stands in the south at high twelve. The *Tyler*, or Guard, as we have said, stands outside the door. In the centre of the lodge is the masonic altar, supporting a cushion, with an open Bible, on which lie the square and compass. Three burning tapers stand round it. None of the officers wear their hats, except the Master (hence a secret masonic question is, "Where does the Master hang his hat?" — "On nature's peg").

The signs of the degree are now given, the minutes of the last meeting read, and finally, the new candidate is balloted for. If he passes the ballot, the two deacons go out and bring the candidate into the preparation-room They remove his coats, shoes, stockings, vest, and lastly his trousers. They put on him an old pair of red flannel drawers, direct him to slip the left arm out of his shirt-sleeve, and put it through the bosom of his shirt, so that the left arm and breast may be naked, tie a handkerchief or hoodwink over his eyes; and finally, put a rope, called a "cable-tow," round his neck. The Senior Deacon now returns to the lodge and gravely informs the Master that the candidate is "duly and truly prepared." The Master gives a rap with his gavel, which brings the lodge to order, and serves as a signal to the Junior Deacon to make the alarm, which he does by taking the candidate's wrist and rapping his knuckles pretty hard three times against the door. Th Senior Deacon opens the door about two inches, and asks thrice, "Who comes here?" The Junior Deacon answers, "A poor blind candidate who has long been desirous of being brought from darkness to light." Several questions are then put as to the preparation and the qualifications of the candidate, after which the Master gives the order that he should be received in "due form." The Senior Deacon now opens the door, and proceeds to admit the neophyte in "due form," pressing the point of the compass to his naked left breast, and saying, "As this is a prick to your flesh, so may the recollection of it be to your mind and conscience a warning of instant death in case of revolt. Follow me." He conducts him to the centre of the lodge and directs him to kneel before the altar for the lodge prayer. The Master gives three raps with his gavel which brings all the brethren upon their feet, and says, "Let us pray with the candidate." All pray, — the candidate with his new, saintly masonic brothers. The prayer over, the candidate is led at a quick pace round the lodge, with the course of the sun, in search of light, when the Senior Deacon leads him up the lodge to the masonic altar, and stops. He directs him to kneel on his naked left knee, so that his left knee forms a square, and his right knee also forms a square. His left hand is placed on the altar, palm up, under the Bible, square, and compass, the right resting on them. At a signal from the Worshipful Master, the brethren noiselessly form a circle round the candidate, who takes the following terrible oath: —

"I, ——, of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this worshipful lodge of Free and Accepted Masons erected to God, and dedicated to the holy S. John, do hereby and hereon most solemnly swear that I will always hail, ever conceal, and never reveal any part or parts, act or acts, point or points, of the secret arts and mysteries of freemasonry which I have received, am about to receive, or may hereafter be instructed in, to any person or persons in the known world, except to a true and lawful brother mason. Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will not write, print, stain, hew, indent, or engrave it on anything movable or immovable, under the whole canopy of heaven; whereby or whereon, the least figure,

shadow, or resemblance of the same may become legible or intelligible to myself or any other person in the known world; whereby the secrets of masonry may unlawfully be obtained through my unworthiness. To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, without the least equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind whatever, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea, a cable-tow's length from the shore at low-water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours. So help me God, and keep me steadfast!"

He now bends, kisses the Sacred Book, and he has earned the right to be called a freemason. Then the Master asks, "What do you desire?" The candidate answers, "Light!" "Brethren," comes next, "stretch forth your hands and assist in bringing this candidate from darkness to true masonic light. And God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'" At these words, some brother standing near the candidate for the purpose, lifts the bandage from his eyes, and at the same instant the brethren give "the grand shock." This is given by all stamping their feet and clapping their hands. The Master now proceeds to enlighten the candidate as to the beauties of masonry. He gives him the sign, password, and grip; * invests him in the apron of pure white lambskin, which is an emblem of innocence, and the badge of a mason. The three great lights of masonry, he tells him, are the Bible, square, and compass; and the three lesser, represented by three burning tapers, are the sun, the moon, and the Master of the lodge. It is now necessary to provide him with tools. He is presented with a twenty-four inch gauge and a common gavel. "The gavel," he is told, "is an instrument made use of by operative masons to break off corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use; but free and accepted masons use it for the nobler purpose of divesting their hearts of all superfluities and vices." A most useful masonic lesson is now taught to the candidate. It is to be remembered that everything has been taken from him, even his clothes, yet he is requested by the Master to deposit something metallic — a coin, or even a metallic button — to be laid up in the archives of masonry, as a memorial that he has been made a mason. He has nothing of the kind about him. He asks a loan of some of the brethren, but it is refused. He declares that if he may go to the preparation-room he will get some money, but he is not allowed to do so. When he has become fairly embarrassed and annoyed, the Master says to him, "Brother let this be a striking lesson to teach you, if ever you see a brother in a like penniless situation, to contribute liberally to his relief, as his situation may require and your abilities will permit, without material injury to self or family."

The candidate is taken to the preparation-room, where his clothes are returned to him. He is brought back to the lodge and seated in the north-east corner as the youngest Entered Apprentice Mason. When seated there, he is saluted in a fraternal manner by the Secretary, in whose hands he makes a more considerable "metallic" deposit than he was formerly prepared to make.

A lecture ensues, which is a sort of catechism of the ceremony which has just taken place, and the symbols and lessons it contains. After which the Master closes the lodge in these words: "How do masons meet, brother senior?" "On the level, Worshipful." "How do they part, brother junior?" "On the square, Worshipful." "So let us meet and so let us part in the name of the Lord."

### Second Degree.

*Initiation of Fellow-Craft Mason.*

The presiding officers in the lodge on this occasion must be five at least, viz., Worshipful Master, Senior War-

* Given in explanation of grips, signs, and passwords, in Appendix.

den, Junior Warden, Senior Deacon, and Junior Deacon, besides the outer door guard (or Tyler), with a drawn sword.

The Deacons go round the lodge and receive from all the members present the whispered password, "Shibboleth." This secures that there are no strangers present.

The Junior Deacon announces that a worthy brother who has been regularly initiated as an Entered Apprentice Mason now wishes for further light in masonry, by being passed to the degreee of Fellow-Craft. The Senior Deacon asks, "Is he duly and truly prepared?"

Junior Deacon answers, "He is."

"Has he made suitable proficiency in the preceding degree?"

"Yes."

Then the Worshipful Master says, "Since he comes endued with all necessary qualifications, let him enter this worshipful lodge in the name of the Lord, and take heed on what he enters." The door is opened, and the candidate enters, attired as in the former degree, save that the right arm, right breast, and right leg, instead of the left, are now naked. The Senior Deacon says, "Brother, when you first entered this lodge you were received on the point of compass, pressing your naked left breast, which was then explained to you. As a Fellow-Craft Mason we receive you on the angle of the square, pressing your naked right breast, which is to teach you to act upon the square with all mankind, but *more especially* with a brother mason." The candidate is now led regularly twice round the lodge. By the direction of the Worshipful Master he is led from the western side of the lodge to the east, after which he is placed before the masonic altar, kneeling on his naked right knee, the left forming a square; the left arm as far as the elbow in a horizontal position, and the rest of the arm in a vertical position, so as to form a square; his arm likewise supported by a mason's square held under his elbow. He is now kneeling in due form to take the oath of the second degree of Fellow-Craft Mason, which is as follows:—

"I, ——, of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God, and this worshipful lodge of Fellow-Craft Masons erected to God, and dedicated to the holy S. John, do hereby and hereon most solemnly swear, in addition to my former obligation, that I will not give the secrets of this degree to any of an inferior degree, nor to any being in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother Fellow-Craft Mason.

"I furthermore swear that I will not wrong this lodge nor a brother of this degree to the value of one penny, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it.

"I furthermore swear that I will support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of this country, under which this lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of which I may hereafter become a member.

"I furthermore swear that I will obey all regular signs and summons, handed, sent, or *thrown* to me by a Fellow-Craft Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such.

"I furthermore swear that I will aid and assist all poor and indigent Fellow-Craft Masons, their widows and orphans, wheresoever dispersed around the globe, they applying to me as such, and I finding them worthy, so far as I can do it without injuring myself or family. To all of which I solemnly swear without mental reservation, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my left breast torn open, my heart and vitals taken from me thence, thrown over my left shoulder, and carried to the valley of Jehoshaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field and the vultures of the air, should I wilfully violate or transgress any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Fellow-Craft Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

He detaches his hands and kisses the Bible twice. The Senior Deacon now drops the bandage or hoodwink over one eye of the candidate, whereupon the Worshipful Master asks him, "Brother, in your present situation what do you most desire?" The candidate answers, "More light in masonry." "Brethren, stretch forth your hands and assist in bringing this new-made brother to more light." (I wish the brethren would favor us with a new Gas Company.) The Worshipful Master makes a short pause, after which he says, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

At these words the Senior Deacon strips the bandage from the candidate's

DEGREE OF FELLOW CRAFT MASON.

"BINDING MYSELF UNDER PENALTY OF HAVING MY BREAST TORN OPEN, MY HEART AND VITALS TAKEN FROM ME THENCE, THROWN OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER, AND CARRIED TO THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT, THERE TO BECOME A PREY TO THE VULTURES OF THE AIR."

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eyes, and at the same moment the grand shock is given, as before described. The Worshipful Master gives him the password and grips of the degree, and also a lambskin apron adorned with two sky-blue rosettes at the bottom. The Senior Deacon ties on the apron, turns up one corner at the lower end, and solemnly and learnedly tells the candidate that, at the building of Solomon's Temple, the masons were distinguished by the manner in which they wore their aprons, and that the Fellow-Craft Masons wore theirs with the corners up, like his (had they any aprons?) The Master then says to the candidate, "Brother, you have been admitted into the middle chamber of King Solomon's Temple for the sake of the letter G. It denotes Deity before whom all should bow. It also denotes geometry, the fifth science, on which this degree is founded." After the lecture the lodge is closed as in the preceding degree.

### Third Degree.

*Initiation of Master Mason.*

The officers and members being assembled, the lodge is opened as in the preceding degrees. The candidate is prepared as follows:—

The Senior and Junior Deacons strip him to his shirt. A pair of drawers are put on him, the legs of which are rolled up and tied or buttoned just above his knee. The shirt is stripped down about the body so that it falls over the waistband, the parts from the knees down and from the middle up being left entirely naked, except for the bandage round the eyes. The "cable-tow" is coiled thrice round the waist; and the candidate is declared to be prepared in "due and ancient form" for the third great degree of masonry, called the "Master Mason's degree."

Having thus duly and becomingly prepared his new brother, the Senior Deacon announces that "a worthy brother who has been regularly initiated as an Entered Apprentice Mason, and passed to the degree of a Fellow-Craft Mason, now wishes for further light in masonry by being raised to the sublime degree of a *Master Mason.*"

The Worshipful Master, having granted the permission in the usual words, the Senior Deacon opens the door and receives the candidate by pressing both points of the compass against his naked left and right breasts, saying, "Brother, when you first entered the lodge, you were received on the point of the compass pressing your naked left breast, when you entered it the second time you were received on the angle of the square pressing your naked right breast, on entering it now, you are received on the two extreme points of the compass pressing your naked right and left breasts, which is to teach you that, as the most vital parts of man are contained between the two breasts, so are the most valuable tenets of masonry contained between the two extreme points of the compass, which are virtue, morality, and brotherly love."

The candidate is now, as usual, led several times round the lodge in search of light, after which, by the Master's directions, the Senior Deacon leads him to the masonic altar, and there directs him to approach and kneel in "due form" for taking the oath of a Master Mason. He kneels on both naked knees, and raises both arms and hands aloft, and keeps them so till he is directed to drop them on the Bible, square, and compass (this action of raising both arms and hands aloft is in reality one of the Master Mason's signs, called the "hailing sign of distress"). He now, as usual, repeats the oath after the Worshipful Master:—

"I, ——, of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God, and this worshipful lodge of Master Masons, erected to God, and dedicated to the holy S. John, do hereby, and hereon (at these words the candidate brings both hands down on the Bible, square, and compass) most solemnly

swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the secrets of a Master Mason to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any one in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother Master Mason.

"Furthermore do I swear that I will not speak the Master Mason's word, which I shall hereafter receive, in any other manner except in that in which I shall receive it, which shall be on the five points of fellowship and at low breath.

"Furthermore I swear that I will not give the grand hailing sign of distress except I am in real distress, or for the benefit of the Craft when at work, and should I see that sign given or hear the words accompanying it, I will fly to the relief of the person so giving it, should there be a greater probability of saving his life than losing my own.

"Furthermore I swear that I will not wrong this lodge nor a brother of this degree to the value of one penny knowingly myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore I swear that I will apprise a brother Master Mason of all approaching danger. Furthermore do I promise that I will support all the laws and constitutions of the Grand Lodge of this country; that I will obey all due signs and summons, handed, sent, or thrown from a brother Master Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of Master Masons. Furthermore I swear that a Master Mason's secret, given to me in charge as such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own before communicated, *murder* and *treason* only excepted, and *they* left *to my own option*. Furthermore I swear that I will go on a Master Mason's errand, even barefoot and bareheaded, to save his life, or relieve his necessities" (and jurymen and public men are bound by such an oath). "Furthermore do I swear that I will aid Master Masons, their widows and orphans, wheresoever dispersed round the globe, as far as in my power, without injury to myself or family. To all this I do solemnly promise and swear, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my body severed in two in the centre, and divided to the north and south, my bowels burned to ashes in the midst, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not remain the least remembrance among men and masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, should I ever be guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath and obligation of a Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in due performance of the same."

He kisses the Bible thrice. The Master, as usual says, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." He gives him the sign and grip and the password — "Tubalcain," — and immediately afterwards says, "Right Brother Tubalcain, I greet you. Arise from a square to a perpendicular."

The candidate is now presented with the Master Mason's apron, which is tied on by the Senior Deacon, the flap falling down in its natural and usual situation. The Master Masons engaged in the building of Solomon's Temple wore their aprons, if they had any, in the natural and common style. Hence such Grand Master Masons as our lord lieutenant, lord mayor, and some amongst our aldermen, judges, lawyers, doctors, and business men wear their lambskin aprons, just as our Italian warehousemen and butcher's boys wear their white and blue ones. The lodge is now called from "labor to refreshment," and the candidate, believing himself to be a confirmed Master Mason, goes to the preparation-room, where he puts on his own clothes, and returns to the lodge, probably to join in the "refreshment." He finds some drinking, some laughing and talking, and others as if preparing to go home. They immediately salute him as their new brother. One gives him the pass-grip, another the due sign and guard, another asks him how he likes the degree; but whilst he is engaged in answering, the Master silently takes the chair, gives one knock with his gavel, and in a moment all have resumed their seats, and the candidate, very much to his discomfiture, is left standing alone in the middle of the lodge.

"It becomes my duty," the Master begins, "to inform you that you are not a Master Mason, neither do I know that you ever will be. You must undergo one of the most trying scenes that human nature ever witnessed. You must travel a rough road, beset with dangers on every side, where you will meet ruffians" (highly probable) "and you may meet with death. Go, and kneel at the altar and pray."

The candidate is hoodwinked and conducted to the altar, where he kneels to pray, or, as is often the case, to turn the solemnity of prayer into ridicule.

Masonry informs us that he here represents Hiram Abiff, in the sanc-

tum sanctorum of Solomon's Temple, where he usually went at high twelve to offer prayers to the Deity and draw designs upon his trestle-board. On a certain day, previous to the finishing of the Temple, he was assaulted by three ruffians, who stationed themselves at the east, west, and south gates of the Temple, and who, on his refusing to tell them the Master Mason's word, cruelly murdered him.

This scene is here enacted. As the candidate rises from his knees, one of the brethren takes him by the arm and leads him several times round the lodge. The Master and Senior and Junior Wardens sometimes take the part of the three ruffians. At the Junior Warden's station, the first ruffian, Jubela, the ruffian of the south gate, seizes him by the throat, saying, "Give me the Master Mason's word, or I will take your life."

On Hiram Abiff's refusal to give it till after the completion of the Temple, the ruffian strikes him with the twenty-four-inch gauge across the throat. At the west gate the second ruffian, meeting a like refusal, strikes him across his breast with the square. And at the east gate, the ruffian Jubelum gives him a blow across the forehead with the common gavel, which brings him to the floor.

At this one of the ruffians exclaims, "What shall we do? We have killed our Grand Master Hiram Abiff!" Another answers, "Let us carry him out at the east gate and in a westerly course, and bury him." The candidate is now taken upon a rug or blanket, on which he has fallen, and carried to a spot near the Senior Warden's station in the west, where they lay him down with his feet to the east, cover him up, stick down a sprig of evergreen, and then declare that they must obtain a pass to Ethiopia before the murder is discovered.

The Worshipful Master resumes his seat, and personating King Solomon, commences to call the roll of the workmen of the Temple. All is confusion. The Grand Master is missing with his trestle-board of new designs, and the workmen are idle. Three Fellow-Crafts are also missing, Jubela, Jubelo, and Jubelum. Solomon orders that search should be immediately made for the missing ones. The members all start up and shuffle about awhile, until one, as if fatigued with his travels, seats himself near the candidate's head, and as he rises, catches hold of the bush which has been stuck there, which gives way. He immediately stamps his foot three times in a violent manner, and calls his companions to assemble. His two special colleagues join him, and then follows a great examination about the sprig of evergreen, and the ground about the candidate's head, resulting in the remark that this "looks very like a grave." While they are ruminating, the three ruffians, who are seated in a private corner near, begin to feel the pangs of remorse, and to bewail their fault.

Jubela speaks first. "Oh, that my throat had been cut across from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea at low-water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, ere I had been accessory to the death of so good a man as our Grand Master Hiram Abiff!"

"Oh," cries Jubelo, "that my left breast had been torn open, my heart and vitals taken from thence, thrown over my left shoulder, and carried to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field and the vultures of the air, ere I conspired for the death of so good a man as our Grand Master Hiram Abiff!"

"Oh, that my body had been severed in two in the midst," groans Jubelum, "divided to the north and south, my bowels burned to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not be the least remembrance remaining among men and masons

of so vile a wretch as I am. Ah! Jubela, Jubelo, it was I that struck him harder than you both; it was I that gave him the fatal blow; it was I that killed him."

The three listeners having agreed among themselves that their cause is good, spring forward, and seizing the three ruffians, drag them before the Master (King Solomon), who, upon finding them guilty, adjudges to each the punishment which he specified, and which were, in fact, the penalties attaching to defaulters in each of the three great degrees of masonry. The Master now says to the Senior Warden, "You will summon twelve Fellow-Crafts, and go with me to the grave in order to raise our Grand Master." All form a circle round the grave of Hiram Abiff, whom they pretend to have recognized by a faint resemblance to a letter *G* traced on the left breast, and kneel, while the Master, standing above the blanket-enveloped candidate, reads one of the most beautiful passages in Job, "Thou, O God, knowest our down-sitting and uprising, and understandest our thoughts afar off; shield and defend us from the evil intentions of our enemies, and support us under the trials and afflictions we are destined to endure while travelling through this vale of tears. Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down," etc.

Then all rise and try to raise the body, first by the grip of an Entered Apprentice, then by that of a Fellow-Craft; but, owing to the decomposition of the body of Hiram Abiff, both are unsuccessful; and the great hailing signal of distress is given, because the Master Mason's word is lost for ever. The Master then says, "I shall now raise the Grand Master by the lion's grip of a Master Mason, and the first word spoken after the body is raised shall be a substitute for the Master's word until future generations shall find out the right." With these words he pulls up the candidate, who still feigns death, with the assistance of the Wardens.

The candidate is now informed that he is a Master Mason, entitled to a seat in any Master's lodge. He is presented with the tools of a Master Mason, and the lodge is closed.

### Past Master's Degree.

When a Master Mason is elected Master of a lodge, he must necessarily receive this degree before he can take the Master's chair, in which case it is conferred by individual Past Masters, who organize themselves into a lodge for that purpose, and confer the degree as hereafter described; but it is generally conferred in a chapter of Royal Arch Masons, who possess the privilege of conferring all the intermediate degrees by a right inherent in them.

This lodge consists of seven officers, — Right Worshipful Master, Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Secretary, Treasurer, Senior Deacon, and Junior Deacon. All the officers and members present keep on their hats. The guard, as usual, is outside the door with the drawn sword. The lodge is opened and closed as in the three first degrees. The candidate petitions, and is balloted for in the same way, but is received into it in a very different way. The Junior Deacon conducts him to the lodge, and seats him without ceremony. A heavy knocking is immediately heard at the outer door. Junior Deacon inquires the cause, returns, and delivers a letter to the Right Worshipful Master, who opens, and reads as follows, or something of the same kind, the letter being generally addressed as best suits the gentleman.

"Dear Husband, — Our dear little Hiram has accidentally upset the teapot of boiling tea, and scalded himself in a shocking manner. You must come home immediately, as his life is despaired of.

"Your affectionate, but afflicted wife,
"C. D."

Right Worshipful Master says, "Brethren, you must appoint some

one to fill the chair. I must leave immediately; I cannot stay to confer this degree."

The Junior Warden expostulates, begging the Master to consider the inconvenience to which the candidate will be put. "I believe," he adds, "that he is himself in the room; he can speak for himself; and unless he is willing to put it off you will be under the necessity of staying."

The candidate, who all this time does not mistrust this part of the ceremony, sometimes rises and says that he is quite willing that his reception should be put off, if it will accommodate the Right Worshipful Master.

The Junior Warden, however, persists, "Right Worshipful, I am very anxious that you should stay to confer this degree this evening, as it is very uncertain when I shall be able to attend again. We might not get so many brethren together at another meeting; and as this is a difficult degree to confer, I beg of you to stay."

Right Worshipful Master answers, "Brethren, it is impossible for me to stay; you will therefore appoint some one to fill the chair. There are a number of brethren present who are fully qualified to confer the degree. You will therefore please to nominate."

*Junior Warden.* — I nominate Brother Senior to fill the chair.

The Master puts the vote to the lodge, and receives a decided negative. The Junior Warden is nominated with a like result. Lastly, the candidate himself is nominated, and voted into the chair by a unanimous affirmative. At the direction of the Master he is about to take the chair, but the Right Worshipful puts him back, saying, "Before you take the Master's chair you must swear an oath to discharge with fidelity the duty of Master of the lodge."

The candidate is accordingly conducted to the altar, at which he kneels on both knees, lays both hands on the Holy Bible, square, and compass, and takes the following oath: —

"I, ——, of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this worshipful lodge of Past Master Masons, do hereby and hereon most solemnly swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the secrets of a Past Master Mason, or any of the secrets pertaining thereto, to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any one in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother or brethren, Past Master Masons, or within the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such. Furthermore do I swear to obey all regular signs and summons, sent, thrown, handed, or given from the hand of a brother of this degree, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of Past Masters. Furthermore do I swear that I will support the constitution of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this country, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of which I may hereafter become a member. Furthermore, I swear to aid and assist all poor and indigent Past Master Masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed round the globe, they applying to me as such, and I finding them worthy, so far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. Furthermore, I swear that the secrets of a brother of this degree, delivered to me as such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, murder and treason excepted, and these left to my own option. Furthermore, I swear that I will not wrong this lodge, nor a brother of this degree, to the value of one penny, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, I swear that I will not govern this or any other lodge over which I may be called to preside, in an arbitrary manner; that I will do my best to preserve harmony amongst the brethren; that I will not open a lodge of Master Masons unless there be present three Master Masons besides the Tyler, nor close it without giving a lecture or part of a lecture for the instruction of the lodge; to all which I swear, binding myself under penalty, in addition to all my former penalties, of having my tongue slit from tip to root, that I should be forever unable to pronounce the word, should I ever prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn obligation of a Past Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast to keep and perform the same."

He kisses the Bible five times. The Right Worshipful Master takes him by the hand and says, "Arise, brother, and take a seat in the 'Oriental Chair of Solomon.'" He is conducted to a chair placed in front of that of the Master, and a hat is put on his head. Then the Right Worshipful Master walks up in front of the candidate, and gives the signs of each degree up to that of Past Master, commencing with that of Entered

Apprentice, all the brethren repeating them after him. When this is done he says to the candidate, "I now leave you to the government of your lodge."

The new Master proceeds to fulfil his duties by deciding that each officer should remain in his respective office, until he comes to decide that of Treasurer, when it is found necessary to request the brethren to nominate a person to fill the office. A scene of confusion follows, which is not easily described. Half a dozen spring up at a time, soliciting the Master to nominate them, urging their separate claims, and decrying the merits of others with zeal. Some cry out, "Order, Worshipful! Keep order!" Some whistle or sing, jump on the benches, or knock down the chairs. One proposes to call from labor to refreshment; another assures the Worshipful that a lady is waiting for him outside. Senior Warden, or some other brother, makes a long speech about reducing the price of Chapter Degrees; and if the question is put, the brothers all vote against it, and accuse the new Master of breaking his oath, in which he *swore* to *support* the *Constitution* of the general *Royal Arch Chapter* which had fixed the price of the degrees.

If the unfortunate Master gives *one* rap and calls to order, every one obeys the signal, and drops into the nearest chair, but the next moment they are all on their feet again and are as noisy as ever. Some one now proposes that the lodge should be closed. The old Master addresses the candidate, "Right Worshipful, it is moved and seconded that this lodge be closed; you can close it as you please. You can merely declare the lodge closed, or in any other way."

The candidate sometimes rises and says, "I declare this lodge. . . ." At this, general confusion takes place. The old Master lays his hand on his arm, and says, "Brother, you swore that you would not close this or any other lodge over which you should be called to preside, without giving a lecture or some part thereof. Do you intend to break your oath?"

The candidate of course excuses himself, and on being told by the Master he may resign, gladly quits the "Oriental Chair." The Worshipful Master informs him that the preceding scene of confusion is intended to convey to him the important lesson never to solicit or accept any office or station, to fill which he does not know himself to be amply qualified. This ceremony over, the lodge is closed as in the preceding degrees.

### Mark Master's Degree.

The rules of masonry require that to transact the business of this degree there should be, at least, eight members present, namely, the Right Worshipful Master, Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Secretary, Treasurer, Senior Deacon, Junior Deacon, also the Master, Senior and Junior Overseers, besides the guard outside the door with a drawn sword. In this degree we have Hiram Abiff again. It is entirely founded on the story of a keystone which Hiram wrought before his assassination. The candidate comes to the door of the lodge, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, his breast bare, and a cable-tow coiled four times round his waist, and after the usual parley and assurance that he has passed the three degrees of masonry, he is admitted into the lodge. He is presented with a stone (the keystone of Hiram Abiff) When he presents it, however, he is found unable to give the "*Mark*" or token; is called an impostor, and hurried out of the lodge, while his stone is thrown among the rubbish of the Temple.

After a variety of ceremonies, marching about the lodge, carrying stones, and after prayer, and after each mason has received a penny as Scripture wages for his work, the Master suddenly discovers that the great keystone of Hiram Abiff is wanting, and that the rejected stone of the new Craftsman is that very

keystone. The candidate is sent for, and after the parley has been repeated he is admitted into the lodge. As he enters, the Junior Deacon steps behind him, takes hold of his arms, draws them back, and holds them firmly behind. The Senior Deacon steps up to the candidate, and shows him an engraving chisel and mallet, saying, —

"Brother, it becomes my duty to place a mark upon you, which you will probably carry to your grave. As an Entered Apprentice Mason you were received upon the point of the compass pressing your naked left breast. As a Fellow-Craft Mason you were received upon the angle of a square pressing your naked right breast. As a Master Mason you were received upon both points of the compass extending from your naked right to your naked left breast. The chisel and mallet (here he places the edge of the chisel against the naked breast of the candidate) are instruments used by operative masons to hew, cut, carve, and indent their work, but we, as free and accepted masons, use them for a more noble and glorious purpose, to hew, cut, carve, and indent the mind. As a Master Mason we now receive you upon the edge of the indenting chisel, and under the pressure of the mallet." As he pronounces the last words, he braces his feet, raises the mallet, makes two or three sham motions, and finally brings it down violently on the head of the chisel. He throws both mallet and chisel from him, takes hold of the rope or cable-tow coiled round the candidate's body, saying, "Follow me." He leads him four times round the lodge, and each time that they pass the Master, Senior and Junior Wardens, those officers give one loud rap with the mallet or gavel.

The Master meantime reads the following passages of Scripture: —

"*Psalm* cxviii. 22. — 'The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner.'

"*Matt.* xxi. 42. — 'Did ye never read in the Scripture: The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner?'

"*Mark* xii. 10. — 'And have you not read this Scripture: The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner?'

"*Luke* xx. 17. — 'What is this, then, that is written: The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner?'"

(If the Worshipful Mark Master's tongue were chiselled out as the punishment of a Mark Blasphemer he would richly deserve it.)

The candidate is now, by the Master's directions, placed on his knees at the masonic altar, where he swears as follows: —

"I, ——, of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God and this right worshipful lodge of Mark Master Masons, do hereby and hereon, in addition to my former obligations, most solemnly swear that I will not give the secrets of a Mark Master Mason to any of an inferior degree, nor to any person in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or brethren, of this degree, and that only after strict trial and examination. Furthermore, I swear that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this country, under which this lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of Mark Master Masons, of which I may become a member. Furthermore I swear that I will not wrong this lodge or a brother of this degree, to the value of one penny myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. I furthermore swear that I will receive a brother Mark Master Mason's mark as a pledge and *grant him his request*, if in my power, and if not, I will return him his mark with the price thereof, which is a Jewish half-shekel of silver (about one and two pence). To all of which I most solemnly swear, binding myself under penalty to have my right ear cut off, that I may be forever unable to hear the word (the password), and my right hand chopped off, that I may no longer feel the grip, if I should ever violate any part of this my solemn oath of a Mark Master Mason. So help me God, and make me steadfast to keep and perform the same."

He detaches his hand and kisses the Holy Bible four times.

A number of ceremonies now follow, too lengthy to be here described. One is intended to illustrate and impress on the candidate's mind the great lesson of assisting a brother mason, and test the truth of his oath that he will accept the *mark* as se-

curity from a brother Mark Master Mason. This is followed by an odious parody on the circumstances recorded in the Gospel, Matt. xx. 1–16.

The masons, still personating the workers in Solomon's Temple, become very angry, on finding the new brother received a penny, as well as the others, for his day's work, and all fling their pennies violently into the middle of the Lodge. The Master, King Solomon, on learning the cause of disturbance, with that wisdom for which he is proverbial, avails himself of the New Testament, and reads aloud that beautiful Gospel. At this the brethren declare themselves satisfied, take up their pennies, resume their seats, and the lodge is closed.

MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S DEGREE.

The officers of this lodge are seven, Most Excellent Master, Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Secretary, Treasurer, Senior Deacon, and Junior Deacon, besides Tyler, or outer guard. All the officers and members having taken their seats, the Most Excellent Master says, "Brother Senior Warden, assemble the brethren round the altar for the purpose of opening this lodge of Most Excellent Master Masons"

In pursuance of this request, the brethren assemble round the altar, and form a circle, standing in such a position as to touch each other, leaving a space for the Most Excellent Master. Then all kneel on their left knee, and join hands, each giving his right hand to his left-hand brother, and his left hand to his right-hand brother, their left arms uppermost, and their heads meanwhile inclining downwards. This is called "the Mystic Chain," and masons are often called the Brethren of the Mystic Chain. In France it is called "The Chain of Union." All being thus placed, the Master reads the following portions of Scripture, still keeping his lodge seat: —

"*Psalm* xxiv. — 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and all that dwell therein. For He has founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart' (a masonic judge, a civic official, a poorhouse master, or poorhouse shed purchaser). 'Who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity or sworn *deceitfully*. Lift up your heads, O ye gates' (the brethren lift their heads), 'and the King of Glory shall come in.'" He finishes his little bit of blasphemous Bible-reading by stepping into the space left for him, where he continues reading: "Who is this King of Glory?" etc. He then kneels, and joins hands with the others, which closes the circle. All sway their hands, still joined together, up and down, keep time with the words as the Master repeats them. "One, two, three — one, two, three." This is masonically called "balancing." They rise, disengage their hands, and lift them above their heads, with a moderate and somewhat graceful motion, and cast up their eyes; turning at the same time to the right, they extend their arms, and suffer them to fall loose and somewhat nerveless by their sides. This sign alludes to the Queen of Sheba's astonishment at the sight of Solomon's Temple. (As the masons are so expert at the pantomimic art, might they not, in a brotherly spirit, make themselves useful in the Theatre Royal at Christmas?)

The Most Excellent Master resumes his seat, the lodge being now opened, and ready for the reception of candidates.

The Junior Deacon leads the candidate to the door of the lodge, his coat off, and the cable-tow coiled six times round his waist. As usual, he answers for the candidate's qualifications and also his desire to receive further light in masonry (what a truth-telling gasometer masonry might be!) The door is then flung open, and the Senior Deacon receives the new-comer

upon the keystone. He is led six times round the lodge whilst the Master reads: —

"*Psalm* cxiii. — 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord: our feet were wont to stand in thy courts, O Jerusalem,'" etc.

The candidate kneels on both knees at the masonic altar, places both hands on the Bible, square, and compass, and takes the following solemn oath of a Most Excellent Master Mason: —

"I, ——, in presence of Almighty God and this Lodge of Most Excellent Master Masons, do hereby, and hereon, in addition to my former obligations, most solemnly swear to keep the secrets and obey the signs and summons of every Most Excellent Master Mason. I promise and swear that I will support the Constitution of the General Royal Arch Chapter, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of which I may hereafter become a member. I promise and swear to assist all poor and indigent brethren of this degree, and their widows and orphans, wheresoever dispersed around the globe, as far as in my power, without injury to myself or family. I swear to keep the secrets of a brother of this degree, murder and treason only excepted, and they left to my own free will and choice. I swear not to wrong this lodge, or a brother of this degree, to the value of anything, knowingly myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will dispense *light and knowledge to all ignorant* and uninformed brethren at all times as far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. To all which I do most solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my right and left breasts torn open, my heart and vitals taken from thence and thrown on a dunghill to rot, if ever I violate any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Most Excellent Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in due performance of the same."

He detaches his hands and kisses the Sacred Volume six times. When the Master has given the sign, grip, and password "Rabonni" to the newly initiated, the brethren assemble (the candidate standing aside), and forming a procession double file, march six times round the lodge against the course of the sun, singing masonic verses. Each time that they pass the Most Excellent Master they give the sign of a masonic degree, commencing with that of the Entered Apprentice, and so on until they come to that of the Most Excellent Master. Four brethren carry the ark of the covenant, which, at the end of the procession, they bring forward and place upon the altar, laying the "pot of incense" on top. The brethren now beckon to the candidate, or candidates, to join in the ceremonies. They then give the sign of admiration, throwing up their hands and eyes, and keeping them so while they sing two more masonic verses. Then all kneel and join hands in "the Mystic Chain" as before, whilst the Most Excellent reads the following passages of Scripture, 2 Chron. vii. 1–4: "Now, when Solomon made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offering; . . . . and when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their face to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped the Lord, saying, For He is good, and his mercy is good, and his mercy endureth for ever and ever." As these words are read, some brother who stands behind the candidate touches a piece of gum-camphor to a candle and throws it by a sort of sleight-of-hand into the "pot of incense" containing the same combustible matter. This supplies the lodge with "the fire which came down from heaven," and at once causes a brilliant light. (It is generally believed that the masonic city analyst is the heavenly agent sent to Molesworth Street.) The Most Excellent Master now kneels and joins hands with the rest, and all repeat together the words, "For He is good, and his mercy endureth forever," six times, each time bowing their heads low towards the floor. The members "*balance*" six times as in opening, rise and "*balance*" six more, and disengaging themselves from each other, take their seats. The Master reads the charge or lecture to the candidate, and the lodge is closed as in the preceding degrees.

*To be continued.*

## THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

### DR. TODHUNTER'S SIXTH LECTURE.

THERE was a numerous attendance. A number of excellent photographs of the works of art referred to were exhibited. The lecturer said he had on that occasion to speak chiefly of Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, and Michael Angelo. So far they had watched the steady progress of Italian art from its crude beginnings in the works of Amabue and Giotto to technical perfection in those of Mantegna and the Bellini. They had now to notice the last Titanic effort on the part of men of the most astounding genius to carry that perfection further; to set a new story upon a Tower of Babel, the top of which was already in the clouds. In three men named, with the addition of Raphael and the Venetians, the spirit of the Renaissance attained its supreme expression. Leonardo, though in point of time a man of the fifteenth rather than of the sixteenth century, belonged to the latter by the reach of his genius and the perfection of his style. Chronologically he was the contemporary of Lando Bothcelli and Fillipino Leppi; logically he belonged to the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael. He was born in 1452. The impression he made upon his contemporaries was distinctly felt, as appeared from the many anecdotes embalmed by Vasari and other writers of the day. He was for the Florentines and Milanese much what Dean Swift was for us in Dublin, — a legendary personage, around whose imposing personality quite a cycle of such anecdotes gathered. In personal appearance as in genius he was a king amongst princes, moving among men like a demigod of physical grace and intellectual brightness. Great as was the versatility of many of the men of the Renaissance, Leonardo's was remarkable, even compared with that of his most remarkable contemporaries. He was, in fact, a jack of all trades, but he possessed the rare distinction of being master of all. Michael Angelo was great as an architect, a sculptor, and a painter, and was no contemptible poet. Leonardo was, besides, a skilled musician, who sang his impromptu compositions to a silver lute of his own designing, formed like a horse's head, and tuned according to acoustic laws designed by himself. He was an engineer of great original genius, the best anatomist of his day, and a great mathematician and geometer. But probably few men of great genius and so favored by circumstances left so little of supreme accomplishments as measured by the amount of actual power possessed. His very versatility, joined with an extreme fastidiousness as to his workmanship, resulting from the high ideal he always set before himself, prevented his perpetual activity from achieving the results which his marvellous genius seemed to warrant his admirers in expecting. He had also been unfortunate as regarded the preservation of his greatest works. Enough of his work, nevertheless, remained to confirm his title to a place amongst the greatest. Turning from Leonardo to Correggio was almost like turning from Goethe to the most sensuous parts of Spenser. But Spenser was much too serious and thoughtful to be compared with Correggio. The purposeless lusciousness of some of Schubert's beautiful and interminable compositions might perhaps serve as a tolerable parallel, but no one in any art was ever so innocently wanton, so divinely idiotic as Correggio. His drawings, which were usually sketches in red chalk, were often very beautiful, though the beauty was rather sensuous than spiritual. Between Correggio and Michael Angelo there was a gulf as wide and deep as the Atlantic. They were inhabitants of different spiritual continents, or rather of different epochs of development. The lecturer concluded amid applause.

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No man without restraint can do anything worthy of a man.

## LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD

MR. JOHN P. LEONARD, of Paris, has written as follows to the "Dublin Freeman," dating from 36 Rue Constantinople, 1st November —

*Dear Sir,* — In an article in your esteemed journal a few years ago I informed your readers that I had discovered the tomb of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, bearing the following inscription: —

A Pamela,
Ladye Edward Fitzgerald,
Son ami le plus devoue.
L. L.

The ground was purchased for ten years only by the heirs of Mr. Pitcarn. According to the rules of the Paris cemeteries, the remains of the noble lady should have long ago been put into the "fosse commune," but they escaped by chance such a desecration. Since I found the place where they were interred I carefully watched the grave, and finding a few days ago that the four cypress-trees that had been planted on it at the time of her death, and the iron railing, were removed, I obtained permission to have the body placed in a strong oak coffin. On Friday, in presence of the conservateur of the cemetery and my friends, Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone and Count O'Connell, the exhumation took place. The remains were taken to the ground I possess in the cemetery, Clichy, Batignolles. The coffin, with a black pall, was placed in a hearse, and we followed it to the place where it is now safe. Our intention is to open a subscription, sure that our countrymen, at home and abroad, will subscribe the funds necessary for the purchase of a piece of ground "in perpetuity," and a suitable monument for the lovely being whose life was stainless, and who, for five years, was the adored wife of our countryman.

Committee in Paris. — President, John P. Leonard; Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone; Hon. treasurer, Count O'Connell, 68 Avenue du Rois de Boulogne, Paris.

"Only break it to her tenderly." This was the sole request which Lord Edward Fitzgerald made to the surgeon when, wounded and bleeding, he lay a captive in the hands of the castle authorities. These words are a short symbol of that deep and sincere devotion which existed between the Geraldine and his fair foreign bride. They had met when hope was luminous as the summer sunshine, and imagination foretold the advent of a millennium of happiness to all mankind. At their marriage at Tournay, Louis Philippe was present; for was not Pamela, in whose veins flowed Bourbon blood, the half-acknowledged sister of the future King of the French? She accompanied her husband to his native land, and was his faithful companion in more than one voyage which he afterwards made to the Continent for the purpose of advancing the negotiations of the United Irish Chiefs with the French government When the crash came she was still his confidante. She was residing with him in Leinster House in that month of March, 1798, when the raid was made upon Bond's, in Bridge Street, and the ducal mansion in Kildare Street itself was searched. During the two months which followed, when he was forced to lie concealed in various parts of the city, and to shift his quarters frequently so as to elude pursuit, his thoughts were divided between his country and his family. One of the most touching incidents in history, and one which ought to command the painter's art, is that which we know of from the simple narrative of Lady Edward's servant. His family were temporarily residing in Denzille Street, whilst he was concealed near Portobello Harbor Major Sirr's swarm of spies and platoon of informers were everywhere through the city; nevertheless, the servant states that, "on going into the lady's room late in the evening, she saw his lordship and Lady Edward sitting together by the fire. The youngest child had been brought down out of its bed for him to see, and both he and Lady Edward were, as she thought, in tears." It was, perhaps, the last time which he beheld them on earth, but they were his first thought when wounded, and his last when dying. Why do we refer to this most patriotic subject at the present time? The letter which we publish from the pen of Mr J. P. Leonard, of Paris, will more than answer that question. The tomb of Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, has long stood surrounded by cypress-trees in the cemetery of Montmartre, unknown until his anxious research discovered its place. Not too soon

was it found. As he states, it was allowed to remain, by the charity of chance, until an Irish hand should uncover the inscription; then the cypress-trees were stricken down, and the railing which guarded it was removed. In a little time, but for the patriotic vigilance of an Irish heart, the remains of this noble lady, who was the sister and daughter of the proudest kings of Europe, would have been cast into the common pit, where lie the bones of the nameless and uncared-for dead. From this sad fate the action of our countryman has saved the remains of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, giving them the hospitality of the tomb where repose his own beloved dead. There they will rest in safety until such time as Irishmen, in union with the descendants of their exiled kindred, shall give them a secure refuge and a suitable monument. Shall that time be long? We cannot believe it.

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THE following extract from the "Catholic Columbian" contains much that should cause many of our Catholic young men to begin thinking they should try and set an example to their Protestant companions. If we wish to convince them that our holy religion is the true one, there will be a fund of argument in good example: "A Protestant young man of this city by inquiry and study satisfied himself that he must become a Catholic. That he had found the true faith, he was convinced, but how so many Catholic young men could manifest so little concern about their faith, he failed to understand. The conduct of these persons was so much in contradiction with their religion, that he was completly mystified, and asked an explanation of the person from whom he sought religious instruction. This is an instauce of the immense influence of example in leading men to the true faith. The sin of scandal will be a terrible one at the day of universal reckoning. Catholic young men should heed this warning."

## A WOLF AT A FAIR.

ON the 7th of October, about 7 A. M., the peasants from the adjoining villages had collected together at a fair which was held at the settlement of Barvenkoff, district of Izume, Russia, and the male portion of the assembly had dispersed to the drinking-shops. Suddenly there resounded through the square a heartrending shriek for assistance. The peasants rushed out into the street just as there appeared from behind a building situated on the edge of the square an enormous wolf. Everybody rushed in great confusion to their carts, shouting, "Mad wolf!" Meantime the gigantic wolf, frothing at the mouth, and with his tongue hanging out, made for the carts. A dreadful tumult occurred. The horses and oxen dashed in all directions, but the majority, getting entangled, fell, overturning the carts. The wolf, when within a short distance of the first group of carts, sprang on to a woman who was running past, and in a moment she was prostrate on the ground, having lost her nose, scalp, and lower part of her face. The wolf then ran farther, and attacked a small lad of about seven years of age; but just at that time a pig rushed at the wolf and bit its tail. It next attacked a woman with a baby, then two boys about four years of age. After biting several other persons, the infuriate animal turned off on to the railroad. By this time a large crowd, headed by the village elder, and armed with whips, guns, and scythes, gave chase. A peasant, allowing it to approach him within about fifteen paces, shot the animal straight in his open maw. The wolf seized the peasant by the side, but the courageous man then firmly gripped the animal with both hands. Fortunately, a policeman galloped up at this juncture, and, drawing his revolver, shot the wolf through the head. The wolf had bitten no less than twenty-two persons, ten of whom are in a dangerous state.

## THE WORKING CLASSES.

Bishop Freppel, Augers, France.

Love the sacred fire of charity, the flame of devotion! Behold what we must carry with us from our reunions as the soul of our works and the principle of their success! *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur.* To succeed with the working class we must love it, love it in spite of its errors and its faults, love it even when it responds to love with indifference or hatred. We must place its heart upon our own in order to raise it up to God, for love is the most powerful lever by means of which we can lift up the world of souls. The more you prove to the working class that you love it, the more you labor for its sanctification. Men may close their ears to teaching which is propagated in a dogmatic form, but they do not indefinitely resist that religion which manifests itself under the appearance of love, and as the recompense of sacrifice asks only the power of sacrificing itself again, sacrificing itself always. Men may remain deaf to the language which recalls a duty despised or a virtue outraged; but they yield little, sooner or later they give in, to the devotion which follows the workman step by step, with affectionate solicitude, from his master's presence to the circle of his companions, from that to the workshop, and from the workshop to the bosom of his family, without neglecting any possible effort for the amelioration of his situation. In presence of such marks of love, hatred is appeased, defiances are dissipated, and prejudices succomb. And when, later on, the word of God shall come to descend upon that soil which up to this had remained unfruitful, it will find a furrow ready to receive it, and that furrow shall have been dug by charity. *Fortis ut mors dilecti*, says the Holy Scripture. Charity is strong as death, which nothing resists. It is that shall prepare the reawakening of faith amongst us.

## THE SEPULCHRE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

In the valley of Joshaphat, about two furlongs from St. Stephen's Gate at Jerusalem, a very ancient church encloses the spot where the apostles laid the mortal remains of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and whence she was taken up into heaven. At the south end of the church is an open space, reached by descending three steps, leading to the entry of the church. We learn that four hundred years ago it had a splendid portal of marble columns, but now it is much decayed and the fine Gothic ornaments have disapeared.

St. Mary's Church, as it is called, is in reality a cavern, covered by a small building. At the opening of the iron gates pilgrims descend by a marble stairway of forty-seven steps to the ground floor of the church, which is ninety-seven feet long, twenty feet wide, and thirty-six feet high. The wall towards the east is formed in most part from the natural rock, but the three other sides are constructed of carefully cut quarry stone. The church has no particular claim to beauty, but it inspires nevertheless the most profound sentiments of devotion. It receives its light partly from an opening in the eastern wall and partly from the stairway. On festival days it is brilliantly illuminated with numerous lamps and candles. In the centre of the church, but somewhat towards the east, is a chapel so small as to afford room for only ten persons. On the east side of this miniature chapel is the Blessed Virgin's sepulchre, represented by a high sarcophagus covered with a slab of black and white veined marble. Above it is a painting representing the death of the Blessed Virgin. On the Feast of the Assumption the tomb is always crowded with devout pilgrims, and is beautifully decorated for the occasion. — *Ave Maria.*

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Alex. Dumas was born in 1803.

### HOW THEY MAKE GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS IN GERMANY.

THE culinary art forms a part of the education of the women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may be termed the post of servant or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this, — she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for care taken of her, as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar treating, with this difference, however, that they receive it in princely mansions or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time who was trained in this way. Consequently the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.

### ITALIAN CRIME.

THE "Commercio," a Genoese newspaper, commenting on the statistics of Italian crime, which give an average of 85,800 crimes per annum, says: "The morality of a nation is the secret of its strength, credit, and material prosperity. But we have done nothing to cure the root of our malady, nor have we adopted a single measure for directing the noblest part of man to the right path of honesty, nor taught the conscience the proper direction towards good. We have banished the priest, who, by inculcating the fear of future punishment in another world, was more effectual in curbing human passions than a legion of carabineers or a Draconian codex, and we have not replaced him by magistrates and teachers of morality. We have, indeed, taught in our schools crowds of the children of laborers, peasants, and artisans, to prattle of history and literature, and, contented with this, we have forgotten that reading is a means, not an end, and is a two-edged weapon, which in inexperienced hands may produce more harm than good." The regenerators of Italy, who despoiled the pope and exiled from their homes monks and nuns, are beginning to feel that godless education is not an unmixed blessing. Lay baptisms, lay marriages, and lay funerals, and lay education are found to produce contempt for religion and morality, and abundance of murders, robberies, adulteries, and sedition and discontent. To banish the priest and religion is to introduce a taste for anarchy and a hatred of the monarchy.

### BETHLEHEM.

F. A K., in "Catholic Progress."

SWEET is the thought of thee, O Bethlehem!
Though years have fled since I beheld thee, yet
Thy memory 's as green and firmly set
As are thy sunny fields and hills. To them
My heart returns, city of David's stem.
Once more I see thy figs and olives, met
By wild anemone and mignonette,
Garden and desert blending round a gem.
Then, as I stray beneath the red moonlight
Of Palestine, and see thee lie like snow
Among rocks drifted, gleaming in the bright,
Mild rays, I hear the ebb and flow
Of songs angelic, hymning to the night,
"Glory to God on high, and peace on earth below."

A KIND word spoken to a husband will often go further than a broomstick or a flat-iron, says a woman of experience.

# OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

## ARE THEY FREE FOR ALL, OR ARE THEY NOT?

HON. EDMUND F. DUNNE,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ARIZONA.

THE attitude of one party in the discussion in which I shall presently engage reminds me of a cartoon I saw a short time ago in one of the London comics. A French company, with French money, after great labor, care, and expense, built the Suez Canal for the privilege of a toll on the tonnage of vessels passing through it. The English merchants began, as the company thought, to take an unfair advantage in the matter of calculating the tonnage; the company protested, but in vain. The company then declared they would put out the signal-lights along the canal, so that it could not be used, until the dispute was adjusted. On this, England, as usual, blustered terribly as to the fearful things it would do if any action was had to prevent the management of the canal in the particular way in which England desired it to be managed. The cartoon gave a bird's-eye view of the canal; a signal station in the foreground; the president of the French company mounting a ladder to extinguish the light, and the typical John Bull standing below, shaking his fists and boiling over with rage, shrieking, "Don't you dare to put out those lights, you scoundrel, or I'll ——!" The Frenchman turns with a look of amused astonishment and says quietly, "Have you zen bought ze canal, Monsieur Jean Bull?" The cartoon brought England to its senses, and it then concluded to be a little reasonable and discuss the question on its merits.

### THE MAJORITY REFUSE TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION.

Now, there is a great deal of this John Bull bluster in the pending discussion about an amendment proposed to our school law. There is a certain class among us which wants the public schools managed in a certain way, and this class at the present moment happens to be in the majority, and so, under our form of government, is able, for the moment, to gratify its desires, and manage things just as it likes. There is a certain other and quite numerous class, which says that, while it approves of the fundamental idea of providing free schools for educational purposes, there are some details as to the working of the system which are so unsatisfactory that it can get no benefit at all from the system the way it is now worked, and, as parties interested, they propose the amendments they desire, and ask that they be considered; that fair and honest discussion be had upon them; and if they can be shown to be in accordance with reason, good sense, and the general public welfare, that they be adopted. How are these propositions received? Are they listened to like any other proposition to amend important public laws? Are the arguments heard and a decision rendered, with some reasons assigned for the action had in the matter? By no means! On this point the present accidental majority act very strangely. They immediately fly into a passion; they will hardly allow the proposition to be made; they don the war-paint at once and shriek, "Don't you dare to touch our public schools or we'll run you into the sea!" Whereupon it seems pertinent to us to inquire of this majority, "Have you, then, bought the public schools? Are they *your* schools? Have we no voice in their management? Have we ceased to

be citizens of this country, and been relegated to a class whose rights no one is bound to respect? Have we no longer a voice in the making of laws for this territory? Are we serfs, slaves, vassals, from whom taxes may be wrung to support institutions from which, as they are now managed, we can derive no benefit, and must not dare open our mouths to state what we consider our grievances, on pain of being threatened with exile and death?" Is not that a strange kind of talk to proceed from an accidental majority in a republican form of government? And how long is it probable that a majority which talks that way can maintain itself?

THE MAJORITY MUST DISCUSS THE QUESTION.

There is a real and substantial grievance existing. It bears hard upon a large body of people. They are burdened with an annual tax to support institutions from which they can derive no benefit. They feel that the action of the majority in this case is not only an inroad upon their pockets, but an outrage upon their rights. They assert that a species of legalized robbery is being perpetrated upon them to an enormous and unsupportable extent. No outrage of this kind can be perpetrated for any great length of time in a free country. Therefore it is useless for the present majority to get into a passion about this matter, and try to bully it through. Neither is it entirely in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to incite a social war on this question, and seek to proscribe, ostracize, and malign those who happen to differ in opinion from the present majority as to how free schools can be best conducted for the general good. This majority talk a great deal about the duty of people being liberal in their views; but what they seem to mean is, that the liberality ought to be all on one side, that other people ought to yield to them in everything. But as to any yielding on their part, no! — not the ninth part of a hair.

MONARCHISTS SAY REPUBLICANS CANNOT REASON!

Are you (and I speak now to the general majority on this question throughout our country) — are you, by your action on this matter, disposed to confirm the great argument made against our republican form of government by the advocates of monarchy in Europe? Do you know what Lord Brougham, one of the greatest of European political writers, says of us on this point? Listen, here are his words: "When the predominance of one party in a democracy has once been fully established, there is no safety for those who differ with it by ever so light a shade. The majority being overwhelming, all opposition is stifled. No man dare breathe a whisper against the prevailing sentiments, for the popular violence will bear no contradiction. Hence the suppression of wholesome advice, the concealment of useful truths. It becomes dangerous to declare any opinion, however sound, which is unpalatable to the multitude. Truth must no more be told to the tyrant of many heads than of one. Nay, mere flattery becomes the food generally offered up; and he who goes before others in the extravagance of his doctrines or the violence of his language, outbids his competitors for popular favor. This vile traffic is alike hurtful to the people, and to those who deal in it. The former are pampered and spoiled, the latter are degraded and debased. . . . In the United States, as all travellers are agreed, the tyranny of the multitude exceeds the bounds of all moderate popular influence. No person dares say anything that thwarts the prevailing prejudices or the popular opinions of the day." (3d Brougham Polit. Philos., p. 120 )

Are you going to admit the truth of all this, by the manner you treat our complaints in this matter? Have

you not, to a great extent, already done so? When a man has the hardihood to express his honest convictions on this subject, and seeks to give his reasons therefor, do the people generally try to consider those reasons, or do they close their ears against his argument and begin to abuse him, charging him with being a senseless bigot, a secret enemy to the fundamental principles of our government, a traitor at heart, and one against whom the machinery of our social organization should be vigorously directed to effect his entire destruction? How is it about this? Are you sure you are treating this matter in accordance with the general spirit of our institutions? I hope you will notice a little the manner in which your neighbors talk and act upon this question. If you do, I am confident you will find a great deal in the conduct of the majority which, upon candid reflection, you must thoroughly condemn.

I desire to pay full tribute to the liberal, sincere, and honest purpose of those who have come forward to meet me here to-night. I see here many representatives of this majority, whose general action I consider so much in conflict with the spirit of our institutions; but those who come here to listen to my arguments take themselves out of the rule of their class. They assert their mental superiority to the majority of that class; they prove themselves true Americans, true Republicans, true Democrats, — people worthy of self-government, people who are willing to "hear" before they "strike."

### GENERAL PROPOSITIONS STATED.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us come to the question. We, that is, those for whom I now argue, maintain: —

1*st*. *That the State has no right to teach religion.*

2*d*. *That the State has no right to teach irreligion.*

3*d*. *That the State has no inherent right to teach at all.*

Now, I do not deny that the questions raised are the most serious ones that were ever proposed to the law-making power of any State, and therefore I shall, in all subsequent stages of this argument, — for I expect it to last for some, — time freely admit that there is a tremendous conflict of opinion among men in general on these propositions; and I shall patiently listen to every argument produced against them, and so far as it naturally becomes incumbent on me, shall do my best to honestly answer all such arguments; but I cannot admit that there is any difficulty about the true decision on one question. I think the truth of the propositions will be evident to every person candidly examining the subject, and who may be admitted to have a reasonably correct idea of what a State is, and what "education" means. Also, I must, in justice to my side of the argument, remind you, as you very well know, that I could not reasonably be expected to be prepared at this moment for a full consideration of so important a question. You know that I have very recently come among you; that I am now engaged in holding a session of the Supreme Court; that this discussion has been suddenly precipitated by local action, and that what I say now is almost "offhand," but it will do for a beginning. I will open the argument for you. You have among you the keenest and sharpest intellects in the land, and some of them will very probably find some points I have not fully covered, and I may have to acknowledge a hit, now and then, which will require explanation; but, if I cannot, in the close, make a good case, I shall find no fault if you show good reason for deciding against me. Also, I must necessarily, in the brief time which I can have for setting forth our position, often confine myself to stating what I conceive to be the truth in the matter, without fully arguing it. That will come more in detail hereafter.

THE STATE MUST NOT DIRECTLY INTERFERE WITH RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

Now for the first proposition, that the State has no right to teach religion. "Oh, we admit that," you will say; "we will admit that as fully as you wish. No need of any discussion about that." Very well; I would be glad to know that you admitted it, and were willing to admit it, with all its *necessary consequences*. Some people say they fully admit a proposition, but when you make an application of the admission which necessarily follows, and which they do not like, they "go back on you," as you say here, and claim that they admitted it, with that qualification. They will not argue as to whether it necessarily follows, but will stolidly maintain that the exception is a part of the general proposition. They will then neither admit nor deny generally, nor state any proposition to which they will unqualifiedly adhere. They "stand mute." In England, they used to have the "*peine forte et dure*" for such cases; and if there ever was a case where, playfully speaking, its application could be justified, it is where a person pretends to argue, and insists upon arguing, and yet will not take any decided ground upon the point in issue, as I fear I may have to charge this majority with doing, in some things, before I get through. Well, you admit, then, that the State has no right to teach religion.

THE STATE MUST NOT INDIRECTLY DO THAT WHICH IT IS FORBIDDEN TO DO DIRECTLY.

Herein comes our second proposition, — that the State has no right to teach irreligion, that is, to teach in such a manner as to seriously interfere with the religious education of the child. Now we come to what some people claim to be debatable ground.

When the public-school system of this country was first brought forward, it was established on the theory that the State had a right to insist that the children of the country should receive instruction in virtue, morality, and knowledge, in order that they might become good citizens. You will please notice that virtue and morality were put first, and knowledge — that is, mere intellectual culture — was put last, as it should have been. (See the early State constitutions on the matter.)

Under this theory public schools were established, and what were claimed by the State to be principles of virtue, morality, and general knowledge were taught. After a while a great many people became dissatisfied with the system, so far as it professed to teach principles of virtue and morality, — the most important things. Prayers were offered up in the schools, and versions of the Bible were read and commented upon by teachers who had their own views on the subject. Objections were made to these comments. To satisfy these objections, a modification of the system was admitted, — that hereafter the Bible should be read "without note or comment." It ran on for a while in this way; but then the objection was made that the versions of the Bible read were not true versions, and that, therefore, the Bible, truly speaking, was not read, and that false notions in religion were thus taught. Then another modification of the system was permitted, which forbade the reading of any version of the Bible whatever. The majority thought that now they had got the school law in such shape that all would be satisfied; but it was found that there still remained a large class which claimed that, even without any direct teaching of religion, the system as managed had the effect to teach irreligion; and they asked to be allowed to withdraw their children from the so-called public schools, and educate them in virtue and morality themselves, in separate schools, and receive their proper share of the public money.

DRAWING THE LINE.

Charles Lamb, dear, delightful Elia, says all people draw the line some-

where, and that he believed in drawing it at roast pig; that roast pig was one of the most delicious things in existence, and that any man who differed with him as to the primary and paramount excellence of roast pig was not to be trusted. Now, right here on this point, — the demand for separate schools, where the principles of virtue and morality might be taught in accordance with the wishes of the parents, — the present accidental majority concluded to draw the line, and stand upon it; and there 's the fight, there 's the issue, there 's the proposition we have to discuss. The present majority declare they will stand or fall by the system on this point; but while they have the right to say they will stand or fall in their support of the system on this point, they have no right nor power to say that the *system itself shall thus stand or fall*. We have a say in the matter ourselves, and if our views prevail, the present majority becomes simply a minority, and then "they will know how it is themselves." They will then find that all their talk about *our* people being opposed to the education of the masses, and their people being in favor of it, is mere talk. Then, for the first time in their lives, they will be compelled to study history; they will be compelled to *prove* their case, not assert it as they have been doing. They may think they have read history, properly speaking, but they have never done it. They read Macaulay and Motley and Froude, and such writers, confessed partisans, and think they understand the case. They have simply read the brief on their side. But suppose I should hear the argument on one side only in my court, and decide accordingly, how would you, as a whole, like it, and how near do you think I would get to a true understanding of the point in issue? No: I have to hear both sides. How many of the majority have done it on this question? and how do they dare decide without examining both sides? They would impeach me if I undertook to do it where even a paltry hundred dollars was involved; and in turn, I suppose, I may have the liberty of impeaching them, and charging that they will be false to their duty, as citizens of this republic, if they dare decide on such a momentous issue as this now pending without patiently and reasonably hearing and dispassionately considering the arguments on both sides, and if, after such hearing, they fail to do their best to carry out the policy of the law, as indicated by the adoption of the different amendments referred to, namely, that wherever a grievance is shown to exist, they should endeavor to so amend the law as to abate such grievance. It will be a poor argument to say that the law cannot be improved upon. Did all wisdom die with the framers of the law as it stands? Is there no room for further progress?

### PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Now, let us look at the line of the argument. Those for whom I have, perhaps rashly, undertaken to speak, claim, first, that education means something more than teaching children how to read and write and cipher; that education is a harmonious development of all the faculties, moral, mental, and physical; and that of all training in education, the moral, that is, religious training is the most important.

I know that many dispute this proposition, but the Book of books, whose teachings all among us who recognize any authority at all in religious matters reverently accept, proclaims this truth in a thousand ways. It is the Alpha and Omega of the book, and is summed up in the phrase, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

If we turn from the pages of inspired wisdom to those writers who are guided by reason alone, we find that the greatest men of all ages and all civilizations have given their unqualified assent to this proposition.

Where the placid waters of the grand Pacific lave the shore of bright Cathay, ages and ages ago the words of old Confucius rang out clear and strong, that without morality there could be no society. From thence we can make the circuit of the globe, touching all civilization as we pass, until we plant our feet again upon our beloved Pacific slope; and wherever we look we shall find this doctrine taught by the master minds of every age and every clime.

Away back in the country of the Brahmins, in the ordinances of Menu, claimed to be older than the books of Moses, we find the paramount importance of religious instruction fully recognized. In its twelve books, and more than 2500 sections, it establishes the law in all things, — divine and human, public and private, civil and criminal, social and political, — but it treats first of all of the Supreme God, next the duty of knowing his law, next the penalty of despising it. "Whatever man . . . shall treat with contempt these two roots of the law (*Sruti*, revelation, and *Smriti*, tradition), he must be driven as an atheist and a scorner of revelation from the company of the virtuous." (Ch. 2, Sect. 11, p. 14, Jones's Inst. Hindu Law)

Coming a little farther west, we find that Zoroaster, the prophet and law-giver of the ancient Persians, in the *Avesta*, their book of books, places the same doctrine first in importance. In the wilds of Arabia we find the code of Mahomet, the Koran, given to the world. Every one of its ninety-four chapters begins with the words, "In the name of the most merciful God," and from beginning to end it accords with the doctrines before announced, so much so, indeed, that we find a great poet declaring, in the mellifluous language of the people among whom we are here dwelling, —

"No hay mas que un solo Dios — dice el Christino;
No hay otro Dios que Dios — el Africano."

The Hebrew Talmud, in its six principal books, gives precedence to religious instruction, as you will find if you consult either the Palestrinian or the Babylonian compendium.

The grandest of the old pagans, the broad-browed Plato, whose genius carried him beyond all the knowledge of his people, gave noble testimony in favor of the paramount importance of religion, which the wisdom of over twenty centuries has not been able to successfully contradict. He says, "Ignorance of the true God is the greatest pest of all republics; therefore, whoever destroys religion destroys the foundation of all human society." (Lib X. De Leg.)

Cicero, of whom comment is unnecessary, was forced to the same conclusion. He, too, says on this, "Plato, thou reasonest well." He declares, "It is necessary that the citizens should be first persuaded of the existence of gods, the directors and rulers of all things, in whose hands are all events; who are ever conferring on mankind immense benefits; who search the heart of man, who see his actions, the spirit of piety which he carries into the practice of religion; and who distinguish the life of the pius man from that of the ungodly man." (De Nat. Deor.)

Seneca, too, the great moralist, writes, "The first thing is the worship of the gods, and faith in their existence; we are next to acknowledge their majesty and bounty, without which there is no majesty." (Epist., 95.)

Following civilization in its westward course, let us see what they say in France. I could cite a hundred authorities, but I will take one almost universally respected in America because of the careful study he made of our institutions, — De Tocqueville. On this point he says, "Religion is no less the companion of liberty in all its battles and its triumphs, the cradle of liberty, and the divine source of its claims. The safeguard of morality is religion; and morality is the best

security of law, as well as the surest pledge of freedom." (Dem. in Am., I. p. 44.)

What do they say in England? I shall quote authorities I am sure few of you will question. Prof. Huxley, whom, certainly, none of you will accuse of narrow views in religious matters, says, "I protest that, if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts, reading and writing, than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means." (Lay Sermons.)

Herbert Spencer, one of the shining lights of what radicals call "advanced thought," scoffs at the idea that mere intellectual culture can make, or does make, good citizens. He says, "Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated people, the getters-up of bubble companies, and makers of adulterated goods, and users of false trade-marks, and retailers who have light weights, and owners of unseaworthy ships, and those who cheat insurance companies, and those who carry on turf chicanery, and the great majority of gamblers? Or, to take a more extreme form of turpitude, is there not among those who have committed murders by poison, within our memories, a considerable number of the educated, — a number bearing as large a ratio to the educated classes as does the total number of murderers to the total population? This belief in the moralizing effect of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd *a priori*. What imaginable connection is there between learning that certain clusters of marks on paper stand for certain words, and the getting of a higher sense of duty? . . . How does the knowledge of the multiplication-table, or quickness in adding or dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass upon fellow-creatures? . . . This irrelation between such causes and such effects is almost as great as that between exercise of the fingers and strengthening the legs. One who should by lessons in Latin hope to gain a knowledge of geometry, or one who should expect practice in drawing to be followed by an expressive rendering of a sonata, would be thought fit for an asylum; and yet he would be scarcely more irrational than those who, by discipline of the intellectual faculties, expect to produce better feelings." (Spencer's Sociology.)

Now, let us follow the star of empire across the Atlantic, and we shall find the same sentiment re-echoed by the "Father of our Country." Our own Washington has left us these words of warning: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." (Farewell Address.)

We have here an overwhelming amount of authority from the teachings of the wisest men of every age, reaching back to the farthest glimpses we can catch of the dawn of civilization among men, and extending down along the path of history in glorious array until we come to the days in which we ourselves live, move, and have our being. Are you willing to turn aside from the aggregated wisdom of the world, and throw yourselves into the embrace of a few mad fanatics, who think they are wiser than the whole world, who scoff at the experience of ages, and declare that everything is wrong, that everybody has been mistaken in everything ever since the world began, and that they are the only ones who have any correct idea about anything connected with the social order? Are you ready to admit that, to be right, you must reject all the old ideas about divine authority, reward of industry, and sanctity of home, and accept

instead the proposition that the true idea is divinity in majorities, communism in property, and freedom in love; that all authority is in the majority; that all holding of worldly goods in property is theft, and that all holding of wives in marriage is tyranny? Is it possible you are willing to accept propositions which, by necessary consequence, lead to these doctrines? The fellows who preach these things are generally uneasy spirits, wild Bohemians, reckless devils, who never have any property or wives of their own, and who acknowledge no law but their own will; and I can very easily understand why they wish to have unlimited license to make as free as they like with the possessions of others. But why a serious, practical people, such as Americans claim to be, should be found consorting with such a crowd, I do not understand; yet they are keeping step with the communists in the onward march to socialism as faithfully as the latter could wish. All that communists ask is that the will of the majority shall be the only law, and Americans are gradually accepting the principle, and are thereby preparing for themselves, in the near future, a struggle for the preservation of the American state, compared with which the one we have recently passed through would be nearly what a dress-parade is to actual war.

### THEORY OF THE MAJORITY AS TO RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Most of you will probably tell me that you agree with all I say about the necessity of religious instruction, but that the only difference between us upon that point is as to where it shall be given; that, in your opinion, this religious instruction can be given sufficiently well at home, and once a week in special schools organized for that purpose, commonly called Sunday schools; and that the effect of this home and Sunday teaching will not be seriously interfered with by sending the child six days out of seven to schools where all religious teaching is ignored. Is not that a very perfunctory manner of disposing of so important a subject? Has not the moral tone of our community, under the operation of this theory, already fallen below that standard at which a nation is safe even in the hands of its own people? Do we not need more morality in the community, more people who believe in God? Are not our public men too corrupt, and do they misrepresent the people as much as many think? Is there not a screw loose somewhere in our social organization, and do you not think the system of ignoring religious instruction six sevenths of the time in the life of our young people has something to do with it? Is not such a consequence the natural outcome of such a system? Can we maintain our social organization without a high standard of morality? and do you think we shall get it from a system of godless education? Can any society keep together long which has not the divine idea at the very centre of the system about which all things revolve, toward which all things tend, and which directs and controls every part of the organism? Can a society, founded without this idea, have any lasting, cohesive power in it? Must not such a society soon resolve itself into its individual elements, and the scattered fragments fly asunder in all directions?

### WHAT THE MINORITY SAY ON THIS POINT.

Now then we come to a practical proposition, on which we do not agree at all; and if we can reasonably show that our religious instruction, given at home and in the Sunday school *is* seriously interfered with by the present system, and to an extent which, in conscience, we cannot sanction, then your proposition is refuted, and our plea for separate schools, where this most important of all instruction can be given and the effects of it

maintained, stands good; for remember what I said to you in the beginning about necessary consequences. You have admitted the paramount necessity of religious instruction. This means by necessary consequence that nothing whatever shall be allowed to stand in the way of religious instruction; that whatever seriously conflicts with it must yield. This is your own admission. All that is necessary now for us to make our case is, to show that the system, as at present managed, *does* seriously interfere with the religious instruction we desire to give our children. Now, if you would receive as proof on this point the admissions of some of your own leading Protestant ministers, I would have no difficulty whatever in making our case. They frankly admit that any Catholic child who attends the public school is almost certain to lose his faith, that millions of children of Catholics in this country have been drawn from the faith of their fathers by this means already; and then they rub their hands and joyfully exclaim, "The good work goes bravely on!" They say to their zealous adherents, "Keep up the system as it is, and by means of it we can destroy the faith of millions and millions of Catholic children in this country. Keep up the cry for our public schools; *force* Catholics to send their children there, and by means of the machinery at our command, our text-books, our teachers, and our children, we will grind the Catholicity out of them." Do you call for proofs? I think it probable that there is not one of you who has not heard the declaration made by Protestant ministers and teachers in more or less express terms, or who does not at heart really believe it. I have often heard it made. Bishop McQuaid, in the lecture I herein refer to, says, "A famous Presbyterian minister openly avowed that the Bible and the common schools were the two stones of the mill that would grind Catholicity out of the children of Catholics." A Methodist minister boasted that Catholics had lost in twelve years 1,999,000. In corroboration of the statement, Rev. Dr. Clark, of Albany, an outspoken bigot, who tells more truths than his friends care to have him tell, says "that multitudes have yielded to the influence of our institutions, and that the most effectual agency in this work has been our admirable public-school system." (See lecture.)

Is this, after all, the explanation of the singular conduct of the majority whenever we complain of the working of the system? Is this the reason why they wish to smother all discussion as to the operation of the law? Does this account for the singular frenzy, whether simulated or real, which they exhibit whenever we ask for an inquiry into the subject? We do not admit to you that it is the reason of our opposition to the system as now managed; we do not put it in the form of an admission; we do not insinuate it; we *charge* it in the plainest, boldest, strongest language we can command. We oppose the present management of the system, for the very reason that your Protestant ministers give in support of it, — that it does grind the Catholicity out of Catholic children, that it does directly nullify our religious teaching; and, therefore, that it does, in some instances, indirectly teach your religion, and in all other cases directly teaches irreligion. There are eight million Catholics in this country, who show in this that they have one of the greatest grievances of which any people were ever able to complain; for what is more sacred than the faith of one's fathers? Now you may refuse to receive the authority of your own ministers and teachers in this matter. If so, we must open the discussion here, *de novo*, though of course we shall not allow you to set aside altogether the declarations of your own representative men.

You say our proposition is wrong because it seeks to make the State interfere with religion, by having it

taught in schools supported by the State. Now, we are arguing here at cross purposes. One or the other of us is either mistaken or insincere. You say the State should not meddle with religion. So do we, and yet we do not agree. The truth is, we agree on the major but differ on the minor. Your syllogism is, The State should not meddle with religious teaching; the public schools do not meddle with it; therefore, so far they are right. We say, The State should not meddle with religion; the public schools do meddle with it; therefore, so far they are wrong. We must discuss the minor.

Now, look at your proposition, that attendance in the public schools, as they are now managed, will not seriously conflict with the religious training given in the Sunday school, in the case of our poor children. You must remember that this question mainly concerns the poor. The rich of all classes who value religion send their children to private schools. The mass of poor children get no religious training at home of much practical value. You say, then, that the child can be sent for an hour or two on Sunday to the church, and that that will be sufficient training in its religious belief; that that will be sufficient to give it a good, healthy, practical, and abiding religious faith. Is this proposition reasonable on its face? Does it not carry its own refutation with it? We all know how powerful are the effects of association on adult minds, fully formed and fully convinced of certain truths; but with the tender, unformed, imitative but not reasoning mind of a child, association and example are the most powerful and effective of all teachers. A child cannot understand general principles, but it can imitate an example perfectly. You may give it elaborate lectures once a week on the truths of religion; but if you place it the remaining six days of the week in an institution where religion is ignored, you not only lose the opportunity of making a practical application of those principles in the way you understand them, which it is admitted you have the right to do, but you subject it to all manner of counter-influences. You value the retention of these principles by your child dearer than you do your life. You know that it is only by infinite labor, unceasing diligence, and careful example that you can hope to get these principles firmly implanted; and yet, at the very time you are trying to do this, and at the only time in life when it can be done, you are asked to expose your child to an association where he will find those principles met by flouts, scoffs, sneers, laughter, ridicule, and contempt, — influences most potent with the youthful mind. Is it possible you can candidly claim that such associations will not seriously interfere with the child's belief as to these principles? Why, even mathematically speaking, is it not at least six to one that it will? Can any child be expected to assert and act upon its principles under such circumstances? Does it not require an unusual amount of moral courage for the adult man to announce his principles or convictions in a community where such principles are not to say merely unpopular, but are hated and despised? Why, I have drawn down a storm of indignation on my head in this community, away out here on the frontier, where people are said to be so large-minded, so free from bias, so tolerant of all opposing views, for simply daring to utter my honest convictions on this very matter. I know of exhibitions of feeling in this community, consequent on this declaration of my opinions, which if pointed out to me by a critical foreigner, disposed to question the liberty of speech among us, would cause me to blush for my countrymen. Do you think it reasonable to ask me to send a little child of mine, upon whose tender mind I am trying to impress my opinions, as I have a right to do, six

days ont of seven into a community composed in the main of children of these same people, who think my opinions so bigoted, heretical, and damnable? Is it reasonable to say to me that my child will not be seriously influenced in its opinions by any association it may meet with there? Are you mocking me when you talk thus? for surely you cannot seriously maintain such a proposition. You may say to me that my child must expect to meet with a conflict of opinion as to these principles. Yes; when I have completed its education, and when I send it out to act its part in the battle of life, I am willing it should; but I want it to have a chance to form some definite opinions first, and understand the reasons for them, not to grow up another Frankenstein, — a creature formed like a man in all respects, except that the moral faculties are left out; an intellectual monster turned loose upon society with no other motive in life than to gratify its desires and keep out of the penitentiary!

I grant that, in your case, your proposition is true. It is true that your children do not find the influence of the public school, so far as it is manifested by actual expression of opinion, to be seriously in conflict with their home or Sunday teaching, and you are right enough in upholding the public schools for your children, if you are satisfied with them; but the very fact that your proposition is true, so far as your children are concerned, is or ought to be sufficient, without any further talk, to prove that it is not true as far as our children are concerned. Here are two classes of children, receiving at home and on Sundays diametrically opposite instruction on religious questions. For six days in the week they are exposed to a common influence — negative or postive, I don't care which — in religious matters. Now, is it necessary to have any further talk to prove — to demonstrate one might almost say — that just so far as that influence is satisfactory to the parents of one class, it must to the same or a greater extent be unsatisfactory to the parents of the other class? Being a matter of conscience, it is not capable of compromise, nor a subject which can be generally averaged by balancing against it some worldly advantages obtained by the association complained of. It puts a dead lock on the machinery of the system so far as we are concerned. The machinery can be readjusted so as to enable us to use it, and with no injury to the machine. But you say, Hands off! Why so? Are we not part owners of the concern? And if you want to run it for your own exclusive benefit, why don't you offer to buy us out first? But no: you insist that you shall have all the benefits, but that we shall help bear the expense, the same as if we were being fairly dealt with. Is not that rather a high-handed proceeding? Is there much justice or equity in that kind of conduct? Suppose the tables were turned, do you think you would be of the same opinion still? Suppose we had a school here composed in the main of children who think as I do, teachers all of my opinion, studying from text-books written by men of my opinion, and colored as far as possible to favor my opinion without directly stating it, would you be willing to send your little children to such a school, six days out of seven, simply because we might be able to say, "We do not in express words teach our doctrine there"? And suppose some of you say you would, what would that prove? Would it prove anything more than this, — that you do not care as much about your opinions on religious subjects as we do, or that you do not think the effect of those silent influences on the mind of your child would be any serious objection? Is not that all it would prove? Some of you may not have any religious convictions. Some of you may be indifferent to all relig-

ious opinions. Some of you may take the ground I have often heard Americans take, that it is wrong to teach a child any religious doctrine; that you should not prejudice its mind; that you should let it choose for itself when it grows up, free from any previous bias.

Such people may be willing to send their children anywhere; but because they are of that opinion, does that give them any right to say that nobody else ought to have a different opinion? This question cuts deep; it goes to the very principle of civil and religious liberty. Wherever we have had a majority, and there has been any considerable number who claimed they could not, in conscience, attend our schools, we have set you an example of liberality; we have accorded to such minority the same privilege we now ask of you. In Lower Canada we were nine to one against you, nearly twice as great a majority as you have over us here, yet we gave you there the very liberty we now demand. We have done it in every country in Europe where we had the power, and the substantial grievance existed. You do not believe this, but, as I told you before, you are not well read upon the subject You have been reading one side only. When you come to examine the whole case, you will be astonished — nay, you will be amazed — to see how your intelligences have been played upon by partisan writers. Some of you may think you are very liberal in consenting to tolerate our religious faith in this country, and that we ought to be modest in our pretensions. Permit me to remind you that you do *not* tolerate us here. No; no more than we tolerate you. None of us are here by toleration; we are all here by *right*. Will you accept the declaration of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio as some authority on this proposition? Here is what the Court says: "It is not by mere *toleration* that every individual here is protected in his belief or disbelief. He reposes not upon the leniency of government, or the liberality of any class or sect of men, but upon his natural, indefeasible rights of conscience, which, in the language of the Constitution, are beyond the control of any *human* authority" (Bloom *vs.* Richards, 2 Ohio St., 387; McGatrick *vs.* Wason, 4 Ohio St., 566.) You may think we attach too much importance to this question of religious instruction; but that is our affair, not yours.

*Conclusion in our next.*

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## MOTHER OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

R. D Williams.

Rosy dawn, the orient flushing,
Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
Like the blood ye shed below,
Yet in light celestial glowing,
Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
Eden streams in music flowing,
Rills o'er opal rocks that fall,
Lambs of God careening o'er us,
Robed in more than regal sheen,
Sing aloud in pealing chorus,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-winged cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
'T is the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from His Son's dominions
Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

All the spheres behold with wonder,
Sleeping on thy bosom lie,
Him whose word in cloud and thunder
Hurled them flaming through the sky.
Mary, sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine!
Round us, while the tempest rages,
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

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The men who always say a kind word for their neighbors and turn a deaf ear to scandal are not only very blessed, but also very scarce.

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What would be a good name for a female fortune-teller? Prognosti-Kate.

## HIGH TREASON.

### A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE FALSE BROTHER.

THE principal thoroughfare of the opulent and teeming city of London, known as the Chepe, presented, one afternoon in September, a gay and varied scene. It was filled from end to end with its usual crowd of idlers and sightseers. Shouts and cries resounded on all sides. The booths that lined the pathway displayed so great a profusion of articles that you could dispense with, and many more that only the wealthy could hope to possess, as to give rise to grave speculations upon the possibility of finding a sufficient number of purchasers amid so dense a concourse of merchants.

Here a juggler, with arms bared to the shoulder, mounted on a little crazy platform, was going through his antics, and attempting to overcome the reluctance of his open-mouthed admirers to open their pockets also, and by their liberal donations to afford him an opportunity of swallowing the sword that he flashed before their wondering eyes or poised deftly, point downwards, on his chin.

At a little distance a couple of depressed, mangy-looking bears, moving slowly in uncouth imitation of the dance, and urged to the unwonted exercise by the frequent application of a stick, were securely held by a merry-looking Savoyard, who, cap in hand, and with gleaming smile that displayed his white, even teeth, begged or thanked the amused and delighted spectators, in such imperfect English as he could muster.

The 'prentice boys in charge of shops, that were little better than the booths that faced them, loudly extolled the inestimable value of the merchandise set forth, and added to the din by their perpetual cry of "What d' ye lack? what d' ye lack?"

Amid the gay and glittering throng, there moved slowly and dejectedly a man of downcast mien, glancing furtively from side to side, and meekly bearing the elbowing and horseplay that were liberally dealt out by his neighbors, but deaf to all entreaties or objurgations, and indifferent to the sly jokes occasionally levelled at his sad exterior, he still shambled on with purposeless step, as though the society of his fellow-men were a thing to be endured but not enjoyed.

Pausing for a moment near the Church of St. Mary-le-bow, he stood aside to avoid the throng, and then, mounting the steps, took refuge in the porch, letting his eye wander listlessly over the animated scene beneath.

A slight commotion, a few shouts, louder than those raised by the 'prentices and chapmen, attracted his notice. From the gates of the civic palace, a few yards from where he stood, there issued forth an imposing retinue of armed men, in the midst of which, with richly plumed hat and massive chain of office, rode the mighty potentate, the Lord Mayor, bowing condescendingly in response to the salutations of his brother citizens, and listening with undisguised satisfaction to their plaudits, mingled with cries of "God save you, sir!" "Long life to your lordship!" and the like.

One of his followers, happening to turn his head in that direction, let fall his gaze upon the man lingering in the church-porch, and a look of recognition passed between them. It was something to be honored with a salute from a follower of the Lord Mayor; but it gave no pleasure to the silent spectator, who shrank back, covering his face with his hand.

Presently the church clock began to strike, and raising his head, he slowly counted the hour; and then, with an impatient gesture, sprang down the steps, and shouldering his way through the crowd, hurriedly darted down one of the side streets.

Threading the narrow, tortuous by-ways, he emerged at length in Canwick Street; and still, without slackening his pace, he hastened on until he stood before a mean and dismal-looking tavern, when he glanced hurriedly round, and then stopped. Peering in through the half-open door, he looked narrowly at the little group assembled there, drinking and quarrelling, but not seeing the man he sought, he slunk back again, and slowly paced the uneven pavement in front. He had not been there long when he was joined by a tall fellow, of dirty, dissolute appearance and offensive swagger, his sword clanking at his heels at every step.

"True to time, as usual, Jasper Rookesby," he said. "They might set their clocks by my movements. But you are early to-day."

"Ten minutes already past the hour," said Jasper, pointing to the clock of St. Swithin's above their heads.

"Can you find no better witness than yonder lying timepiece?" said the other indifferently. "'T is never in order. I say 't is six o'clock and not a second more."

"Well, we need not quarrel about it. I am here: let that suffice, Master Cuffe," replied Jasper, with a show of irritation.

"Quarrel!" ejaculated Cuffe, twirling his mustache with grimy fingers. "I should like to see the man who would pick a quarrel with Timothy Cuffe, while trusty hangs by his side!" and he tapped the sword-hilt in a menacing way. "But come in here," he added, as Rookesby stood almost contemptuously leaning against the wall, with his arms folded. "My throat is as parched as if a hundred devils were supping off boiled brimstone in my stomach. I cannot talk here."

Entering the dingy tavern, he called for drink, extracting from the innermost recess of a greasy pouch a coin that he flung upon the counter.

"There goes my last mark," he muttered, gathering up the battered change. "If we do not light upon something very speedily, I shall eschew thy beggarly society, my worthy Jasper, and turn cutpurse for very existence. These citizens wax fat and insolent, curse them! Now, what news?"

"That is the question I was about to ask you," said Rookesby, seating himself upon a cask.

"Do you mean to say, after making an appointment to meet me here to-day, causing me thereby to neglect most pressing business, that you have nothing to tell?"

"Lower your note and do not shout so," replied the other. "See how these idiots are gaping at us. I told you this morning that I thought I had discovered a priest's nest, and where it was. If you had done your part, you might have made inquiries there yourself."

"Well I — you see — that is, I am strange to the neighborhood, and did not quite remember your directions," said Cuffe, hesitating.

"Then do not blame me for having such scanty news. But I have not been idle in the mean time. I went this morning over to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, where we caught the two priests, but the place was deserted. All that I could ascertain in that quarter was that the meetings have been abandoned for the present. My informant seemed rather suspicious, although he knew me as one of his creed, and — "

"What!" ejaculated Cuffe, with a hoarse laugh, that made some of the company drinking at the rude bar turn suddenly round, "have you been backsliding, O precious neophyte? — and after solemnly abjuring your errors, and being converted to the true and blessed Protestant religion by the persuasive tongue of its worthy minister, Dr. Cuffe! Verily, my babe, we shall have to put on your iron swaddling-clothes again or add another inch or two to your stature by a few turns of the rack."

And throwing himself back, he laughed loudly, unchecked by the angry look that appeared on the face of his companion.

"Curse you!" said Rookesby, between his teeth, and rising abruptly, "can you do nothing better than put your coarse gibes upon me? But I will talk here no longer, where your senseless bluster draws upon us the eye of every tippling idler."

"I am silent as the grave," said Cuffe, following him into the street. "Don't fly at me, man, as though you would strangle me. If the rope were round my neck, I swear I could not but laugh at the thought of Jasper Rookesby, the sheriff's henchman and paid spy, mumbling his prayers with the Papists yonder, or kneeling before the priest and smiting his breast, while he accuses himself of every crime under the sun."

"No matter what I do," returned Jasper, with a look of desperation. "You would have swaggered and blundered until those two priests would have taken fright, and so slipped through your fingers, if their arrest had been intrusted to you."

"*Mea culpa, mea culpa*," said Cuffe, with mock solemnity, while an amused grin stole over his face. "I acknowledge my transgressions, my peerless Jasper, and humbly own my inferiority to your worship in such delicate transactions. 'T is my misfortune, blame me not for it, that I was not born a Papist; or who knows but I might have become as keen and promising a ferret as you to hunt these rats from their kennels; but I doubt if I could have worn a double face so long, or played the hypocrite without the fear of detection."

"Have you done?" asked Rookesby furiously. Cuffe shrugged his shoulders without making any answer, and the pair walked on in silence.

"Come this way," resumed Jasper, "and observe the house I point out. I believe that a priest is hiding there, but I have no certain knowledge; and if he be the man I suspect, he knows me, and I would therefore avoid him. I will gain further information if possible; but his capture must be left to you."

They were in a narrow street, where the quaint-looking houses, with lofty gables and projecting stories, seemed nearly to meet on either side. Underfoot was a rough, uneven pavement, if pavement it could be called, of round pebbly stones, over which the pedestrian slipped and stumbled as he went; and in the midst a gutter, into which all the refuse of the place was flung, ran its slow course, but only after a heavy rain, towards the river, into which it discharged its impurities slowly and reluctantly, as if the noisome, festering mass was unwilling to quit the place to which of right it belonged.

But plenty of business was done within its contracted limits; and the tradesmen there were not a whit behind their prouder neighbors in the broader and more commanding streets in their eager desire to gather up the glistening particles of gold with which, according to undeniable tradition, the great city has been paved from time immemorial.

It was known as St. Lawrence Pountney Lane, and the first part of the title was intelligible enough; for, in a little slip of a street running eastward from the midst of the lane, stood a humble, mean-looking church, of dilapidated appearance, dedicated to the Christian martyr; but how or from whom the saint obtained his euphonious affix none seemed to know or care.

"There is the house," said Rookesby, without turning his head. "Do not pause; the saddler is watching us narrowly."

But the word made his companion start and look across the lane; and as he did so, he turned pale, and with an oath abruptly hurried away, leaving the spy gazing after him, utterly bewildered at this sudden display of emotion. But although he regarded the house with newly aroused curios-

ity, he could see nothing to account for the terror so unmistakably evinced by the pursuivant. A man was sitting near the unglazed aperture that formed the shop front, and by his side stood a boy Above swung a sign, — a gaudy daub of a ram, suspended in midair intended to represent the Golden Fleece; and from the open lattice that it partially screened there peered, with strange, fixed expression, the face of a woman, with lacklustre eyes and snow-white hair. And as he stood wondering at Cuffe's strange behavior, a pale, thin man stopped to speak to the saddler; and finding that the attention of both was now directed towards him, the spy glided away

Before the Church of St. Lawrence, that then occupied the corner of a little street connecting the lane with St. Lawrence Hill, he found his friend standing, hat in hand, wiping his heated brow with his greasy coat-sleeve, and as Jasper came in sight he muttered something uneasily about the warmth of the evening

"What in the fiend's name are you about?" said Rookesby, in an angry undertone. "You have spoilt our chance there. Shefford will not forget us easily."

'Who? what?" said Cuffe. "Did you say Shefford? Saints above! It is the same, then, the same! Look here, Rookesby," he said, recovering himself with an effort, and laying his trembling hand on the other's shoulder, "as I live, I saw a ghost just now. You believe in such things, do you not? It is the only particle of truth in your superstitious creed."

"Bah!" said his companion, with much disgust. "What idiot's babble is this? You have but the soul of a mouse in your giant's carcass. You do well to twit the Papists with superstition when you tremble like a leaf and are frightened out of your wits at the sight of mere flesh and blood. Ghosts! You have drunk too much, and your brains are addled. I should be as melancholy as a gib-cat," he went on, more to himself than to his companion, "although my life is not a merry one, if I cherished the recollection of those whom I have brought to death. If their ghosts were to dog my steps, I could not venture out of doors without meeting at every street-corner a dozen or two of them, carrying their heads, newly stolen from Temple Bar or London Bridge, like St. Denis, who never knew the loss of his."

And he laughed, — a wild, terrible laugh, that had no merriment in it.

"Hush!" said Cuffe nervously. "Don't laugh; I cannot bear it. I told you I had reasons for not wishing to come into this neighborhood. But come this way. I feel as if those eyes were upon me yet."

He shuddered and looked round, but the saddler's shop was hidden from view; and somewhat relieved, he continued, I was sent to that very house some years ago, with some of our men, to arrest a priest who was said to be in hiding there. Shefford was a stubborn recusant at the time, and boldly declared that no priest should be taked from his house. We burst into the place and made a thorough search; but he had been beforehand with us, and not a sign could we discover of priest, mass-books, or vestments. Perhaps we were a little rough, — we cannot be expected to be very mealy-mouthed or gentle with traitors who defy the law. Anyway, Mistress Shefford's chamber was searched with the rest. She was ill, they told us, but we did not believe it at the time; and she grew so terrified that she was utterly distraught and lost her reason. Rising from her bed, and kneeling on the floor with her hair hanging about her shoulders, she rained such fearful curses upon me that it curdles my blood even now to recall. And always when I am alone in the dark I seem to see her, and hear again her curse. Just now, as I stood before the house, I saw her face. I am sure it was hers. She glared at me

with a stony glance, and pointed, as if to warn me that heaven's judgment would soon fall upon my head. But her hair was dark at the time I speak of. Yonder ghost's was white as snow."

Jasper had listened with scorn at first; but either Cuffe's agitation, or some compunctious twinges of his own conscience, rebuked his levity, and he looked down gloomily, making no comment on the pursuivant's story.

The uneasy silence between them lasted some minutes; but the appearance of a person who suddenly turned the corner of the street diverted their attention. It was the man whom Jasper had seen conversing with the saddler. He halted at the sight of Cuffe, but shaking his head reprovingly, he was about to pass them, when Cuffe said, —

"Zebedee Price, as I live! How now, good brother? Hast never a word for such a weak vessel as poor Timothy Cuffe?"

"Avaunt, scorner!" said the Puritan. "Godly admonitions are cast away upon such roisterers as thee. The elect hold no fellowship with the backslider and the reprobate."

"Heyday, heyday!" retorted Cuffe. "The flesh-pots of Egypt smell not so sweet to my reprobate nostrils as to lure me into the company of Papists. Has yonder recusant made you forswear yourself? Thou, Zebedee, in the arms of the scarlet woman of Babylon! Fie, fie!"

"My errand there was but to sell a saddle, for which I have no further use," replied the Puritan meekly. "And Master Shefford, albeit he is a malignant, would have had me sit at meat with him; but we may not eat with the Sadducees. What saith Holy Scripture? 'Come out from them, my people, and be not partakers of their sins' I refused to break bread with him, and shaking the dust from off my shoes, I fled the house of wickedness."

"Beshrew me, but I would eat, and gladly too, with worse folk than Papists," said Cuffe. "But who dwells yonder with Master Shefford? That was his son he had beside him, if I mistake not. Who else is there?"

"His wife," said Zebedee; "but she, poor lady, is demented."

"What?" ejaculated Cuffe. "His wife, do you say? Does she live, then?"

"Live? Yes," said Zebedee, with a vacant stare.

"Does no stranger lie there?" asked Jasper, as Cuffe gaspingly uttered some hoarse, inarticulate sounds. "I think I saw another face"; and he narrowly watched the simple countenance of the Puritan.

"There is a gentleman," said Price slowly, "a merchant, it is said, who lodges there."

"Not — not a priest, good Zebedee?" interposed Cuffe, half-choked with excitement.

"I know not his business," replied the other; "but he is very good to the poor people hereabouts, and has done me many an act of kindness. Nay," he said, his feeble eyes resting for a moment on the eager face of his questioner, "if he be a priest, I would not be the means of bringing him to harm."

"Would you, then, shield a traitor from justice?" asked Cuffe sternly. "But believe me, Zebedee," he continued, altering his manner, as he observed a sign of watchful caution in the Puritan's eye, "I mean him no ill. How could I, when he has succored some of our holy and chosen people, as you say he has? But, hark ye, friend, if he be a priest, I could do him a good turn. I would warn him of the peril in which he stands."

The Puritan seemed to hesitate; but observing a rapid look of intelligence that passed between Cuffe and Jasper, he left them, with some half-spoken objection to interfere in the affairs of others. Their eyes followed his lank, ungainly figure with astonishment, and Cuffe burst into a hoarse laugh.

"You have overshot the mark," said Jasper sullenly. "A moment more and he would have told us all we wanted to know."

"And have we not gained it?" said Cuffe triumphantly. "If the fellow who is hiding yonder be not a priest, this half-witted dolt would have said so. He knows, and out of a sneaking kindness would not betray him. And yet these sour Puritans hate Papists. I have been at their miserable conventicles, and heard such denunciations of Papists as would suffice to make the hair of any rational man to stand on end. I had thoughts at one time of bagging a few of them; but they were not worth a good goose-shaft. The Papists, friend Jasper, the Papists fill our pockets better. No, I go not that way again, at least in broad daylight," he added, as Jasper was about to return to the lane. "I shall pay them a visit after dark, when the ghosts are flitting about. And the woman lives! I am glad of that. Ay, you may laugh now, if you will. What care I for her in the flesh?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### "NO MAN ESCAPETH WHO IS ONCE IN CHASE."

For the intrepid missioner who put his hand to the plough in those perilous days, there was no looking back. Once entered upon the wellnigh hopeless task, not alone of winning back England to the faith, but also, and chiefly, of ministering to those who yet retained it, he found every avenue of retreat fast closed; while before him loomed the prison and the scaffold, the almost inevitable goal to which he tended.

The abortive Gunpowder Plot had given a fresh impulse to the persecution. Magistrates were urged by proclamations and letters from the Privy Council to put the penal laws in execution with unbending strictness; and as a stimulant, liberal rewards, out of the property of convicted Papists, were held out to them. So fierce and unrelenting had the persecution become, that a London Jesuit, whose letter, intercepted by the agents of the council, still exists, wrote that "the times of Elizabeth, although most cruel, were the mildest and happiest in comparison of those of James."

The boldness and exceptional abilities of the Jesuits had long since rendered them objects of suspicion and dread, and from the first they had been singled out from among the rest of the Catholic missioners as the most ardent and fearless champions of the ancient creed. They were specially mentioned in every proclamation and in every Act of Parliament concerning their cause. Driven by persecution to seek their necessary training and their orders abroad, they were straightway charged with instigating or leaguing with those Catholic sovereigns who befriended them, to compass the downfall of England; every rancorous epithet that the language possessed was hurled at them, and their very name, which at least might have been respected, became a by-word and a reproach.

That the name of a certain Paul Gower has not been handed down to us in the meagre and imperfect records which have escaped destruction, is not singular; but that the man lived and labored in the early part of the seventeenth centuty is indubitable. His name, like that of every priest of the English mission, was assumed: disguise was indispensable, when the English students at Rome, Douai, and elsewhere, their age, appearance, and the like, were known with perfect accuracy to the government; and when Catholic recusants, and every scrap of intelligence that could be gleaned respecting them, were carefully noted in the reports furnished to the council by vigilant and trustworthy spies.

Father Gower was driven by stress of circumstances to embrace the shelter accorded him by Ralph Shefford. So many ineffectual searches had been made for him in the city, in the coun-

try, in the mansions of the rich and in the hovels of the poor, that Rookesby, who had several times been most unaccountably foiled in his attempts to seize his prey, began to think that the Jesuit was in league with some of the wizards or witches who then attracted so much attention, and consequently bore a charmed life.

But, in fact, the priest owed his present security in great part to the circumstance to which Cuffe had alluded in his conversation with the spy. Shefford had in his early days been a determined recusant, and was more than suspected of frequently harboring priests. He had incautiously boasted that no priest had ever been taken from his house, adding, too, with a very meaning look, that none ever should be. At the time of his child's birth, a priest was residing there, and the intelligence reached one of the agents of the council. A pursuivant, with a body of men, was forthwith despatched to the saddler's; but Shefford had made good his boast, and the bird had flown. Enraged by their failure, the men behaved with reckless cruelty, not sparing even the room wherein Mistress Shefford lay seriously ill. Encouraged by his companions and inflamed with drink, Cuffe, who formed one of the party, rudely turned out the contents of chests and closets, and, at last, with great violence, thrust his sword several times into the bed upon which the sick woman lay, under the pretence that she was concealing books or altar furniture or some other prohibited articles. His brutality had a most unexpected result; for, with a sudden access of strength, Mistress Shefford, who had until then been lying half dead with terror, rose from the couch in a state of ungovernable delirium; and the awe-stricken pursuivant fled the place in nervous horror, and filled with apprehension that the wild denunciations of the frenzied woman would instantly fall upon his devoted head.

It was long before she was entirely restored to bodily health; but her brain had been affected by the shock, and from that time forth she had been a silent, helpless creature, devoid of almost the faintest glimmer of reason. Chiefly for that reason, and perhaps from a feeling that they had gone beyond their warrant, the agents of the council forbore to persecute the unfortunate saddler any further, and directed their pursuit to other quarters.

In a small, plainly furnished room, in the uppermost story of the house, Master Shefford was closeted with his guest. Upon the table between them lay a letter that the Jesuit had just finished, addressed to some one at Milan. It was one of the numerous communications made by him to the General of his Order; and which, escaping the fate of many productions of a similar nature, may have reached its destination, although it ran the usual imminent risk of being intercepted by the agents of the Privy Council. Cecil had no presentiment when he docketed these letters himself, and consigned them to the state archives, that he was hoarding up testimony against himself; still less could he foresee that this pernicious Order, that he was bent upon stamping out, would vindicate itself from the odium with which he sought to cover it, and give to the world, in days to come, these very documents, in proof of its own integrity and of the nefarious means by which the new religion, "as by law established," achieved its bloodstained victory.

The Jesuit rarely ventured abroad in daylight; but once or twice the neighbors, catching a glimpse of the stranger, had grown inquisitive, but affected to be satisfied with the account that Shefford gave of his guest, although among themselves they winked and nodded mysteriously, hinting that merchant adventurers did not need to hide themselves so close within doors, and remarking further, that cloth was not the only

merchandise imported from the Netherlands and France, to which countries Master Paul Gower ostensibly traded.

At this moment Father Gower was looking somewhat troubled and anxious, as well he might be; for the Puritan, grateful to the man who had befriended him, had called that evening to warn Shefford of the appearance of the pursuivant, and to tell him of the hints that Rookesby and his friend had incautiously allowed to escape them.

"I trust you do not intend to go out again this evening?" said Shefford.

"I must," said the priest, shrugging his shoulders. "And to tell you the truth, these frequent alarms render me somewhat callous. Time enough for me to take wing when we have learned something certain of the intentions of these men."

"They are not here for nothing," pursued Shefford; "and from what I observed of their movements this afternoon, I feel certain that some one within this house is the object of their quest."

"I must not expose you to risk, dear friend," said the Jesuit. "Were I to be taken here, your punishment would be but little less than mine."

"Nay, do not think I would have you go on my account," said Shefford, with an injured look. "To have a priest in one's house is not a privilege often granted to a poor recusant; and if you prize your safety but little, it is of moment to your flock. We have not so many priests left, that we can afford to lose one."

"You are right, Shefford," said the priest, after a moment's consideration. "Yes, I will see about another shelter this very night. Possibly the appearance of these men is due to the new proclamation. It surprises me that I have not been discovered earlier."

"They have not interfered with me since they drove my poor wife mad," replied Shefford. "They seem content if I do but show myself at church now and then. I know you think it wrong," he added, "but the archpriest and many of the secular clergy hold that we may safely take the oath with a protestation; and it is surely little worse to go to church with a protestation likewise."

"And the unfortunate archpriest is in prison!" replied the Jesuit. "That is the reward of his subserviency. The oath has been condemned by the Pope, and that should satisfy a Catholic of its unlawfulness. Going to church and sharing their false worship for form's sake, and to make a show of obeying the law, are acts that breed indifference to the authority of the Catholic Church. It is paltering with sin, and can only end in loss of souls."

"But I take no part in their worship," said Shefford; "and if I proved obstinate, my wife and child might rot in a dungeon. I care little for myself, but much for them."

"You have not heard then of the new Act?" said the priest inquiringly. "It orders, under penalty of premunire, — that is, as you well know, loss of all worldly goods and imprisonment at the king's pleasure, — that all persons under eighteen years of age shall take the new oath, which is drawn in far more stringent terms than the old one. By the former laws, persons of tender age were held exempt; but now, it seems, children will not be spared."

"Children cannot possibly know aught of such matters," said Shefford. "Why, my little Davy might take any oath with a pure conscience."

"The Act contains something far worse," replied the Jesuit, "which will try you severely, I fear. For the reformation of married women, Popish recusants, — so the Act runs, — it is provided that they shall be committed to prison, and remain there until they shall receive the sacrament in a church; unless they be redeemed by their husbands with the payment of ten pounds a month."

"Ten pounds a month!" repeated Shefford, with dismay. "I do not earn much more than that. But why this eagerness to force down our unwilling throats the piece of bread — they do not pretend themselves that it is anything more — that they call the sacrament? Can they believe that it has any virtue? If it be in very truth the sacrament instituted by our Lord, they treat it with scant courtesy!"

"Times are altered," remarked the Jesuit, "and for the worse. The ancient Church punished its erring members by exclusion from the company of believers and denial of the sacraments. The modern Church of England must have sadly departed from the faith and practice of the early Christians, when she thrusts creeds and sacraments upon us at the sword's point!"

Father Gower had concealed his few books and papers in a small cavity behind the window-seat, as he spoke; and putting on a capacious cloak and a broad, slouch hat, that nearly concealed his face, signified to his companion to lead the way.

Shefford took up the candle, and the two silently descended the creaking stairs with wary steps. He extinguished the light when they reached the ground floor, and whispering the other not to forget the key, the saddler groped his way in the darkness, and softly opened the door.

Looking out upon the street, all seemed perfectly quiet: a light here and there was visible from the adjacent windows, but the place seemed deserted. Much relieved, he stood aside while Father Gower passed out, and then reclosed the door with the same caution.

Had he waited a few moments longer, he would have seen a figure emerge from the mouth of a narrow alley close by, and follow the steps of the priest with rapid, noiseless stride, halting when he halted and darting forward when he quickened his pace; now hiding in doorways or pausing at street-corners, but ever close upon the victim's heels, and dogging him with eager pertinacity, like a dark, ill-omened shadow.

*To be continued.*

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HYDROPHOBIA. — The dictum of the Faculty is that hydrophobia is incurable. We occasionally hear of a case in which the patient recovers, but medical men invariably shake their heads and say the disease did not exist. It is saddening to feel that we are perpetually in danger of death from the one species of the brute creation most closely allied to mankind, and that science has not as yet done anything to neutralize this danger. That a cure for hydrophobia is available can hardly be doubted, if we may rely on the evidence furnished to the "Dublin Freeman" by the Rev. Robert Leech, of Drumlane. The reverend gentleman has had personal cognizance of the successful treatment of three persons by a young Cevan farmer named McGovern, and he learned that over thirty lives have been saved by McGovern during the present season. But the remedy is a secret, handed down from father to son for two hundred years, and the lucky possessor is unwilling to disclose it. We may, perhaps take it for granted that Nature has provided a remedy for every disease, if we only knew her secret, and it is not at all impossible that Mr. McGovern should be the master of hydrophobia. But there ought to be some means found of inducing him to communicate his knowledge to the world. While he rescues the few, the many perish. Mr. Leech is doubtful if he will even sell his treasure, but suggests an offer to purchase by the government, or by public subscription. The class who ought most readily to snatch at any cure for so fell a visitation is the practising body of physicians, whose helplessness is proclaimed by every member.

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THE entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

# LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

In this age of scepticism and unbelief, it is refreshing, indeed, to turn aside from the busy ways of the world, in order to contemplate the sanctuaries of religion, — those bright green spots round which are encircled the sweetest associations and the most venerable traditions. To rescue them from the withering effects of neglect or from the contemptuous scoff of the unbeliever, and to place before an admiring public their former glory, should be deemed a labor truly meritorious.

Every country in Europe can point out the mouldering ruins of church and cloister, overthrown and laid desolate by the destroying hand of war, or the no less relentless onslaught of heresy. But in no other country has so great destruction befallen the sacred edifices of religion as in Ireland, — firstly, from the inroads of the Danish pirates; and lastly, from the law-established religion of England in the sixteenth century, which visited the holy places of religion with such fell destruction as neither Goth, Vandal, nor Dane had ever paralleled.

Hence it comes that almost every parish in Ireland presents ruins of either church or conventual establishment, which, in many instances, exhibit features of architectural design and grandeur in vain to be found in the modern structures which supply their places.

Nor did the ancient and extensive diocese of Clogher, in point of ecclesiastical ruins, escape the general tide of destruction which swept over the religious foundations of Ireland. The ruins of the ecclesiastical city of Clogher, of the foundations of St. Dagaeus MacCarroll at Inniskeen (in the county Monaghan), of St. Fanchea at Rossory, and of St. Molaisre at Devenish, are striking examples. Of the Franciscan convents at Monaghan and Lisgoole, not a stone remains upon a stone to mark their sites. The ecclesiastical ruins at Clones even yet abundantly attest the magnificence of its great abbey of SS. Peter and Paul. Though these were the principal religious houses within the diocese of Clogher (according to its modern boundaries), yet there were others of less note, not to speak of parochial churches, most of which shared the same sad fate at the hands of the Protestant iconoclasts.

And how eloquently do not these desolate cloisters and churches and places of pilgrimage and penance preach to us, even in their ruins, of the prayer, piety, and penance of saint, monk, and pilgrim! The monumental ivy itself, which is swathed round their walls, as if to preserve them from the mouldering influence of time, waves mournfully in the sobbing wind over their ruins, seeming to re-echo the solemn strains of the pious inmates who used to chant within those hallowed precincts the never-ending hymn of praise and thanksgiving. Cold, indeed, must the spectator be whose heart is not moved at beholding those sanctuaries of religion, on which time has left the deep traces of its action, whose heart is not carried back by the spirit that breathes of these holy places to the time when prayer and sacrifice were being offered up to heaven from within those walls!

And as there is nothing so consoling to the human heart as the sweetening influence of religion, those purifying delights of the senses and

of the soul, so there is no other reflection or study more refreshing to the mind than the consideration of the holy places of religion, with the records of the virtue and piety of their saintly inmates.

Of all the ecclesiastical institutions of our country, none can lay such claim to the homage of our veneration as the holy places of pilgrimage, — those places purified by the prayer and penances of saints, blessed by their labors, sanctified by the sweet odor of their virtues, and consecrated anew to that original purity which the world enjoyed before the fall. But of the many places of pilgrimage which have flourished throughout Ireland since the introduction of Christianity, the sanctuary of Lough Derg, in Donegal, generally entitled 'St. Patrick's Purgatory," has always occupied the most prominent place, and alone merited the proud distinction of being regarded as the national pilgrimage of Ireland. And so celebrated was it, that during the Middle Ages it enjoyed a continental fame. Justly, therefore, writes the Rev. Sylvester Malone, in his "Church History of Ireland," "There was a time when pilgrimage to Lough Derg was scarcely less famous than that to the shrine of the apostle St. James at Compostella, in Spain."

The precise date and origin of this pilgrimage, its founder, the *locale* of its purgatorial cave or cell, these and many other points in connection with the history of Lough Derg remain involved in considerable obscurity, affording to the future historian of the place ample grounds for labor and research. The destruction of this religious establishment by the so-called Reformation, and the dark ages of Irish history consequent thereon, have rendered it extremely difficult to make out anything like a clear, connected, and reliable outline regarding the history of —

> "That dim lake,
> Where sinful souls their farewell take
> Of this vain world, and half-way lie
> In death's cold shadow ere they die."

To do adequate justice to this subject, more abundant materials and more patient investigation than the writer of these pages can hope to command would be necessarily required. But since the subject of pilgrimages has of late awakened a spirit of religious fervor in many lands, and since the shrines of religion in continental countries are described in countless works, while "the cold chain of silence" still hangs round the sanctuaries of holy Ireland, I hope I may claim indulgence in laying before the public my limited store of information regarding Ireland's greatest pilgrimage, the sanctuary of Lough Derg. And should my observations tend towards popularizing and extending the knowledge of this pilgrimage, which dates back through the mists of centuries, even to the very infancy of the faith in Ireland, the labor entailed shall be truly a labor of love to me.

Before entering on the immediate subject of this work, namely, an historical and descriptive outline of the pilgrimage and its penitential exercises, I think it right briefly to explain the nature and origin, or the philosophy, so to call it, of pilgrimages.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF PILGRIMAGES — THEIR GROWTH — SUPPRESSION AND REVIVAL.

THERE is a feeling, a natural conviction, deeply implanted in the heart of man, that all places are not equally adapted for the service of God; that certain places, owing to their position and other circumstances, possess a special natural fitness for rendering homage and adoration to the God of nature For this reason, mountains have been usually selected by the servants of God, on account of their being so adapted for the communings of the soul with the Creator, for their being more free from the iniquities of man, nearer heaven, and conveying a more sublime idea of the divine power and

majesty. And thus, the mountain region of Lough Derg, in Donegal, of Croagh-Patrick, in Western Connaught, of St. Brendan's mountain, in Kerry, not to adduce many other similar instances, were peculiarly and naturally adapted for the performance of holy exercises.

In a work by one of the Oratorian Fathers, which is entitled "Holy Places, their Sanctity and Authenticity," this idea is thus vividly expressed: "In such places" (which have this natural selection of place) "Nature discloses her mysteries, echoes of contemplation arise to the Author of nature, and there the noblest faculties of the soul become, so to say, spiritualized. We know that the gloom of forests, the solemnity of night, the weird-like mystery of caverns, the awfulness of storms, the majesty of mountains, all have their place with the devout servant of God in lifting his soul beyond this passing world to his home beyond the stars."

In the wonderful harmony and order which pervade the universe we find everything possessing its own order, place, and fitness. Even the religious orders themselves, which are the most lively reflection, as they are the most active exponents of the divine lessons of our blessed Lord, and of his counsels of perfection, each possesses, in its own sphere of life and action, a certain local fitness, as it is expressed in the following distich: —

"Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes."

This fitness of place for God's service is manifested in different ways. "At sundry times and in divers manners God spoke to our fathers." — *Heb.* i. 1. It is manifested by visions, such as that of Jacob; by the visits of angels, and thus the place where the angels conversed familiarly with Abraham was holy; by apparitions, such as that of the burning bush; by miracles, etc.

Now, it is but natural to expect that men should have set apart places thus favored for the purpose of prayer and sacrifice; and that in the lapse of time a network of traditions and pious associations and sacred ceremonies having continued in such places should have rendered them truly holy. Natural fitness, or, as St. Ignatius designates it, "composition of place," is not enough that a place should be esteemed holy It must also receive some designation of sanctity or consecration from God or his chosen servants

Though God is the author and source of consecration, yet he has frequently deputed angels and men as the instruments of consecration; and though we highly revere places blessed by angels and men, yet we retain the highest veneration for such places as receive their consecration immediately from God, and bear, as it were, the impress and sign-manual of God himself. God frequently makes use of the saints, his servants, to consecrate places to his special service. For the saint is the living tabernacle of the Holy Ghost; he everywhere carries about with him the sweet odor of his virtues; his friends love and cherish his memory, and revere, for his sake, the holy places with which are associated his pious actions, his charity, his prayer and penance. And even after he quits the scene of this life, the memory and sweet attractions of his virtue draw them around his grave, so that his grave comes to be regarded as possessed of a special character of holiness.

And thus not only the natural fitness of the place itself, but also prayer, penance, pious custom, sacred ceremonies, some selection of place by God or his chosen servants, or some other special manifestation of consecration, go to give a place a distinctive character of sanctity and render it a fit resort for pilgrimage.

Such holy places there have been from the beginning, in which men were wont familiarly to converse with God, as did Moses on Mount Sinai. And of these sacred places very many

have become lost to memory, such as the places esteemed sacred by the nomadic tribes in the desert, such as the places dignified by the visions of Job and the prophets, — nay, even many of the places rendered notable by the miracles of our Lord and of his apostles. And thus, since man's life on earth is itself a pilgrimage, there have always been places set apart in a special manner for the service of God, in which all that is heavenly in man could find a sanctuary wherein to commune with and draw nearer to God.

At all times there have been pilgrimages, and amongst all nations. Even the pagans had their temples, where they came to adore their false gods The Druids also had their sacred groves. The Mahometans make pilgrimages to the tomb of the arch-impostor, Mahomet. In the Old Law there were Levitical cities and cities of refuge, which God set apart for himself in Israel. The Jewish people, also, journeyed at fixed periods to their temple at Jerusalem. But it was in the New Law, when religion received its full perfection and development, that the practice of pilgrimage became an established exercise of religion. The holy places at Jerusalem, and the other places made sacred in connection with the life and passion of our Blessed Lord, occupied the foremost place in these pious journeys; next in order rank the shrines of the Madonna; after these come the tombs of the apostles in Rome; while next in importance follow the chief places of pilgrimage in every country, — in Ireland, St. Patrick's Purgatory holding the most prominent place.

The Abbé Receveur, in his "Discours sur l'Histoire Ecclésiastique," writes thus regarding the development of pilgrimages: "One can readily perceive how the spirit of devotion came to attract people to the places sanctified by the presence and death of the Saviour. This respect for the holy places and for the tombs of the apostles gave birth to pilgrimages. They had commenced in the first ages, and we know that St. Alexander, who became Bishop of Jerusalem, had come from Cappadocia to visit the holy places. But the liberty of the church and the discovery of the true cross rendered pilgrimages more easy and more frequent. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Jerome, and the historian, Sozomene, testify that, during the fourth century, the holy places were visited by multitudes of pilgrims, who had recourse to them from all the nations of the world. This devotion continued even after Palestine had fallen into the hands of the Mussulmen. As to the tombs of saints and martyrs, people came to them even from a great distance, not only on the day of their festival, but also at other times. Every one knows how celebrated had come to be pilgrimage to Rome, to the tombs of the holy apostles; to Tours, to the tomb of St. Martin; of St. James at Compostella, etc. Princes, bishops, monks, and religious of every order, showed great zeal for this practice of devotion. The usage also introduced itself, little by little, in the eighth century, of imposing pilgrimage by way of penance The Council of Chalons, held in 813, under Charlemagne, approved of this practice; but at the same time, warned against the abuses of it."

The ages of faith were the "golden age" of pilgrimages. And we are told by Hallam, a very prejudiced writer, that during the eleventh century, more pilgrims went to Jerusalem than at any previous time. And the same writer, speaking of the crusades, says, "They were martial pilgrimages on an enormous scale."

The church has always guarded her places of pilgrimage with the most jealous care. Next to ecclesiastical doctrines and persons, there is nothing that she defends with severer penalties than these sanctuaries. In this cause she has enacted laws and rules, and issued her censures against

their transgressors. In this cause she spares not the life, the labor, and the treasures of her children. With this object has she founded religious orders, orders of knighthood, and preached the crusades.

The interest created by the various philosophic and scholastic systems, by the invention of arts and sciences, by the discovery of new lands and new peoples had, greatly to the disadvantage of the holy places of religion, for a long period engaged the attention of men. Above all, the religious disruption of the sixteenth century, the upheaval of society, the wars and countless calamities consequent thereon, rendered it extremely difficult, if not in some places impossible, for organized pilgrimages to take place as of old. But as the passion inspired by these inventions and discoveries has begun to subside, and as the religious animosities which have been unhappily so long-lived are at length disappearing before the mellowing influence of time and enlightenment, the world, always athirst for novelty, is again fast turning its attention to the study of the early Christian ages, of the early Christian practices, and of the sacred places of religion. And thus the early pilgrimages, which were suppressed by the Reformation, are at length springing phœnix-like from their ashes, and bursting forth with renewed life into the light of day, as the seed buried deep in the earth during the winter will spring into life and robe itself in verdure when the storms shall have passed away.

## CHAPTER III.

LOVE OF THE IRISH FOR THE HOLY PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE — THEIR MULTIPLICATION — STONE CROSSES — HOLY WELLS — ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

Of Ireland we must say that her children were always remarkable for the pilgrim spirit, the great number of places of pilgrimage throughout the country being the best proof of this. In its zeal for the holy places, the early Irish church had spread the network of sanctity over the whole extent of the land. Lough Derg, Clonmacnoise, Arran of the Saints, Croagh-Patrick, Glendalough, and a number of other sanctuaries were frequented by crowds of pilgrims.

And not only were the temples of religion the scene of these pious journeys, but also the saint's cell and place of penance, his grave, the different objects blessed by him, such as crosses and holy wells, became special centres of attraction in the eyes of a devout and affectionate people.

Pilgrimage to crosses and holy wells was once, and in some degree still continues to be, a very popular and cherished devotion amongst the Catholics of Ireland. These crosses and holy wells were, in many cases, blessed by the saints whose names they bear; in others, dedicated to them and placed under their invocation. On the vigil or festival of the saint, whose names they bore, the faithful made pilgrimage to them and went through a certain course of devotional exercises.

In an ancient "Life of St. Columbkille," it is said of him, "He blessed three hundred miraculous crosses; he blessed three hundred wells, which were constant."

The fact of the multiplication of these holy places in Ireland, as well as the hostility shown towards them by the reformed creed, made it difficult to frequent them; and thus many of these cherished places have come to be forgotten, together with many interesting circumstances and traditions connected with them. The extermination of the old race, and the introduction of new settlers, with new habits and ideas, had also contributed to hasten the decline of this time-honored practice. Abuses also crept in, having their origin in the penal times, which rendered these gatherings objectionable to the ecclesiastical authorities; and, in consequence, many of these pilgrimages were discontinued. "Much, however," writes the Rev. Dean Cogan, in his "History

of the Diocese of Meath," "of the poetry of religion, of the chivalry of lively faith, — much that was grand and romantic in the heartfelt devotion of a truly Catholic people, — is intertwined with the history of the holy wells of Ireland."

The oldest existing institution of the Irish church is the pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Purgatory. It forms a connecting link between the days of St. Patrick and the present day. The penitential exercises of this pilgrimage constitute the most venerable, and, perhaps, the only authorized surviving instance of the early Irish religious exercises and penitential discipline, — a discipline under which had flourished so many saints and scholars. This pilgrimage has been always regulated and conducted by the ecclesiastical authorities. It has never been interrupted, at least for any notable time. And even "whilst everywhere else throughout the kingdom," writes Bishop Hugh MacMahon, in 1714, "the ecclesiastical functions have ceased, on account of the prevailing persecution in this island, as if it were placed in another orb, the exercise of religion is free and public, which is ascribed to a special favor of Divine Providence and to the merits of St. Patrick."

During the Middle Ages poetic imagination and romance had invented a very exaggerated and misleading picture of St. Patrick's Purgatory. That it was so called because of any similarity between its exercises and the sufferings of the purgatorial state hereafter, or because of its local proximity to it, no one will for a moment admit.

A plausible reason for its being called St. Patrick's Purgatory is given in a Louvain treatise of the seventeenth century, called the "Mirror of Penance." It is there said how St. Patrick removed from the abstractions of the world into that gloomy cave; and that he there prayed that the pains of purgatory might be revealed to him. His request was granted. Patrick was so much awed by this vision that he departed from the cave, and ordered that henceforward the island should be made a terrestrial purgatory, where sinners could atone for their sins by prayer and fasting.

The origin of the name, however, is sufficiently accounted for from the fact that St. Patrick selected this island for the performance of those deeds of penance for which he was so remarkable, and that so many saints and pious pilgrims imitated his example, the island in consequence being called St. Patrick's Purgatory, or place of penance. This meaning is thus conveyed in the following sweet lines taken from Denis Florence M'Carthy's translation of Calderon's "Purgatory of St. Patrick": —

"Where although 't was plain they suffered,
Still they looked with joyous faces,
Wore a peaceable appearance,
Uttered no impatient accents;
But with moistened eyes uplifted
Towards the heavens, appeared imploring
Pity, and their sins lamenting, —
This in truth was purgatory."

It is even stated, but so far as I know gratuitously, that the original St. Patrick's Purgatory was on Croagh-Patrick; and that the Augustinian canons had dignified with that imposing title their own retreat at Lough Derg, somewhere during the Middle Ages.

Though the name itself is but a matter of secondary importance, yet in proving, as we shall endeavor to do in the course of this work, that the institution at Lough Derg was founded by our apostle, St. Patrick, and that it has continued as a place of retirement and penance since his day, then it will be abundantly clear how reasonable is the designation it has received, and how unfounded is the assertion made by Dr. Lanigan and others, for the purpose, no doubt, of lessening the character and antiquity of this penitential retreat.

*To be continued.*

# HOW STANDS IRELAND?

"GIVE NO EXCUSE FOR VIOLENCE ON THE PART OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND OUR GREAT CAUSE IS WON." — CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

## APPEAL TO THE IRISH RACE.

THE land and rent agitation which has originated in the West of Ireland, and is rapidly spreading throughout the country, has now assumed such national proportions that it becomes a question of first importance to all who sympathize with its legitimate objects how best to guide this popular movement to the attainment of those ends. Temporary abatements of excessive rents are being and may continue to be obtained through the various agencies of a sympathetic but unorganized advocacy which the existing widespread and alarming distress elicits from the press and bodies of the community; but without the creation of some constituted guide or directing influence, the primary if not the sole cause of the existing poverty of the agricultural classes will not be removed.

Independent of the effect which the products of the vast free lands of America and other favored countries must have in competition with the produce created under rent-tied and paralyzing conditions in Ireland, almost all the evils under which her people suffer are referable to a land system glaringly antagonistic to the first principles of justice and fair government, which place the good of the greatest number above the privileged gratification of the few. Landlordism, founded as an institution of systematic partiality, has proved itself but too true to the spirit of its origin by reducing all who are dependent on, but unprotected by ownership of the soil, to a degraded, semi-mendicant existence, and in addition induces the loss of that independent character which arises from an independence of position.

The duties which feudal laws and customs exacted in return from those in whom they recognized certain arbitrary rights, have been ignored by Irish landlordism in its relations to the soil and those dependent upon the fruits of its cultivation; thus adding to the other indictments against the system a non-fulfilment of essential obligations.

Any land system which does not tend to improve the value of land and enable cultivation to meet the exigencies of those dependent upon its produce, stands self-condemned as barbarous, unjust, and reprehensible.

The diminished population of our country; the millions of our race who perished in or fled from a land in which God intended they should not die by hunger; the continued struggle with poverty which those have to maintain who yet cling to their native soil; and the periodic climaxation of the impoverishing influences which landlordism exercises upon the social life of Ireland, demand at last, in face of yet another impending national calamity, the application of a remedy which can no longer be denied the salvation of a people. In contrast to the social wretchedness to which a barbarous land system has reduced our country is the rapidly progressing prosperity of those people at whose demand or for whose benefit such a system has been swept away, and the cultivator of the soil has replaced the landlord as its proprietor. The surplus produce of lands thus freed, and agricultural industry thus relieved from its rent-

taxation, is now placed by easy transit over sea and land, in competition with what is produced under conditions of land tenure the most unfavorable and incentives to toil the least encouraging that ever regulated the chief industry of any civilized country. When to this is added the adverse influences of successive bad seasons, on the point of culminating in what threatens to be worst yet experienced since famine years, the position of the Irish farmer and those depending upon the fruits of his enterprise and labor assumes an aspect of menacing ruin, which to consider as transient or accidental would be a criminal disregard of the vital existence of a people.

Impelled by the desperate circumstances of their situation, the farming and other classes concerned have proclaimed their grievances in public meetings and by the press, demanding the remedies which alone can redress them. A consensus of opinion, apart from immediate interestedness, has declared that the remedy put forward by the present agitation is founded on justice, reason, and expediency, and that its application is absolutely essential to meet the evils complained of, and insure the prosperity and contentment of Ireland. In formulating a demand for ownership of the soil by the occupiers in substitution for that of the landlords, the people of Ireland neither contemplate nor ask for the confiscation of those proprietorial rights which existing laws must necessarily recognize and protect; but that for the transfer of those rights to an industrial ownership, a fair compensation may be given to those who shall be called upon to agree to such transfer for the settlement of the agrarian strife of the country and for the supreme good of its people.

To carry out a project as vast as that which we contemplate must require means in proportion to the difficulties that must be encountered in the undertaking. Tenants' Defence Associations must be organized in every county, and assistance be rendered to farmers who may be called upon to defend themselves against an unjust or capricious exercise of landlord power. The wealth of Ireland is almost entirely in the hands of that class which we purpose for the good of the country to deprive of the absolute possession of the soil, and it is but natural to expect that strong and influential opposition will be offered by those who will be called upon to surrender the privileges they have so long enjoyed, even in virtue of compensation and expediency.

To meet this opposition, and guide the national movement for freeing the land of Ireland, assistance of two kinds must be forthcoming. The one, and most essential kind, is an organized development of earnestness, and a resolute attitude on the part of the 600,000 landless farmers of Ireland, as well as those whose daily bread depend upon the prosperity of their fatherland, in demanding their just rights as guaranteed in the settlement we propose. The second aid required is money. Neither has ever been wanting when the national spirit of our country and the patriotism of her exiled sons have been appealed to in a patriotic cause, and we are confident they will not be withheld now when the very soil of Ireland is the object we desire to free, and the land-slavery of our people the thing we are resolved shall be abolished forever. None of our race have had such bitter experience of the wrongs of landlordism as those who have been compelled to seek abroad the food denied them at home, and none should more readily and generously sympathize with those who are resolved to retain a firm grip of their Irish homesteads than the exiled who were forced by iniquitous laws to leave them.

In the great Shelter Land of Peoples 10,000,000 of the Irish race have found a home. The system we aspire to abolish has banished them from

Ireland. Benefiting by laws which afford equal protection and encouragement to all citizens of the great republic of America, they can appreciate the efforts which aim at affording equal incentives to progress to their crushed and persecuted kindred here.

Not alone to our fellow-countrymen in America, but to all whom evil laws have scattered the world over, as well as to all other nationalities who sympathize with a wronged and impoverished people who at last are resolved upon a remedy for the evils afflicting them, do we call for an advocacy of our cause and support in our efforts to achieve its success.

In constituting ourselves a committee for the purpose of carrying out this work, we are animated with but one desire, — to aid the tenant-farmers and those depending upon the soil of Ireland to lift themselves from the misery and social degradation into which they are plunged, into a position where the notice to quit and the rack-rent will not operate against their industry, security, and contentment. We are influenced by no party spirit in making this appeal, nor do we in any way purpose to place this committee in antagonism with existing bodies or organizations employed in other departments of national labor. To free the land of Ireland from the unwise and unjust restrictions which militate against its proper cultivation and prevent the development of its full resources, should be a labor above the customary influences of party or sectional strife, and to be guided alone by motives of disinterested effort for the benefit of our common country, and the improvement, contentment, and prosperity of the greatest number of our fellow-countrymen.

The grounds upon which we feel authorized to issue this appeal are the fact of our being either directly or indirectly connected with the agitation which has sprung from the distress that has evoked a national condemnation of the present land-system. As this land movement has won an indorsement from public opinion of an occupier proprietary settlement of the land-question, those who have advocated such a remedy prior to and in conjunction with the national demand now made for it, feel themselves justified in taking such steps as may be best calculated to insure its application to the existing land evils of our country.

In pursuance of this intention, we issue this appeal to Irishmen the world over, and to those who sympathize with the object in view, to aid us in our efforts to obtain for our people the possession of an unfettered soil, and for Ireland the benefits which must result from an unrestricted development of its products and resources.

COMMITTEE.

C. S. Parnell, M.P., President, Avondale, Rathdrum.
Purcell O'Gormon, M.P., Waterford.
John Ferguson, Glasgow.
W. Quirke, P.P., Dean of Cashel.
A. Cummins, LL.D., Liverpool.
Matthew Harris, Ballinasloe.
Ulick J. Canon Bourke, P.P., Claremorris.
J. O'Connor Power, M P., London.
John Behan, C.C., Francis Street, Dublin.
Richard Lalor, Mountrath.
J. L. Finegan, M.P., London.
R. Sheehy, C.C., Kilmallock.
J. J. Louden, B.L., Westport.
O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., London.
J. Dillon, North Great George's St., Dublin.
W. Joyce, P.P., Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.
N. Ennis, M.P., Claremount, Co. Meath.
Thomas Roe, "Dundalk Democrat."
J. R. M'Closkey, M D., Derry.
George Delany, Burlington Road, Dublin.
T. D. Sullivan, "Nation," Dublin.
James Byrne, Wallstown Castle, Cork.
J. E. Kenny, 71 Lr. Gardiner St., Dublin.
Mulhallen Marum, J.P., Ballyragget.
P. F. Johnston, Kanturk.
M. Tormey, C.C., Painstown, Beauparc.
Thomas Canon Doyle, P.P., Ramsgrange.
Philip J. Moran, Finea, Granard.
O. J. Carraher, Cardestown, Co. Luth.
J. White P P., Milltown-Malbay.
P. Cummins, P.L. G., Rathmines.
James Daly, P.L.G., Castlebar.
P. M. Furlong, C.C., New Ross.
Thomas Ryan, Gt. Brunswick St., Dublin.
James Rourke, Gt. Britain Street, Dublin.
Richard Kelly, "Tuam Herald."
W. Dillon, Nth. Gt. George's St., Dublin.
I. J. Kennedy, T.C. Clonliffe Terrace, D.
M. O'Flaherty, Dunoman Castle, Croom.
John Sweetman, Kells.
M. F. Madden, Clonmel.
J. C. Howe, London.
Thomas Lynch, P.P., Painstown, Beauparc.

J. F. Grehan, P L.G., Cabinteely, Co. D.
D. Brennan, P.P., Kilmacow, Co. Kilkenny.
W. Kelly, Donabate, Co. Dublin.
C. Reilly, Artane, Co. Dublin.
L. M'Court, P.L.G., Bolton Street, Dublin.
Stephen O'Mara, Limerick.
T. Grehan, Loughlinstown, Co. Dublin.
M. K. Dunne, C. C., Enniscorthy.
M. J. Kenny, P.P., Scariff.
R. H. Medge, Athlumney House, Navan.
M. A. Conway, P.P., Skreem, Co. Sligo.

TREASURERS.

W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P., Kilmallock.
J. G. Biggar, M.P., Belfast.
Patrick Egan, 25 Synnot Place, Dublin.

HONORARY SECRETARIES.

A. J. Kettle, P.L.G., Artane, Co. Dublin.
Michael Davitt, 83 Amiens Street, Dublin.
Thomas Brennan, 6 Russell Street, Dublin.

COMMITTEE ROOMS.

62 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

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## IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

A meeting of the Executive of the Irish National Land League was held Nov. 5, at their offices, 62 Middle Abbey Street, Mr. C. S. Parnell, M. P., in the chair.

The following address was adopted:

*To the farmers of Ireland, and all interested in the settlement of the Land Question: —*

Having addressed the exiled of our race in behalf of the movement which has been initiated for the redress of the land evils of our country, we now venture to appeal to you for practical assistance in the efforts we are making towards securing the soil of Ireland for those who cultivate it.

No more favorable opportunity has ever presented itself to our people for the settlement of a momentous national question than that which is now offered by circumstances the most propitious for a national reform, existing in conjunction with an extraordinary popular agitation, demanding the justice of its concession.

The first industry of our people is paralyzed. Foreign competition has supplemented the disastrous effects of bad harvests, and produced a crisis which renders it almost impossible for farmers to meet their rental obligations. Agitation has had to be evoked to demand reduction of rents which could not be paid. The price of land has also fallen, in consequence of the lowering of farm produce and the stand which the farming classes have been compelled to make for reduced rents.

Both will continue to be lowered until rents are brought to a proper level and land to its fair value.

Will the people of Ireland lay a firm hold of this land question at the tide that is now approaching, and which will inevitably lead to a peasant proprietary, and thus insure for our country that prosperity and contentment which a free soil has produced in countries where landlordism has been abolished?

We earnestly hope that those whom we address will prove themselves equal to the occasion. We, at least, are resolved to do our duty, but if our efforts are not seconded by farmer and laborer, trader and mechanic, and all others whom a system must benefit that would create and foster an industry which is the mainspring of a people's wealth, and would prove the panacea for the social evils arising from unemployed masses, we are hopeless of success.

The best arguments for obtaining help from our exiled countrymen and other sympathizers will be the practical efforts we at home will make to show our earnestness in the cause for which we solicit their generous support.

We call upon all who desire the success of this movement to aid us by their subscriptions and assistance. We ask only for what will show the sympathy of those whose helping hands are required in the work.

The agitation for reduction of excessive rents must be sustained, so that the operation of natural causes may be assisted in bringing land to a fair valuation, in order to enable its cultivators to become the owners of their own farms, upon terms within the means of every occupier.

For this and other purposes beneficial to the farming classes, organization is required among them; and to sustain this land movement and encourage such organization, as well as to render assistance when necessary to victims of landlord oppression, we have appealed for money to our banished kindred, and for these purposes, and these alone, we now appeal to you for whatever aid you can afford to render.

This is no sectarian movement, but one which, affecting alike the social well-being of Catholic and Protestant, should invite their emulative co-operation in efforts to achieve its success; nor is it exclusively concerned in ameliorating the condition of the farmer and agricultural laborer, but has for its scope the general advancement of every commercial interest and the encouragement of every occupation in the industrial ranks of our people.

The attention of the civilized world will be directed on Ireland to observe how she will work out this great social problem for the unfettering of land and labor, and the removal of those legal restrictions which prevent the soil of a country from producing the good for which it was created, thus making a struggle with poverty through life, the penalty which the mass of mankind have to pay to evil laws for being born poor. Will Ireland be true to herself and equal to this task?

Signed,

CHARLES S. PARNELL,
JOSEPH G. BIGGAR,
W. H. O'SULLIVAN,
PATRICK EGAN,
A. J. KETTLE,
MICHAEL DAVITT,
THOMAS BRENNAN,
*Executive Irish National Land League.*

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## THE DECLARATION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS.

Subjoined we reproduce the Declaration of the Irish members to the

Premier, in reference to the state of the country, appending to it the names of the Irish representatives which were affixed to it previous to its transmission, by Mr Shaw, to Lord Beaconsfield. The only name of an Irish Liberal or Home Ruler absent from the declaration is that of Mr. Bryan, who is in Algiers on account of ill health, and whom Mr. Shaw's letter could not, therefore, reach in time. The declaration is the most numerous and influentially signed, we believe, of any ever emanating from the Irish members of Parliament. The names, which are arranged alphabetically, were all sent in within a week.

*To the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury.*

We, the undersigned members of the House of Commons, representing Irish constituencies, feel it our duty to bring before your lordship, as head of the government, the serious state of the country.

Farming, our main industry, has now suffered from several successive bad harvests, and the depression has been intensified this year by the almost complete stagnation of the cattle trade. There can be no doubt but that the distress will be severe and widespread during the coming winter and spring, and that in several extensive districts the almost complete failure of the potato crop, and of the fuel supply, combined with the absence of employment, will involve a considerable number of the small farmers and laborers in absolute destitution.

We would most earnestly urge on the government, through your lordship, the necessity of taking immediate steps to prevent and mitigate, as far as possible, this calamity.

We believe this can be best done by affording assistance to works of a permanent and useful character; promptness is absolutely necessary, as delay will only result, as on former occasions, in ill-considered and unproductive expenditure.

If the law does not give government power to meet the emergency, we would urge the desirability of summoning Parliament for a short winter session.

W. Archdale, Fermanagh.
G. D. Beresford, Armagh.
R. P. Blennerhasset, Kerry
J. Biggar, Cavan.
Sir G. Bowyer, Wexford County.
M. Brooks, Dublin.
G. Browne, Mayo.
J. Brady, Leitrim.
P. Callan, Dundalk.
W. H. F. Cogan, Kildare.
E. Collins, Kinsale.
D. L. Colthurst, Cork County.
Lord F. Conyngham, Clare.
M. R. Dalway, Carrickfergus.
E. Dease, Queen's County.
J. Delahunty, Waterford.
T. A. Dickson, Dungannon.
K. T. Digby, Queen's County.
N. Ennis, Meath.
G. Errington, Longford.
C. H. Fay, Cavan.
C. French, Roscommon.
J. L. Finigan, Ennis.
D. F. Gabbett, Limerick.
E. D. Gray, Tipperary.
W Goulding, Cork.
H. A. Herbert, Kerry.
M. Henry, Galway County.
E. R. King-Harman, Sligo.
G. H. Kirk, Louth.
H. O. Lewis, Carlow.
P. Martin, Kilkenny.
C. H. Meldon, Kildare.
A. Moore, Clonmel.
G. Morris, Galway.
J. G. MacCarthy, Mallow.
J. M'Carthy, Longford.
Sir T. M'Clure, Derry County.
Sir J. N. M'Kenna, Youghal.
N. D. Murphy, Cork.
J. P. Nolan, Galway County.
Col. The O'Gorman Mahon, Clare.
Sir P O'Brien, King's County.
F. O'Beirne, Leitrim.
W. R. O'Byrne, Wicklow.
The O'Conor Don, Roscommon.
D. M. O'Conor, Sligo.
O'Clery, Wexford County.
F. H. O'Donnell, Dungarvan.
The O'Donoghue, Tralee.
Major O'Gorman, Waterford.
W. H. O'Leary, Drogheda.
R. O'Shaughnessy, Limerick.
W. H. O'Sullivan, Limerick County.
C. S. Parnell, Meath.
R. Power, Waterford.
J. O'Connor Power, Mayo.
W. A. Redmond, Wexford.
E. Sheil, Athlone.
D. Sherlock, King's County.
P. J. Smyth, Westmeath.
E. J. Synan, Limerick County.
A. M. Sullivan, Louth.
A. Swanston, Bandon.
W. Shaw, Cork County.
D. Taylor, Coleraine.
C. G. Tottenham, New Ross.
M. F. Ward, Galway
B. Whitworth, Kilkenny.
W. Whitworth, Newry.

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO ON IRELAND.

The following letter has been addressed by the Most Rev Dr. Lynch, Lord Archbishop of Toronto, to his vicar-general, the Very Rev. P. F. Rooney:—

DUBLIN, Oct. 22, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—As I wrote to you, and through you to my good priests and people from Rome and Lourdes, so I must write also from poor Ireland, whence the majority of

our Catholics have come. Ireland is in a very sad condition at present, as you hear from many sources. We did not see the sun more than four times for the past few weeks. The leaden clouds overcharged with seas of water lie close to the earth, and incessantly inundate it. We do not see the nice fleecy clouds of former days. The last winter was so severe that few singing birds have survived. Potatoes are almost a total failure in many places. People say that after a thunder-storm some fields of potatoes have turned black.

Meetings are held everywhere to ask the landlords for a reduction of rent, and many angry expressions and some evil words are spoken. Many landlords have yielded. It surprises me that the landlords did not take the hint themselves, that they could not expect their tenants to give them the surplus of their labor when the providence of God gave little or no harvest. Formerly in Ireland, as on the Continent of Europe at present, the landlord received one fourth, one third, or one half of the fruits of his fields as the agreement between him and his tenants may have been, so that he shared the bad as well as the good harvest with his tenants. Now, the landlord must be paid in cash, and thus escapes the chastisement, which falls alone on the poor man and his family with all their fretting and toiling. The remedy for this is thought to be to transfer the land to the tenant after paying the landlord a fair price. There are two things which, I think, should be considered before any conclusion is come to in the present crisis. First, how many years is it likely that such wet weather will continue in Ireland? It is a fact that the Gulf Stream once swept by the most northern part of America, and made it Greenland, but has since deserted that country and lowered its course. Second, that the mildness and humidity of the atmosphere of Ireland, situated from fifty-one to fifty-five degrees north latitude, are owing to the Gulf Stream lapping it. Now, is it probable, that instead of sweeping it by, with a large wave, it embraces it, causing this immense exhalation which covers Ireland as a pall, and hides the sun with those heavy clouds for weeks together, and pours down constant rain? Formerly the winters were very distinct from summers, but by degrees (except last winter) they are not so distinct; mild winters and cold summers, so that fruits do not ripen as usual. Wheat does not now grow in the North of Ireland. If the theory of the Gulf Stream be correct, and it can be very easily ascertained, it will not be the interest of the tenants as yet to become landlords. The crops must be sown to suit the climate, and trees largely planted to supply fuel.

The second consideration is, How long will America compete with the markets of this country in food supplies, in all articles of iron and steel, in cotton and woollen goods, in leather, and all kinds of machinery? One thing appears certain, — that a nation of farmers with no rent to pay, and with light taxes, though at a great distance, can compete successfully with a nation of farmers with heavy rents and taxes. If America has competed so successfully in the past few years, what will it do in the future? Landlords were paid their rent largely from the sale of cattle: now cattle have fallen greatly in price, owing to American importations, so that the price of land has greatly fallen, and must fall more. Emigrants and their children are returning from America in the shape of all the commodities of life, and are gradually effecting a peaceful revolution in those parts.

It is computed that there are about 3,000,000 of acres of wild lands in Ireland which could be reclaimed and rendered fruitful, and would largely repay the outlay. I presume that a government that spent millions to redeem slaves and many millions more to reduce the Africans and Asiatics to good manners, will not suffer a million

of their Irish subjects to die of starvation, because the potato alone is wanting. In times of scarcity of food in France or through the Continent of Europe, exportation of breadstuffs is prohibited by the government, for "Salus populi summa lex." (The chief care of a government is to preserve the lives of its people.) $100,000,000 are sent out of Great Britain and Ireland yearly to purchase food for its inhabitants. Could not this sum be lessened by cultivating the waste lands and more cultivation of the good? The reform in lands and commerce introduced by the great Pope Pius VII. in his own States might be introduced into Ireland with very beneficial results.

Yours in Christ,

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
*Archb. of Toronto.*

Very Rev. P. F. ROONEY, V. G.

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THREATENED EMIGRATION SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN FREEMAN.

THURLES, Oct. 31, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. GRAY, — I have just read in the "Freeman" an account of yesterday's proceedings in the Corporation of Dublin, and desire to congratulate you on the scope and spirit of the resolutions proposed, and on the speeches spoken by yourself and others during the progress of the important debate to which the introduction of your resolutions gave rise.

When closing your able and unanswerable argument in reference to the second of those resolutions you appear to incline to the belief, suggested by an article in the "London Times," that the government is about to propose a system of emigration, on a large scale, to Zululand or elsewhere, as a means of meeting the impending distress, and of laying the rising spirit of discontent so widespread at this moment throughout the country.

I cannot, of course, say with any degree of certainty whether there is any foundation in fact or not for the sickening but characteristic project that you refer to; but so much am I opposed to it that I cannot suffer even one day to pass without protesting against it in the loudest tones that I can assume and in the strongest terms that the language affords me.

I protest against it on principle; and I protest against it because of what experience has told me of emigration, whether wholesale or in detail.

What would be thought of a father who, having seven children, and exceptionally cherishing two of them, whom he pets and pampers and makes much of, would allow the other five to pine away and almost perish, and who, when asked to come to their assistance in sorrow or sickness or distress, would complacently throw open his house door, and pointing to the far-stretching fields outside, would tell his neglected offspring, after placing a small coin in their hands, that the world was wide, and that, with his blessing and best wishes, they may go where they please, and feed and clothe themselves as best they can?

This is a fair illustration of what is said to be in store for us. The Celt has a right to live in Ireland, and I agree with you fully in saying "that the Irish people should not allow themselves to be driven a second time from their native land."

I have seen the scattered children of our race in almost every land that the sun shines upon; and after a fair experience in the great Republic of the West, and in the numerous dependencies that own the sway of Great Britain, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that an Irishman's fittest and happiest home is in Ireland. Many of our people have risen, no doubt, to eminent station, and have acquired great wealth abroad. Personally I love the free flag that protects the industry and the independent spirit that cheers while it rewards honest labor, whether it be in the United States of America or in the flourishing colonies of England at the antipodes. But it is well to have it

understood that hardship, and often disappointment, are the emigrant's lot; that he has to toil much for his bread abroad; that, though wages are high, the necessaries of life are high-priced also; that a shilling at home is worth a dollar in America or at the antipodes; and that the simplest and scantiest fare beside one's household gods is sweeter than roast and boiled among strangers. Religion, too, is essential to the happiness of the Irish Catholic, and nowhere is he so sure of finding it as in "Holy Ireland."

On this account also, then, I protest beforehand against the threatened emigration scheme; and in the concluding words of your speech, I say, "We must resist any proposal of this kind as an outrage on the country."

I remain, my dear Mr. Gray, your very faithful servant,

✠ T. W. Croke,
*Archb. of Cashel.*

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ARRESTS.

Michael Davitt and James Bryce Killen have been arrested, charged with having used language in public speeches calculated to incite a breach of the peace, and James Daly, editor of the "Connaught Telegraph," has been arrested in Castlebar for a similar cause. The arrests were effected very quietly. Great consternation prevails at Castlebar, as Daly is much respected. He was cheered up by the inhabitants on his departure for Sligo. He was seated in his own car with a sub-inspector of police, and a strong escort in front and rear. Daly's newspaper, the "Connaught Telegraph," has not been suppressed on account of the arrest of its editor. The speeches for which Michael Davitt and James Bryce Killen were arrested in Dublin, and James Daly, editor of the "Connaught Telegraph," in Castlebar, were made at a meeting at Gurteen, county Sligo.

James B. Killen is a lawyer and lecturer on political economy. It is believed that Irish affairs were the subject of deliberation of the last cabinet council.

Davitt has been admitted to bail in £1000. The magistrates at Sligo have committed Killen, the third of the arrests of agitators, to take his trial, and have refused to accept bail for his appearance. He has been committed to prison, and the excitement created by his arrest with that of his associates, Davitt and Daly, does not at all abate, although no further outbreaks, expressing popular dissatisfaction, have occurred.

Meetings have been held in England, Ireland, and Scotland, to protest against the arrests.

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PRESS COMMENTS.

AMERICAN.

New York Herald.

Avoidance of a collision with the constituted authorities is the first article of wisdom in a movement which proposes reforms such as Ireland needs. An agitation such as is now on foot in Ireland, and which, rightly propagated, may sweep into one pool the whole vote of the nation in Parliament, may, in short, confront the parties in England with the apparition of a "solid Ireland," is a formidable instrument for political uses; it is of no value whatever for a fight. Ireland ought to be able practically to control the legislation in the British Parliament, and to get what legislation she wanted for herself as the price of not defeating the policy of the English parties. With our experience it seems strange that Irishmen do not see this. If they proceeded at home as they do here, no effective opposition could be made to their demands. The "solid Irish vote" controlled the politics of this city at a time when the number of Irishmen resident here was much smaller than it is now; and if the Irish vote should go into Parliament with a solidity equal to what it has so often shown here, both Tories and Liberals would have to bargain with it for the passage of any cherished measure of their own. In the next British Parliament the division of parties will almost certainly be at a point which will afford a chance for a united Irish representation acting with either party to defeat every measure of the other. Liberals can be defeated if the Irish act with the Tories, and Tories if they act with the Liberals; and the purposes of Tories and Liberals are so widely at variance, they are separated by so much of party passion, that the likelihood of their being able to agree long enough to slaughter an Irish party is very remote. Success for the present Irish demands is, therefore, very likely to turn on the points whether the leaders can keep their men together in Ireland and make the agitation hot enough to compel a strictly patriotic canvass, and the return of members of known

fidelity to the common purpose; and this, again, turns on their power to keep the agitation within constitutional and lawful limits. Any government like that of England would be glad enough if it could get an opposition like this committed to the unmistakable ground of open revolt, and so disperse it with musketry, and it can only do this if the leaders lose their heads.

Abundant preparation, it will be noted, is made to overcome the Irish difficulty the moment it reaches a point at which the government can deal with it by means of gunpowder; but also, it appears, some projects are on foot for peaceful remedies. Government, it is said, will liberally loan money for the improvement of estates, in order that this money may be laid out in the employment of laborers in distressed districts, a device not unknown to Tammany Hall, which in its palmy days could put many thousand laborers on the pay-roll for a few weeks before election day. Public money, it is further reported, will be supplied to assist emigration. Emigration is a good safety-valve at all times, but the appearances are that the demands of the Irish people have reached a higher point than either of these remedies will amount to. Their conceptions of what the government must do to placate their discontents have grown within recent years until they are beyond the recognition of English statesmen. Beaconsfield discourses the smooth commonplaces of the "blarney" style over "our brilliant brethren," and an "imaginative race" of people, regrets that they are not as contented and submissive as the English people are, and assures them that if they really come to the starvation point, England will always spare them a copper and a crust for charity's sake; and at the same time the Irish demand neither a crust nor a copper, but such a revision of the relation of the people to the law as will abolish privileged classes. As this strikes at the British constitution, it reaches too far, but the demand and the proposed satisfaction considered together, show how futile must be any effort of the government to suppress the discontent.

Chicago Tribune, leading Western paper.

The Irish leaders have appealed to the people of Irish origin scattered over the world, and especially in the United States, for aid and sympathy. This appeal will not be disregarded. It is an appeal for the deliverance of all the Irish — the people of all faiths, sections, and localities — that they may be enabled to become the owners of the soil they cultivate, and the owners of the land on which their race has lived since beyond the remotest dates of history. No man leaves his native land, much less do people leave their homes and kindred by thousands, except upon compulsion, and that of the most exacting of all, — the want of food. The Irish ask in their appeal that they be restored to their ancient birthright, — the privilege of living in Ireland, with the privilege of producing there by their own labor, from their own land, the food that is necessary to life. There are in the United States perhaps 3,000,000 of persons of Irish birth and of the first generation of Irish descendants. To these people the address is specially directed. It will also meet with a hearty response from the American population generally. This appeal is free from sectarian or partisan aims. It proposes no rebellion, no insurrection, no revolution to dismember the British kingdom. The American people cherish too keenly the British sympathy in behalf of the attempt to dismember the American Union to permit them to participate in any controversy of that kind in other nations. But to this appeal for aid for the people of Ireland to become the owners of their own land, the American heart will generously respond whenever the time shall come that material aid to purchase that land will be available. In the mean time, the peaceful agitation and prosecution of the repeal of the odious system of land tenure in Ireland, and also in England and Scotland, will be encouraged as a grand stride in the emancipation of the people of that kingdom with whom we have so many ties of blood and friendship.

## THE IRISH PRESS.

Irish Times.

The "Irish Times" of to-day, in commenting upon the arrest of James Daly, editor of the "Connaught Telegraph," Michael Davitt, and James Bruce Killen, the anti-rent agitators, declares that the severity of the government will revive Parnell's expiring influence. Had the government kept its hands off, the agitation would have petered out of itself, but expression, as in the past, will tend to defeat itself and strengthen the hands of the agitators. On the other hand, the "Express" congratulates the government on its firmness, declaring it had not moved a moment too soon, and that inaction would be interpreted as fear. Platform warriors, it significantly declares, fly before the very appearance of danger. A farmer in Sligo has been severely beaten and a portion of his ears cut off because he paid his rent before it was due.

Freeman's Journal.

The "Freeman's Journal," in a leading editorial, enters an energetic protest against the arrests of Davitt, Killen, and Daly. The article declares that these arrests have no warrant in constitution or law, that they are arbitrary and unjustifiable and so nearly akin to terrorism as to be more suitable to Asia than to Europe.

## AID FROM AMERICA.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, O., directed that a collection be taken up in all the churches of his diocese, on the first Sunday in Advent, for the benefit of the destitute in Ireland.

The Bishop of Detroit, Mich., issued a circular to the clergy and laity of his diocese, calling for a collection in all the churches on the last Sunday of November, to aid the people of Ireland in the prevailing distress.

Meetings have been held in various parts of the country and collections are being made to relieve the distress in Ireland.

BEACONSFIELD — GLADSTONE.

Earl Beaconsfield has made his customary annual Mansion House speech, at the Lord Mayor's dinner. It is characterized by the self-confident tone which never deserts the Premier, but has left little for the critics to say about it, except that it should have contained a great deal more than it did. With respect to Ireland, it half hinted that something might be done for the relief of the distress, but advised the Irish people to be moderate in their demands, as they had not suffered so much from bad harvests as the English. On the whole, the "great landed interests" are quite safe in his hands, if their safety consists in setting at defiance every reasonable demand on the part of the tenants.

*Edinburgh, Nov.* 26. In his speech, last night, Gladstone said the country had been, and was now, in great danger, growing out of the hollow, shifting, and insincere policy of the Beaconsfield government. He said that a more reckless, personal, and ambitious policy than that of Lord Beaconsfield had never disgraced the history of England. The man now in power in London cared little or nothing what became of the true interests of the realm, so long as his own schemes were carried out. He pointed to the war in Afghanistan, the late war in South Africa, the present serious troubles in Ireland, which might possibly result in civil war, and the general misery and discontent among the working classes in England and Scotland, as proofs of what he said, and cited facts and figures in illustration of them. He had no confidence whatever in the reports of the early dissolution of Parliament. It would be postponed indefinitely by Beaconsfield, in the hope that a chance might thereby be afforded for that veteran trickster and political posturer to send up more cabinet surprises, and illuminate the dark sky with further displays of diplomatic fire-works.

PERILS OR THE SEA.

IN THE TRACK OF ICEBERGS.

The "Arizona," a New York steamer, was now well on the banks of Newfoundland, and one day more would have put her beyond their ice-infected shore. Not an hour's fog had been encountered, and even the nights were clear. Under these circumstances Captain Thomas Jones, who commanded, felt justified in running his ship at full speed, and an average rate of fifteen miles an hour was maintained. On the third day out, the wind, which had been favorable, chopped round, and all sail was taken down. The fourth day resembled its predecessors and brought us bracing, enjoyable weather. Not a threatening cloud was in the sky and the wind was just sufficient to ripple the surface of the ocean.

The "Arizona" was behaving magnificently. She rode the waves like a swan and won words of warm applause from every creature aboard. If ever ship promised to bear her living freight in joyful triumph to a safe haven, the "Arizona" was that ship. The fates, too, seemed propitious, and men who had crossed the Atlantic half a hundred times declared that never in all their experience had they known such beautiful weather.

Suddenly there was a crash, the heart grew still. Terror was depicted on many faces, but the only cry heard was that of warning voices of brave men, — "Steady, gentlemen, steady! Keep cool!"

Brave words, not spoken in vain! The first movement of alarm died away and true manhood resumed its sway. During the hours of terror which followed, no coward word was spoken. Save in a few instances the conduct of the passengers was magnificent, and the officers did their duty like men.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

On deck the scene was full of terror. Groups of silent passengers were gathered, expecting every moment to be ingulfed in the dark waters. Towering above the vessel's prow was the huge, shadowy mass of the monstrous iceberg. It extended some five hundred feet across the bows, and three tall pinnacles rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Should one of these ice steeples topple over, the fate of ship and passengers would be sealed. The crash of the collision, the rush of the passengers to the deck, had occupied but a minute. Captain Jones had not retired, and immediately rushed to the bridge. His words were, "My God, men, where were your eyes?"

He was perfectly cool, and at once gave orders to back the engines, and calling all hands on deck, ordered the helm to be put hard to starboard.

A few moments later we parted company with the iceberg, which floated away, with its three tall pinnacles distinctly visible against the night sky. As it faded into the gloom it presented the appearance of a phantom three-masted vessel.

AWFUL UNCERTAINTY.

Short as was the time occupied in this manœuvre, it offered an opportunity to estimate the damage we had sustained. The "Arizona's" bows were completely stove in, and a tangled mass of iron plates and braces and stays was heaped up in frightful confusion where a few moments before a shapely prow had cleft the waves. How great was the damage done none could say, but the well-known formation of icebergs left the worst to be feared. Had the collision bulkhead gone down in the awful crash? Had not some protruding spur ripped out bottom plates? These were questions on the answer to which depended the lives of nigh three hundred souls. Alas! the good ship seemed to give the answer herself, for as she backed from the terrible iceberg she listed to the starboard side and dipped visibly at the bows.

"She's sinking! why don't they get ready the boats?" was anxiously whispered among the passengers, but to their credit no cry or movement was made which might embarrass the crew in their work.

Fortunately the very violence of the collision snapped the iron plates of the ship's sides as though they were of glass, and so broke the force of the blow upon the rest of the hull. Beyond the immediate parts crushed not a rivet started, and for once the water-tight bulkhead proved the safety of passengers and steamship. Still there was little faith in this frail partition. While the sea continued calm it might keep out the water, but it was felt that the first heavy sea breaking into the yawning breach would tear the plates asunder.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief the passengers learned that S. B. Guion, on consultation with the captain, had decided to head for the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, and that the steamer was slowly ploughing her way toward land.

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MINE VAMILY.

DIMBLED scheeks mit eyes of plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot 's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all-oudt at der knee,—
He vas peen blayin' horse you see,—
Dot 's leedle Otto.

Von hundord seexty in der shade,
Der oder day ven she was veighed—
She beats me soon I vas avraid—
Dot 's mine Gretchen.

Barefooted hed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und *sauer kraut*,
Dot 's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,
Von leedle, pright-eyed, roguish son,
Von *frau* to greet vhen vork vas done,—
Dot 's mine vamily.

*Charles Follen Adams, in Detroit Free Press.*

## CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The Bishop of Salford, England.

THE Catholic Church had ever been the great pioneer of education since commencement of her history, and the work of education began in her by the servants who had spread it with very great ability all over the world. Within the last forty years there had been a revival of the desire for the spread of popular education among the people, which desire had been carried to extremes by people who said that secular education would be sufficient to remedy all the evils, both moral and intellectual, which afflicted this country. The cry had been, "Educate, educate, educate! Send every child to school, and you will regenerate the country and bring back a period of high prosperity which nothing else can do." Education and learning were not the end for which we lived, but were the means only to an end, and the only end which a man should seek after in this world was to sanctify his soul, to walk in the paths of the Lord Jesus Christ, and finally find his way to heaven, and to this everything else should be made to be subservient. Education should be given to the children accompanied by instruction in religion, which would assist them on the road to eternal happiness. He thought as a nation we were going too far in the matter of education; not that he for one moment desired to keep the people in the darkness, but he thought that too many subjects were being laid upon children who attended our public elementary schools and which were not necessary for their state in life. It struck him that if children received education in reading, writing, and ciphering, together with instruction in religion and some knowledge of the trade which they were destined to follow, it would be a great good. They might say that he was opposed to giving people a chance of rising in the world, but it was not so. The Catholic Church had always provided higher-grade schools for the cleverer boys who had attended the major and the minor schools, and one of the greatest of the popes, Sylvester the Second, rose from being a peasant boy in that way. So did our Adrian the Fourth rise from being the son of a servant in a monastery, and he (the Bishop) contended that the talk which he now heard in this country about higher-grade schools was evidence that we were coming back to those things which the Catholic Church established in times gone by.

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LET the present government, and for that matter the governments that succeed one another in France, do what they may to injure the Church, they will never be able to attain their object so long as the courts of law remain as they are now. The Brothers of the Christian Doctrine are one of the mainstays of "clericalism" in France, and upon them, apart from the Jesuits, the haters of the Church concentrate their attacks. Hitherto, the brothers had occupied the communal school at Alais, in Southern France, and a short time ago the prefect of the Gard Department turned them out of these schools without the remotest shadow of a reason. The brothers, nothing daunted, brought an action against the prefect, and the result appears from the following telegram, published by the "Gazette de France": —

The court has ordered the brothers to be reinstated at once, even if military force is to be called in. The prefect protests and intends to appeal. Excitement immense.

The persecutors know well that if the brothers go on teaching as they have done hitherto, the Church is safe among the masses. Hence their hatred of the brothers. But a few righteous judges like these of Alais are fortunately sufficient to thwart the designs of the Radicals.

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A BOOT-MAKER has this extraordinary announcement in his window "Ladies will be sold as low as two-and-sixpence a pair."

## SOMETHING LIKE A PARALLEL.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

In the autumn of 1845, when a blight, like an angel of death, swept over the land, and destroyed the food of a whole people, the Liberator, who was then still amongst us, gave expression to his views in the Corporation, and suggested a plan for meeting the calamity. A deputation waited on the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Heytesbury) "to lay this plan before him, and to explain to him the pressing necessity which existed for its adoption." The deputation was received by his Excellency at the viceregal lodge on the 3d of November, and Canon O'Rourke, in his history of the Great Famine, tells us how it fared. "The deputation," he writes, "was highly respectable, and ought to have been influential, consisting as it did of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, the Lord Mayor, O'Connell, Henry Grattan, Sir James Murray, John Augustus O'Neill, and some twenty other gentlemen of position." The Lord Mayor read the resolutions drawn up by the committee by which the deputation was appointed. The chief means put forward for saving the lives of the people was to employ them in works of national utility. The deputation was "most formally received," and Lord Heytesbury read to them a reply in which, in the usual stereotyped style, he informed them that "the state of the potato crop" had for some time occupied, and still continued to occupy the most anxious attention of the government; that scientific men had been sent from England to analyze the tubers, who had not terminated their inquiries; that as yet (on the 3d of November, by the way), it was impossible to form an accurate opinion as to the extent of the disease; that there was no immediate pressure on the market, and that everything required to be "maturely weighed" before anything could be done. "When the Lord Lieutenant concluded reading the answer, he immediately commenced bowing the deputation out. As they were about to withdraw, O'Connell made an observation about distilleries. Lord Heytesbury, not condescending to mention him by name, said that the observation of the gentleman who had spoken was one deserving of much consideration, and one which had not been overlooked by the government, when it had the matter under discussion; and again began bowing them out, 'which,' writes one of those present, 'was distinctly understood, and the deputation forthwith retired.'"

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Ticino is the southernmost canton of Switzerland, bounding on Italy, and until quite recently the Church was in just the same state of thraldom in that canton as in other parts of Switzerland. Within the last year or two, however, an improvement has taken place, and now the Catholics rule the state, which is natural enough, for the population of Ticino consists of 119,349 Catholics and no more than 194 Protestants. Unfortunately there are a great many who are Catholics only in name, and these sought some time ago to overthrow the existing "clerical" government. The attempt failed, but in connection with it some assassinations took place, and those who were suspected of having had a hand in these were, as a matter of course, to be tried by the criminal courts of the canton. The Radicals, however, interposed, and applied to the Federal Council of Switzerland to have the case tried by a Federal instead of a Cantonal Court. The question came before the supreme court of Switzerland a few days ago, and by seven votes against two it was decided that the case was not to be taken out of the hands of the tribunals of Ticino. This decision is a great victory of the Catholic and a great blow to the Radical party. It seems after all as if better days were now in store for the Church in Switzerland. — *London Universe.*

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Rev. A. J. Ryan.

How swift they go,
Life's many years.
With their winds of woe
And their storms of tears,
And their darkest of nights, whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes,
And their sunshiny days, in whose calm heavens loom
The clouds of the tempest, the shadows of gloom.

And, ah! we pray,
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near.
Tho' the brows of To-morrows be radiant and bright
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them are evermore dear.

For the heart so true
To the Old Year cleaves,
Tho' the hand of the New
Flowery garlands weaves;
But the flowers of the Future, tho' fragrant and fair,
With the Past's withered leaflets may never compare,
For dear is each dead leaf, and dearer each thorn,
In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have worn.

Yea, men will cling
With a love to the last,
And wildly fling
Their arms round the Past,
As the vine that clings to the oak that falls,
As the ivy twines round the crumbled walls;
For the dust of the Past some hearts higher prize
Than the stars that flash out from the Future's bright skies.

And why not so?
The old, old years
They knew and they know
All our hopes and our fears.
We walked by their side, and we told them each grief
As they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief;
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave,
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?
Ah! the Stranger Year trips over the snows,
And his brow is enwreathed with many a rose,
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall so soon reveal?

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies,
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs!
Yea, Stranger Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But dearer than thou, in his shroud of snows,
Is the furrowed face of the year that goes.

Yet, bright New Year,
O'er all the earth
With song and cheer
They will hail thy birth;
They will trust thy word in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power,
For the New has charms which the Old has not,
And the stranger's face makes the friend's forgot.

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SOUTHERN Spain is in a very sad condition at this moment. Five years ago the Cantonals and Intransigents sought to undo in that part of the world what four centuries of Catholic civilization had accomplished there; and for many months Murcia, Alcoy, and Cartagena presented the veriest picture of hell let loose. They have rallied a little since, but while the wounds inflicted by civil strife are as yet very far from being healed, the ravages of nature have within the last fortnight swept over the entire south-east of the peninsula and swallowed up hundreds of human lives and millions of treasure. Water, like fire, is an excellent servant, but a dreadful master, and the inundation from which Murcia, Orihuela, Llano de Brujas, and other places have suffered, has brought the most harrowing distress upon the poor people. King Alfonso has shown himself equal to the emergency, and done his best to relieve the sufferers; but it will take many a long year before the effects of this dread dispensation of heaven can be obliterated.

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CHARCOAL has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

## IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees.

Since the Irish surnames were Anglicized, branches of other Irish families have omitted, while other branches of the same family have retained, the prefix "O" or "Mac," to which they were entitled, thus becoming, as it were, two distinct families, as "Boyle" and "O'Boyle," "Callaghan" and "O'Callaghan," "Sheehy" and "MacSheehy," etc.

Ahern: Irish O'h-Eichthighearn; from which are also derived Ahearne, Hearne, Heron, and O'Ahern.

Armstrong: Irish Lamh Laidir, or the "Strong Arm"; rendered "Armstrong." The Lamh Laidirs (Lauv Lawdirs), or Armstrongs, are a branch of the O'Briens, kings of Thomond, whose battle-cry was "Lamh Laidir an Uachdar" (ooghder); or, "The Strong Arm Uppermost."

Bailey, Bailie: Irish O'Baothghalaidh.

Bannin: Irish O'Banain.

Barry: Irish O'Baire.

Baskin: Irish O'Baiscin.

Bergin: Irish O'Aimhirgin.

Berry, Bury: Irish O'Beara.

Boylan, Boland: Irish O'Baoighellain.

Boyle, O'Boyle: Irish O'Baoighill.

Brady: Irish O'Bradaigh.

Broder, Broderick: Irish O'Bruadair.

Brogan, Brown, Browne, Bruen: Irish O'Breoghan.

Brophy: Irish O'Broithe.

Burgh, Burke, Bourke: French De Burgo.

Burns: Irish O'Brain.

Byrne, O'Byrne, Byron, Brin: Irish O'Broin.

Callanan: Irish O'Cathalain.

Campbell: Irish MacCathmhaoil.

Cane, Kane, Keane, Keen: Irish O'Cathain.

Carolan, Kerlin: Irish O'Cearbhallain.

Carroll, O'Carroll: Irish O'Cearbhoil.

## GARIBALDI THE INGRATE.

"Garibaldi l'Ingrato,"—such is the title of a book lately offered for sale by the publishing establishment of Loescher at Rome. This work ably fulfils the charge made in its title. It is a demonstration by facts and figures and documents which admit of no satisfactory reply. The book was not sold, however; a mysterious hand withdrew all the copies in time to prevent an extended circulation. The anonymous author passes in review the various sums, lire and centesimi, which Garibaldi received from the government and from the House of Savoy, and presents accounts which have been unknown previously. The "hero" accepted the money of the Italian contributors in order to remain in the island of Caprera. He was paid both by the court and by the ministry to rest there, and to play the part of hermit. It appears from the book recently printed that the two millions of francs generously bestowed upon Garibaldi by the government is only one of their acts of generosity to him, as he had many other gifts from the late King Victor Emmanuel, and from the ministers of the Destra and the Senistra. These monetary contributions are said to have been so many sops to this warlike Cerberus, who, unless silenced by pay, threatened to leave his island home, proceed to the continent, and promote revolution or the republic. The enumeration of the payments made is long, and is corroborated by dates, by names, by letters, and by receipts. The conclusion of the book is this: "If you never have been made to want money whenever you wished to ask for it, why do you now contend against King Humbert, and come to Rome to cast him from the throne?" The question is pertinent enough, and the nameless author answers it by referring to the title,—"Garibaldi l'Ingrato."

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In winter your quiet garden is soon changed into a *bare*-garden.

Original.

# THANKSGIVING DAY AT ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR BOYS, NEW YORK.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

THE Thanksgiving *fêtes* at Father Drumgoole's establishment passed off with extraordinary *éclat* and success on the 27th November. The national holiday, as it may be termed, was appropriately ushered in by a solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving, celebrated at 6.30 A. M. by the pastor of the Home, Rev. John C. Drumgoole. Mass was sung by an efficient, well-trained choir of boys belonging to the Home. After Mass, a telling and eloquent sermon was preached by the good father on the duties all true American citizens owe to God and their country. "We pray," said Father Drumgoole, "that our people may prize above all other temporal things the liberty they enjoy, and that they will never forget to pay due honor to those brave soldiers who fought and died that we might live as a free and independent nation. May God infuse the spirit of patriotism, honor, and honesty into the hearts of us all, that we may be united and resolved, as one body, to maintain the honor and glory of our Union, at any personal sacrifice; and, as our liberty depends on the use we make of the glorious privilege of the elective franchise, every man is conscientiously bound to vote for the best interests of the Republic. He that will be swayed from this imperative duty by personal motives, no matter what his public station may be, is an enemy to the best interests of his country, and should be branded as a traitor. Almighty God will surely punish all acts of this kind.

"It is the duty of every American child," continued the reverend preacher, "rich and poor, after having acquired a knowledge of his duty to God and his fellow-creatures, to study faithfully the history of his country and learn to value liberty as his heroic, valiant ancestors did: unless he knows what it cost, he cannot appreciate its value. These noble heroes freely offered and sacrificed everything, even their lives, for it. He should study and emulate the lives of these patriotic statesmen, who would rather forego the highest honors and offices than purchase them by any act which would injure their country, or leave the slightest stain on their own character."

Father Drumgoole wound up with a brilliant peroration, in which he gratefully thanked Almighty God for the manifold blessings vouchsafed to the people of this broad land during the past year, and prayed for a continuance of those favors during the coming year.

At noon, four hundred boys sat down to dinner, and did ample justice to the good things set before them, after grace was said by the pastor, who took occasion to remind his *protégés* that their Thanksgiving dinner was sent them by their loving Father in heaven. Two hundred of the outside poor, men, women, and children, next partook of the Thanksgiving dinner, to which they were cordially invited by Father Drumgoole. The dinner was supplied by the members of St. Joseph's Union, and comprised four hundred and ninety pounds of turkey, one hundred pounds of beef, seventy pounds of ham, one hundred and eighty pounds of plum pudding, two barrels of mashed potatoes, a barrel of celery, cranberry sauce, vegetables, pies, coffee, etc. The lecture-room, where the boys dined, was gayly decorated for the occasion. The star-spangled banner floated from wall

and ceiling, and glimpses of the immortal green were seen everywhere. On entering the room, you beheld a full-length portrait of His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, whilst at the other end, a large portrait of George Washington held a prominent position. Hung round the room were portraits of St. Vincent de Paul, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and other distinguished personages. "Save the boy for his God and his country," was beautifully garlanded as the legend of St. Vincent's Home, whilst the motto, "The first in war, the first in peace, the first in the hearts of his countrymen," blazed in letters of gold in front of the immortal Washington.

Patriotic songs, recitations, and other exercises (interspersed with choice musical selections by an able performer) were given by the children during the day. Hundreds of visitors passed through the Home in the afternoon. They warmly congratulated Father Drumgoole on the healthy appearance of the children, who looked remarkably well in their new, warm, winter clothing, as also on the evidences of good taste and order observable everywhere.

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the following splendid poem from the racy pen of our friend, Mr. Marcus Quinn, a member of St. Joseph's Union. Mr. Quinn founded his poem on an incident which occurred lately in one of our largest cities. Near midnight, a patrolman discovered a child eight years old, sleeping beside an ash-box. Pitying the little fellow, and not wishing to disturb him, the officer passed on, "leaving the youngster to his dreams," as he afterwards said at the inquest the following day. After passing and repassing the sleeper several times, the patrolman at daylight felt it his duty to arouse the child, and so told him to "get up and move on," but the summons was unheeded, and for a very good reason, —*the child was dead!* The poem is truly a brilliant one, with flashes of fancy bright as a Southern sunrise, and was well declaimed by one of the boys of St. Vincent's Home on Thanksgiving day. Mr. Quinn dedicated this poem to Rev. John C. Drumgoole, pastor of the Mission of the Immaculute Virgin, and Founder of St. Joseph's Union.

### A HOMELESS CHILD.

"*Et qui susceperit* UNUM PARVULUM TALEM *in nomine* MEO, *ME suscipit.*"
"*And he who shall receive* ONE SUCH LITTLE ONE *in my name receiveth ME.*" — MATT. xviii. 5.

ALONG the line of lamps, whose yellow light
But shows the gloom that holds dark, voiceless night,
A watchman paces with an echoing tread
His beat, as tho' he trod amid the dead.
One other form glides thro' that silent street,
With weary, mud-stained, tott'ring, shoeless feet;
A tiny, wasted, shiv'ring child flits by,
No home, no couch, no cov'ring but the sky!
The sad, pale face, the bright but restless eye,
Seek out a friendly shelt'ring place to lie,
Some lonely nook to hide the trembling form
From the nipping wind and the fierce, relentless storm.
Yes, just to sleep and dream beneath yon lights
That faintly glint in starland's azure heights,
And marvel if there be a home up there,
For him, who never knew a mother's care.

* * * *

Swift now descends night's curtain, fold on fold,
Grim midnight's hour a hundred tongues have tolled.
Sweet, gentle Sleep, kind nurse, with tender grasp
Binds close the wearied eyelids with her clasp.
The yearning, pleading eyes, the languid gaze,
Are hushed in slumber, 'neath the moon's cold rays,
And far in dreamland roams the homeless boy,
On fancy's wings he soars thro' realms of joy.
Thro' marble halls where gold and purple blend,
Where jewelled crowns in flashing rows extend,
Thro' flow'ry lands and fields of rosy light,
O'er sunlit seas, and shores that know no night.
O'er clust'ring islets bathed in amber rays,
And autumn woodlands robed in crimson blaze,
O'er cedars tow'ring in eternal calm,
And broad'ning belts of verdant, fadeless palm.
O'er vine-clad hills, gilt by the western sun,
O'er mountain peaks where earth and sky seem one.

The flaring gas-lamps dimly light the street,
The watchman paces still his silent beat;
He halts before a little, trembling frame, —
A heap of rags, a child without a name.
Loath he to break the puny vagrant's rest
By cruel club, or e'en by stern request,
But bending o'er, looks on with kindling eye,
Then slowly turns and sadly passes by.
"Sleep on, lone one, tho' cold and hard thy bed,
Some guardian angel 's nigh, 'though all have fled!
Sleep on, perchance some bright, unhoped-for joy
Will beam to-morrow on thee, homeless boy."
And so the child sleeps on till break of day.
The piping winds still cleave their blust'ring way,
Awak'ning chords that swell within his breast,
That thrill his soul with songs of sweetest rest.
Then through the long array of coming years,
A golden era like some vision nears;
The blush of sunrise spreads, and seraph choirs
In choral harmony now sweep their lyres.
His hands are clasped, he smiles — *the twilight's past* —
A rush of angel wings — he 's home at last!

* * * *

At purple morn, the lustrous moon grows white,
At purple morn still walks the guard of night.

The drowsy world awakes from tranquil sleep,
And sets her sails to glide o'er life's blue deep.
Once more the watchman halts before the child,
"Move on, my man!" he cries, in accents mild.
There 's no response, the sleeper 's pale and wan.
Again the watchman says, "My lad, move on!"
O watchman of the night, *it* could not wait.
Thy words are idle, thy "Move on" 's too late!
King Death has claimed the rags, the face so fair;
The ghastly finger points, *the soul 's not there.*
Gone! God's flower, unnoticed and unknown,
In splendor blooms before th' eternal throne.

Ye watchmen of the UNION,
Ye warriors on the tower,
Ye daughters of the UNION,
Who wait the bridegroom's hour!
Brave soldiers of ST. JOSEPH,
Our chief so brave and mild,
'T is yours to save — to win —
The outcast HOMELESS CHILD!

## THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN BOSTON.

The Western Watchman, St. Louis.

THE secular papers of Boston and the State of Massachusetts are in a state bordering on frenzy. They swear by the Cradle of Liberty that they are not pleased. A priest down in Cambridge has had the effrontery of establishing a Catholic school and the temerity to tell his people that they should send their children to it. If this is the sum of the clergyman's offending we don't care whether the good people of Boston are pleased or not. We have heard it hinted that the priest ordered his flock to send their children to the parochial school on pain of exclusion from the sacraments. If this be so, we are not pleased with the priest, as he made a reserved case which he had no power to do, and usurped a privilege which belonged to his ordinary. But the Yankee editors seem to ignore the religious phase of the difficulty, and arraign the clergyman for opposing the public schools of the Bay State.

We have a few words to say about parish schools and the enforced attendance of Catholic children. If a bishop makes a law that all Catholics of his diocese must send their children to a parochial school, the law is binding on the consciences of all concerned. Bishops have the power to MAKE LAWS for the government of their diocesans. These laws bind under sin. If the bishop says that the children of Catholics must go to a Catholic school, it is a sin for Catholic parents to send them elsewhere. This should be enough for all good Catholics. But we say that the power to make such a law belongs to the bishop. A rector of a parish has no such power. Parochial laws are something unheard of and wholly unknown to the canons. A priest who refuses the sacraments to his people because they fail to obey one of his arbitrary regulations commits a sin and deserves the severest censure. When the late Delegate Conroy was in this city he visited a parish, and was told by the rector that the Catholics of the parish who sent their children to the public schools were denied the sacraments. The delegate was astonished, and asked the clergyman who accompanied him if priests in America had authority to make reserved cases.

We think that where there are good Catholic schools provided, Catholics should be compelled, by censures if necessary, to send their children to them. The parents must be made to do their duty to their children. But priests must take care not to overstep the bounds of their authority: to gain respect for our authority we must be careful not to abuse it. We want united action. We want councils and synods.

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IF a sprain is nothing more than a sprain, that is, if no bones are broken or put out, wrap the part in several folds of flannel which has been wrung out of hot water, and cover it with a dry bandage, and rest it for some days or even weeks. Entire rest at first and moderate rest afterwards are absolutely necessary after a sprain. If it is in the ankle, the foot should be raised as high as may be comfortable; if in the wrist, it should be carried in a sling.

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THE difference between a man and a fish — A man weighs more, a fish less by dressing.

## THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

Young Catholic.

A NEW YEAR! And from whom does it come?

From God.

What of the old one?

It has gone.

Gone where?

To God.

Does it bear to him anything from us?

Yes; a few prayers, a few good resolutions and desires, many failures, omissions, and alas! many sins.

Can we recall these things?

No; but we may blot them from the memory of God by a great sorrow, and an earnest amendment of our lives.

Has God given us anything to do in these years that he gives us?

Yes; to gain heaven.

What if we should lose it?

Then all is lost.

How many years will God give us to labor for heaven?

Who can tell? Perhaps not one more. What a serious thought! Why is it not oftener in our minds?

A New Year! Help us, O God, so to use its days that it may be to us truly a happy year, and bring us nearer to that perfect and eternal happiness with Thee, for which we were created.

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EAT ONIONS.—Few people dream of the many virtues of onions, and those few are enthusiastic for the beneficent bulb, and believe it a panacea for every ill. Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited, often cured, by a consumption of onions, either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them, especially if you are married. Taken at night all offence will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance. Taken regularly they greatly promote health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract made by boiling down the juice of onions to a syrup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well, but fried, roasted, or boiled onions are better. Onions are a very cheap medicine, within everybody's reach, and they are not by any means as "bad to take" as the costly nostrums a neglect of their use will necessitate.

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## DISTRESS IN KENMARE, IRELAND.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE, of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, represents the people around her as perishing from fever and want. Hunger always brings typhus, but typhus has been resident all the year in that neighborhood, and the consequent misery of the inhabitants is beyond description. Nothing can be done locally to improve the position, because there are no gentry or traders in that remote quarter of Kerry, and hence the necessity for an appeal to the public at large. As yet the good nun has not appealed to much effect, although she gives such a fact as this: "At this moment there are one hundred and fifty of our children who have had fever, and from actual weakness and want of proper food they can hardly learn their lessons. A bit of dry bread is a feast to them." Comment is unnecessary When human beings are reduced so low they have a right to speak out. Had the convent more resources it could mitigate the pain, but it is utterly helpless; and unless help is vouchsafed to provide fuel at least for the coming winter, death will reap an abundant harvest.

[Mr. Donahoe will forward any sums intrusted to him to Sister Clare.]

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"AND how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting, with tin can in hand, the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman, ingeniously, 'but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

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THE first iron steamship was built in 1830.

### KISSING PETS A CAUSE OF SORE THROATS.

A WRITER in the "British Medical Journal," in a communication to the editor in regard to the possible cause of the recent outbreak of an epidemic of sore throat at Darmstadt, says, "It is well known that women and children are in the habit of kissing pet cats and dogs, especially when these favorites are ill with discharge from the nose, cough, and sore throat and even use their pocket handkerchiefs to wipe away the secretion. I have seen this done frequently. It is a common saying that, 'There! the cat has got a cold; now it will go through the house'; and as this rermark has been repeatedly verified shows how careful people should be to avoid contact with such a mode of contagion. I do not affirm that this was the way in which the disease was contracted, either within or without the palace walls, but I feel sure the habit of kissing pets is a source of danger that should be widely known and prevented."

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PRINCE BISMARCK was not always a prince and a serene highness. Forty years ago, when he first started in his career, he had scarcely a penny to bless himself with, and the little word "von" was the only handle he had to his name. At that time he was staying in Tyrol, in the neighborhood of Meran, and in the village of Mitterbad there lived a charming young girl called Josefa Holgner, a peasant's daughter. Young Bismarck fell in love with Josefa, and wanted to marry her and take a farm in the Alps and there to live "unseen, unknown." But the girl's father declared that he would not allow his daughter to marry any one but a good Catholic, so Bismarck went away and never returned. Josefa afterwards married a Catholic farmer of Salzburg, and a few years ago died, leaving an only child, "a beauteous young damsel," as the reporter says. This girl was married a few days ago to Signor Rizzi, of Trent, in Tyrol, and Prince Bismarck, who has never forgotten the fair Josefa, settled a handsome dowry upon her on that occasion. This shows that the prince is capable of more tender emotions than his "blood and iron" notion would lead one to imagine.

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### A MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THOMAS MOORE

IN Bromham Church, where the remains of the poet are interred, was unveiled on the 13th of September. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who are among the few surviving friends of Moore, dating their first acquaintance with him so far back as 1821 (nearly sixty years ago!), have gathered the fund necessary for the occasion. The list contains the names of two hundred contributors; it is headed by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord O'Hagan, and the Rev. E. B. Edgell, Rector of Bromham; and contains the names of the Poet Laureate, the poet Longfellow, the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the President of the Royal Academy, Prof Owen, F. R. S., the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, attorney-general for Ireland, the Lord Mayor of Dub- A. M. Sullivan, M. P., Theodore Martin, C. B., Samuel Smiles, LL. D., Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Jean Ingelow, and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, besides several eminent citizens of the United States, and many others who are worthily associated with the memory of Moore, to which they thus render honor and homage. The window was designed and executed by W. H. Constable, of Cambridge.

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"MARION," he asked, in that style which a big brother assumes when patronizing a little sister, "Marion, do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tos I does," answered Marion, resenting the imputation of ignorance; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

## DREAM ON!

By Justin F. McCarthy.

WHILE the moonbeams bright are peeping
Through the ivy-curtained pane,
By their mellow radiance steeping
Every object in the lane
With a silvery gray,
Dream on, darling! While thou 'rt sleeping,
Angels pure and bright
Around your cot their watch are keeping
Through the silent night.
Then dream on while you may.

Ah! too soon will come the waking
From the dreams of childhood's days;
Clouds, the fair horizon breaking,
Soon will meet thy youthful gaze
As you wend life's way.
Soon thy heart will feel the aching
That no joy can kill or calm;
Cherished hopes their leave be taking,
Hopes that never could bring balm.
Then dream on while you may.

Soon the hours of childhood flying,
From your transient dreams you 'll wake,
And the sound of sobs and sighing
On your youthful ears will break,
As from day to day
You will try—but vain the trying—
To find that bliss no one can know;
For grief is living, joy is dying,
In this weary world of woe.
Then dream on while you may.

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## OLD CATHOLICISM.

OLD Catholicism under the hammer and on the scale is a sight worth seeing. The new-fangled sect, which was ushered into the world nine years ago with much "sound and fury," is rapidly vanishing into thin air, and there will soon be no more heard of it than of the poet's tale told by an idiot. Dr. Friedrich, who was one of the fathers of the new church, issued at the time an "Old Catholic Prayer Book," the price of which was fixed by the publisher at four shillings. But, alack and woe the day! when stock of the sales was taken after a few years, it was found that the shelves were still groaning under the weight of Old Catholic piety. The price was lowered and lowered till at last it reached the small figure of twopence per copy, and yet no purchasers could be found. Thus it happens that a few days ago the whole of the remaining 1,910 copies—the original number being 2,400—was sold by auction at Leipzig. The lot weighed six hundred weight, and was knocked down for 36*s*. It may well be said that "Old Catholicism" itself was knocked down along with its literary produce, and will henceforth serve only for the edification of one solitary butterman.

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THE following dialogue took place not very many years ago between a learned sergeant and a learned Baron of the Exchequer while on circuit. When the sergeant entered the court, one morning, the judge said, in a sharp tone, "Brother, you are late; the court has waited a considerable time." "I beg your pardon, my lord," answered the sergeant, "I was not aware that your lordship intended sitting so early; the instant I heard your lordship's trumpet I dressed myself." "You were a long time about it, brother" "I think, my lord, not twenty minutes." "Twenty minutes, Mr. Sergeant! I was ready in five minutes after I left my bed." "In that respect," returned the sergeant, "my dog, Shock, distances your lordship hollow; he only shakes his coat and fancies himself sufficiently dressed for any company."

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RECIPE TO REMOVE BLACKHEADS. — Make a syrup of burdock root and dandelion root; dandelion can be used tops and all if you cannot procure roots enough; add a small handful of black cherry bark and a little poplar bark from the root; boil in a dish-pan; cover light, and boil slowly two or three hours; then strain off, put back and boil down one half; sweeten to taste; flavor with wintergreen. Have ready bottles of any size you may have on hand, fill them while hot and cork tight with good corks, and, if properly put up, it will keep a year. When you open a bottle it may work a little before you get it used up, but that don't hurt it The burdock will effectually remove blackheads, and the dandelion and cherry will cure your sick headache or any other headache.

# Useful Knowledge.

The saliva of an infant, before the infant has cut its teeth, is incapable of converting starch into sugar. This explains at once why all attempts at substituting farinaceous food in place of mother's milk, in the case of infants, invariably fails. Such children cannot digest starch, and are underfed or even starved, dying finally of marasmus. Starch, arrowroot, sago, tapioca, etc., are useless, because indigestible for children before they have cut their teeth.

But few men are aware of the fact that hay is very beneficial to hogs, but it is true, nevertheless. Hogs need rough food as well as horses, cattle, or the human race. To prepare it you should have a cutting-box (or hay-cutter), and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay as short as oats, or shorter, and mix with bran, shorts, or middlings, and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill as other slop food, is highly relished by them. In winter use for the hogs the same hay you feed to your horses, and you will find that, while it saves bran, shorts, or other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them. The use of hay can be commenced as early as the grass will do to cut, and when run through the cutting-box can be used to advantage by simply soaking in fresh water until it sours. — *Nebraska Farmer.*

Hens in Winter. — Corn-fed hens do not lay in winter, and especially when snow covers the ground, because there is nothing in corn which furnishes the material for the white and shell of the egg, but abundant material for fat and rudimentary yolks. As soon as spring comes, corn-fed hens commence laying and continue to do so, simply because they can supplement this food by grass, worms, insects, and other albuminous substances, and also find materials for egg-shells in bits of lime, stone, and the shells and *débris* of a variety of decaying matter that we have no just conception of. On the other hand, when wheat is fed to hens, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and gluten enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shells; and it does not seem difficult now to understand why corn-fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat-fed hens should lay, as they do.

Effect of keeping Flour in Barrels. — As is well known, flour kept in barrels for a long time often acquires a peculiar odor, supposed to be derived from the barrel. Prof. Poleck, of Silesia, has lately made a careful examination of such flour, and has ascertained that this smell actually indicates an incipient decomposition prejudicial to bread-making, the gluten of the flour having in part become changed into a soluble body. Thus, while sound flour preserved in sacks contained 11 06 per cent of gluten and 1.44 per cent of soluble albuminous matter, four other specimens of flour taken from different barrels were severally composed of 8.37 per cent gluten to 2.14 per cent soluble albumen; 7.40 per cent to 6.90 per cent; 7.23 per cent to 4.44 per cent; and 6.54 per cent to 6.46 per cent. Two samples with more than 6 per cent of soluble matter had an acid reaction, while the others were neutral. Prof. Poleck believes this chemical change of the flour to be induced by the fact that the barrel prevents communication with the atmospheric air and the equalization of temperature. This view is confirmed by the oft-repeated observation that flour kept in sacks keeps fresh for a much longer time, and that the mustiness in barrels always develops first and exists in the highest degree in the centre, viz., that portion most remote from the outer air.

# The Humorist.

"STOCKS are firm," as the thief said when he had his feet in them.

WHY is your eye with a mote in it like a window? Because it opens and shuts and is full of pains.

THIS was what a dentist, who seized a victim's molar, once said: "Pieceably if I can, forcep-ly if I must."

"DOCTOR, examine my tongue," said a good woman, "and tell me what it needs." "It needs rest," replied the doctor.

WHEN girls are young they'd like half a dozen birthdays a year, but as they grow old they don't care to have even one.

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a girl.

MEDICAL MAN. — And then with regard to the swelling at the back of your head, I don't apprehend anything serious, but you must keep your eye on it.

"I NEVER turn out for scoundrels," said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up square before him to inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

IT'S wonderful what an assistant in resisting fatigue music is. Girls who could not walk a mile to save their lives can dance in company with a cracked fiddle or superannuated piano from teatime till sunrise.

THE greatest man is he who troubles himself the least about the verdict that may be passed upon him by his contemporaries or posterity, but who finds in doing good, honest work to the best of his ability, under existing conditions, its own great reward.

A JUDGE of much experience says, "I have never had a breach-of-promise case before me in which the mother of the girl did not know more about it than her daughter. She always suspects the fellow is a rascal, and accordingly gets ready for him."

"SAM, did you see Mr. Johnson, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I met him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, is n't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man; he made a bow — dat 's all he said."

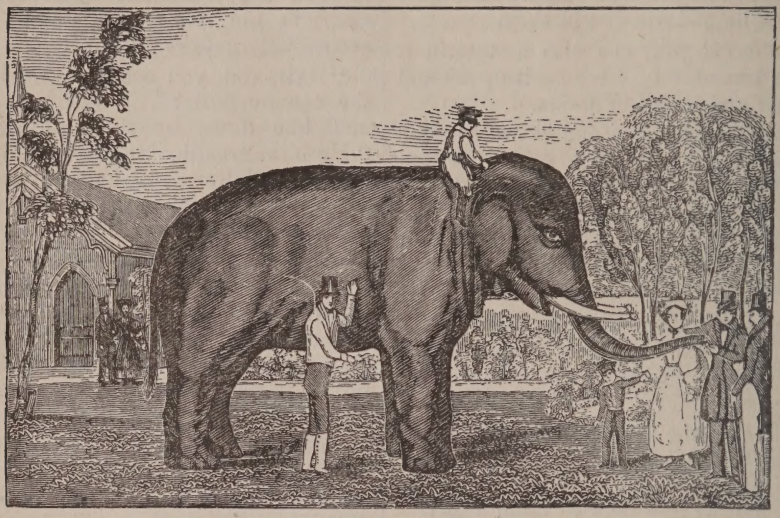
"CAPTAIN," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern mariner, loving his little joke, promptly responded, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them."

THE tomato is masquerading about the markets just now under more aliases than any one can shake a stick at. There are "tommatoes," "tomaters," "tommaytoes," "tommatuses," "tomattoes," "tormatoes"; and the other day a woman was heard inquiring, "How d'ye sell yer tornadoes?"

A MASTER asked his school, "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, and at the same time saying, "What's this? What 's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

MR. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE contested a large Yorkshire borough once in his life, and while he mounted the hustings on the day of election, he left his daughter seated in the carriage. The conservative mob recognized her, and surrounded her with shouts of, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" The lady let down the carriage window, and replied with a laugh, "No, my friends, not Miss Wilberforce forever."

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.



## OLD BROWNIE.

The little Allisons were almost wild with delight. Their papa, who had been away for some years in India, had just returned, and the children were hanging about wherever he went, climbing his legs instead of grandpapa's, asking him all the questions that grandpapa had answered so patiently hundreds of times. Though grandpapa was glad and gratified, of course, he could not help feeling disappointed. In the evening the children mounted the back of papa's chair; some were between his knees, some held his hands, but all clamored for a story. Papa appeared overwhelmed by the number and difficulty of their demands. Grandpapa was sitting a little aside, pretending to read, although it was twilight, but in reality listening to little Johnnie, who was pleading with his papa for "another, just another, papa."

"Another what, Johnny?" asked grandpapa, at length.

"Another story, grandpa."

"Come, I will tell you a story, Johnny."

"Ah no, grandpa, I want one about the elephant, the grand big elephant papa knew, that could lift little boys with his trunk."

"Did papa ever ride him?"

"Oh, yes," said papa, smiling, "he carried me for miles the day before I started for home."

"Hm! that was your last ride on an elephant."

"Yes, and for a long time, I hope," said papa pleasantly.

"I can tell you a story about an elephant, — a real live elephant, too," said grandpapa, turning to Johnny.

"Oh, can you, grandpa? O grandpa, do tell us now!" shouted all the children, as they left their papa and clustered round grandpapa.

Grandpapa looked at his son triumphantly, who, after standing up and stretching himself as if considerably relieved by their defection, again seated himself to listen to the story.

"This was a grand big fellow also, with large, hanging ears, and tusks that would have been very long only they had been cut short, and a huge, tapering trunk that he could stretch from right to left and up and down with the greateat ease and rapidity. All the visitors to the Zoölogical Gardens used to feed him with lots of nice things, which he would take so gently with the end of his trunk after looking at them with his lazy, sleepy eyes, and then deposit them coolly in his mouth, after which he leisurely proceeded to eat them."

"O grandpapa, he must have been a fine fellow," said Johnny.

"What was his name?" asked Katie.

"His name?" said grandpapa, "he was always called Old Brownie."

"Brownie! what a nice name! Oh, go on, grandpapa."

Poor papa seemed forgotten now, so closely did the little ones press around grandpapa, and so eagerly did they beg in chorus that he would go on with his story.

"Well," said grandpapa in a gracious tone, "we could hear about nothing but Brownie. Each good little boy or girl was promised, as reward for obedience or application, to be taken to see Brownie; and some children I knew lived and were good for a whole week, on the promise of being brought to see Old Brownie at the end of it. Among these children was a little boy who loved to have everything his own way He did not disguise this fact, but often walked up to me with red eyes and trembling lips. 'What is the matter?' I would ask, and the answer was invariably the same, —'Nurse,' with a sob, —'Nurse will not let me do what *me likes*.' This naughty boy was, however, not always so. Indeed he used to be so good for days together that he managed to earn the reward, and was brought to see Old Brownie several times in the same week. He and Brownie became great friends. Brownie at first let him do everything he *liked*, because it fortunately happened that what this little boy liked was to give Brownie nice biscuits, apples, or oranges, and Brownie liked that very well, too, so that for a long time they got on very well together. When Brownie saw him coming he would flap his big ears up and down and stretch forward his long trunk for the present he was sure of receiving. The little boy —"

"O grandpa, what was the little boy's name?"

"O yes, grandpa we like names. Say his name, not 'little boy.'"

"Very well, very well, children, don't be so severe," smiled grandpa. "Well, before long this little boy — I beg pardon, Charlie — was intimate enough with Brownie to long for a ride on his great wide back, and would often beg the keeper to lift him up. One day Charlie was brought to the gardens when he hardly deserved to go, for he had been doing things that nobody enjoyed, not even Charlie himself, although he said he *liked* to do them. It was a warm, sunny day, and Charlie would run up and down till he grew heated and was panting for breath. When the nurse entreated him not do so, he still persisted; and when, at last, she caught and held him, he cried and threatened to tell his mamma that nurse vexed him, and would not let him do what he *liked*. When they approached Brownie, Charlie was still in bad humor.

"'Well, little master,' said the keeper, 'you are come to see Brownie to-day.'

"'Yes,' answered Charlie sulkily.

"'Oh, see how well Brownie knows you,' said the keeper, as Brownie sought Charlie's hand with his trunk. 'He wants his biscuits now.'

"'He'll not get them then,' said Charlie, still more sulkily; and he slapped Brownie's trunk with his open hand.

"Brownie looked indignant as he flapped his huge ears and opened his sleepy eyes in surprise. The keeper's saying sternly, 'Don't do that, little master!' only urged Charlie to betray

his ill-temper all the more, and he again treated Brownie's trunk in the same insulting manner, when poor Brownie, thinking the former rebuff only an accident, had again stretched it forward in search of his expected dainties.

"The nurse got uneasy, and to sooth Charlie she said, 'Well, Master Charlie, the keeper will let you have a ride to-day, and you can feed Brownie off his back.'

"'Yes,' said Charlie, 'I must get a ride. Let me up now.

"The keeper liked Charlie, notwithstanding his peevishness on this occasion, and he commanded Brownie to kneel down, and then the keeper placed him carefully astride on Brownie's back, when he sat upright and apparently in the best of temper for a short time. Soon, however, his sullenness returned, and he began to slap Brownie's trunk when he stretched it up for his usual morsels, and he pulled Brownie's ears and dug his feet into his hide in a most unfeeling manner.

"'Come down now, Master Charlie,' exclaimed the nurse, growing more and more alarmed as she perceived Brownie beginning to show signs of impatience. 'Come down now, and we 'll come another day.'

"'No, no, I *like* to stay here now, and I must do what I *like*,' shouted Charlie sturdily.

"The nurse got terrified, and looking around she saw that Charlie's papa and uncle, and his aunt leading Charlie's little cousin by the hand, had just arrived, so she ran away as if to avoid the catastrophe which they were just in time to witness; for Brownie, as if he fancied Charlie had quite long enough indulged his wilfulness, lifted his trunk, walked forward a few steps, and taking Charlie round the waist gently lifted him down and deposited him on his back in the trough of water from which Brownie had been previously drinking.

"Charlie got such a fright that he never again wanted to do what *he liked*.

"Papa told you," added grandpa, with an arch smile, "of his *last* ride on an elephant, and now I have told you of his *first*."

Having recognized papa in the Charlie who used to *want to do what he liked*, they all set up a merry laugh, in which papa joined quite as heartily as any of them.

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PARENTS! never undertake to correct your children whilst you are under the influence of passion. It will do no good: indeed, it may on the contrary do great harm. Good cannot come of evil. You desire the child's reformation, and yet you do that which obstructs it. Correct when necessary, but without passion; punish even, if the gravity of the offence requires it, but do it calmly, showing by your manners and actions that it pains you more to inflict the chastisement than it does the child to receive it. The gleam of love will shine through the tears that may be caused to flow, and your child will grieve more for giving you pain than at the punishment it receives at your hand. —*Catholic Columbian.*

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

202, Handkerchief; 203, Sportsman; 204, Baby; 205, In 1872 France was divided, the laws were thrown aside, religion turned upside down, the monarchy overthrown, and rebellion reigned in every corner; 206, Cast-a-net, 207, Ford-ham; 208, Nest, ever, sere, tree; 209, Star, rats, 210, Alabama, Orinoco, Dakota, Mexico, Galena; 211, Chant-icleer; 312, Beloochistan: 213, 1, Troy; 2, Rome; 3, Pekin; 4, Belfast; 5, Venice; 214, C on t in ue (continue); 215, Sugar, utile, gives, alert, rests; 216, Horse-power; 217, Praise-worthy; 218, Air, ira; ale, lea; Amy, May; and, Dan; act, cat; add, dad; aft, fat; aid, Ida.

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COACHES were first used in England in 1569.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1880.

## A Talk with our Readers.

OUR article "Shall I go West?" which is doing much to dissipate the glamour surrounding colonization, is followed up in the December "Atlantic Monthly" by a most convincing *resumé* of the entire subject. The article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE stated only half-truths relative to the distress and failure in most of these colonization enterprises; for the writer felt too reluctant to portray the full picture. The author of the "Atlantic" paper feels no such diffidence. We subjoin his statements, which abundantly corroborate our own conclusions, and furnish a complete answer to those of our contemporaries who have commented severely upon our advice "to stay East."

Under the heading "Kansas Farmers and Illinois Dairymen," the "Atlantic" writer describes his tour in June, 1878, through Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota, the great grain-producing sections of the West. He was furnished with every facility for investigation by the officials of railways and land commissions. He found every class in Kansas, from the government to the mendicant, "discussing ways and means of providing for the support this winter of the great number of destitute *farmers* in the State. . . . There was no work for harvesters because the 'self-binders' took all the work away. . . . The abodes of the small farmers in Colorado, from Pueblo five hundred and sixty-eight miles west to Topeka, are mainly wretched shanties or more wretched dug-outs." The weather was hot and dry, with a "strong, desiccating south wind" blowing, shrivelling up the scanty vegetation, which occasional hail-storms had spared. No general rain for eight months. Roads thronged with emigrants trying to get East. No crops of any account in Washington Territory. Every small farmer would gladly sell out, even at a ruinous rate, so that he could get his fare East. The colony of German Catholics at Windhorst is in a pitiable condition. The whole force of men, women, and children is necessary to keep off the bugs and beetles from the scanty crop. Men are deserting every day to find work on the railroad. The Massachusetts colony at New Boston are threatened this winter with starvation. The Mennonites have made out the best, because, as our article suggested, each colonist brought $1,500 with him to stock his farm with proper implements and domestic animals. Land grabbers and speculators abound. Notwithstanding the exceptionally large crop in Kansas, small farmers had to sell their wheat at a loss, thirty-five cents a bushel being the average price obtained. The millers constitute a powerful protective league, and have the audacity to exact *seventy* per cent of the grain for toll! Hogs bring only a cent a pound, while it costs ten cents a bushel for grinding corn. If seedtime or harvest fail, *all* resource is gone. Grain costs $2.00 an acre for cutting, and ten cents a bushel for thrashing (without speaking of the cost of ploughing, harvesting, seed, and seeding), and has to be sold at highest at fifty cents a bushel, more frequently at thirty and thirty-five cents. Farmers buying land on credit, paying seven per cent interest, are hopelessly in debt, with no prospect of getting out. Farming has not paid in Illinois any time in the past six years, and therefore attention is given to dairying, with unsatisfactory results. It would certainly be more to the point for our criticising contemporaries to explain those facts than to authoritatively pronounce our conclusions and arguments "exceedingly eloquent" but wholly false.

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THE article entitled "Why?" and published in our last, should have been credited to the "Morning Star and Catholic Messenger," and not "Evening Star and Catholic Magazine." We don't see why our printer made the mistake, as we could not be mistaken in the name of both a "Morning" and "Evening Star" of such magnitude.

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NEW subscribers can be supplied with the magazine for 1879 at reduced rates.

BOOKS. — Persons wishing to make Christmas presents in the way of books are referred to the catalogue of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

DR. LIGHTHILL. — We refer to the advertisement in our advertising columns. His treatment of catarrh is said to be very successful.

PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON. — Attention is directed to the advertisement of this enterprising book establishment in our advertising pages.

THE 24th of November, the anniversary of the Manchester martyrs. — Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, — was celebrated in various parts of the Old World and the New with appropriate ceremonies.

IT has been decided by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to commence works of improvement on the river Shannon, with a view to the prevention of floods and damage thereby. The expenditure will amount to $250,000.

MESSRS NOONAN & Co., Nos. 17, 19 and 21 Boylston Street, have a splendid stock of goods — recently purchased in New York, Paris, etc. — suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND. — London, Nov. 27. — Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone addressed an enthusiastic meeting of Liberals at Dalkeith yesterday. In the course of his address the ex-premier said that *he was in favor of home rule for Ireland so far as local legislation alone is concerned.*

THE CHIMES is the name of a Catholic paper for children, just started in Baltimore, by Messrs. L W. Reilly and T. J. Wentworth. The children should all chime in and patronize this new effort in their behalf. Price $1.00 per annum; 25 copies per annum, $18.00; 50 copies, $30.00, and 100 copies $52.00.

BIG MEETING IN CHICAGO. — An immense meeting was held in Chicago, on the evening of the 1st of December, to sympathize with the people of Ireland in their struggle for life and liberty. All classes of citizens were represented. The lieutenant-governor of the State was among the speakers.

THE NEW ENGLAND ORGAN COMPANY presented to the Cathedral Fair one of their best cabinet organs. The enterprise of this company, together with their generosity, should not be forgotten by the Catholic people of the United States. The organs of this company go to all parts of the world, and are highly prized by all who purchase them.

THE Indianapolis "Central Catholic" has been consolidated with the Louisville "Catholic Advocate," which will be hereafter known as the "Central Catholic Advocate."

THERE is scarcely a meeting-house in any region professedly Christian that has not the symbol of man's redemption displayed. A cross on anything but a Catholic church, a few years ago, would have been a curiosity.

BISHOP MCCLOSKEY, of Louisville, has issued a decree forbidding priests to absolve parents or guardians who send their children or wards, as the case may be, under nine years of age to a public school in any parish wherein a Catholic school is provided. This is proper, and this is the right way to reach the evil. — *Western Watchman.*

FROUDE has not forgotten the defeat he suffered at the hands of that learned Irish monk, Father Burke. He winces under it, and calls for assistance from the bullet-pushers. — *Catholic Columbian.*

Father O'Conor, as we go to press, is preparing a reply to Mr. Froude, which will appear in our February issue.

GOVERNMENT RELIEF FOR IRELAND. — In an interview with the Lord Lieutenant that functionary said Secretary Lowther was hourly expected from London and would take steps toward inaugurating a system of government works which would afford employment to the needy poor. Means would also be taken to afford conditional monetary aid to deserving farmers. His lordship also said no additional arrests were contemplated, and none would be made, unless there were additional incitings to rebellion. He added that he thought the present litigation and expenses might have been saved, and more relief given to the poor.

FROUDE, IN HIS NEW RÔLE AS AMERICA'S FRIEND, ALARMED AT THE PROGRESS OF POPERY. — People unfamiliar with the very low *status* and reputation of J. A. Froude, in Great Britain, as a historian, critic, or theologian, are making a fuss over his essay in the December "North American Review," entitled "Romanism and the Irish Race in the United States." Professor Freeman caught Froude forging state documents; Father Burke and Wendell Phillips showed that he knew nothing about Irish history; Max Müller says that he don't know Latin enough to construe Cæsar's Commentaries, though he has written a "Life of Julius Cæsar," and a "Life of Job," at which theologians laughed. Next month DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will show that he knows nothing about the relations of the church to governments, of the position of the church in the United States, or of the influence of the Irish race upon this land. But like most bad actors, Froude plays innumerable parts.

THE WESTERN WATCHMAN says. "Priests have no authority to refuse the sacraments save in a case laid down in the ritual. To deny a man the sacraments is to excommunicate him Priests can excommunicate nobody. To proscribe any man or body of men, is to legislate: priests are not legislators in the church. By keeping these facts before their eyes, many would escape trouble and expense."

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THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC AMERICAN is the title of a new weekly, a journal of information and recreation for the people, to be published by P. V. Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, early in December. The publishers promise the twofold attraction of pictures by the best artists and literature by the brightest and best writers. The publishers send sample copies free. Those who wish to subscribe should address P. V. Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York. We wish the new enterprise every success.

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NOBLESTOWN, ALLEGHANY CO., PA.
Oct. 30, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, Esq:

Enclosed please find $3.00 post-office order for my subscription to your magazine for another year. We all here are highly delighted with your publications. It is so splendidly Irish and soundly Catholic that I will do all I can to promote its usefulness and extend its circulation.

Yours very sincerely,
REV. EDWARD MURRAY,
*St. Patrick's Church.*

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NOTICE! LOOK SHARP FOR A THIEF.—A young man has lately called upon several people and presented bills for our magazine. The fellow has no authority from us, and we would feel thankful to any of our friends on whom he may call, if they would send for a police officer and have him locked up. No one has any authority to collect for us except our regular agents. In all cases, when persons call for money on our account, they should be required to exhibit *their authority*. If they have none, in all cases *refuse pay*, and have the scamps arrested.

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CARDINAL MANNING ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—At a recent meeting in London there were present some 1,142. The Cardinal was happy to see such a number, for it gave him reason to hope that there were not many who had escaped the eye of the fathers; not many who had escaped their schooling; not many, he trusted in God, who were going to Protestant schools, or any schools except those of the Catholic Church. Those parents who sent or allowed their children to go to such schools committed a sin against God, for they exposed their children to the loss of their faith. Parents who were careless in sending their children to school regularly were also greatly to blame, because they deprived their children of a knowledge of their holy faith. His Eminence, in conclusion, thanked the teachers, masters, and mistresses of the schools

## DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE:

*Dear Sir,*—Allow me to have a little space in your columns to say that Mr. Peter O'Leary, the well-known press correspondent and ardent nationalist, will arrive in the States in a few days to collect information for a very important literary work which I have on hand and to get some help for the great distress in the Southwest of Ireland.

Your readers may be aware that I have been very unfortunate in some of the persons whom I have employed to forward my literary and other works in America. Mr. Peter O'Leary is too well known to need a word of commendation on my part: his name is a sufficient guarantee both for his integrity and his literary ability. I beg one and all of my kind and generous American friends to give him a warm welcome, and I am sure the result of his visit to America will enable me to save numbers from starvation, and to help the trades in Dublin, who have appealed to me, and who are as much the victims of oppression as any Irish tenant, for Irish money is taken from Irishmen to be spent in every other place and clime, and Irish trade is ruined; it is therefore the work of a true patriot to raise the tone, social as well as political, of our native land, and to build up every Irish trade. This I am trying to do.

Thanking all my dear friends for all their kindness and their ever-affectionate remembrance of me,

Yours very sincerely,
SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has completed its first year and is, we are glad to say, on the high road to permanent prosperity. No man in America knows better than Patrick Donahoe the wants of the Irish in America, and we may add, none has striven longer or more successfully to supply them. He is, moreover, a sincere lover of his race, and has devoted his life to the cause of his creed and countrymen. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a gem and our people are finding it out.—*Western Watchman.*

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NEWSPAPER RIGHTS.—A case of interest to newspaper subscribers and readers has just been decided in Dayton, Ohio, under the newspaper law. Mr. Wolf, the Dayton distributor of the "Gazette and Journal," left a copy of the paper at the wrong door for several months. The paper was accepted and read, and when Mr. Wolf went to collect the money for it, the party who had read the paper refused to pay for it, on the ground that he had not ordered it. Mr. Wolf, anxious to avoid legal contests, offered to compromise for half cost, but the party asserted that he could not collect, and refused to pay anything. Suit was then brought and Wolf received the entire bill. That is the law, and parties who want something for nothing, will please make a note of it. The defendant could have notified the carrier, who first made the error, that he did not want the paper, not having subscribed for it, but he did not do so; he thought to have the paper for nothing.

This law applies to magazines, reviews, etc., as well.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The December number of this sprightly monthly sustains its well-earned reputation. Its varied contents are of unusual excellence, and are suited to all classes of readers. We are rejoiced to know that the veteran publisher has exceeded his most ardent expectations in the measure of success that has attended his venture in the publication of this magazine, and we express the hope that it may continue. Aside from the claims which Mr. Donahoe has upon the Catholic public in view of his past services, the magazine is in every sense worthy of the patronage we ask for it. — *Catholic Columbian.*

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, December. — This number closes the first year of the magazine's existence, and yet its triumph-shout rings out with all the assurance of a victorious veteran. And surely its claims to success are well backed up by the printer's certificate of an average monthly issue of 6,750 copies. These figures would be a wonderful result at the hands of any ordinary publisher; but all wonder ceases when we reflect that the present worker is none less than the experienced, skilful, and indefatigable *Patrick Donahoe*, who herein reminds us how his life has been devoted to battling the church-burners, the Charlestown convent-burners, the Broad Street rioters, the assaulters of the Montgomery Guards, the Know Nothings, etc., in the days when it was dangerous to walk the streets of Boston and Philadelphia. Surely such episodes, in a forty years' career of active journalism, could not fail to fit a man to command success in any enterprise; hence this triumph, which we trust may last for many years.

This number of the magazine is, like its predecessors, filled with articles, original and selected, on the most interesting topics of the day, while the well-executed portraits of the scholar, Cardinal Newman, and the patriot, O'Meagher Condon, add greatly to its value. — *New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.*

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## PERSONAL.

DAVITT. — The mother and sister of Michael Davitt, one of the arrested Irish agitators, live in Philadelphia.

REV. FATHER BRENNAN, of New York, the distinguished Catholic writer, has received the degree of LL D from the Faculty of St. Francis College, in that city.

A VERY deep domestic affliction has befallen the junior member for Galway. After a lingering illness of over three months, Mrs. Ward, wife of that popular member of the Home Rule party, Dr. M. F. Ward, died in London, on the 1st of November.

AMONG the recent departures for Europe was Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., who was consecrated twenty years ago in the Cathedral of New York, by Mgr. Bedini, the Papal Envoy, together with the late Archbishop Bayley and Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn. He goes to pay his canonical visit *ad limina*, which he expects to make about Dec. 8, when Rome and the church will be celebrating the jubilee of the definition of the Immaculate Conception.

BISHOP GRANDIN, O. M. I., who has passed fifteen years in missionary labor among the Indians, recently passed through New York, returning to his diocese. In an interview with a reporter, the good bishop gave 80 000 as the number of Indians in his diocese converted to the faith. Among other interesting matter he related was the incident of a missionary who, some four years ago, while attempting to reach a far tribe, was killed and devoured by the Indian guide, when the two were on the verge of starvation.

ON the 12th of October, the silver jubilee of the priesthood of his lordship, Bishop Walsh, and the twelfth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of London, Ont., was celebrated with great ceremony. Thirty-five priests of the diocese were present, together with the Bishop of Hamilton and the principal clergymen of the neighboring dioceses. The presents offered to his lordship were of rich value, that of his priests being a complete set of "Greek and Latin Fathers," which had been imported at an expense of $700.

THE venerable and patriotic Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, who has been travelling in Europe, writes of his visit to Cardinal Manning, in London, "We drove directly to the residence of His Eminence Cardinal Manning He has purchased a spacious mansion, formerly a club house, for £36,000. Here is the place for the great Westminster new cathedral, in sight of the old abbey. His Eminence does not intend to commence his cathedral till he has collected into his schools all the Catholic children of his diocese; he builds up first the living temples of the Holy Ghost. It is as it should be everywhere." The illustrious Archbishop Lynch is, we believe, now on his way homeward.

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# Obituary.

**Leaves have their time to fall,**
**And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,**
**And stars to set; but all,**
**Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!**

## CLERGYMEN.

THE very Rev. P. Duffy, P. P. V. G., of Dromore, died on the 22d of October. He was born in the parish of Moore. He was educated for the priesthood in Maynooth College, which he entered in 1814, and where he was ordained in 1821. He labored zealously during his missionary career, in Westport, Tuam, Bekan, and Dunmore. In each of the three former parishes, as well as in Dunmore, his name is remembered with affection and admiration for the singular combination of virtues and of accomplishments which made him, as a priest and as a gentleman, honored and respected.

REV. JOHN CALLAN died at Stockton, Cal., on the 26th of October. The deceased was born in the County Cavan, Ireland and came to this country quite young. He was educated at the College of St. Beaunaventura, and chose California for the field of his labors. He was ordained last June, by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo.

REV. MICHAEL P. RENEHAN, pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Marcellus, N. Y., departed this life Monday morning Nov. 17, after a brief illness of two days, the disease which resulted in his death being that known as typhoid pneumonia. Deceased was born July 12, 1837, in the little town of Cullyhanna, County Armagh, Ireland.

THE Rev P. O'Brien, Danesfort, died on Nov 2, in the eighty-second year of his age Father O'Brien's life has been a rather eventful one, and the measure of his days longer than generally falls to the lot of a man He studied for the priesthood in Paris, and during the eventful period of the Revolution of 1830 he narrowly escaped trouble He was challenged with the words, "Long live the republic!" and he answered, "Long live the king!" He was a native of Mooncoin, Ireland.

## SISTERS.

WE regret to have to announce (says the "Australian" of July 5) the death of the late Mother Superior of All Hallows' Convent, Brisbane, which occurred on July 1. The deceased lady was a native of Portarlington, Ireland. She entered the novitiate of St. Michael's Convent of Mercy, Athy, in September, 1861, and was professed in February, 1864, by Canon Andrew Quinn, brother of the Bishop of Brisbane.

DEATH OF MRS. BURKE, MOTHER OF THE VERY REV. FATHER T. N. BURKE, O. P.—This venerable lady, relict of the late Mr. Walter Burke, of this city, and mother of the world-renowned Very Rev. Father Burke, O. P., died at her residence in Dominick Street, Galway, on the 10th of November. She had the consolation during her last illness of the presence of her illustrious son, and she died happy and resigned, full of hope of a glorious resurrection. She was through life a pious, good Catholic, devoted to her religious duties, and exemplary in every relation in life. Her remains were removed to the Pro-Cathedral of St. Nicholas, and to-day there was a solemn office for the dead, and High Mass, at which the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Lord Bishop of Galway, presided, commencing at eleven o'clock. The celebrant at the High Mass was the Rev. Father Greaven, P. P.; deacon, Rev. Father Carolan, C. A.; sub-deacon, Rev Father McCurran, C. C.; master of ceremonies, the Very Rev. Father Dooley, P. P. In the Sanctuary, besides the Lord Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, and the Very Rev. Father Burke, O. P, we observed: Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S. J.; Rev. Father Kenny, P. P.; Rev Father Ronayne, P. P.; Rev. Father J. Cumming. P. P.; Very Rev. Father Flood, O. P.; Rev. Father Quinn, P. P.; Rev. Father M. Commins, P. P., Rev Father Lally, C. C.; Rev. Father O'Farrell, C. C.; Rev. Father Grealy, P. P.; Very Rev. Father Larkin, O. S. F.; Rev. Father O'Kane, C. C.; Very Rev. Father Duffy, O. P.; Rev. Father Newell, C. C.; Very Rev. Father Mullins, O P.; Very Rev. Father Conway, O P.; Rev. Father Ralph, O. P.; Rev. Father Moran, O. S. A.; Rev. Father McCarthy, O. S. F., etc.

After the High Mass, the remains, which were enclosed in a richly mounted, polished oak coffin, were conveyed in Mr Black's state hearse, followed by mourning coaches and a long line of carriages and cars, to the West Cemetery for interment in the family vault.

The Very Rev. Father Burke, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Ferguson, walked the entire way immediately after the hearse The Lord Bishop and clergy walked in procession, and the streets were thronged. The mournful cortege passed from the Pro-Cathedral down Abbeygate Street, by Merchants' Road through Eyre Square and down the principal streets to the West Cemetery. The shops and places of business in the town were closed during the funeral. The Lord Bishop pronounced the absolution at the tomb, the clergy present making the responses The deceased lady was eighty-five years of age.

## LAYMEN.

JOHN P. COONEY, a prominent citizen of Providence, R. I., died in that city in November.

HUGH GORMAN, also a prominent member of the Irish American community, died on the 12th of November.

MR. FRANK MAGUIRE, for the last twenty-one years a well-known and talented member of the Louisville (Ky.) Bar, died in that city, of typhoid pneumonia, on Thursday morning, Oct. 30, fortified by the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Mr. Maguire was a native of Philadelphia, where he was first admitted to the bar after a most brilliant examination.

DENIS A MAHONY, editor of the Dubuque "Telegraph," and one of the most able and best known journalists in Iowa, departed this life, on Nov 5. Mr. Mahony was born at Ross, County Cork, Ireland, Jan. 29, 1821. When he was nine years of age, his parents removed to this country, where their son grew to man's estate in Philadelphia. In the autumn of 1843, he went to Iowa, where he engaged in the work of teaching. He afterwards took up journalism as a profession, and held responsible positions on many of the leading journals of the State, doing much by his writings to draw emigration to Iowa. After the outbreak of the war, public excitement reached such a pitch that a man could scarce say aught against any act of the government, without being denounced as a traitor. Mr. Mahony, as a true patriot, observed with sorrow violations of the Constitution of the United States by the military authorities, and denounced them with his customary fearlessness and vigor. For this he was mercilessly slandered and abused by political opponents, and was finally imprisoned in the old capitol at Washington, for three months, when he was honorably discharged. He filled many public trusts, all of which he discharged with honor to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents.

# Events of the Month.

THE new church of St. John, Peabody, Mass., was dedicated on the 30th of November, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams.

"GERALD," the Boston correspondent of the "New York Catholic Herald," has not contributed to the late issues of that paper.

AN attempt was made at Moscow to kill the Emperor of Russia by blowing up a train, but the assassin made a mistake and the explosion only smashed a baggage car.

MESSRS. FEELEY & Co., jewellers and silversmiths, Providence, R. I., may be relied upon as honorable men in all their dealings. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, can furnish their goods.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—We direct the attention of all interested in this very excitable (to Protestants) question to the lecture of Chief Justice Dunne, commenced in this issue of our magazine.

THE lecture of Capt. Edward O'Meagher Condon at the Boston Theatre, on the evening of the 30th November, was a financial success. He was introduced to the audience by Wendell Phillips. Both addresses were well received by the large audience.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—A Swiss workman named Rapin has exhibited at Chaux de Fonds a clock which indicates the day of the week and month, the signs of the zodiac, the moon's phases, and the hour of sunrise and sunset. The pendulum is a barometer. The clock strikes the quarters and at every hour it plays one of eight tunes, for any one of which it can be set.

THE two largest buildings in Orihuela, Spain, the cathedral and the episcopal palace, have been injured by the flood. The magnificent cathedral, which has a beautiful façade, presents a sad scene of desolation. The confessionals have been overturned, the altars demolished, the choir broken to pieces, and everything is in a most deplorable condition. The sacred ornaments can never be used again.

MRS. ISABEL SLOANE, youngest daughter of the late John Mitchel, and wife of Dr. T. O'Conor Sloane, a nephew of Charles O'Conor, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 25, in her twenty-seventh year. This affliction is an especially sad one to Mrs. Mitchel, who reached Brooklyn from Kentucky, in response to a telegram only a few days before her daughter's death. Mrs. Sloane had been married but a little over two years.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, the celebrated Irish actor, has received an offer of £20,000 for a year's starring in Australia. It is ten years since he has been there, and an enterprising *entrepreneur* of Melbourne wishes him back. Mr. Sullivan is said to have received £12,000 for a ten months' tour in America. I am happy to say that this generally popular Irish actor, and Irish nationalist to boot, is as hearty and vigorous as he was twenty years ago.

IN a pastoral letter to his clergy, appealing for funds to promote ecclesiastical education, Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford, England, states that the cost of the education of a priest may be estimated at £1,000. During the past seven years he has had to find no fewer than one hundred and eight priests, and there are now seventy-five exercising the ministry in the diocese who were not in it seven years ago.

The total number of emigrants arriving at Castle Garden, New York, during the month of October was 16,097, an increase of 8,282 over the same period last year. The number arriving from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1 was 111,300 an increase of 40,900 over the same period in 1878. Of the 16,097 arriving in October, 4,576 were from the German States, 3,244 from England, 2,204 from Ireland, 677 from Scotland, 411 from Wales, and 1,449 Scandinavians.

TRUE AS STEEL.—The Newport (R. I.) "Daily News," of Nov. 11, says, "It appears the intelligence of some Boston journalists is quite indignant with Father Scully. The intelligent were not so furious eighteen years ago, when Father Scully, then a young man, hastened to the patriot's ranks, and faced the bullets on the battle-field, leaving the intelligent and kid-gloved patriots to rest in ease at home, and sing 'Farewell, mother,' around the safe and comfortable stove."

THE secret of the Catholic success over other sects, says the "Washington Capital," is to be found in less talk and more work. While Protestant churches have become mere club-houses for feminine entertainment, the old Church of Rome moves on, spreading her power wider and wider, through charitable institutions that care for distressed humanity from the cradle to the grave. The Protestants would lift earth into heaven; the Catholic Church fetches heaven down to earth.

THE definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris on Sept. 3, 1783. David Hartley represented England, and Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay the United States. It was agreed "to forget all past misunderstandings and differences," and Mr. Bull graciously acknowledged his former thirteen colonies to be "free, sovereign, and independent States." Further, he relinquishing all claims to "government, proprietary, and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof."

IN a letter to the "Times," Sir George Bowyer, M. P for the county Wexford, after mentioning that he was returned to this Parliament to support the policy of Mr. Butt, says, "My constituents now declare by a solemn resolution that I must follow that of Mr. Parnell. I distinctly decline to do so, because I will not lend myself to delude and mislead the people." He concludes, "I will not connive, even by silence, at a policy leading to treason and doctrines opposed to morals and religion, and subversive of government and civil society."

It is said that the people of London spend £10,000 daily on cabs

His Eminence's (Cardinal Manning) departure for the Eternal City has been postponed for an indefinite time, and is not likely to take place this year.

The French Republic every day gets more and more shaky, and its continued existence is due more to the want of a suitable pretender than to anything else.

The town of Kempen, in Bavaria, is making arrangements for a great festival in celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas à Kempis.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has placed 8,000 francs at the disposal of the president of the Circolo S. Peter, with a view to establishing economic kitchens for the use of the poorer classes in Rome the approaching winter.

The New York Foundling Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, has received within the past ten years 10,000 infants, and disbursed over $1,000,000 to nurses, who take care of the children outside of the asylum.

Priests who have no schools had better delay their visits to Rome until they shall have established them. The first question Leo XIII. puts to an American priest is, "Have you schools in your parish?"—*Western Watchman.*

An Irishman named O'Flaherty has found in South Africa a diamond weighing one hundred and fifty karats, or nearly half as heavy again as the famous Koh-i-noor, which is one of Queen Victoria's crown jewels, and hitherto the largest diamond on record.

A Berlin telegram says the organic complaint from which Prince Bismarck is suffering is said to be an incipient stage of fatty degeneration of the heart. The disease is at present only slightly developed, and there appears to be no immediate cause for apprehension.

It is stated that Rev. A. J. Rossi, pastor of the Catholic Church at Saxonville, Mass., was the first of the parish priests of the archdiocese to forward to Archbishop Williams a check for the entire amount of that portion of the cathedral debt assumed by the Saxonville parish.

In a recent telegram to a friend in England, the Empress Eugenie styles herself "Countess de Pierrefonds." This was her travelling name in better times Does her present adoption of it mean that since her sad affliction she has abandoned all hope of a return as mistress of France?

"The solidest thing we know about the South," says the "New York Herald," "is the increase of its production this year by 500 000 bales of cotton, 12,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and 200,000 hogshead of sugar. This increase foots a total value of $75,000,000, let alone the rise in price."

Temperance Beer.—The latest novelty in liquors is the Temperance Beer, manufactured with cinchona bark and highly recommended in cases of confirmed inebriety. It is "bitter as coloquintida," and nobody yet has been known to prefer a request for more. Hence the secret of its great success.

Cardinal Manning has authorized a general subscription to be opened among the members of the Temperance League of the Cross of Great Britain, numbering some 50,000 persons, the funds collected to be applied to the relief of the impoverished people in those districts, especially to the poor of Kerry.

Emigrants to America.—It is estimated that the total number of emigrants for 1879 will not be far from 160,000. Last year the number was a little over 70,000 Germany has sent the largest number, 24,218. Ireland 16,658, England 14,213. Sweden 9,947, Scotland 4,300, Norway 4,188, Wales 1,866, France 1,664, and Russia 2,138.

The New Apostolic Delegate.—His Holiness Leo XIII. has chosen the Most Rev. Dr. John Baptist Scandella, bishop of Gibraltar, as successor to the late Monsignor Conroy. Dr. Scandella was born in Gibraltar on the 10th September, 1821, was educated in the Propaganda, Rome, and was promoted to the Episcopacy April 28, 1857.

Crops in England.—The crops are the lightest known for two generations, averaging no more than eighteen bushels to the acre. The production, after deducting for seed-corn, provides only 47,920,000 bushels for British consumption, a reduction of 78,400,000 bushels from the figures of 1868, a deficiency of 48,504,000 bushels below an average supply.

There is land enough within the United States to give every family on the globe a farm of fifty acres. Yet the Indians are continually hemmed into narrower limits Their "reservations," solemnly and repeatedly guaranteed to them, are constantly reduced, under the greed of speculators and adventurers to get hold of what still remains to them. And in justification, we are told that the "interests of civilization" require it.

A Real Bark of Peter.—The "Oregon Sentinel" informs us that the Catholics of Puget's Sound contemplate the erection of a floating church, for the purpose of visiting the many tribes of Indians scattered along the Sound. In this ecclesiastical ship a grand saloon will be fitted up with seats for several hundred worshippers. Cabins will be apportioned for sacristy, library, refectory, and dormitory. Indians will man the ship, and a cannon-shot will indicate the hour of service. In this way it is hoped that much good will be done which the conditions of the climate and country render impossible on dry land.

The Irish National League.—The object of the association is to bring about a reduction in rack-renting and to facilitate the obtaining of the ownership by the occupiers of the soil. Mr. Parnell, M. P., has been unanimously appointed president, and one of the resolutions declares, "That the object of the League can be best attained by promoting organization among the tenant-farmers; by defending those who may be threatened with eviction for refusing to pay unjust rents; by facilitating the working of the Bright clauses of the Land Act during the winter and by obtaining such reform in the laws relating to land as will enable every tenant to become the owner of his holding by paying a fair rent for a limited number of years."

SPEAKING in the Dublin Town Council, the other day, Mr. E. D. Gray, M. P., said the losses suffered by Ireland through the depreciated value of live stock were $15,000,000 on horses and $100,000,000 on cattle and sheep. Would any one supply an approximate estimate of the loss on crops as well, so that some idea might be formed of the effects of dull trade and a stunted harvest? It is slow work to pile up national wealth out of agriculture, and we see how rapidly the accumulations may be dissipated by adversity.

A LONDON newspaper has positively said that England's debt of gratitude to the Benedictines ought to be very deep, inasmuch as they preserved, in written integrity, the Latin tongue long after it ceased to be a living language during the centuries when all but a few churchmen were plunged in ignorance, and when printing and Protestantism had yet to be invented. This is refreshing and no mistake. The leaders of public thought in England are of late displaying a large amount of enlightenment. Almost time. God be praised!

THE evil of pauper emigration to this country is growing so large that the Commissioners of Emigration of New York are to make a most urgent effort to secure the passage of a law by Congress that will stop it The law proposed will make it unlawful for any ship or vessel to permit the landing at any port of the United States of any person guilty of an infamous crime, or a lunatic or any person unable to support himself, under a penalty of $500; and, further, any vessel bringing such persons as passengers shall be obliged to return them to the port of the place from which he or she may have been brought Secretary Evarts has promised to use his influence to have this bill passed.

THE French papers publish the Latin text of a letter addressed by Leo XIII. to Cardinal di Luca on the subject of the philosophy of St. Thomas The pope, referring to his recent Encyclical, says with what joy he has received a number of letters from Italian, French, Spanish, and Irish bishops, who, with reverent obedience to his authority and that of the Holy See, manifest their satisfaction with his intention of restoring the teaching of the neglected Catholic scholastic philosophy to its pristine post of honor, and who all, with one consent, concur in the Catholic philosophy being the only refuge in these troublous times, when human reason, fallen away from divine truth, is tossed about on the waves of error.

THE massacre at Islandmagee, Ireland, was one of the most brutal and cowardly occurrences that has ever been perpetrated. The English garrison of Carrickfergus marched by night into the peninsula of Islandmagee, where a number of poor, unoffending Irish were assailed in their beds. They were massacred with cool and deliberate barbarity. Some persons fled in a state of nudity to escape the first meditated slaughter; but every avenue of escape having been cut off, they were mercilessly hunted to the very cliffs that hung over the sea, where they were either cut to pieces or hurled over the pointed rocks into the foaming waves. It is believed that about three thousand men, women, and children, all innocent persons, perished on the occasion.

THE LATE CARDINAL CULLEN. — In a recent reply to an Irish address, Cardinal Newman thus spoke of the late Irish cardinal: "I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen. I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the Holy City had been looking into it and he into theirs. And I have cause to know from the mouth of Pope Pius himself that on a very critical occasion he promptly, emphatically, and successfully stood my friend. That was in the year 1867. How sincere would have been his congratulations to me at this time! I am deprived of them; but by thus expressing my sense of my loss I best relieve myself of the pain of it."

THE Holy Father, in a letter to Monseigneur de la Bouillerie, Bishop-Coadjutor of Bordeaux, complimenting him on a work on S. Thomas Aquinas thus explains his own object in enforcing S. Thomas Aquinas's doctrines on all Catholic seminaries: "In the expression of this desire we have particularly in view that branch of philosophical science styled anthropology. This, indeed, justly outweighs all others: firstly, because it touches the nature of man, his origin, faculties, and end; and, secondly, all true sages are agreed that the Angelic Doctor has so put together his treatise on man that that production is of absolute truth, unshakable, and really worthy of man, and that not only does it avoid all the errors of ancient and modern philosophies, but invincibly refutes them."

THE church of the Roman Catholic Seminary of St. Petersburgh has just been consecrated by the venerable Archbishop Fialkoosky, who is nearing his eighty-third year. The aged prelate spoke in terms of praise of the liberality and tolerance of the Czar. On a recent occasion the Russian Emperor said to the archbishop, "One may be at the same time a good Catholic and firmly attached to the duties of a faithful subject and the civic obligations which are common to all without distinction of sect." St. Petersburgh is in the archdiocese of Mohilep one of the oldest and most important in the empire. It was created during the reign of the Empress Catherine II., and at present reckons a Roman Catholic population of 435,000 souls. The number of Roman Catholics in the Russian capital is 30,000.

THE distribution of the estate of the late W. S. O'Brien, the Bonanza millionnaire, amounting to $9,000,000, which was to have taken place on Aug. 29 last, by a decision of the San Francisco Probate Court, rendered Nov. 10, has been indefinitely postponed, the estate being defendant in four of the suits brought by John H. Burke against J. C. Flood and others, amounting to $38,944,000. Burke filed an opposition to the distribution, together with copies of the complaints in all actions pending, which opposition was demurred to by the executors and legatees of the estate. Judge Myrick, of the Probate Court, in overruling the demurrer, says, "Sufficient appears in the opposition to show that a partial distribution should not be made until the controversy as to the rights of Burke are disposed of."

EMIGRATION FROM ENGLAND. — The emigration movement has set in steadily among the English tenants, and it is not a rush, but a steady, serious, preconcerted arrangement. In Lincolnshire over five hundred farmers and landowners, who occupy or own in the aggregate considerably more than 100,000 acres, have signed a requisition to two gentlemen requesting them to proceed to New Zealand in order that after personal inspection they may report upon the colony as a field for emigration for farmers possessed of means and capitalists, with special reference to such as have had experience of farming in Lincolnshire. Should their report be favorable, there is likely to be considerable emigration of English farmers. Most of those who are willing to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" are possessed of capital, and how their places are to be supplied and by whom is a grave question for the political economist.

THE revival of trade throughout the country will, we think, prove to be of a permanent character, and that it is not a case in which the sudden reaction from a long depression has tempted people into an opposite extreme. Notwithstanding the advance in grain and the advance in freight, the steamers for Europe continue to go loaded. And on this question of freight it is singular to note the advance, grain at eight to eight and half pence against two pence not long since, and cotton five sixteenths against one eighth. Manufacturing property, that a year ago was sold at an immense sacrifice, at the present state of the market will realize to the purchaser quite double the cost, and large contracts for new buildings are being given which will afford employment to the mechanics and laborers during the winter. Shipowners at San Francisco are beginning to have a return of the good old times when two voyages to Europe paid for a ship.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH — The "Osservatore Romano" has received from St. Petersburgh information on the subject of the gradual breaking up of the Russian Church. There is no longer a single doctrine which is unanimously admitted. The ministers of religion are at loggerheads and believe just what they please. Some profess doctrines purely Protestant, others are rationalists, and the rest nihilists. Among the lower orders and among the peasants, there is a strong feeling against images, all external worship, and against the clergy. New sects are ever cropping up. The Russian Church, submissive to the civil power, absorbed by it, has no influence over the minds and hearts of men; the clergy are thought little of; the people see nothing in their worship but external practices which leave the soul empty, and they ask for the nourishment of which they are deprived from the first sect which crosses their path.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND. — It is curious to observe that the vast emigration from Ireland to America, which in its magnitude as well as in its political magnitude is without precedent or parallel in history, appears to have originated in Ulster. In a letter from Dr. Franklin to Sir Edward Newenham, dated May 27, 1779, I find him remarking, "I received some time back a letter from a person in Belfast, informing me that a great number of people in those parts were desirous of going to settle in America, if passports could be obtained for them and their effects. I admire the spirit with which I see the Irish are at length determined to claim some share of that freedom of commerce which is the right of all mankind, but which they have been so long deprived of by the abominable selfishness of their fellow-subjects. To enjoy all the advantages of the climate, soil, and situation in which God and nature have placed us, is as clear a right as that of breathing, and can never be justly taken from men but as a punishment for some atrocious crime. The English have long seemed to think it a right which none could have but themselves. Their injustice has already cost them dear, and, if persisted in, will be their ruin."

AMERICA'S INDEBTEDNESS TO IRELAND — It does appear remarkable that nearly all the general officers connected with Sullivan's campaign against the Six Nations were Irishmen or sons of Irishmen. General Sullivan himself was the son of a Limerick schoolmaster. General James Clinton, the second in command, was the son of Charles Clinton, who went to America from Sligo in 1729, about seven years before James was born. General James Clinton was the brother of George Clinton, first governor of the State of New York, and the father of De Witt Clinton, another great governor of the State. George Edward Hand was born in Leinster. He fought brilliantly thoughout the Revolution, and fulfilled many civil offices afterwards. His name is signed, as one of its framers, to the Pennsylvania Constitution in 1790. He was, however, one whom all men loved and confided in. Washington, when he resumed command of the army to repel French agression, desired Congress to appoint Gen. Hand as his adjutant-general. Gen. Maxwell, of the expedition, was also an Irishman born. Poer, the single remaining general of the campaign, was an American born, and we have at hand no means of tracing his origin, but the name is Norman-Irish, and M'Gee, in his "Irish Settlers in America," mentions him in connection with Hand This is a record that Irishmen in these centennial days should not overlook.

## Notices of Recent Publications.

*Benziger Brothers, New York.*

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER. Parts 19 and 20 of this magnificent work are out. It is decidedly the best book of the kind ever published We are pleased to learn that it is meeting with great success.

*Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.*

A GRAMMAR OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—By R W. Joyce, LL. D., T. C D., M. R I. A., one of the professors in the training department of the Commissioners of National Education, Ireland.

This book is just what beginners in the study of the Irish language require. Noonan & Co., Boston, have it. Price 25 cents.

*Hickey & Co., New York.*

FLEURANGE.—By Madame Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by M P. T.

This charming story, which originally appeared in the "Catholic World." has been issued at the low price of twenty-five cents. It comprises a book of two hundred and twenty pages. Catholics cannot complain of the prices now charged for good literature.

*The Catholic Publication Society, New York.*

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1880.

This useful almanac is early in the field. It contains calendars calculated for different parallels of longitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States There are several well-executed portraits of distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen, with biographical sketches. The book contains one hundred and forty four pages and is sold for the low price of twenty-five cents. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, have it on sale.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A "Life of Pope Leo XIII." has been written by the reverend president of the St. Louis University, Mo., and elegantly printed by the Benzigers.

Rev. Father Bagshawe's "Credentials of the Catholic Church" is just the book for a Protestant who desires information about the Mother Church.

Dr. Joyce of Boston, author of "Deirdré," has written a new poem, which will be published in the present year. The scene is laid in the Isle of Man.

"The History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions," complied from original sources by the author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," will shortly appear in London.

Messrs. Burns and Oates, London, have in press "The History of St. Catharine of Siena and her Companions," compiled from original sources by the author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."

The Marquis of Bute has recently devoted himself to the study of the Eastern tongues. He is now engaged in mastering the mysteries of Coptic, and there is a probability of the result of his studies being given to the world.

CATHOLIC HEROES.—A new work called "The Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America," from the pen of the gifted Catholic author, John O'Kane Murray, B. S., will shortly be published. The work will cover a field in American literature hitherto untrodden, and will embrace a collection of biographies and memoirs which must needs be an important acquisition to ecclesiastical record.

Messrs. John L. Rapier & Co, of Mobile, Alabama, announce that they will soon issue a handsome book containing all the poems of the poet-priest, Rev. A. J. Ryan. This, we know, will be good news to our readers, for the name of the author of the "Conquered Banner" is a household word throughout our country. The book will be gotten up in the best style, and will stand comparison with the finest works issued from any publishing house in the country.

Messrs. Longmans will shortly issue the third part of the "Fac-similes of the National Manuscripts of Ireland," selected and edited under direction of the Master of the Rolls, by Mr. J Gilbert, F. S. A., and published by command of her Majesty. This part contains colored reproductions from important manuscripts, records and writings connected with Ireland from A. D. 1300 to the close of the reign of Henry VIII. Among the many attractive artistic specimens which it comprises are, the "Athenæum" says, alphabet of old Irish ornamental letters and elaborately finished illustrations connected with the visit of King Richard II. to Ireland. It also furnishes facsimiles of some of the earliest extant Anglo-Irish writings, both in verse and prose.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Instrumental:* Smith's Musical Album No. 5. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," waltz arranged by George Thorn. "Only Flirting," by Mrs. Jane Sloman Torry. "Turkish Reveille," arranged for four hands by C. D. Blake. "The Shepherd Boy's Farewell to his Flock," Morceau Brillante by Charles D. Blake, a pretty melody for piano in pastoral style. "Trio March" from "Fatinitza," another gem from this beautiful opera. "Sounds from the Mountain Cave," Grand March, by C. D. Blake. "Fata Morgana," Polka Mazurka, by Johann Strauss. "Les Brigands," Polka, arranged by Wm. Gooch. Solos for violin with piano accompaniment by Julius Eichberg.—No. 2, Introduction and Rondoletto No. 3. Valse, two beauties for violin, for which instrument no one is better qualified to write than Mr. Eichberg.

*Vocal:* "Our Saviour." Sacred Duet, words and music by C. A. White. Jas. Bland, three great songs, No. 3, "Close Dem Windows." "Hallelujah, Christ is Born," words and music by C. A. White, a very pretty piece for the Christmas season. "Little Alice, the Badger Girl," words by A. W. French, music by J. H. Tenney. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," Christmas anthem, by E T. Baldwin, a melodious piece well suited to the Christmas season. "By the Air that I Breathe," duet from "Paul and Virginia," by Masse, this charming duet gotten up in very attractive form

*New Books:* "Sonatinas for Pianoforte, by M. Clementi." This is a most excellent edition of these Sonatinas, admirably adapted for the use of piano-forte students, being carefully fingered and revised by Louis Kohler. Messrs. White, Smith & Co. are to be commended for presenting this edition to the musical public.

# "A HERO IN THE STRIFE."

## THE PRESERVER OF THE PEOPLE: THE FOUNDER OF CAMP FATHER MATHEW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

THE I. C. B. U. JOURNAL.

THE "Journal" has not yet published the portrait of an I. C. B. U. member that will be more pleasing to look upon than that of Rev. William Walsh, of Memphis, which we herewith give. Father Walsh's name has been a familiar one throughout the country for more than a year past because of his heroic services during the yellow fever of 1878 and 1879, in Memphis. On the breaking out of the epidemic, in 1878, he established

CAMP FATHER MATHEW,

a few miles outside of Memphis, where over 400 people were sheltered and maintained during those awful and perilous days of 1878, when over 5,000 people in Memphis died of the scourge. The camp was named from the title of society No. 377 I. C. B. U., whose members resolved to establish it on the recommendation of "FATHER WILLIAM."

Father Walsh appealed to the societies of the C. T. A. U. of A. and the I. C. B. U., with both of which national organizations the Father Mathew T. A. B. Society was connected. That appeal brought him $29,000, and it did show, as Father Walsh expressed the hope the response would prove, "the great power that might be wielded by the co-operative efforts of our unions, and to convince Catholic societies of some of the great benefits of mem-

bership in these unions." Father Walsh in his "Report of Contributions," issued after the fever ceased, said:—

"On the day that I gave my appeal to the printer, Mr. Consodine, our very worthy and self-sacrificing vice-president, and myself set out to select a suitable place on which to erect our Father Mathew Camp of Refuge. The idea was somewhat novel. The undertaking was considered very arduous, and some of our best friends warned us that the labor would be herculean. Yet we were *determined* to carry out our project. Few, if any, could have anticipated our wonderful success.

"The inhabitants of the country districts were scared of any who came from the city. Panic was everywhere around us. The Managing Committee of our Citizens' Relief had to call upon the military to force its way to the camping-ground selected for the Joe Williams Camp.

"We quietly found out an eligible site, of about 200 acres of land. There was a boiling spring in the midst, and groves of forest trees on each side of the crystal stream, to which the spring was a main tributary. We ascertained that the tract was unoccupied, and that it belonged to Messrs. Hill, Fontaine & Co., distinguished merchants of our city. Before we could make arrangements with them, we, next day, had five sentries on the tract to take possession of it. By the same evening we had a number of tents on the ground and the Camp established. We published and posted around the tract our rules and regulations, among which it was declared that 'no one under the influence of intoxicating liquor would be allowed to enter the grounds, and that, without special permit, no intoxicating liquor would be allowed.'

"We established on one side of the grounds a quarantine department. There we detained, for a number of days, every one with permit seeking admission to the camp. They, as far as we could make them, worked in grading their portion of the streets in the main Camp, into which, after fifteen days, they were admitted. This precaution against introducing the plague into the Camp was very desirable, and it worked most admirably. The dangers of a panic, which might disperse the Camp, were thus obviated. Every one felt the more secure, and the elements of harmony and peace were strengthened.

"Of course we did not entirely depend upon human precaution to protect us. The most of those admitted to our Camp were Catholics; hence, one of the first buildings erected on the grounds was a little church. It was on wheels, and located at one end of our main, or Father Mathew Avenue, beneath the shades of a forest tree. It was dedicated in honor of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, and we all looked upon it as the ark of our safety There, during the plague, I celebrated Mass almost every morning, and recited the Rosary and gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament every night, when, after the day's labor in the plague-stricken city, I returned to rest at the Camp, and be consoled by the prayerful greetings of our poor faithful people, who daily feared that I would be stricken down. These esteemed greetings afforded me many a relieving joy amidst the most gloomy days of the awful plague.

"In a very few days we had a commissary and drug-store, a kitchen and commodious dining-hall erected, until everything was so admirably arranged that a friend, coming from a distance, suggested that we should call the place NEW MEMPHIS.

"For a few weeks we reserved the main avenue and the Camp for the members of our society and their families. They did not all avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them. Of those who did do so, none of themselves or their families died, except one good woman, who, having gone to the city, contracted the disease there, and died in a few days after returning to the Camp.

"Within a very few weeks after the Camp was established, we had any number of applicants for admission. We issued permits, to be distributed by responsible parties among those alone who were in need of our protection, of good morals, and prepared to submit to our rules and regulations. Without one of these permits, no one was admitted beyond the lines of the sentries. Thus it was that we were enabled to keep out of the Camp those who might become elements of discord or vice, and to maintain it for ten long weeks in HARMONY and VIRTUE.

"The plague raged everywhere through the country districts around us. Its victims, from even the very confines of the Camp, were being daily carried to their graves. Out of our population of about 400, we had *only* ten deaths from fever. In each case the fever was *contracted* in the city. It did not spread in the Camp. In fact, we had not one certain case, of a fatal or unfavorable result, contracted in our Camp. Providence must have assisted us."

At the close of the epidemic of 1878, on November 1st, Father Walsh and his people returned to Memphis in procession, singing hymns of thanksgiving and praise. *Te Deum* services were held in St. Bridget's Church, Rev. Jas. Henry, Treasurer of the I. C. B. U., being present. During the winter "Father William" was busy restoring his shattered congregation and relieving the destitute.

Last April he was granted a much-needed vacation by Bishop Feehan, and he determined to visit his native land, dear old Ireland. The bravery of her sons and the faithfulness of her priests he had been a bright example of. His twenty-ninth birthday, May 4th, he spent in Philadelphia, and on the next the picture we now present was taken.

In a few days he sailed from New York by the Inman Line steamer, City of Chester. He visited his parents in Ireland, went to Rome, and to visit Louisa Lateau, a relic of whose stigmata he has presented us. He was "at home" with his parents in Callan when the telegraph brought him the news that the fever had again appeared in Memphis. He took the first steamship coming to America, and at once hastened to the field of duty and death, and as a year ago again battled with the scourge for the safety of the people, soul and body. Not only against pestilence but against bigoted authority that would have crushed the heroic priest because he would save the people in virtue as well as in health by maintaining a Camp free from the debasing and demoralizing influences inseparable from the Camp not controlled by religion.

*Continued on page 206.*

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1880. No. 2.

I FOUND the people of Ireland disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight might in time be thrown into their scale, and justice be obtained for them likewise. — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE Irish people famishing and famine-stricken, the Irish people turning their faces to the Western ocean, that they might flee from their own island home — it was they who carried the Word to America and Australia and India and through the whole of the world. The Irish have been the greatest apostles that the earth has ever seen, and have carried out the noblest mission that God ever confided to a people. — FATHER BURKE.

I NEVER will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; *and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of Liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him.* — HENRY GRATTAN.

## FROUDE, THE SNOB HISTORIAN.*

REV. JOSEPH VINCENT O'CONNOR.

THACKERAY, in his "Book of Snobs," says that England alone produces that despicable type of character which finds in an aristocratic title, the full atonement for all the vices and weaknesses of its possessor. He describes various species of the genus snob, and hints at one of the most contemptible, — the literary snob, who uses his pen in glowing descriptions of fashionable routs and the glories of the nobility. But not even Thackeray could have imagined the reality of historical snobbishness, full blown in James Anthony Froude, who has carried fawning and toadyism beyond the wildest dreams of the court-chronicler and the herald-at-arms. Froude is by excellence the prince of snobs, and his labors in the cause entitle him to that enviable post, so desired by the true flunky, of whitewasher to the Royal Family.

When the Tractarian movement at Oxford, which Froude followed because it was fashionable, resulted in leading such earnest men as Newman into the Catholic faith, he shrank back from following out his loud professions. What would Mrs. Grundy say? What a beastly, low religion Romanism is! It was all very well for a fellow to denounce the English Establishment, which had among its bishops some demnition vulgar cads, but, then, Romanism, you know, is altogether out of the question. His brother, Hurrel, a man and gentleman, squarely faced the issue; but James A. backed down at once, because he had, and has, the soul of a snob. In a series of weak essays and books, he

* Romanism, and the Irish Race in the United States. By J. A. Froude, *North American Review*, December, 1879, January, 1880.

attacked the Church of England, not on doctrinal grounds, for he knows no theology, but on fashionable and social issues. The "Nemesis of Faith" was the opening attack of a snob upon a church, whose orders he had taken and whose rights he had sworn to defend. If his arguments were based upon any theological foundation, no one could take exception to him; but when it was found that he had adopted Rationalism, though chiefly because it then became the mode, his writings were condemned. He was obliged to leave the ministry of the Church of England, and, as the excellent laws which he defends so vigorously, prevent an ex-cleric of the Establishment from adopting the law or medicine as a profession, he was obliged to have recourse to literature for a livelihood. Although his attacks upon Romanism are absurd and inconclusive, his strictures upon Protestantism are not less worthy of acceptance; and it is but fair to say that his representations of the Church of England, her history, policy, and doctrinal system, are wholly undeserving of credit.

Now, when a man of this turn adopts literature as a profession, it is easy to conjecture what course he is likely to pursue. The true man of letters may be as much of a hero as Alexander the Great, as Carlyle has shown. But a snob never reveals himself more clearly than in his books. Dr. Johnson's "Letter to Lord Chesterfield," despising his long-delayed patronage, stirs the heart like a trumpet. The illustrious writers of all nations stand upon a dignity which royalty cannot confer. Even in days when the author had to depend upon a wealthy patron for means to defray the printing of his book, his dedication rarely was fulsomely flattering. The shoal of poetasters, whom Pope ridiculed, were those precisely whose ingrained flunkyism summoned the Muse to do homage to the nobleman that threw them a shilling. Perhaps Froude cannot help the innate servility of soul which is so apparent in all that he writes. If Aristotle is correct in his saying that a man's words are a better index of his mind than any other evidence, Froude perforce reveals his small mind, as soon as he puts pen to paper.

For him, a good coat covers a multitude of sins. The "ragged millions" of Irish are an abomination in the eyes of one who describes so lovingly the royal stockings of Henry VIII. and dwells with the admiration of a Worth over the gorgeous ruffles of Queen Elizabeth. The crowning objection to Romanism, is the number of its squalidly poor adherents. His "History of England" is a sort of historical cook-book, for never a banquet was given by his Majesty at which Froude does not assist in spirit, and note the *menu*. The lower classes are kept at a respectable distance from his critical nose, which is for him quite as safe a guide as the most delicate moral perception. The continual source of his wonder is that the Irish can possibly survive the withdrawal of royal smiles, good clothes, and the society of the genteel.

This mean soul is revealed in all its petty deformity in the pages of his "Life of Thomas à Becket," at whom he laughs for having been such a fool as to incur the wrath of so amiable and patronizing a monarch as Henry II. Julius Cæsar is chiefly remarkable for his magnificent liberality and his good

taste in clothes. But enough! That such a hopeless snob ever succeeded in getting known beyond millinery shops is due to two peculiarly snobbish qualifications, — his dislike of Romanism and his detestation of the "dirty Irish."

Of course, no sensible man would expect from such a writer anything like logic or historical accuracy. Deceived by the pompous flunky, Father Burke did him the honor of replying to certain so-called "lectures," which the snob delivered in New York, before very small, but of course very "genteel" audiences. The great Dominican appears to have thought that Froude knew something about Ireland and her history; for Father Burke is so thoroughly honest and ingenuous himself that he would not believe in the utter shallowness of the Englishman. He could not imagine that a man would talk on a subject about which he knew nothing; although, had he remained much longer in America, this phenomenon would have become more familiar to him. It was only when the snob's malignity appeared, that Burke lost his admirable temper. Ignorance he could pardon, but who can overlook wilful and dastardly spite? Wendell Phillips, who has had often to deal with such characters as Froude, exposed him to the laughter of the country. Professor Freeman, a man of high historical conscience, was loath to believe that he is so thorough-going a falsifier. He went over all the authorities cited in Froude's "à Becket," and found them, in the main, tampered with. The professor started in surprise. He *would n't*, he *could n't* believe that a man could be so dead to every requirement of historical writing, as to deliberately falsify records, manipulate evidence, and even forge state papers. Alas! poor professor! he had not sounded the capabilities of a snob.

But failures in England are successes in America Yankeeland is the land of "gulls." A third-rate author in Britain is here regarded by some people as a Shakespeare, just as an Italian street-singer develops into a prima donna at $2,000 a night. With the true instinct of a flunky, Froude pitches the "North American," an essay good enough for those "blarsted Yankees," on the threadbare subject of the opposition of the Catholic Church to republican governments and on the ignorance and superstition of the Irish race. The essay is so loosely put together, so illogically written, and so spiteful, that most British magazines would have instantly rejected it, nor do we think that it could have found admission into the better class of American magazines. But since James Russell Lowell left the "North American," it has steadily degenerated into a mere vehicle for all sorts of political and religious eccentricities.

Like all inferior writers, Froude is exceedingly long-winded. The gist of his article (Part I.) is, that the United States are rapidly becoming Catholic; that Catholicism is opposed to the principles of the American Constitution; and that, consequently, the triumph of the Church means the downfall of the Republic. The remedy suggested is, either the withdrawal of the right of suffrage from Catholic citizens, or, in default of this, their extermination. The second part deals with the troublous condition of Ireland, which is

mainly due to the predominance of popery. The remedy suggested here is, either the conversion of Ireland to Protestantism, if such a religion exist, or the complete extirpation of the Celtic race. These inhuman propositions are defended and illustrated in exceptionally long papers, probably because he was paid so much a page. Our summary will be found precise and complete.

After a tedious introduction upon "unseen forces," under which he includes the Church (as if the Church was not the most visible institution upon earth), he gives us some statistics which show six million and a half Romanists among us. This vast force is a complete organization at the beck of the priest. The Church opposes republics on principle. It may be well to observe here that Froude does not even pretend to cite any authority. He is as oracular as Pythagoras, whose *ipse dixit* had to suffice for his disciples. The fact is, as Bishop Hughes proved in his "Discussion with Breckenridge," the Catholic Church has always been the fostering mother of republics. She teaches that all civil power is of God, and enjoins upon her children the duty of obedience to *any* just government under which they chance to live. There is not a single doctrine or practice of the faith inimical to any justly ordained civil power. To assert the contrary, is to utter a malicious falsehood. The theologians of the Church are weary of explaining this great principle, of which there are innumerable historical evidences. What surer foundation can any government have than the belief of its people that the supreme magistracy bears not the sword in vain? At the same time, the Church insists upon her clearly evident right to carry on her ministry of salvation among her own children, and reasonably and legitimately extend her beneficent sway over the *moral* empire of souls outside her household. But she says nothing relative to infidels and unbaptized persons, who, in the language of the apostle, "are without." The civil relations sustained by the Roman pontiffs to the potentates of the Middle Ages were temporary. They have passed away, and it is unfair to allege the action of a pope in a disorganized state of mediæval society as the law and precedent for all his successors. If America should become Catholic, the event would not intrinsically influence the institutions of the republic, any more than the conversion of Ireland changed her government, or the Catholicizing of Germany deprived her rulers of their rights. The whole argument rests upon the utterly false supposition that the faith of Christ can accommodate itself to only one set of political conditions, — a supposition proved false by the whole current of ecclesiastical history.

Nor is it true that "every true Catholic is bound to think and act as his priest tells him." If "every true Catholic" were such a fool as to suppose that every individual priest is the Church, the Church would have failed long ago. Luther was a priest, but every Catholic was not bound to think as he told him. A priest is entitled to obedience only as he expresses the mind of the Church, and the Church has nothing to say about the form of government which the people elect. The principles of the Declaration of Independence are found in St. Thomas of Aquin, who has just been placed at the head of all Catholic

philosophical teaching. After showing that man is by nature social, St. Thomas proves that the people are the source of civil power, and he intimates that kings and rulers lose their right to govern when they go counter to the will of the people. The doctrine of the "divine right of kings" is a Protestant, and never was or can be a Catholic, doctrine.

Froude's first counsel to the United States is to take away the ballot from Romanists, as being unworthy and dangerous citizens. But as this is incompatible with our principle of universal suffrage, the only way of saving the principle is to kill all the Catholics, but particularly the Irish, whose "sexual vigor" unfortunately tends to large families. Romanism must be put down as slavery was put down, and for similar reasons. Catholics are kept in a state of brutish ignorance and superstition. We leave these sentiments without comment, only remarking that if a flunky in the kitchen spoke in this strain in the presence of any well-conditioned cook, she would deluge him with hot water.

The second part of the essay deals more directly with Ireland, although the same inference is drawn against Catholicity. The great mistake which England has made is her leniency to Catholics. Yet Froude admits that either Emancipation had to be conceded, or civil war would have ensued. If England had only kept the Catholics down, there might have been some hope of reducing Ireland to subjection, but every concession to popery was an encouragement to Ireland. There is no argument here, for independently of the religious grievances, Ireland had others quite as severe. Ireland, we are told, could easily have been Protestantized, for before the Conquest, her bishops were not subject to the Apostolic See, — a statement unsupported by the slightest proof, and fully refuted by so learned an authority as Dr. Lanigan. The pope forgave à Becket's murder to King Henry II. on condition that he should reduce the island to the Roman See. This falsehood was completely dissipated by Father Burke, whose historical citations are always exact. That the Church is in league with Ireland as against England, and gives a free pardon for the murder of landlords and peelers, is too puerile and malicious a statement to detain us a moment. The only admissions of real worth which Froude makes are those which relate to the wretched consequences that have flowed from the iniquitous English system of land-holding in Ireland. He does not exaggerate the awful misery which the English conquest entailed upon the people, nor does he hide the deeply seated resolve of the people never to submit to what they always have felt to be the yoke of the stranger, the intruder, and the tyrant He holds that it is physically impossible for Ireland ever to separate herself from England, and he thinks that the conflict between them is irreconcilably kept open by the profession of the Catholic faith by a large majority of the people. He suggests, as alternatives, the thorough Protestantization of Ireland or the complete extinction of the Celtic race.

Viewed from the American standpoint, the arguments of Froude are in the highest degree distasteful and opprobrious. If there is one principle in which

we glory, it is the absolute liberty which we guarantee to conscience. It matters not to us if a man profess the religion of the Hottentots, provided he obeys the laws. Nor does this complete tolerance imply religious indifference, but it designates the peculiar spirit of our institutions. The Catholic was the first to exercise religious toleration in the land, and he will be the last to uphold it. Religion enforced at the point of the bayonet ceases to be religion, for no earthly power can command man's free will, in which the essence of religious practice consists. Froude's counsel to America to exterminate Catholicity would bring about the destruction of the republic itself, by striking at one of its vital principles. Nor can Ireland be forced or cajoled into Protestantism, if the people are adverse to it. Ireland has as clear a right to the profession of the Catholic faith as England has to the practice of Protestantism. Besides, it is extremely doubtful if a change of belief in Ireland would effect a political change for the better, particularly as the Irish Protestant Church is disestablished, and apostasy would not now bring a man a pot of soup, the old value at which Protestantism in Ireland was rated Froude makes much ado over the Church's declaration of her reluctance to accommodate herself to modern ideas of progress and civilization : but he is very careful not to give the meaning which the Church attaches to these good but abused terms. Liberty which is license is condemned quite as severely by modern society as by the church which is its guardian. A dishonest writer sophistically uses language in a sense different from that in which it is employed by his opponent. And Froude does not scruple to give the language of the Church in its bareness and obviousness, without a single explanatory word to determine its specific sense. The Syllabus, which is of the nature of an index to the allocutions of Pius IX., must not be taken in its short and merely cursory statements, but it must be viewed as the heading of long addresses and encyclicals that fully explain its meaning. Just as an author would reasonably complain of a critic who reviewed him only from the brief and compressed headings of his index, so the church objects to a summary judgment upon the Syllabus divorced from its accompanying documents. How would an English historian like a criticism upon the immorality of England, suggested by an alphabetical line in the index, — " England, immorality of, p. 529," — when perhaps the chapter referred to was a comparison instituted between the morality of England and that of other countries?

At a time when all just men are interested in the gravity of the Irish situation, the iniquity of the land system, and the dreadful suffering resulting from years of oppression, misgovernment, and indifference, the careless lucubrations of Froude are peculiarly irritating and inappropriate. His solution of the difficulty with the Irish, namely, to cut their throats, falls with exasperating coolness upon the ears of all right-minded men who, irrespective of creed or nationality, are casting about for ways of helping their fellow human-creatures in their dire distress. Were Froude a man at all, he would have the decency of concealing his sentiments, even if he seriously entertains them. But Sitting Bull himself would have compassion upon a brave, noble, and un-

fortunate race of men, whose wretchedness is not of their own making, and whose struggle for liberty deserves at least the tribute of a tear.

Our readers have now a fair idea of this last essay in snobbishness. Who is this creature that talks so flippantly about "bullets" and "extermination"? Has God appointed him a supreme arbiter of the fate of nations? We venture to say that almost any one of the "ragged millions" at whom he rails, and for whose extinction he fervently prays, far excels him in generosity of thought, speech, and act. The advice he gives is one which could spring only from a craven and ignoble soul, and it is with a certain shame that we glance over the number of pages we have devoted to his twaddle. Dean Swift said that if you wish to find the descendants of the ancient Irish gentry, you should have to look for them along the wharves and in the menial occupations of life. But there is never any difficulty in discovering a snob, even if arrayed in purple and fine linen and engaged in writing down the "degraded Irish."

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## METHODIST OPPOSITION TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Methodists seem determined to ruin the public-school system of America, and, unless they are watched, the unscrupulous scallawags of this scheme of sectarianism will erelong undermine this "glorious bulwark of our national greatness." We learn from a Western exchange that at the meeting of the "Free Methodists Conference" in Chicago recently, its committee on education reported some notable resolutions respecting common-school education. The resolutions set forth that the conference was "*not* in sympathy with the worldly spirit pervading the public schools of the land," and that therefore measures should be inaugurated to establish a *free* Methodist school and to raise money for the enterprise, to procure the necessary buildings and to employ the teachers requisite for the *religious education* of the children of this sect. Every year, and in fact every month, brings evidences of the growth of dissatisfaction with what was once proudly boasted as the palladium of American liberty — the common-school system of the country. Little by little are the people of the country learning the truth that education divorced from religion is worse than no education at all. We do not blame our Methodist brethren so much for thus trying to infuse a little religion — although false — into their education, but we do despise their meanness in charging the Catholics with opposition to the public schools whilst they themselves are actively opposing them by every means in their power. — *Catholic Sentinel.*

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HIS HOLINESS has signed a rescript granting three hundred days' indulgence to all the faithful who will recite the following prayer with contrite heart before undertaking any work or study: —

Concede nobis, quæso, misericors Deus, quæ tibi sunt placita ardenter concupiscere, prudenter investigare, veraciter agnoscere et perfecte implere, ad laudem et gloriam Nominis tui. Amen.

The following may be accepted as a free rendering of this wholesome and beautiful supplication: —

Grant us, we beseech Thee, O merciful God, ardently to desire, prudently to investigate, truly to learn, and perfectly to carry out all that is acceptable to Thee, to the praise and glory of Thy name. Amen.

The prayer was composed by St. Thomas Aquinas, who recited it daily on his knees, often in tears.

## "SHALL I GO WEST?"

THIS is the caption of an article which appeared in the December number of your magazine.

Certainly it would be advisable for the propounder of this question to come West if he wishes to write intelligently and truthfully on his subject. His language is good, his ideas sparkle, and I have no reason to doubt the honesty of his motives. I judge Mr. J. Vincent O'Connor to be an honorable educated gentleman, yet he has committed a grave error, inasmuch as he has written without having informed himself properly on the subject he discussed, and as a consequence has been led into statements not borne out by the facts.

This want of knowledge, too, of his subject has made him commit the illogical absurdity of being on both sides of the argument, so that the point he makes in one sentence is completely demolished by the one following.

But the fundamental error the writer has made, irrespective of his writing about us without having come to see us, is that he supposes an absurdity and deals with it as a reality. He supposes that there is a movement on foot to bring all the Irish from the East to the West, and he therefore advises this "agricultural people" to stay in the cities.

No such absurd idea has ever entered the minds of those who — certainly with motives as pure as those of the writer and with far more earnest, honest study of the subject and a full knowledge of the responsibility they were incurring — have urged, do urge, and will urge our people to take their due proportion of the soil of their adopted country, nothing more, nothing less, if it can be accomplished at this late hour. We say, "By all means, if you have a good house in New York or Brooklyn, stay in it; by all means, if there are thousands of acres in the East that our people can get on as good terms as they can get land in Minnesota, let them settle upon those acres." But don't go into shallow analysis of Irish character, glittering generalities and unsupported brag, that in the presence of humiliating facts make one blush with anything but pride, in order to induce our people to remain sweltering and rotting away in the tenement houses of Eastern cities, while the other races are marching on to take possession of State after State, greater than the kingdoms they have left.

When I think of the less than second-rate position of my countrymen in this land, caused in a great measure by the unfortunate, fatal stagnation of Irish emigration in the larger seaboard cities, so disastrous to our prosperity, influence, and status as citizens, so degrading to our national character (you know, Mr. O'Connor, that even our Democratic friends, wishing to flatter us, could only find it in their conscience to say, "The Irish have built *our* cities and dug *our* canals"), — when all this flashes through my mind, as I read the following braggadocio, I lose the calm temper, the friendly spirit, with which I wished to briefly animadvert on the article: "She" (the republic), says the writer, "is glad to see the poor ignorant serfs of Russia, Austria, or Germany doing the hewing of wood in her forests, but she wants Ireland to stand by her side in all the great offices of life and outcomes of her institutions."

Do you know what this ignorant German serf has done? He has taken possession of the great States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, — the States that feed you amid the rocks of New England, although you say that the West is dependent on the East; and when this German serf holds up his finger in those States, the politicians tremble. And mind you, by a healthy flow of well-directed emigration to the city, to the country, to Eastern homes and Western homes, to Eastern lands and Western lands, this German serf has planted his power, and still outweighs in power, in the very Eastern cities, the Irish emigration — as large as the German — stagnated in this Irish race, this pet of the

republic, that "she wants to stand by her side in all the great offices of life and the outcomes of her institutions." Bah! this is a stringing of words, and might be taken for a bungling sarcasm on our actual status in this country.

I have not time to review in detail all the errors of this writer. In fact, all he says of the West is a multitude of errors. For instance, he says that the school lands offered for sale in Minnesota found no buyers, when the fact is that from the great competition they went far beyond their actual present value. The usual price for such land is five dollars an acre; at the last sale some sections sold as high as seventeen dollars, and the average price was over eight. He says that Bishop Ireland said, speaking I suppose of his own Catholic colonies, "Either leave your wife at home temporarily or tell her that she will have no neighbors within several miles of her." Bishop Ireland would not say anything of the kind, and it was flagrant impudence to put words in his mouth he never uttered, because an immigrant coming to one of our colonies cannot within their bounds get beyond the neighborhood of neighbors, schools, depot, and cash market. What Bishop Ireland said was, "She will have no neighbors within a few blocks of her." Perhaps the funniest mistake of the writer is, that the East "has to support the West for some time."

Then again, in his analysis of the Irish character, he says, "They must have company, the blessings and beauties of their religion, the atmosphere of civilization" (the atmosphere of the tenement house), and then when Bishop Ireland (who, I believe, by work and example will change the whole status of the Irish race in this country) places them where they have neighbors, "the blessings and beauties of their religion, the atmosphere of civilization," coming from the train-engine, the mill, the depot, the town, the telegraph, the prosperous farm, the writer finds a point to hitch on an objection. "Why should these colonies," he asks, "be distinctively Irish?" Well, I really don't see why they should, and I know that they are not. We have quite a number of Catholic German "serfs," French and Poles.

The Rev. James Nugent travelled all the way from England to visit our Catholic colonies in Minnesota, and he is now telling to large audiences in England the truth about them. J. Vincent O'Connor has remained in the East, written a breezy little article about the West and made himself ridiculous.

The subject of Irish immigration to Western lands is a very grave one, requiring full and free discussion. I do not object to opposing views, but to be of benefit they should be confined within bounds and directed to particular localities.

The West is a very vague term, allowing a writer of lively imagination and few facts to roam at his sweet will over half a continent.

When I advocate the immigration of a portion of my countrymen, adapted for agricultural pursuits, from the cities of the East to Western lands, I have in my mind only the State of Minnesota, the only Western State I have a thorough personal knowledge of. I speak of Irish settlements, not in a wilderness, but in the very centre of civilization, with railroads, towns, schools, churches, resident priests, and cash market, within a few hours' ride of a city that has twelve main railroad lines coming into it, and I object to a writer on the subject of Western immigration taking a very imperfect glance at these settlements and then flitting off to the companionship of wolves and the Nez Percés Indians in the far-distant plains. I object to this false, loose style of writing, as likely to lead the casual reader into gross error on a subject it may be his interest to have exact and truthful information of. But were I day laborer in an Eastern city, with the muscle, spirit, and life-blood of a man, I would prefer, God helping me, to brave the Nez Percés on their hunting-grounds, rather than accept the generous invitation of J. Vincent O'Connor to a lodging in an Eastern "station-house" and "a cup of soup from public charity." DILLON O'BRIEN.

## JOCOSE JOSEPH.

Catholic Union.

A VERY profound man is Mr. Joseph Cook; he knows a great many things, among other things he knows men and their weaknesses. His Monday lectures are very deep and very learned. Cardinal Newman once said of a book sent him by an Anglican minister on "Justification by Faith," that it was a great deal "too learned and too deep to be understood by ordinary people." That is the case with Joseph Cook's lectures. We know that people very generally admire and revere what they do not thoroughly comprehend; consequently Joseph Cook is much admired and talked about, but we fear he is not very often fully understood. We do not think he understands himself, for as John Hame Friswell said of Robert Browning, "he thinks in knots," knots which we fear neither himself nor anybody else can untie.

A new departure has just been struck by the cultured Cook, who has come out in the entirely new and original character of Jocose Joseph, a part which the local press credits him with performing with considerable histrionic ability. The jokes of this reverend Joe Miller savor strongly of the Variety Theatre; they would just suit the rollicking gentleman who sings "Prurient Peter is my name," with a walk-round between each verse. Every one knows that a spice of *double entendre* is the chief charm of this class of witticism.

"That the Romish Church must take care of the children of Romish priests — parents, I mean. [A silent pause followed this slip, and then an outburst of applause, twice repeated.]"

This is one of Joseph's tidbits. It is genuine, being clipped from the columns of the "Independent," which journal has purchased the copyright of his lectures. As he corrects his own proofs, the remarks in parentheses must have undergone his supervision, so in all probability he is proud of the applause which his uncleanliness elicited from his appreciative audience.

"Edmund Burke once said of an opponent in Parliament, 'He has no child'; and so I, taking the hint from your acuteness, am glad to emphasize the searching inculcation of history that the rights of children are safe only in the hands of those who have families. [*Applause.*]"

We understand that Joseph "has no child": are the rights of children, then, safe in his hands? In several places Joseph speaks of Catholics being under the domination of a *foreign* priesthood. Why foreign? For that matter, is not the reverend humorist himself a foreigner? Or can it be that he is an aborigine, an educated Piute? We know that Bright Eyes and Standing Bear have recently visited the Hub: did they embrace the paleface Joe as their long-lost "berruther" and shed tears upon his manly bosom? If not, we fear he is as much a foreigner as the most benighted papist.

The entertainment was a considerably varied one. The lecturer appeared as the great snake-charmer. He likened the church to a scaly viper and proceeded summarily to settle that reptile's lash.

"There is the head of the viper, and here in this historic edifice these extremest propositions of the Papal Syllabus [dropping the copy of the document upon the platform and placing a foot upon it] deserve no place except under the heel of American legislation. [*Loud applause.*]"

Really, this is quite acrobatic. We call to mind a vision of a very talented gentleman, apparently boneless, who, after having made himself into a correct geometrical similitude of an isosceles triangle, deftly recovers himself, and with a seraphic smile upon his beaming countenance, gracefully removes an entirely imaginary hair from between his parted lips, which he airily wafts towards an admiring audience, who reward his skilful performance with deafening plaudits. But Joseph has not killed the snake, he has not even scotched it.

"In the sixteenth century most of the Romanists in England were marshalled against the Armada. In the seventeenth, in despite of the papal chair, they sat in the House of Lords under the oath of allegiance, — *Gladstone, The Vatican Decrees.*"

We think if Joseph would, like Artemus Ward, preface his side-splitters with "N. B. a goak," it would simplify matters. Is this intended for sober earnest? If so, it is a downright lie To say that "most of the Catholics were marshalled against the Armada" is not true. To throw the burden of proof on Gladstone is not fair: he never made such an assertion. He said that "Lord Howard, an ardent papist, was lord high admiral of the fleet under Elizabeth," which was the truth. As to the oath of allegiance, Catholics have never objected to it, but merely to recognize the king or queen as the head of the Church.

Statements such as these are very well to excite the cachinnations of a Boston mob, but when given to the world in the pages of a high toned literary journal they can only meet with that contempt and utter disregard which they alone merit. Joseph Cook is a well-read man he had better stick to lecturing on Scepticism, Biology, Transcendentalism, and cognate subjects, and leave the variety business alone.

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## "FLASH" PAPERS.

The postal authorities of Canada have notified Postmaster General Key that all publications styled "Police Gazettes," etc, are prohibited circulation in the Dominion, on account of their obviously immoral character, but that, despite the utmost precaution of the Canadian postmasters, some copies of the obnoxious papers are still received in the mails from this country and delivered. The United States government is therefore requested to take measures to prevent the forwarding of this class of matter in the Canadian mails; and General Key has issued an order that all such publications addressed to the Dominion of Canada shall be considered unmailable and be thrown out. Now, if he will only supplement the good work by throwing them out of the mails altogether, no matter to where directed, he will confer an inestimable boon on the community. The public sale of such abominable stuff is a standing disgrace to the nation, and, as has been shown over and over again, is the most prolific source of the wholesale demoralization of the youth of the day, so often commented upon and so glaringly apparent.

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## HOW CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI BECAME A LINGUIST.

Already as a simple priest noted for his sanctity and zeal, as well as for his learning, there came one day into the confessional a man from the North of Europe who spoke a most difficult *patois*, which it was almost impossible to comprehend. As the future Cardinal had never heard it before, he was much interested in it, and desired the man to come every day, and always to speak in that dialect This he did, explaining at the same time the meaning of the different words through the medium of his scanty store of Italian. At length, to the utter amazement of the Northman, Mezzofanti spoke to him in his own wild *patois*. "How could you, Monsignore, have learned the language? for no other man in Rome, except myself, knows one word of it," inquired he. The Cardinal laughingly replied, "It is yourself who taught me." There is a belief among the Italians that this wonderful power to acquire languages was a divine gift. While yet a young priest he was summoned to confess two criminals who were to die the next day. Ascertaining their native land, he retired to his room, and in one night acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to hear the confessions. From that moment he had never the slightest difficulty in acquiring languages. It would seem as though his noble efforts to console two dying creatures were miraculously blessed by God.

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French horn — a glass of absinthe.

## RENDER TO CÆSAR WHAT IS CÆSAR'S, AND TO GOD WHAT IS GOD'S.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Kean, Richmond, Va.

THE great mistake is that most of the people reverse the order, giving all to Cæsar and nothing to God. The swelling tide of concupiscence is gathering within its course thousands of our young men, the flower of the family, pride of our country, and glory of the church Poor young men! drifting away, drifting away. A young man is not to be blamed for having these propensities, it is true, but for consenting to them. It is not a sin to have temptations, but to yield to them.

Nine tenths of our young men fall away, and are drifting along the tide to destruction, through this most potent agency of the devil, — concupiscence. The young man looks forward to the age of twenty-one; when away from his parental roof, he is guided by a spirit of independence, and but too quickly listens to the siren voice of the tempter, and falls, falls dreadfully. Poor young man! how much wisdom and virtue does he need! The chief cause of his fall is now neglect of his prayers, next failure to hear Mass, finally the abandoning of the Sacraments, and then, all is over. Companionship too is another great cause. He is afraid of the jeers of his companions, and, unable to serve God and mammon at the same time, he sacrifices his faith and purity rather than his friendship. How often do we find years of time, the springtime of life, wasted, and instead of being written in the Book of Life are written in dark colors in the Book of Death. Poor young man! What can be done? Come back at *once*, and like another Augustine, who, sunk in the depths of sensuality, turned his great, big heart to God, after years of sin, crying out, "O Sacred Beauty, ever ancient, ever new, too little have I known Thee, too late have I loved Thee!" make one good confession and the work is done. I never knew one who would go to confession every week to fall into sin again. "How sweet and pleasant is the confessional!" says a Protestant, who, giving himself to every kind of pleasure, found naught but bitterness save within those sacred portals.

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## THE TREE OF THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

IT is situated in the village of Metarich, a few miles distant from Cairo, and in the immediate neighborhood of the ancient Heliopolis, whose site is now occupied only by a few scattered ruins and a picturesque monolith over fifty yards high. Near this monolith is the present village of Metarich, a heap of houses in a state of ruin, presenting a most wretched appearance, but surrounded, however, by large and well-cultivated gardens, in the centre of which rises with an imposing appearance the large Tree of the Virgin (*Sycar el Marium*), an old sycamore, under whose shade tradition has it that the Holy Family reposed at the time of their flight into Egypt. This sycamore is very large. Seven men could hardly span the lower part of its trunk. Its age is unknown, but by the concentric circles which a section of one of its largest branches, which has been detached from the trunk for some years past, presents, we may conclude that it has withstood the storms of many centuries.

The present Viceroy of Egypt, at the time of the inauguration of the Suez Canal, presented this sycamore to France, in accordance with the desire expressed by the Empress Eugenie, who went to see it. She had it surrounded with an elegant railing, and appointed two guardians to protect it and take care of the lilies and geraniums which she caused to be planted around it. These guardians are still paid by France. This tree is held in great veneration, not only by Christians, but even by the Arabs. Natives and foreigners gather its leaves, to which they attribute therapeutic virtues.

## USEFUL ADVICE TO BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

A VENERABLE lady, who has kept boarders for twenty-five years, and declares that she has made money and at the same time satisfied her boarders, says that one of the principal things is to have a good grindstone, so as always to keep the knives very sharp. She says, Give a boarder a sharp knife and a tough steak, such as the neck-piece, and he will never make complaint, but put the blame on his teeth; and the more pieces of steak he leaves on his plate, the more meat you will have for hash.

The next thing is not to buy too good butter: it will tempt the boarders to eat five or six biscuits or half a loaf of bread. Have tolerable good butter at breakfast when there is little else but toast, and let the boarders get along with old butter at the other meals.

Do not waste money for spring lamb. I can cook a neck-piece of mutton so that it will look like a rib-roast, and with a little extra fire I make it just as tender, and I have often been complimented on my selection of choice spring lamb when it was mutton six years old, and the toughest part at that.

Then the idea of buying spring chickens for boarders is absurd; nay, it is wasteful, ruinous, and wicked. I take a tough old rooster, pound him with a potato-masher for full ten minutes, cook him, set him before my boarders, and they have a feast that makes their hearts rejoice. An able landlady must be capable of baking a pig's head and slicing off the meat in such a manner as to make every boarder believe that he has the choicest cut of the whole pig.

The trouble is that most boarding-house keepers do not know how to plan: it is all in the planning. No wonder that so many are unsuccessful; they waste too good victuals on their boarders. So says the venerable landlady.

## WARNING TO PARENTS.

THE "Western Watchman," one of the ablest of our Catholic papers, has this warning and instruction to parents: "We hear complaints on all sides of the growing indifference of young Catholics in the cause of religion, and the difficulty parents have in getting the children to approach the sacraments. An examination into the cause will show that the fault lies with the parents themselves. It will be seen that the families wherein this indifference is found are wholly unprovided with Catholic literature of any kind; but in all probability you will see the latest novel on the centre-table. What can you expect in such a family but indifference? Many parents think their faith came to them naturally, and their children will get it in the same way; but they will discover their mistake when too late. It is not sufficient to send children to Catholic schools unless the home training is in harmony with the teaching of the school. It is the duty of parents to supply their homes with good books and Catholic newspapers. No Catholic home should be found without a Catholic newspaper. It is said that Catholic newspapers are dry reading; this is a mistake, and only made by those who do not read them. If you do not like one, try another; some one of them will suit you. The question of what our children shall read is an important one, and both priests and parents should encourage the circulation of Catholic papers, so that the rising generation shall be properly instructed.

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RAILWAY companies are occasionally visited by heavy verdicts for their misfortunes, but that which was rendered in Westminster on Tuesday is without precedent. Mr. Phillips, a consulting physician, who was seriously injured in December, 1877, was awarded £16,000 as compensation from the London and Southwestern Railway.

# THE IRISH LAND AGITATION.

J. O'CONNOR POWER, IN "THE LONDON NINETEENTH CENTURY."

THE agitation for a reduction of rents and a reform of the land laws which has been going on in Ireland for the last four or five months, and which has culminated in the formation of the Irish National Land League, has excited considerable discussion in England, and it may be useful for one connected with the movement to lay before English readers a statement explaining its causes, and presenting for serious consideration its aims and hopes and probable results. In attempting this task I may be allowed to point out, in the first place, that the channels through which Englishmen and Scotchmen usually receive their information concerning Irish movements are too often distorted by national prejudice, and therefore very unreliable. The manufacture of fictitious Irish news and fictitious Irish opinion for the English market is an extensive and profitable journalistic industry. People generally like to read what flatters their self-complacency, and nothing could be more agreeable to the self-complacency of Englishmen than to be told that the Irish people whom they have so miserably failed to govern are a turbulent, unmanageable, and unreasonable race. Hence Anglo-Irish correspondents, whose business it is to supply Irish news for English journals, take care that it shall be of a character to suit the peculiar tastes of those for whom it is intended. It follows necessarily from this that people in England take a long time to understand any new Irish problem; and if they are not content to be the victims of misrepresentation, or of their own ignorance, they ought to be willing, occasionally at least, to consider Irish questions from an Irish point of view.

Those who have least sympathy with the agitation admit its vast importance, and the necessity of calmly and seriously considering the great public feeling which it has evoked, and the causes from which it derives its vitality and power. Never since O'Connell summoned the mighty multitudes to his standard in the struggle for Repeal, has Ireland been so deeply moved or so thoroughly roused to public action, as it has been by the cry for land reform which has rung so loudly throughout the country during the last autumn. Of course, as usual, we have strong partisan denunciation against it. Those who look upon agitation generally as mischievous cannot find terms sufficiently odious and condemnatory in which to describe an agitation which has thrown all former agitations for the last thirty-five years entirely into the shade. Persons of this class tell us that the agitation is a crusade against property, "an audacious incitement to violence and murder," or, in the language of the Irish Chief Secretary, a movement of "undiluted communism," or one which, in the words of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has promulgated "doctrines which have never before been seriously raised in any civilized state." No proof, however, has been adduced in support of the ministerial accusations, and I suspect that they are nothing more than electoral claptrap. If the truth were known, there is not a little fear and anxiety in the ministerial ranks lest the Liberal party should take the wind out of their sails on the great land question. The land agitation has been held responsible for every act of agrarian violence which has occurred since it started; but I am convinced that its effect has been to check every disposition to violence which has shown itself, and to prevent agrarian crime. The outrages which have been committed have been fewer than, from the nature of things, could have been expected, because of the very movement of public opinion which is unjustly credited with having

caused them. When the tenant-farmers saw that their condition was the subject of earnest public discussion, they at once entertained the hope that the burdens laid upon them by high rents and bad harvests would be lightened, without any necessity of an appeal to physical force, by the power of public opinion; and as the movement spread from county to county until the whole nation was enlisted on their side, and landlords came forward promising substantial reductions of rent, they felt assured that for once at least a constitutional exposure of their grievances would effect some redress. This feeling has been fostered by the whole course of the agitation, because the principal speakers at the meetings have strongly condemned illegal acts, and no doctrines have been enunciated which the Irish representatives may not fearlessly submit to the test of parliamentary discussion.

What would have happened if the policy of the opponents of agitation had been followed, and everything had been left to the landlords' sense of justice? Grasping, rack-renting landlords, safe from public condemnation, would have screwed the last farthing out of their impoverished tenants, leaving tens of thousands of famishing men, women, and children crying to the benevolent for bread, and to Heaven for vengeance. Those only who know the misery with which the tillers of the soil were threatened during this winter can realize the terrible strife in which, under such circumstances, the country would be plunged, and which has been averted by the relief already secured to the struggling farmers by this much-abused agitation.

Two things were considered necessary to save the Irish farmers of the poorer class from famine during the present winter: a general reduction of rents, and employment on reproductive works, carried on either by the landlords on their own estates, or by the government in various ways, such as in waste-land reclamation, railway extension, etc. The first of these objects has been achieved by agitation. There has been a general reduction of rents in the very poorest parts of Ireland where the agricultural depression was most keenly felt, and where consequently the people were most in need of relief. No doubt reductions would have been made by some of the landlords themselves of their own free will, and out of pure sympathy with their tenantry; but far the greater number of the remissions of rent which have been granted are due to the exposure which has overtaken the unjust exactions to which the tenants were subjected for many years, and which have so impoverished them as to leave them unable to cope with the difficulties of the present depression. In reference to the demand for reproductive employment: although the government has hitherto turned a deaf ear to the memorials addressed to it on this subject, the landlords have, in some instances at least, come forward to provide employment for the small farmers and laborers; and thus the second of the two immediate objects of the agitation has been partially achieved. It may not be vain to hope that the government will yet pay some deference to the resolutions of the Irish municipal bodies which are pouring in upon the Lord Lieutenant, urging that the people should be employed on works of permanent improvement. It must be remembered that no demand has been made on the government for a free grant of public money, and that what has been asked is merely a loan to be expended on works the profitable character of which can be ascertained, in each case, before a penny of the money is expended. An Irish fund, too, — the Church surplus, — has been pointed out as the source from which the money should be drawn; and in view of this fact it is insulting in the last degree to witness the attempts which the "Times" and other journals are making to parade Ireland in the face of Europe as a beggar at England's door. Ireland wants no alms

from the English government or the English nation. She asks only justice, and the freedom to develop her own resources in her own way, and the power to use them for the maintenance of her own people. It is frequently stated in opposition to the demand for works of this kind, that, if they could be carried on profitably, the natural selfishness of the proprietors would induce them to invest their money in such enterprises. To this I would answer unhesitatingly: Yes, if the proprietors in Ireland were men of capital and men of enterprise. As a rule, they are neither the one nor the other. But even supposing the owners of land to have capital and enterprise, they could not individually carry out those extended works of drainage and reclamation which are necessary. Hence it is the duty of Parliament to step in and promote by legislation an undertaking which is admittedly of national utility and importance. The waste lands would amply repay reclamation, although, I admit, particular cases may be quoted in which reclamation has not been remunerative. In cases where the work has not been intrusted to competent hands, proprietors have undoubedtly failed to get an adequate return for their money, but this has not been the result where agricultural skill has been combined with capital and industry. What the poorest tenants unaided have accomplished in draining swamps and cultivating bare mountain-sides, notwithstanding the prospective penalty of an increased rent when the soil became richer by their exertions, is truly marvellous, and affords the best proof that the elements of fertility lie hidden in the vast waste tracts of Ireland, and may be called into action by skilful cultivation.

The advantages of extending the cultivation of the soil are obvious. (1) It would diminish the present unhappy competition for land in the most natural and healthy manner, by increasing the number of farms. (2) It would employ, perhaps, three families where now one family only is employed. (3) It would provide support for a teeming population on Irish soil. (4) It would give new customers in great numbers to the English manufacturer in the home market, where he would find the readiest sale for his products. And (5) it would add largely to the store of food for the whole kingdom, rendering the British people almost independent of foreign supply. Is it not, then, the blindest perversity to neglect the means everywhere at hand in Ireland for augmenting the resources and promoting the prosperity of the people?

Ireland has been surfeited with Royal Commissions on every conceivable subject, and she has had commission after commission on the subject of reclamation and arterial drainage. The reports of the commissioners in every case sustain the view here expressed as to the desirability of reclamation; and as long ago as 1842 Sir Robert Peel passed an Act authorizing the issue of loans on easy terms to those proprietors who should undertake works of this description on their own estates. This Act has not been of much benefit because its operation depends on the initiative of the landlords, and the landlords have only in rare cases availed themselves of its provisions. What is required is an Act creating a Board of Commissioners with the following powers: power to estimate the value of the waste lands and to pay over to the landlords what they are worth, either in a lump sum or by annual instalments; power to take over such lands for the purposes of the state, to partially reclaim them and erect farm buildings upon them; power to allot the lands to tenant proprietors, and to determine the claims of farmers seeking to occupy them, giving a preference, in the first place, to those having no land at present, and afterwards to those having the smallest farms. The tenant proprietors thus created, secure in the possession

of their farms and the fruits of their labor, would be industrious and thrifty, and well able to pay back to the state, in yearly payments extending over, say, thirty years, the amount, with interest, expended by the state for their benefit. The laws of economic science have been subjected to a strained interpretation to which some would tie us down, and which they will bring forward against this proposal. We shall be told that things must be left to the operation of natural causes. I should like to ask whether those who will use this argument would include in their category of natural causes the means by which the wastes of Holland were reclaimed; or would they, rather than sanction anything which would conflict with their theories, have her fields still covered with useless waters, instead of the abundant vegetation from which her people derive such ample sustenance? Notwithstanding the false economy of some of our political philosophers, I venture to think that the state should lose not a moment in undertaking the work of land reclamation in Ireland.

The main cause of Irish poverty is not to be found in over-population, or in any want of energy or economy on the part of the Irish people, but in the system of land tenure imposed by Imperial conquest. Foreign competition and bad harvests, by which, in one year alone, according to the calculation of Mr. Dwyer Gray, Ireland has lost *thirty millions* sterling, have had one advantage, and that is, they have drawn attention, in a striking way, to the great evil of the system of tenant-at-will, the most demoralizing and degrading to which it is possible to reduce the working population of any country. It is hardly in the power of language to describe the many evil effects of this system. It has blasted the hopes, ruined the homes, and destroyed the lives of millions of the Irish race. It has stopped the social, political, and industrial growth of Ireland as effectually as if the country had been in a state of perpetual civil war; and no war has ever been more cruel in its incidents or operations towards those among whom it was carried on, than the war which Irish landlordism has waged against the people whose inheritance it usurped, and whose property it has confiscated. "The worst fed, the worst clothed, and the worst housed people in Europe," — this is the description which every impartial traveller who has seen the Irish people at home has given of them. Behold the result of the system of tenant-at-will and centuries of English rule!

Of the 600,000 tenant farmers in Ireland more than half a million, representing with their families about three million persons, have no security in their homes, or in the business upon which they depend for their daily bread, but are at the mercy of a few thousand persons, — the lords of the soil of Ireland. Agriculture being the mainspring of the nation's wealth, the interests of the commercial and trading community are naturally dependent upon the industry of the farmers, and so it results that the fate and fortunes of more than five millions of people are in the hands of the small section numbering not more than a few thousands. No system of government could possibly bring prosperity to a people so circumstanced. Even if they were endowed with all the attributes of political freedom, their social condition would still be a condition of slavery. They are the victims of a system clearly incompatible with social rights and industrial freedom. It may be necessary for me to explain here what I mean by "social right" and "industrial freedom." Social right may be defined in words which are to be found in the Declaration of American Independence, and I would define it, in those words, as "the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and industrial freedom, in the sense, in which I use the phrase, is the right of the workers to enjoy the fruits of their

own exertions, and to be safe, in the pursuit of their industry, from the rapacity of their neighbors. There is nothing more capable of proof than that the present land system of Ireland is opposed to the social rights and the industrial freedom of the Irish people as here understood. When a people die in large numbers of starvation in their own country, or fly from it because they cannot get enough to eat out of the food which that country has produced, and which is more than sufficient to sustain them, that people are denied the right to live; and if a people have not a right to live in their own land while it is rich enough to support them, they are deprived of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

This is what took place in Ireland during the famine of 1846 and 1847. The people perished in the midst of food twice sufficient to sustain them, because the food they produced had to be exported in immense quantities to pay the exorbitant rents of the landlords. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the low standard of living among the small farmers, and the small amount of the produce they were permitted to keep for their own use, than the fact that they were reduced to a dependence on the potato as their principal food. When that failed they had no resource. The rest of the vegetable food and nearly all the animal food produced in the country became the property of the non-producing landlord class, and was exported to pay their dues. The bare statement of these facts reveals at once the appalling injustice of the system, but we must examine it further to fully realize its wickedness and the mischief which it has wrought. What can be more opposed to every principle of well-doing than a system which paralyzes industry, which puts a premium on idleness, which fosters improvidence, which generates servility, hypocrisy, and ignorance, which shuts out every gleam of hope of rising in the world, which entails perpetual drudgery and social dependence, and even invades the sanctity of the domestic relations? Such is the system of tenant-at-will under which three millions of the Irish people are condemned to wear out their lives.

It is not in the nature of things that the Irish cultivator should be as industrious as the peasant proprietor in the Channel Islands or on the Continent, for the former wants that which the latter possesses, — security. The former is liable to eviction at the will and pleasure of a task-master; the latter is the undisputed lord of his own land, and possesses "the magic of property which turns sand into gold." Mr. Mill well recognized the premium on idleness under the tenant-at-will system when he said that the Irish tenant was the only human being in existence who had nothing to gain by increased industry and nothing to lose by increased idleness. Then there is nothing so well calculated to make a man reckless and improvident as uncertainty in his position. It often harasses the very life and soul of men of the highest moral fibre, and must be destructive of all order and economy in the lives of those less fortunately constituted. The struggling farmer whose imagination is haunted by the alternative prospect of the poorhouse or the emigrant ship, has certainly a gloomy existence, bereft of comfort, encouragement, and aspiration. The mortal dread of the agent's frown or the landlord's slightest displeasure still characterizes the tenant-at-will, notwithstanding the bracing effects of public agitation, and shows what an atmosphere of servility and hypocrisy combined arises from the present unnatural condition of rural society in that country. But a system which so far taxes the industry of the people as to compel their children to work in the fields when they ought to be at school, is responsible for more than the physical misery which it inflicts. It generates ignorance, and thereby deprives the people of one of the most potent means of self-advancement. The Irish farmer is often obliged to set his chil-

dren to work before they have had time to acquire the rudest elements of education, in order to turn their youthful labor to account in squeezing the rent and a scanty subsistence out of the farm. On some Irish estates, too, a tenant dare not harbor in his house a stranger, a poor person, or even a poor relative not immediately belonging to the family; and the Land Commission recently sent through Ireland by the "Freeman's Journal," whose reports ought to be read by every one anxious to be acquainted with the facts of the present crisis, declares that on some properties marriages cannot be consummated without the sanction of the landlord or his agent! Surely this is slavery of the most degrading, intolerable kind, and the system by which it is upheld an outrage on civilization. The whole history of Irish landlordism is a record of hardened cruelty, without a parallel in the social annals of any other nation. Edmund Spenser says, in his "View of the State of Ireland," that the landlords of his time "used most shamefully rack their tenants." Swift repeats this accusation, in his own day, in the following language: "Another cause of this nation's misery is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, and covetous landlords, expecting all who live under them should make bricks without straw; who grieve or envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month, by which the spirits of the people are broken and made fit for slavery." And even Mr. Froude is constrained to say: "The landlords in Ireland represent conquest and confiscation, and they have gone on with an indifference to the welfare of their tenants that would never be tolerated in England or Scotland."

In the Reports of the Irish famine compiled by the Society of Friends, who earned the lasting gratitude of Ireland by their noble and generous efforts to save the lives of her people, there is a strong indictment against the landlord class for their gross neglect of duty in that terrible crisis; and it must then be affirmed that landed property in Ireland can show nothing in its origin or its history upon which to found a claim to the consideration of the Irish people, nor can they be expected to extend any further toleration to its unrestricted and mischievous power.

Any one closely examining the condition of the Irish land classes will discover that, contrary to the general rule elsewhere, it is the wealthier classes, the landlords, not the tenants, who show the greatest ignorance of economic principles. They are, as a class, the most listless unenterprising, and non-producing section of the country, while at the same time they are the masters of its resources. See, for example, the enormous growth of absenteeism, which drains, directly and indirectly, no less than six millions annually out of Ireland, not a penny of which ever returns to benefit those by whom it is supplied. Six millions sterling a year! that is to say, a sum sufficient to support 100,000 workingmen and their families, half a million persons, in decency and comfort. The action of the landlords has been very injurious to their own interests as well as to those of the farmers; for, though the value of property continued to rise steadily for many years before the beginning of the present depression, it would have risen much more rapidly, and to a far higher point, if the lords of the soil condescended to abate their feudal privileges, or if they were as anxious to perform the duties as they have been to enforce the rights of property. Under the present system it is the interest of the tenant to put as little into the soil and to take as much out of it as he possibly can. Under a system which would give him security in his holding and protection against exorbitant rents, the farmer would nurse his farm as the prudent merchant nurses his business; he would feel that it was his interest to put all his

capital into it, confident that it would return to him in due time with a fair profit. Thus the price of land would be improved by the inducements which such a tenure would hold out to every incoming tenant, in every case where a farmer had disposed of his holding. What a mockery of all received ideas of political economy it is to see fertile lands going out of cultivation in Ireland, and the Irish at the same time leaving their country in search of employment! This is not the natural result of supply and demand, for it is well known that the Irish people are warmly attached to their native land, and would never quit it in large numbers if they could manage to live at home. It is the result of landlordism, which blights the industry of the whole country, and which has, during the last thirty years, banished nearly thirty millions of the Irish race forever from the land that bore them.

A million a decade! What does it mean?
A nation dying of inner decay;
A churchyard's silence where life has been,
The base of the pyramid crumbling away;
A drift of men gone over the sea,
A drift of the dead where men should be.

Those who cry out against state interference with the tenure of land forget that the present state of things in Ireland is the result of state interference. Irish land reformers only want the state to undo what the state has done. They only ask the state to restore the ancient rights of the tillers of the soil. The state abolished the old tenure by which the soil was held for the benefit of those who cultivated it, and allowed the usurpation of the rights of the cultivators by the landlords. As the English conquest extended over Ireland the old land system disappeared. The rights of the cultivators were confiscated as well as the property of the native owners, and to this double confiscation we trace the only title upon which Irish landlordism can rest its sacred pretensions.

The principle which underlay the Land Act of 1870 was the well-established principle that "there is no such thing as absolute property in land." It is not necessary, therefore, to go back on former discussions for the purpose of enforcing a principle which has found sanction in an Act of Parliament. Starting from this principle, then, let us proceed to consider the proposal put forward by the National Land League as the only one calculated to effect a satisfactory and final solution of the Irish land question. The proposal, stripped of all ambiguity, is to abolish landlordism and make the cultivators the owners of the soil. This is undoubtedly a vast undertaking, the dimensions of which should be fully appreciated by those who have resolved to accomplish it. The labor and sacrifice of a whole generation, constantly exerting itself to promote this great object, would not be greater than it deserves, and the energy of the highest patriotism could scarcely be directed to a nobler end than that of bringing comfort and consolation and security to the humble firesides of the tillers of the soil. It is proposed that the state should take over the land, giving the landlords proper compensation, and settle the tenants upon it permanently as tenant proprietors. This proposal, considered in its financial aspect alone, will appear formidable to many people, for it is estimated that it would require £250,000,000 to carry it out. But no one imagines that it can be effected all at once by one financial transaction. A loan for this sum of money could not be raised, except at a rate of interest which would be much higher than it could be borrowed at, if borrowed in small sums and at intervals. On financial grounds, then, it seems more practicable and desirable that the scheme should be carried out gradually than that it should be attempted to realize it in one sweeping measure. Even if the money were forthcoming on easy terms, it could not be hastily applied to the purpose in view without much confusion arising from inexperience, and perhaps no little jobbery arising from the many interests involved, and the desire of

many persons to be employed in executing work undertaken by the state. Many difficulties incident to state interference in a work of this kind would be removed or considerably diminished by gradual operations which would give time to have the character of each step taken tested by its results; and on social grounds it seems not less desirable that the transfer of the ownership of the soil from a limited number to the great body of the people should be only gradually accomplished. It is evident from the terms of a resolution passed at the first meeting of the National Land League that its *modus operandi* is designed to lead gradually to the object in view, — the establishment of an occupier proprietary. This resolution declares: "That the objects of the League can be best attained (1) by promoting organization among the tenant farmers, (2) by defending those who may be threatened with eviction for refusing to pay unjust rents, (3) by facilitating the working of the Bright clauses of the Land Act, and (4) by obtaining such a reform in the laws relating to land as will enable every tenant to become the owner of his holding by paying a fair rent for a limited number of years" It only remains, then, to push forward with the utmost energy those minor reforms framed to mitigate the evils of the existing system, such as the abolition of all artificial restrictions on the sale and transfer of land, the abolition of the laws of primogeniture and entail, the more efficient working of the Bright clauses of the Land Act, and the reclamation and distribution of the waste lands, while keeping steadily in view the main object of emancipating the entire agricultural population from the power of landlordism. Large as the sum of money is which would be required to buy out the Irish landlords, the proposal to raise it should not excite the unreasonable indignation exhibited in some quarters; we know not how soon the government may involve us in a war with Russia which might cost that amount without doing one hundredth part as much good, assuming it to be just and necessary, as the disestablishment of Irish landlords would effect.

The advantages of a peasant proprietary over the system of landlord and tenant are being admitted more and more every day. The industrious application and thrifty management of the small owners of land in the Channel Islands, in France and Prussia, in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Norway, are the admiration of all who have made themselves acquainted with rural life and labor in those countries. If we would see the brightest examples of cheerful, uncomplaining toil, we must visit those lands in which the husbandman is to be found, with his sons and daughters, cultivating his patch of land in the security of independent ownership. In those countries we shall find a comfortable and prosperous, if not wealthy, agricultural class who are the best friends of social order, and the bulwarks of national defence in every national emergency. Into such materials as these it is the ambition of Irish land reformers to convert the masses of the Irish people who live by the cultivation of the soil. A great change in the social structure of Ireland is needed. No one who knows Ireland as it is can say that the social condition of the country is satisfactory. The gulf between enormous wealth and abject poverty is wider there than in any other part of Europe, and the enormously wealthy are only a few, whilst the abjectly poor are counted by millions. It is urged against the proposal of the Land League that it would involve the destruction of the aristocracy, and that it is necessary to preserve their power as a counteracting force against democracy, which, in the absence of the landlord class, might attain uncontrolled supremacy. Those who take this view are evidently alarmed, and, as they must be anxious to make landlordism tolerable to the Irish people, they are not likely to contend any

longer against the abolition of the arbitrary power of eviction and rack-renting. I cannot, however, admit that the accumulation of land in the hands of a few is indispensable to the preservation of a powerful upper class in any country, assuming such to be necessary. We shall always have varying social grades, some higher and some lower than the rest, and the highest duty of statesmanship is to endeavor to do justice to all. The power of landlordism, as it exists in Ireland, rests on a basis of injustice, and therefore it is doomed.

No political considerations can save from destruction what is morally wrong, and if it be likewise at variance with public expediency it must infallibly go down. More than three years ago I ventured, during a debate in the House of Commons on the Irish land question, to predict that if the proposal then before the House to deprive the landlords of the power of eviction and rack-renting — that is to say, the proposal in favor of fixity of tenure at fair rents — was not accepted, the Irish people would rise up and protest against the institution of landlordism, root and branch, and demand its abolition. The prediction has been fulfilled much sooner than I could have imagined, and its fulfilment only shows that questions of this kind should not be neglected when they are deliberately raised by the representatives of a nation, but that they should be brought as speedily as possible to a just and final settlement. The transfer of ownership from the landlords to the tenants necessarily implies that the state should become a rent-receiver for a limited number of years, and it is said that, in times of depression like these, the tenants would be advised not to pay the full rent to the state, just as they are now advised not to pay the full rent to the landlord; but this is not at all likely, for the rent payable to the state would not be a rack-rent, but one which the occupiers could afford to pay, and, under these circumstances, public opinion would not sustain an anti-rent agitation against the state. The conviction having once got hold of the public mind that the farmers were asked to pay only what was fair, no agitation would be able to arouse sympathy for them throughout the country; and this is precisely how the matter would stand if the state superseded the landlord. The occupier would understand that he must trust to his own savings in prosperous times to tide him over periods of depression, and there would be an end to the demoralization which Mr. Bright described as resulting from the occasional reductions of rent which tenants are forced to beg, and which landlords are obliged to concede. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the state would have power to enforce payment of rent, as it now has power to enforce payment of rates and taxes. A peasant proprietor, too, has considerable advantages over a mere tenant in borrowing money. He can always borrow money at a lower rate of interest, because he can give better security than a man who is liable, after a few months' notice to quit, to be turned out of his farm. I have heard that the facility with which a peasant proprietor can borrow money has often been injurious to his interests, and that some of the small owners in France and elsewhere on the Continent have their little properties heavily mortgaged. This is only saying that farmers can be reckless like other men, and are weak enough sometimes to abuse the advantages of their position. There is reckless borrowing in the City every day, but that is no argument against the position of a man who is able to borrow and turn the money borrowed to good account. Such is the position of a peasant proprietor. Then it is obvious that a peasant proprietor, elevated from the position of tenant at-will, would be a richer man, because of his own greater industry and economy, prompted by the security he would enjoy.

Among the many misconceptions which have arisen in the public mind concerning the objects of the Irish land agitation may be numbered the idea that the land, on being taken over by the state, should be divided into equal-sized farms, or, to speak more accurately, farms of equal value. Nothing of this kind has been proposed, as far as I am aware, in connection with the present movement, and it is evident that it could not be carried out without disturbing the majority of the existing occupiers. Roughly speaking, I should say that the present allotment of land among the Irish farmers represents a variety of conditions which are desirable for the full development of their resources, and as a stimulus to that variety of pursuits which is embraced in the professional and cultured life of the nation. But perhaps the most serious misconception is that which supposes that, after the establishment of a peasant proprietary, periodical subdivisions would be necessitated by the accumulations of land which would again take place. It is supposed that the large tenant proprietors would buy up the small ones, and then, finding that they had more land than they could cultivate themselves, let it to tenants, and so renew all the evils of the existing system. There need be no fear of such a result, because the forces operating in favor of aggregation on the one hand, and subdivision on the other, would neutralize each other. At the end of a hundred years the changes in the relative sizes of peasant properties would not be appreciable. The big farmer would be found as ready to sell a slice of his land to the small farmer as the latter would be to dispose of his entire property. The laudable desire of the laborer, too, to become the owner of a patch would tell in favor of subdivision; and it is in this direction, and not in the opposite one, that it might be necessary to restrict the freedom of the small owner. Restriction, however, should not be resorted to on the one side or on the other, either as against subdivision or aggregation, and it does not appear that it would be necessary. The accumulations of land in a few hands, of which complaint is made now, have not been brought about by free trade in land, but by restriction, and if the land were free the tendency to subdivision would soon manifest itself. On this point Mr. Kay quotes from an essay by le Comte Gasparin, discussing the question of the division of land in France, in which the writer says: "It is true that the number of proprietors increases year by year, but one perceives that this division is effected at the cost of the greater proprietors. . . In my country, where people have gained experience, the great estate divides, while small estates are again consolidated, so that the estates assume such a middling size as best suits the real interests of the people." Mr Kay quotes other writers who support this testimony of le Comte Gasparin.

It is to be hoped that English statesmen, however they may regard the reform proposed by the National Land League, will learn from the agitation by which Ireland has been so profoundly moved, that past legislation is totally inadequate to protect the farming classes from the rapacity of bad landlords. Compensation for disturbance and for unexhausted improvements, as designed by Mr. Gladstone, has failed to remedy the evils of the present land tenure, and a far more drastic measure than the Act of 1870 is absolutely necessary, if social strife, industrial stagnation, and national poverty and discontent are not to be perpetuated in Ireland. It is well known that the Act of 1870 does not prevent either rack-renting or eviction. Whatever expense the landlord is put to in evicting a tenant, the incoming tenant will have to answer for, and thus is eviction made easy. Then the struggle which evicted tenants have to go through in the courts, when they claim compensation, is a very unequal

one, in which the landlord, as the wealthy litigant, is sure to have the advantage. The very least that Parliament may be called upon to do, in order to put an end to the present intolerable state of things, is to purchase and distribute amongst tenant proprietors the reclaimable waste lands, which amount to at least 2,000,000 acres and which are capable of supporting 100,000 farmers and their families, allowing each man 20 acres of land. It is idle to talk of leaving things to the operation of "natural causes" until that which is unnatural has been remedied; and the actual condition of the Irish tenant, who is condemned to toil on "in sluggish misery" from year to year, always sowing that which he may not reap, is the most unnatural and artificial that can be conceived. The National Land League, therefore, arises as a new force in Irish politics, with a definite practical object, which appeals at once to the interests and sentiments of the Irish people. It appeals with scarcely less force to the interests of the people of Great Britain, who must benefit considerably from having a prosperous food-producing country close to their own shores; and it will be difficult for English party leaders, afflicted with "responsibility," and therefore desirous of hiding unpleasant truths, to keep the English and Scotch people from seeing that the great land question is one in which they have a common cause with their fellow-citizens in Ireland. Official politicians will, for some time, either denounce or fight shy of this land movement; but if all appearances do not prove deceptive, it is one in regard to which Irish ardor will not easily cool down, or Irish determination grow weak or irresolute. It has been set on foot by men who believe its ultimate success to be only a question of time and work and courageous advocacy, and who are resolved to spare no effort or sacrifice in promoting the object which they have in view.

## A SERVANT'S CHARACTER.

In a certain town in Worcester County, Mass., resides a lawyer, well-to-do in worldly matters and a free liver. Once upon a time he had a coachman who, he was fearful, was in the habit of carrying away measures of oats and corn and selling them, and appropriating the proceeds to his own use. He bore with the servant until he had made sure his suspicions were founded upon fact, and then he gave him his discharge. The man found no fault nor did he make complaint, but he hoped the lawyer would give him a recommendation; but it was refused peremptorily, and the man went away without it.

A few weeks thereafter our Worcester County lawyer received a letter from a gentleman in Boston, asking for information concerning the character of the dismissed coachman. The lawyer at once wrote back, "He is sober and attentive, and I have found him willing and accommodating. He is a good coachman, a good groom, and understands thoroughly the proper care of horses. But, with all this, he is not strictly honest. I am very sure he cheated me on many occasions."

A month later that same lawyer, on a visit to Boston, met his aforetime servant. The fellow greeted him cordially, and even jubilantly, and thanked him for the good character he had given him in his letter. The lawyer was surprised.

"Why, bless me!" he cried, "I wrote to the gentleman that you had cheated me repeatedly!"

"Ay, sir; but you wrote that I was sober and attentive and willing, and that I was a grand good coachman and good to horses. Well, sir, the gentleman said if I was all that, I would answer for him; and as for the cheating part, he did n't take any stock in it, for he said he knew you, and he did n't believe the very Old Scratch himself could cheat you."

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Some grocers lie in weight.

## ENGLAND'S SPLENDID BENEVOLENCE.

London Times.

It is only in human nature that there should be much indignation at the state of things in Ireland. But that is not entirely to the credit of human nature — it is rather a confession of its weakness. The highly respectable English public has been all along making its own reckonings with Irish nationality. Upon its own basis it can show a very good debtor and creditor account. Now, for the last sixty years it has been making immense concessions, advances, and surrenders; this, too, is in addition to a very long running account of benefits accruing to Ireland from the partnership. Do not we employ Irishmen, giving them wages and relief? Do not we give them pay and splendid opportunities in our army, navy, and even our Civil Services? Do not we give them the run of our co onies and dependencies? Do not we find listeners for their orators, readers for their books, and consumers of their agricultural products? Our bar, our pulpit, our journals, and our markets are all alike open to them. For proof positive, see how they have thriven. The population increased and multiplied beyond the proper resources of the soil till about thirty-four years ago. The excess was, of course, their own fault, not ours. It was the ill use they made of their happy situation under the imperial rule. When Providence and themselves had brought about a better equilibrium, there commenced a long career of national prosperity, including better food and more of the comforts and decencies of life. Such has been the tenor of our relations. But besides that in these sixty years we have twice stepped in to feed Ireland from hand to mouth for months together. We have given the Irish Catholics religious and political emancipation. We have bestowed upon the country a popular franchise; we have bribed it with costly jobs, all of its own suggestion; we have disestablished the church, said to be the worst badge of oppression; we have restrained and mulcted the landlords till they are little more than an empty name. The reality and fruit of all these boons are written on the soil, for nobody can revisit Ireland after a few years without noticing a change everywhere for the better. And yet Ireland is not satisfied. Nay, she is less satisfied than ever, and it becomes more apparent that nothing will satisfy her. All this may seem very bad, hopeless some think; but compare it with the state of things sixty, or even fifty years ago. Fifty years ago Ireland was crowded with peasants, neither proprietors nor workingmen, without trade, utterly destitute of many things now held necessary to common civilization, and dependent for existence on an article of food as treacherous as it was coarse. A very large part of the people were beggars, the rest on the brink of starvation. These people — and there were even then more than six millions of them — were without political rights, except those of their own making, and without a clergy except those they maintained out of their own wretched poverty. The poorest people in the world, for they were really poorer than so-called savages, exhibited the amazing spectacle of the only Catholic hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons in the world supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The flocks maintained them in no mean or grovelling spirit. Their bishops were as learned and as good gentlemen as any bishops in the world, and their priests, though sometimes of almost mediæval roughness, were clever and educated. A great writer on Irish questions of the period used to quote against England the old story of the man who had tried, so he said, everything with his horse, which yet continued to lose ground. "Have you tried oats?" asked a friend. We have now tried oats with Ireland, and yet she is not satisfied. While the Irish

generally are now better off, they expect more, and they will have more than they had fifty years ago. They will not go back to lumpers, fight for a quarter of an acre of land, and share the cabin with the pig. Our splendid benevolence has implanted expensive tastes, and we have to see the boon recognized in insolent and disagreeable, but not altogether unreasonable, demands. When a son expects to live as his father taught him to live, the world tells the father he has to thank himself for it.

### REPLY OF THE DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

In those strange and beautiful fairy tales which are the inheritance of all the Aryan nations there is one which, in countless forms, is present in every folklore from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. It is the story of the beneficent Fairy Godmother, who loves to shower all kinds of blessings upon her Godchild. The "Times" has just made a great discovery, and has given it to the world. It is that in real life there is a Fairy Godmother and a favored Godchild. The Fairy Godmother's name is England. Ireland is the fortunate Cinderella, upon whom for a period of sixty years her good genius has been showering gifts! The article, portion of which we elsewhere reproduce, is a most wonderful one, and deserves a little examination as a specimen of "Times" logic and "Times" history. The "Times" proceeds to strike a balance of debtor and creditor between England and Ireland, and it leads off with the following query: "Do we not employ Irishmen, giving them wages and relief?" The answer is a simple one: You do not. You avail yourselves of the strong arms of Irishmen to build your cities and your railroads, to toil in your docks and your factories; but when the hour of distress comes, you with horrid cruelty hurry them back to their own land, refusing a piece of bread and a cup of water to men and women who have grown gray in your service. Again the "Times" asks, "Do we not give Irishmen the run of our colonies and dependencies?" Was ever such utter nonsense as this? Labor is the grand need of colonies, and they welcome men of every race, creed, and color. The industrious Irishman, with his keen brain, high morality, and strong arm, is a welcome guest in every colony, but how has he to thank England for this? England, says the "Times," has "twice stepped in to feed Ireland" for months together. We presume that one of the two occasions was the famine of 1846. We do not know what the other was. It is true that in the famine time many individual Englishmen contributed liberally to Irish wants, but the case was one which private aid could not reach, and the government stood by with arms folded, — the government which has since shown in Bengal how easily it can deal with a famine. The government stood with arms folded, and the "Times" raised its awful cry of triumph over what it believed to be the last agony of the Irish Gael. "The Celts are gone with a vengeance." "Now, for the first time these six hundred years, England has Ireland at her mercy." These were the cries that came at that dread hour from Printing-house Square. The "Times" tells us in this its latest discovery, that England has "given the Irish Catholics religious and political emancipation," — another perversion of history. Whatever Ireland has got from England has been taken by, not given to her. Catholic Emancipation was only given to "avert civil war," said the Duke of Wellington in the Upper House; "to avoid greater dangers," said Sir Robert Peel. In our own time the monstrous fabric of the Establishment, proof against reas n and argument, was blown up by a barrel of gunpowder fired in a London lane. The "Times" announces that with the famine there commenced for Ireland "a long career of national

prosperity." Surely, the man that penned that sentence must have written it with a sardonic smile. "A long career of national prosperity!" Why, during that thirty years the population of the island diminished by two or three millions, not to speak of losing also the natural increment of the population. The few manufactures which the cruel laws of former days left Ireland have almost ceased to exist. Vast quantities of land have gone out of cultivation, and are now wild desert. Popular distress has produced chronic outbursts of popular discontent, which have been repressed with cruel severity. More than once has the Habeas Corpus Act been suspended. More than once have the prisons been crowded with victims. More than once have the judges gone through the land pronouncing the words of doom. To wind up all, a few bad seasons have plunged the island from chronic into acute distress. Ireland has indeed made some progress since the days of the famine. But while all the other nations of Europe have been progressing by leaps and bounds, the advance of Ireland has been slow, partial, halting, precarious, and, as far as it exists at all, more apparent than real. A fine people and a fertile land have been simply thrown out of the race of advancement by hostile laws, above all by those which preserve an agrarian system which is antagonistic to popular wants and necessities, and those which deprive Ireland of control over her local affairs. Wise Englishmen should carefully avoid stirring up inquiries into the history of the Anglo-Irish connection. Not to speak at all of old times, the story of the connection since the Union has been a tissue of miseries. The people have been ground down by a long series of the most frightful oppressions. The statute-book has been a mere array of Whiteboy Acts, Coercion Acts, Peace Preservation Acts. The right of free speech, free press, of bearing arms — all the rights of freemen — have been habitually withheld. The gallows, the convict-ship, the jail, have all been in constant requisition. And yet the "Times" wonders that Ireland is not content, that all the attentions lavished on her have not filled her with love and gratitude to her mistress. In a word, we entirely deny the truth of the "Times" picture of England in the rôle of the Fairy Godmother. If the fairy tale is to be searched, we fear the analogue of England in her relations to Ireland must be found in the wicked Stepmother who causes such misery to the forlorn maid, but who in the end of the chapter sees the object of her persecution ablaze and radiant and triumphant in all the glory of youth, happiness, and success. We are by this time pretty well acquainted with the colors the "Times" uses in painting England and Ireland, — white and gold for one, coal-black for the other, — but we must confess that never, even in the Printing-house Square studio, was a work more remarkable produced than the article we now notice. The "Times" talks of "oats" for Ireland, as if Irishmen were beasts of burden. We do not want English oats, and we certainly also do not want English impudence.

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THE late Prince Imperial, not many days before the fatal reconnoissance with Lieutenant Carey, after listening to an account of an accident which had just before occurred in the neighborhood of the camp, uttered these almost prophetic words: "I must confess that these small expeditions are wonderfully to my taste, but if I were to be killed I should be in despair if death overtook me under such circumstances. In a great battle I should not mind so much. But Providence will decide the question. In an obscure reconnoissance it would be most regrettable." These words were spoken on May 20. On June 1 the Prince lay dead, slaughtered in the presence of his enemies alone.

IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASSWORDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE CEREMONIES AND OATHS OF FREEMASONRY, *continued.*

## Royal Arch Mason's Degree.

This is a very important ruling and governing degree. As may be seen from the list given at the end of this little work, some of our civil and city officers and our professional and mercantile citizens take their places in its chapters. The lodges are called chapters, and in each of the six degrees of masonry which precedes it, the candidate swears to obey its laws and constitution; the Mark Master swears to uphold it. and kisses the Holy Bible four times; the Past Master swears it, and kisses the Bible five times; the Most Excellent Master swears it, and kisses it six times. Like most of the other degree of masonry, the Royal Arch has its legend in connection with Solomon's Temple. At the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, we are told, three Most Excellent Master Masons were taken prisoners and conveyed catives to Babylon, where they remained in bondage seventy years until the reign of Cyrus, King of Persia, by whose proclamation they were liberated and permitted to return to Jerusalem and assist in rebuilding the Temple. After travelling over rough and rugged roads for many days, they arrived at the "*outer veil of the tabernacle*," erected near the ruins of the Temple. This tabernacle was an oblong square enclosed by four *veils* or curtains, and divided into separate apartments by four cross veils including the west or entrance veil. The veils were parted in the centre, and guarded by four guards with drawn swords. In the easternmost end of the tabernacle sat the Grand Council, — Haggai, Joshua, and Zerubbabel. Every chapter of Royal Arch Masons, if properly formed, is a correct representation of this *tabernacle*. On their arrival the three Most Excellent Masters were introduced to the Grand Council, furnished with tools, and employed to clear away the rubbish of the old Temple in order to build the new. A perusal of the following account of the ceremonies for elevation to the degree of Royal Arch will further enlighten us as to how these worthies discovered a "secret vault," and in pursuance of the orders they had received to preserve all curiosities, brought up treasures long lost and certainly of great benefit to all the world in general as well as to *the craft* in particular.

All legally constituted bodies of masons, from the degree of Entered Apprentice to that of Most Excellent Master, are called *lodges;* all legal assemblies of Royal Arch Masons, *chapters*. A chapter consists of nine officers acting under a chapter or warrant from the Grand Chapter within the jurisdiction of which it is convened. The charter or warrant empowers each chapter to confer four degrees, viz., Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch. The officers of a chapter, when installed, have the right of ruling and conducting not only its own affairs, but also those of the three degrees under their jurisdiction. The chapter officers rank as follows: High Priest, King, Scribe, Principal Sojourner, Royal Arch Captain, Grand Master of Third Veil, Grand Master of Second Veil, Grand Master of First Veil. These constitute the number actually requisite for opening a chapter or lodge, according to the oaths and rules of their degree; but in addition to these there are three other officers, viz., Secretary, Treasurer, and Guard. The officers and companions being stationed, the High Priest, acting as Grand Master, proceeds to open the lodge The Guard or Tyler is stationed outside the door,

an examination of duties ensues somewhat resembling that of the degree of Entered Apprentice, after which the High Priest directs the companions to assemble round the altar for the purpose of opening a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. The companions kneel upon the right knee in a circle around the altar, leaving space for the High Priest, King, and Scribe. The High Priest, standing up, reads passages of Scripture (2 Thess. iii. 6–18), after which he, with the King and Scribe, take their places in the circle, also kneeling on the right knee. They then form the "Mystic Chain," as described in the foregoing degree, and give the password, "Rabboni." They "balance" as in the foregoing degree three times three with their hands joined, bringing them down on their knees nine times, with a pause between each three. They then rise and give the signs of each degree, from that of Entered Apprentice to Royal Arch, after which they form into groups of *three* and give the Grand Omnific Royal Arch word, "Jehovah."

The High Priest declares the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons opened in due and ancient form. After which the Captain of the Host announces that "three worthy brothers who have been *initiated*, *passed*, and *raised* to the sublime degree of Master Masons, *advanced* to the honorary degree of Mark Master, *presided* as Master in the chair, and at the completion and dedication of the Temple, were received and *acknowledged* most Excellent Master Masons, now wish for further light in Masonry by being *exalted* to the august and sublime degree of Royal Arch." The usual cross examination takes place, after which the High Priest says: "Since they are duly and truly prepared, you will suffer them to enter this Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and be received under a *living arch*." The Captain of the Host repairs to the door, opens it and says, "It is our Most Excellent High Priest's order that the candidates enter this Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and be received under a *living arch*."

The Principal Sojourner stands outside with the three candidates, their coats off, their eyes bandaged, a rope coiled seven times around the waist of each, about three feet of slack rope between leashing the three together; and at these words of the Captain of the Hosts, he walks in, leading his captives by the rope, and says, "Companions, follow me. I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths they have not known. Stoop low, brethren! He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This last alludes to the necessary mode of passing through the *living arch*, *under* which they are to be received, as in other degrees they were received on a square, a compass, a keystone, etc. The living arch is formed by a number of companions, who form two lines, facing inwards, extending from the door to the centre of the Chapter, Each companion takes hold and locks his fingers with those of his companion opposite. And as the three companions pass under — something in the style of "Thread the needle," which little girls play in the streets of a summer's evening — each couple of the masonic Solomons bring down their knuckles with some force on their backs and heads, so that they are finally obliged not only to "stoop low," but to crawl after one another through the triumphal arch of brotherly love. Having passed through, the three candidates are led once round the Chapter, and then directed to kneel at the masonic altar to take the oath with a view to their "*exaltation*."

"Brethren," the Principal Sojourner says to them, "as you advance in masonry your obligation becomes more binding. You are now kneeling at the altar for the seventh time, and about to take a solemn oath. If you are willing to proceed, you will repeat your Christian and surname, and

say after me: 'I, ——, in presence of Almighty God and this Chapter of Royal Arch Masons erected to God, and dedicated to Zerubbabel, do hereby and hereon most solemnly swear, in addition to my former obligations that I will not reveal the secrets of this degree to any of an inferior degree, nor to any one in the known world.

"'I swear that I will not wrong this Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, or a companion of this degree out of the value of anything, myself, or suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it.

"'I swear that I will not reveal the key to the ineffable characters of this degree, nor retain it in my possession, but will destroy it whenever it comes to my sight.

"'I swear that I will not assist or be present at the exaltation of a candidate to this degree, who has not received the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft Mason, Master Mason, Mark Master, Past Master, and Most Excellent Master.

"'I furthermore swear that I will not be at the exaltation of *more* or *less* than *three* candidates at one and the same time.

"'I swear that I will not speak evil of a Companion Royal Arch Mason behind his back or before his face, but will apprise him of all approaching danger, if in my power.

"'I swear that I will support the Constitution of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this country, and I will stand to and abide by all the laws and by-laws, rules and regulations of this Chapter or any other Chapter of which I may hereafter become a member. I will answer and obey all due signs and summons, handed, sent, or thrown to me from a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and from a Companion Royal Arch Mason.

"'I swear that I will not strike a Companion Royal Arch Mason so as to draw his blood in anger.

"'I swear that I *will employ* a Companion Royal Arch Mason in *preference to any other person* of equal qualifications.

"'I furthermore promise and swear that I will assist a Companion Royal Arch Mason when I see him engaged in *any* difficulty, and will *espouse his cause* so far as to *extricate* him from the same, *whether he be right or wrong.*

"'I swear that I will keep *all* the *secrets* of a Companion Royal Arch Mason *without exception* (sometimes murder and treason not excepted).

"'I furthermore swear that I will aid and assist all poor and indigent Companion Royal Arch Masons, their widows and orphans, *wherever dispersed around the globe*, if I can do it without material injury to self or family. To all of which I do most solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my skull smote off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the meridian sun, should I knowingly or willingly violate or transgress *any part* of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Royal Arch Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in due performance of the same.'" (Perhaps some clauses in this Arch Mason's oath may cast a ray of masonic light on some of the discussions of our city bodies.)

Each kisses the Holy Bible seven times. "Companions," the Principal Sojourner next says to them, "you will arise and follow me. As the secrets of this degree are of infinitely more importance than those of any that precede it, it is necessary you should travel through rough and rugged ways, and pass through many trials, in testimony of your fidelity to the order, before you can be instructed in the more important secrets of this degree." He leads them again round the Chapter. They are again directed to kneel and the High Priest reads a long prayer, begging that they (Royal Arch Masons) may find refreshment while travelling the *rugged path* of life; that the solemnity of these ceremonies may be impressed upon their minds,

and have a lasting effect upon their lives; that God, who appeared to Moses in the burning bush, would teach them to love one another, and give them all the virtues necessary for building a *temple* of reformation, etc. Amen. So mote it be. Again the Principal Sojourner says, "Arise and follow me," and again he leads the leash of companions round the Chapter. The High Priest reads (Exodus iii. 1–6), "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro. And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush; and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." As he ceases, the Principal Sojourner, having led the candidates in front of a representation of the burning bush, placed in the corner of the Chapter, directs them to halt, and slips up the bandages from their eyes. A Companion Mason, stationed behind the bush, where he personates the Deity, calls out vehemently, "Moses! Moses!"

The Principal Sojourner, speaking for the candidates, answers, "Here I am." (The members of the corporation should call out, and they know when, to some of their burning members.)

The Companion from behind the bush cries out still more vehemently, "Come not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. (For it is the poor-shed ground bought by a brother mason.) I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

The Principal Sojourner, with his three dishevelled companions, kneels, covers his face with his hands, directs them to do likewise, and says, in a solemn voice, "And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God."

The Principal Sojourner rises and leads the candidates thrice around the Chapter whilst passages of Scripture are read relating to the siege and destruction of Jerusalem (2 Chron. xxxvii. 11–20), ending with, "And he brought the king of the Chaldees upon them, and he gave the city up to the enemies, who burned the House of God and brake down the walls of Jerusalem, and burned the palaces thereof with fire, and destroyed the goodly vessels thereof. And them that had escaped the sword, carried he away to Babylon." At these words a scene of intense confusion takes place. The siege of Jerusalem is represented by rolling cannon-balls about the Chapter, clashing old swords, discharging pistols, and finally a general shouting, groaning, whistling, and throwing down benches in all parts of the hall (as when Lord James B—— addresses the Dublin Synod). During the uproar the three candidates are thrown down, dragged to the preparation-room and the door closed. In a few minutes a great shout of rejoicing is heard in the Chapter, and each one cries out, "Hurrah for the captives!" This is repeated several times, after which the Captain of the Host appears at the door and informs the candidates that Cyrus has issued a proclamation of his intention of building a second Temple at Jerusalem, and that they are at liberty to return. The Principal Sojourner, who, with true masonic charity and brotherly love, has accompanied his three friends into exile, requests the Captain of the Host to read the proclamation; and then, turning to the Companions, says, "Follow me; we will go up. Our pass-word is, 'I am that I am.'" He catches up the rope, and they re-enter the Chapter. They find on one side of the Chapter a path, or *rugged road*, completely strewn with blocks and logs of wood, chairs, benches, and other varieties of "stumbling-blocks"; on the other side — that next the door of the preparation-room — the *living arch*, formed of companion brethren. As before, the Principal Sojourner says, "Stoop low, brethren! He that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (as

Irish patriot lawyers to the Irish bench). They pass through and stumble over the rugged road, the conductor consoling them by reiterating, "This is *the way* many great and good men have travelled before you, never deeming it derogatory to their dignity to *level themselves* with the fraternity. I have often travelled this road from Babylon to Jerualem, and generally found it rough and rugged; I think I never saw it much smoother than it is at present."

Thus paternally encouraged and consoled, the three candidates stumble over the *rugged road*, and again reach the entrance of the *living arch*, when their tender guide addresses them once more: "Companions, here is a very difficult and dangerous place ahead, which lies directly in our way. Before we attempt to pass it we must kneel down and pray." He reads from Ps. cxli., "Lord, I cry unto thee, make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice. Let my prayer be set before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as evening sacrifice. O God, in thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute," etc. The candidates arise, pass under the living arch, stumble over the rugged way, and again kneel at the entrance of the living arch to pray. This is repeated three times, the Principal Sojourner each time reading a portion of the Psalms, and the arches each time getting heavier and harder to pass.

After the last peregrination, the Principal Sojourner informs the candidates that they have now arrived in sight of the ruins of the *Old Temple* (in Molesworth Street), near the outer veil of the Temple, the veils having been meanwhile suspended through the hall. Each veil is guarded by a Captain, to whom they give a password and sign. They alarm at the Fourth Veil, which is guarded by the Royal Arch Captain (the Wicklow prosecutor, living in Leeson Park), who cries out, "Who comes there? Who dares to approach this Fourth Veil of our Sacred Tabernacle, where incense burns day and night upon our holy altar? Who are you, and what are your intentions?"

They assure him that they are weary sojourners from Babylon, and give him the pass and signs of the Third Veil, upon which the Royal Arch Captain says, "Right! you have my permission to enter. Three most excellent Masters you must have been, or you could not have come thus far. I will now make an alarm, and present you to the *Grand Council*."

The Veil is now drawn aside, and the candidates are permitted to look upon the *Grand Council* — High Priest, Theo. E St. George; King, Hon. Judge Townshend; and Scribe, Charles A. Cameron, M. D. — by the light of ignited gum-camphor in an urn upon the altar. Here a long cross-examination ensues: they present the signet of Zerubbabel (a triangular piece of metal with the word Zerubbabel upon it) to the High Priest, who in turn presents it to the King and the Scribe, all looking very grave, and agreeing that it must be truly the signet of Zerubbabel. They are obliged to trace their pedigree, declaring themselves descendants of the noble families of Giblimites. They are obliged to prove their degree in the craft by giving each sign distinctly, from that of Entered Apprentice to that of Most Excellent Master, inclusive. At each sign the High Priest asks the King and Scribe if they are satisfied, and they each time answer in the affirmative.

The Grand Council now comes to the determination that the strangers are worthy of being employed about the Temple (having distinguished themseves in the Dublin Corporation, Committee No. 1). They are presented with tools — a pickaxe, crowbar, and shovel, generally of wood — and directed to go to the ruins of the *Old Temple* that they may clear away the rubbish preparatory to laying the foundations of the *New*. They are,

moreover, requested to preserve everything curious or valuable which may fall in their way. Each candidate shoulders his tool, and follows the Principal Sojourner to the corner of the hall, where they find a quantity of blocks, bricks, etc., and among other things a *keystone*. They lift up keystone, which discloses to view a trap-door, and at once repair to the Grand Council. The Principal Sojourner having given an eloquent account of their labors and discoveries, the High Priest says, "Companion King, this is a most valuable discovery, indeed: this must be the keystone of a Mark Master Mason." The Most Wise King is of opinion that it is the stone wrought by the Grand Master Hiram Abiff; and upon finding the Scribe of a like opinion, the High Priest draws the keystone across his forehead, giving the sign, and says, "Holiness to the Lord!" The King and Scribe do the same. The candidates having determined to penetrate to "the secret vault," to which the trap-door is the entrance, even at the risk of their lives, the High Priest dismisses them with the benediction, "Go, and the God of your fathers be with you!"

The trap-door is opened, and one of the Companions agreeing to go down, a rope is put seven times round his body, and two Companions, holding the ends of the rope, let him down about eight or ten feet, when he finds a second trap door, and three small trying squares lying on top of it. He gives the signal, is drawn up, and again they repair to the Grand Council. The High Priest declaring them to be the jewels of their three Ancient Grand Masters, draws them across his forehead, and says again, "Holiness to the Lord!" This is repeated by the King and Scribe. The Principal Sojourner declares that they are prepared to penetrate to the lower depths of the secret vault, even at the risk of their lives, and they are again dismissed with a blessing. A Companion is again let down by a rope. He raises the second trap-door, is let down about ten feet farther, and finds no less a treasure than the Ark of the Covenant. He is immediately drawn up and led to the Grand Council, where the Principal Sojourner relates their adventures: "Most Excellent, in pursuance of your orders, we repaired to the secret vault, and let down one of the Companions as before. The sun at this time was at its meridian height, the rays of which enabled him to discover a small box or chest, standing on a pedestal, curiously wrought, and overlaid with gold. He gave the signal and was immediately drawn up. We have brought it here for examination." The High Priest looks at the Ark, apparently much surprised, and declares that this must be the Ark of the Covenant of God. The King and Scribe agreeing with him, he opens the Ark and takes out a book from which he reads Genesis ii. 3; Deut. xxxi. 24, 26; Exod. xx. 21, after which he exclaims, "This is the book of the Law long lost, but now found,— holiness to the Lord! A book of the Law long lost, but now found,— holiness to the Lord! A book of the Law long lost but now found,— holiness to the Lord!" Each time he draws the book across his forehead. The King and Scribe repeat the same. The candidates are now told that the world is indebted to masonry for the preservation of this Sacred Volume (the Bible), as but for the wisdom of Hiram Abiff and other masonic brethren, this (the only remaining copy of the Bible, the Molesworth Street edition) would have been destroyed at the destruction of Jerusalem. (It is supposed that it was a protoplast of the Dublin representative of the Prussian lodges who was let down into the third secret vault by his brother masons, for the first time (according to the Lord Lieutenant's inauguration speech), about 3,000 years ago; and that it was he who recovered "the long-lost book of the Law," and it was thus preserved ever since by this pious

family for the benefit of the Coombe and Townshend Ragged Schools and the Dublin Scripture and Coffee Cabstands.) The High Priest now discovers in the Ark a small pot, which on investigation proves to be a pot of manna. He beckons the Companions to approach, and says, "Companions, we read in the book of the Law, 'He that overcometh will I give to eat of the *hidden manna*.' Companions, you are entitled to it." (Gives each a piece of sugar.) "But of how it came to be desposited here we cannot now particularly speak. You must go higher in masonry before you can know."

The remaining contents of the Ark prove to be Aaron's rod, and a key to the ineffable characters of this degree, by aid of which he reads the characters inscribed on the four sides of the Ark: "Deposited in the year three thousand. — By Solomon King of Israel, — Hiram, King of Tyre, — and Hiram Abiff" — for the good of masonry generally, but the Jewish nation in particular.

The Omnific Word is now given to the candidates, a lecture is given containing the history of the degree, and the High Priest declares the Chapter closed. (If we did not read the above in their own ritual could any one living believe sensible men capable of such folly?)

The officers necessary to form an encampment of Knights Templar are: — Most Eminent Grand Commander, Generalissimo, Captain-General, Prelate, Treasurer, Recorder, Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Standard Bearer, Warder, and Sentinel.

A throne is situated in the east; above is suspended a banner; on it a cross surmounted by rays of light; on each side a sky-blue banner, on one of which are arranged the emblems of the order, and on the other a paschal lamb and Maltese cross with the motto, "The will of God." The Grand Commander is seated on the throne, the Generalissimo, Prelate, and Past Grand Commanders on his right, the Captain-General on his left, the Treasurer on the right, and the Recorder on the left in front of the Senior Warden at the southwest angle of the triangular table, which stands in the centre of the encampment furnished with twelve burning tapers, with glasses filled with wine and water between, and in the centre a coffin supporting a Bible and a skull. The Junior Warden sits at the northwest angle of the triangle. The Standard Bearer in the west, with the Sword Bearer on his right hand, and the Warder on the left. At the base of the triangle and in front of the Standard Bearer is a stall for the initiate. The Knights are so arranged that there are an equal number on each side of the throne and in front.

The dress is a full suit of black. An apron of black velvet of a triangular form, trimmed with silver lace. The Sir Knights being assembled and seated, and the encampment opened with great ceremony, the candidate is balloted for. If he is elected, the Junior Warden conducts him to the door of a small apartment near the encampment, completely hung or painted with black, and lighted by one glimmering taper, which is called the "Chamber of Reflection." Before entering he is hoodwinked, and informed by the Junior Warden that he is to be left for a few minutes alone in the "Chamber," that he will there find a scroll containing three questions, which he is to consider, and then answer on the margin; also the Holy Bible, that great light in masonry; and a bowl of water, in which he is to bathe his hands as a token of the purity of his intentions in the business in which he is engaged. "Soon after I leave the room," concludes the Junior Warden, "I will give a signal of three distinct shocks, at which you will remove the bandage from your eyes. After you have gone through the ceremonies give the same signal, and I will return to you." He leads the candidate into the "Chamber," seats him there, goes out, closing the door, and immediately after gives the

promised signal. The candidate removes the bandage from his eyes, and starts at the sight of gloom and horror that surrounds him.

The silence of the "Chamber," its sombre hangings, the mysterious appearance of the open Bible, the scroll and pen, the bowl of water and napkin, and above all, a hideous skull which grins a remembrance of death across the little table, tend to fill his mind with gloom, if not terror. He examines the scroll and its questions, the most important of which is: "Do you solemnly swear to conform to all the ceremonies, rules, and regulations of this encampment, as all valiant and magnanimous Sir Knights have done, who have travelled this way before you?" Having written "Yes," and signed his name to each of these questions, the candidate performs the ablution as directed, gives the signal, and the Junior Warden returns. He immediately examines the scroll, and leaving the candidate a second time, repairs with it to the Most Eminent Grand Commander, where he declares that a worthy Companion, who has taken all the necessary preceding degrees, and now solicits the honor of being dubbed Knight Templar and Knight of Malta, has given answer to the questions proposed to him, and performed the necessary ablution in token of his sincerity. The Most Eminent having examined the questions and the candidate's signature, professes himself satisfied so far, but adds that, as a trial of his patience and perseverance, he enjoins on him a seven years' pilgrimage, which he will perform, dressed in pilgrim's weeds, under the direction of the Junior Warden. The Junior Warden returns to the candidate in the "Chamber of Reflection," from which that personage soon emerges, dressed in complete pilgrim's weeds,— sandals, staff, scrip, all complete, as well as some bread and a bottle of water (LL.) necessary to sustain him on his journey.

The encampments are generally formed so that the Junior Warden leads the candidate through several rooms before they come to the *asylum*, where the Grand Commander sits. As they enter the first room, a guard who is stationed there inquires, "Who comes there?" Upon being informed that it is a weary pilgrim who has travelled from afar, he receives the candidate, and offers him a collation of bread and water, after which he still further refreshes him by reading from the Bible how Abraham sent away Hagar, having provided her with *bread* and a *bottle* of *water* (without LL.). In the second and the third room he is received and regaled in a like manner, the last lesson being taken from the words of Christ himself: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. . . Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward." They pass on and make an alarm at the entrance of the Grand Asylum. The Most Eminent Grand Commander bids the Knight Warden attend to the alarm. The Junior Sir Warden declares that "A weary pilgrim who has passed three years of pilgrimage" (namely, through three rooms in Molesworth Hall!) "is most desirous, if it pleases the Grand Commander, forthwith to dedicate the four remaining years to deeds of more exalted usefulness (than going from one room to another), and if found worthy, his strong desire is to be now admitted among those valiant Knights, whose well-earned fame has spread both far and wide for acts of charity and pure beneficence" (when it was no material injury to self or family). The Grand Commander thus assured says, "This being true, Sir Knight, our Prelate, you will take this weary pilgrim to the altar, where, having sworn him forever faithful, forthwith invest him with the sword and buckler that, as a pilgrim warrior, he may perform seven years of warfare."

At these words the Senior Warden calls, "Attention, Sir Knights! You will form an avenue, to escort our Most Excellent Prelate to the holy altar."

The Veil is drawn aside, which divides the asylum from the rest of the encampment, and the avenue is formed by the Sir Knights standing in two lines and forming an arch with their swords. Down this avenue the Prelate leads the candidate till they reach the altar, which stands at the lower end of the Council Chamber; and here he directs him to kneel upon two crossed swords and his hands upon the Bible, which likewise supports two crossed swords. The Senior Warden stands on the right and the Junior Warden on the left of the candidate, with drawn swords; whilst the Prelate seats himself on a sort of throne and dictates the following oath: —

"I, ——, in presence of Almighty God and this encampment of Knights Templar, do hereby and hereon most solemnly swear that I will always hail and forever conceal all the mysteries of this order of Knights Templar. I swear to obey all signs and summons from a regular encampment of Knights Templar. I swear that I will help, aid, and assist with my counsel, my purse, and my sword, all poor and indigent Knights Templar, their widows and orphans. I swear that I will go the distance of forty miles, even barefoot and on frosty ground, to save the life and relieve the necessities of a worthy Knight. I swear that I will wield my sword in defence of innocent maidens, destitute widows, and helpless orphans." (How they keep this oath, the widows and helpless orphans, *under the care of masonic chancellors and vice-chancellors, and chief clerks of Irish and English chancery courts will tell.*) "I swear to support and maintain the by-laws of this encampment, and the edicts and regulations of the Grand Encampment of this country. To all which I most solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my head struck off, and placed on the highest spire in Christendom, should I violate this my solemn obligation of a Knight Templar. So help me God and keep me steadfast." (He kisses the book.)

After a short address from the Prelate, the Senior Warden invests the candidate with the "pilgrim warrior's pass." It is given by four cuts of the sword under an arch of steel. They now start on their tour of warfare back to the asylum, brandishing their swords and declaring, "I will wield my sworn in defence of innocent maidens, destitute widows," etc., etc. Three guards are to be passed, to each of whom is given the "pilgrim warrior's pass," and finally it is given at the entrance of the asylum, when the veil is drawn aside and the candidate advances to the base of the triangle, after which the Most Eminent Grand Commander says to him,—

"Pilgrim, we require a yet stronger proof of your fidelity to us The proofs we demand are that you participate with us in *five libations*, which being performed, we will receive you a Knight among our number. The elements of these libations are for the first four, wine and water; the *fifth* is pure *wine*. Have you any repugnance to participate?"

The candidate, prompted by Senior Warden, says, "Most Eminent, I am willing to conform to the rules of the order."

The Most Eminent takes a glass of wine and water from the triangle, and directs the candidate to do the same, and repeat after him as follows: "To the memory of Solomon, King of Israel, our ancient Grand Master." *Second Libation:* To the memory of Hiram, King of Tyre, our ancient Grand Master. *Third Libation:* To the memory of Hiram Abiff, the widow's son, who lost his life in defence of his integrity. The Masonic Prelate reads for the candidate from the Gospel of Matt. xxvi. 14, 26, the betrayal by Judas and the account of our Lord's Last Supper. After which

the Most Eminent Grand Commander addresses him: "Pilgrim, the twelve burning tapers you see upon the triangle correspond in number with the twelve disciples of our Saviour while on earth, one of whom fell by transgression, and betrayed his Lord and Master. And as a constant admonition to you always to persevere in the path of virtue, integrity, and truth, and as a perpetual memorial of the apostasy of Judas Iscariot, you are required by the rules of our order to extinguish one of those burning tapers" (The candidate extinguishes one of the tapers.) "So perish," goes on the Grand Commander, "the enemies of our order! And may you ever bear in mind that he who basely violates his oath is worthy of no better fate." ('T is clear that in masonic religion, to betray a mason is the same crime as the betrayal of the Saviour of the world) The relics (says the Ritual) are now uncovered, and a black coffin is exhibited to the candidate, placed in the centre of the triangle and supporting the Bible, on which rest a human skull and cross-bones. The Sir Knight Prelate now reads another lesson from the evangelist Matt. xxvi. 36–50: "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said unto his disciples, sit ye here while I go and pray yonder. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy." He reads on the evangelist's account of the Passion and Crucifixion of the Redeemer, until he comes to the last part of it: "And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: They parted my garments among them and upon my vesture they did cast lots. And sitting down they watched him there: and set over his head his accusation written: This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." "Pilgrim," the Most Eminent Commander goes on, "we will now participate in the fourth libation." The candidate takes a glass of wine and water from the triangle and repeats after the Commander the toast, "To the memory of Simon of Cyrene, the friend of our Saviour, who bore his cross and fell a martyr to his faith." They both give the drinking sign, by drawing the glass across the throat.

I ask any Christian father or mother what impressions would or could such a ceremony produce on their son's mind? But this is not all. He has yet to taste of a fifth libation, and on his knees, skull in hand, to seal his terrible oath by drinking wine from that hideous cup. After drinking the toast of Simon of Cyrene, the Commander says to the candidate, "Pilgrim, before you will be permitted to participate in the fifth libation, I shall enjoin upon you one year's penance, which you will perform as a token of your faith and humility, under the direction of the Senior and the Junior Wardens, with this emblem of humility (a skull) in one hand, and this emblem of faith (a lighted taper) in the other. You will take them and travel to the sepulchre of our Saviour"

The candidate starts on his journey and after travelling round the lodge awhile, they are accosted by a guard, stationed at the entrance of a dark room representing the sepulchre of our Saviour. He demands, "Who comes there?" Senior Warden answers, "A pilgrim penitent travelling from afar, craves your permission here awhile to wait, and at the shrine of our departed Lord to offer up his prayers and meditations." Guard: "How does he expect to obtain this favor?" Senior Warden: "By the benefit of the pilgrim penitent's pass." The word or pass is *Golgotha* (Calvary) and is given by five cuts given under an arch of swords. The pass being given, the guard permits them to enter the sepulchre of our Saviour. The candidate is directed to kneel at the entrance of the sepulchre while the Senior Warden reads for him the evangelist's account of the Resurrection. This done, the

room or hall is darkened, and the candidate rises, to behold, in another part of the encampment, a brilliantly lighted transparency, representing the Resurrection and Ascension of the Saviour. A hymn in honor of the Resurrection is sung by the brethren, after which the Prelate takes the candidate by the arm and walks him near the transparency, where he gives him a Scriptural lecture, half rhapsody and whole hypocrisy. (This taste of music, so observable among the brethren, accounts for the predominance of music-masters over dancing-masters in the masonic ranks, as may be seen by Official List in Appendix.) As he winds up with "Amen and amen!" the hall is again lighted up, and the candidate makes another alarm at the door of the asylum, while the Senior Warden says, "A pilgrim penitent, travelling from afar, having performed his term of penance, seeks now to participate in the fifth libation, thereby to seal his faith." The pass "Golgotha" is then given, the veil is drawn aside, and the candidate enters the asylum, and kneels at the base of the triangle, with its eleven burning tapers, and its coffin, Bible, and skull. The Most Eminent Commander addresses him thus: "Pilgrim, the fifth libation is taken in a very solemn way. It is emblematical of the bitter cup of death, of which we must all, sooner or later, taste; from which even the Saviour of the world was not exempt, notwithstanding his repeated prayers and solicitations. It is taken of pure wine, and from this cup." He exhibits a human skull, pours wine into it, and says, "To show you that we here practise no imposition, I give you this pledge." He drinks from the skull, and afterwards pours more wine into it and presents it to the candidate, telling him that the fifth libation is called among masons "The Sealed Obligation," as it is to seal all his former obligations in masonry. If the candidate, as is often the case, hesitates in taking the "Sealed Obligation," the Commander cries out, "Attention, Sir Knights!"

The Sir Knights at once form round the candidate. "Handle sword! Draw sword! Charge!" And while the swords of his companions glitter about his head, the Commander says to the candidate, "Pilgrim, you here see the swords of your companions all drawn, ready to defend you in the discharge of every duty we require of you; they are also drawn to avenge any violation of the rules of our order. You promised when you entered the Chamber of Reflection that you would conform to all the ceremonies, rules, and regulations of this encampment. We here have your promise in writing. We expect you will proceed." If the candidate consents, under this very pointed compulsion, he takes the skull in his hand, and repeats after the Eminent Commander as follows: "This pure wine I take from this cup" (the skull) "in testimony of my belief in the immortality of the soul and the mortality of the body; and as the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of our Saviour" (mark the masonic moral drawn from the contemplation of our Redeemer's Passion and Death), "so may the sins of the person whose skull this once was be heaped upon my head in addition to my own, and may they appear in judgment against me, both here and hereafter, should I violate or transgress" (not the commandment of God, but) "any obligation in masonry, of the orders of Knighthood which I have heretofore taken, take at this time, or may hereafter be instructed in. So help me God!" He drinks from the skull.

This "Sealed Obligation" is referred to by masonic Templars in confidential communications relative to matters of extreme importance, when other masonic obligations seem insufficient to insure silence, secrecy, and safety. Such, for instance, was the murder of William Morgan, their great American secretary, to which we will refer

later on, and which was communicated from one Templar to another, under the pledge of the masonic Templar's Skull-Sealed Obligation. Now, may I ask well-meaning English and Irish masons, where is the necessity of taking such a revolting and blasphemous oath, and sealing it by draughts of wine from a human skull, in order to perform works of charity and benevolence towards widows and orphans? Unless, indeed, it be that Turkish charity to which the unburied skulls of Servia and Bulgaria bear witness.

Another Scripture lesson is read, after which the Most Eminent Grand Commander says, "Pilgrim, you are elected to fill the vacancy in our encampment made by the death of Judas Iscariot, and in testimony of your acceptance of that appointment, you will relight the extinguished taper upon the triangle." The candi date lights it, after which he rises from his knees, and is formally dubbed a Knight Templar and Knight of Malta. The signs, grips, and hailing signals of the degree are given. They are, like the rest of the ceremony, most irreligious and blasphemous, but must be left for explanation amongst the grips and pass words in Appendix. The encampment is closed as it was opened.

*To be continued.*

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## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

This bird possesses faculties which render it one of the great objects of curiosity and admiration among the feathered tribes. Its natural notes are musical and solemn. It likewise possesses the singular power of assuming the tones of other birds and animals. This extraordinary bird is peculiar to the New World, inhabiting warm climates, and low country seems most congenial to their nature. They are most numerous in the South. The berries of red cedar, myrtle, holly, gumberries, and an abundance of others, with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of these regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. He builds his nest in different places, according to the latitude he resides in A solitary thorn-bush orange, cedar, or holly tree are favorite spots It is always ready to defend, but never anxious to conceal its nest During the time the female is sitting, neither cat nor dog, animal nor man, approaches the nest without being attacked. His whole vengeance is directed against his natural enemy, the black snake; whenever this reptile is discovered, the mate darts at it with the rapidity of an arrow, striking it violently and incessantly against the head; the snake soon becomes insensible, and the bird redoubles his exertions; he seizes and lifts it from the ground, beating it with his wings until the business is completed; he returns to his nest and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory. The mocking-bird is so called because it can imitate with the greatest ease, not only the songs of other birds, but the sounds and cries of animals. In confinement he loses a little of the power and energy of his song. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog. Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a young chicken, and the hen runs about with outstretched wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect her brood. The barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the creaking of a wheelbarrow, the grating of a grindstone, and the rushing of a torrent of water follow with great truth and rapidity.

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Wit is pelentiful in Paris, and generally excellent. The other day a passenger climbed to the roof of an enormous omnibus on the boulevards, smiling gayly, and immediately inquired, "Is this Noah's Ark full yet?" A voice from the inside promptly replied, "It only wanted the monkey, so you may drive on now, conductor."

## THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

### DR. TODHUNTER'S SEVENTH LECTURE.

THE lecturer said that coming from Michael Angelo, the supreme sculptor of the Renaissance, to the Venetians, who in all the qualities of fine painting were its supreme masters, was like descending from lofty peaks to bask in pleasant meadows and wander through enchanted groves. The first painter of the Venetian color school to whom he would refer was Giorgione, whose very name sounded richly on the ear and filled the eye of the imagination with a vague delight of gorgeous Venetian color, that full-toned color which glowed with the warm splendor of sunset or of a twilight soft as that which might fill the chambers of some palace of the genii, where the glare was mellowed through amber windows. But Giorgione was now little more than a name to conjure up pleasant dreams, a legendary personage whose works had perished from the earth to live only in the imaginations of men. All the frescos with which he adorned the fronts of public buildings in Venice were utterly gone, with the exception of some very few mouldering fragments which still clung to the walls But the impression which Giorgione produced upon the men of his time was shown by the multitude of imitators of his style. Some twenty painters set themselves more or less deliberately to paint pictures, which were easily mistaken for his. In Giorgione they saw for the first time a man whose art was almost divorced from religion, and who frequently painted subjects which were not even legendary or mythological, but simply ideal transcripts from the life around him. The beauty of life and the interest of every-day incidents were now at length recognized by the Venetians, and hence the crowd which pressed into the wide field opened by Giorgione. The influence of Giorgione was clearly visible in the works of several painters. With respect to Titian, he was as manifestly the representative Venetian painter of his day, as his master, Giovanni Bellini, was of his. Born about the year 1477, he seemed to have felt the glory of landscape scenery as probably no painter ever did before. He completed that fine treatment of landscape as something more than mere background which was begun by Bellini and Giorgione. In 1516, when he was thirty-nine years of age, Titian was fairly recognized as the great Venetian painter. He moved in the most cultivated society, and was in great request as a painter of portraits as well as of subject pictures. He lived to the age of ninety-nine. His long life had not the personal and political interest of that of Michael Angelo. He was the prosperous, aristocratic painter of a wealthy city whose national prosperity was at its height, while its spiritual decline had begun; and his art shared to some extent in that decline. In his works there did not appear the same undeniable advance from first to last, as was observable in Bellini's; yet up to his eightieth year he showed little signs of decline in skill. A picture which he painted for his own pleasure a few years before his death was hung up as a model of all technical excellence in the studio of Tintoretto. In the spirit of his works, however, a feverish inequality appeared. He became the flatterer of princes, and painted multitudes of pictures which pandered to the lower tastes of such men as Philip II. of Spain; yet, at the same time, he occasionally did magnificent things, and at his lowest was always a great painter. His portraits would always hold the very highest place, though he frequently flattered his sitters by idealization, as in the case of the ugly, awkward, and sensual Philip, whose likeness, as put by Titian on canvas, won the heart of Mary of England. Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" was one of the greatest works of his best period. Any adequate description of it would require

poetry rather than plain prose, suggested, as it was, by a poem of Catullus, and itself no doubt the origin of Keats's "Endymion." It was indeed quite in the spirit of Keats, classical in the sense in which his work was classical, steeped in the sunshine of Greek mythology, yet with a richness of tone which was essentially modern, and which was called Romantic rather than Greek. Ariadne abandoned by Theseus in the island of Naxos, was portrayed as surprised by Bacchus as she stood gazing out to sea after the retreating sail. Bacchus in his chariot drawn by leopards, and surrounded by satyrs, appeared rushing out of a forest glade and flinging himself from his chariot in impassioned pursuit of Ariadne, who turned to fly at the first surprise of his sudden advent.

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## MRS. DONOHUE'S COURAGEOUS CAREER IN THE IRISH REBELLION.

MRS. MARY DONOHUE died at her residence in New York recently, aged one hundred and twelve. She was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1767. Mrs. Donohue's history was remarkable. Her father was a well-to-do farmer in the county of Donegal. Public schools were not in existence, and the only place of instruction to be found, even under prohibition, was the "hedge" schools. In these Mrs. Donohue gained a very imperfect education. Her schooling was interrupted by the rebellion of '98. Her father was concerned with the Chartists and other revolutionary societies, and soon became a marked man. Finally he was arrested, and then it was that the daughter found an opportunity of showing splendid courage. Her father was taken to Donegal and locked up in the bridewell. She followed him on foot, and upon arriving in the town found it impossible to gain access to him. Wandering through the streets, footsore and tired, she met a young man whom she knew in Londonderry, and told her story. They both went to the lock-up. While the young country girl was in earnest conversation with the jailer, the father managed to slip out and gain his freedom. The authorities made every endeavor to detain and punish the girl as an accomplice, but she was finally set free. From that moment she entered heart and soul into the rebellion. She followed the rebels wherever they went, and acted as a vivandière, as well as a bearer of despatches. As the latter she was remarkably successful, and was never arrested afterward, although she went on foot wherever her mission called her. The crushing of the rebellion broke up her homestead and destroyed her hopes.

Subsequently she married a young farmer named Donohue, but the British government, hearing of her career, persecuted her to such a degree that she was compelled to leave the country and came to America, arriving here in 1847, two years after her husband's death. She had ten children, three boys and seven girls, all of whom are still living. Up to the last hour of Mrs. Donohue's life she was in full possession of all her faculties, and had walked around the house on the day she died. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane Donohue, with whom she has lived for the past twenty-two years, says that the old lady had a notion that she was possessed of at least $2,000. For several months she was accustomed to look round for the treasure, but never found it. She had thirty-two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, one of whom is serving in the United States Army. After she had passed her one hundredth year she began to grow childish, and frequently would send for her children and grandchildren only to tell them of her childhood and the many trials that she went through during the trying times of '98. The last wish of the old lady was that she should be buried at home, but that was impossible, as her children had not sufficient money to defray the expenses.

# OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

## ARE THEY FREE FOR ALL, OR ARE THEY NOT?

HON. EDMUND F. DUNNE,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ARIZONA.

### SUMMARY OF WHAT THE MINORITY CLAIM.

I HAVE attempted to state to you our argument. I know, in the hurried preparation I have made, I have not done it justice; but the main points are these: —

1. Religious instruction is of paramount importance.

2. Each parent has the right to say what religious instruction his child shall receive.

3. We cannot, in conscience, send our children to the public schools as they are now managed, because they nullify our religious instruction.

4. The public schools are public property, supported by public funds, in the management of which the whole public has an equal right to be heard, and to have the interests of the whole public considered.

5. We have a right to demand that such change shall be made as will enable us, in conscience, to avail ourselves of the system of maintaining schools by enforced taxation, so long as we are contributing to the support of that system.

6. We have a right to present amendments which will be satisfactory to us, and urge their adoption.

7. On such presentation, it is the duty of the majority, if the existence of the grievance is proved, either to adopt the amendments offered by us, or some others which will subserve the general welfare.

8. If the majority refuse to do either of these things, it is their duty either to give us the portion of the fund we have ourselves paid in, and let us manage it ourselves, or else relieve us from the obligation of making such payment.

### SOME OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

I have stated our propositions. I have supported them by such argument as at present occurs to my mind. I shall present other arguments when I come to answer objections.

Now, let us see what some of these objections are. At the very outset I am met with this argument by many persons: What is the use of raising this question? It is merely making a fight for nothing. The majority are dead set on this matter, and you can never move them. Why will you disturb things and evoke a discussion which can be only time lost after all?

I must claim that that is a very poor argument. Some one has said that one great difference between a man and a mule is, that a man can change his mind, but that a mule can't.

Now, I believe we have a good many men in this community who can reason. I feel so confident of it that I am willing to undertake an argument with them. I have seen majorities change ere now. Some years ago an old and valued friend of mine introduced a certain bill in the California Legislature; and you may judge how little prospect of success he had when I tell you that, before he could ask its reference to the proper committee, one of the majority broke in on him, and moved to lay it on the table. Another moved an amendment, that the bill be pitched out of the window, which latter motion prevailed. It was,

as I am informed, then resolved that the bill was too filthy a thing for any officer of the House to touch, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms should get a fire-tongs, and by means of them execute the will of the House. Well, there was a cheerful fight for a man to enter on, surely! Now, do you know that I sat in that very Legislature only a few years after, and saw that same identical bill passed almost by acclamation? That was the bill to allow negroes to testify in courts of justice. So you see fights may be won, even though they don't look very promising at the start. When one has right on his side, he must win among a free people sooner or later, if he is only true to his cause. We feel that we are right in this matter; that we are entitled to our belief, and that it is a matter of conscience for us to declare that belief, — nay, to proclaim it everywhere, to blazon the truth upon our banners: and then what? Fold them carefully, and hide them away, lest some offence be taken? No! our duty is to fling them to the breeze, sound the note of battle, throw ourselves body and soul into the fight, do our "level best" to win; then, if the Fates be against us, if the glory of victory is to be reserved for other warriors later in the fight, why, so be it; but we shall have done our duty. No man can do more, and no man can claim to be a man if he is content to do less.

### HOW THE SYSTEM IS WORKING.

The next great argument I hear is this: The system is working very well as it is. It is one of the most glorious institutions of our country. It provides for the education of the poor of all classes, giving them an opportunity to get that knowledge which will enable them to rise from their poverty and become worthy citizens of this great Republic: that, in a country with universal suffrage, the education of the masses is necessary to prevent the Republic from going to destruction, and that this is the only means by which it can be done.

Well, in the first place, there are two questions which must be answered in the affirmative before it can be said that the system works well as it is.

1. Supposing that the children of the masses do attend the schools, is the instruction given there such as would naturally tend to make good citizens?

2. Do the children of the masses attend the schools as established? or, if they do not attend, is it because they have an insuperable objection to attending?

We contend that the first question cannot be answered in the affirmative, and refer to Herbert Spencer as one authority in support of such contention; and would refer to more, and argue the question fully, were it not that, after warning you of your error, if you are willing to patronize such schools, we have no objection, personally, to your doing so. We deplore the results that will, in time, inevitably flow from the system, and shall probably, from time to time, warn you of the consequences, and implore you to save the youth of this country, and the country itself, from the evils of godless education; but, if we cannot persuade you to try to save your children, we ask to be permitted to try to save our own.

We contend that the second question cannot be answered in the affirmative. We allege that the children of the masses do not attend the schools, and that an immense number refuse to attend because they cannot, in conscience, do so.

In denial of the allegation that the system works well as it is, I shall present some statistics taken from an able lecture on this subject by the learned Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, New York, delivered in Cleveland, Ohio, the 17th of December last. He says: "In the city of Rochester the system is tottering under a load of High School, with Latin, Greek, French, German, music, drawing, and contingent expenses. To cut down expenses, they have resolved to buy

no more feather dusters and charcoal. Yet, in Rochester, taking their own figures for one of the most favorable months in the year, they have only a few over 7,000 children in their schools; the Catholics have about 5,000 children; the Lutheran, Episcopalian, and private schools have about 1.600. In other words, only about one half the children attending schools in the city are in the public schools." (See lecture referred to.)

Evidently the system is not working very well in Rochester! It will not do to say the schools are open, and that the rest could attend if they wished. There are 5,000 of them in one body who cannot attend on account of conscientious objections, — religious objections, which every one is bound to respect. He says further: "The system is breaking down in Cleveland, O., because there are there over 7.000 children in Christian free schools, and not in the public schools; because, in Cincinnati, nearly one half the children in the city going to school are to be found in Christian free schools; because, in New York City, there are about 30,000, and a like number in Brooklyn, whose parents prefer Christian to public schools. There are manufacturing villages in the New England States, as Chicopee, Putnam, Baltic, and others, in which the proportion is still greater. I have heard of one place having four hundred children in its Christian schools, and only thirty in the common schools." (See the lecture referred to.)

If you will examine the Catholic Directory for 1875, you will find reports from over sixty Bishoprics and Archbishoprics in the United States, showing that there were nearly half a million children in attendance at Catholic schools in this country in the year 1874, and that over one third of a million were being educated in Catholic free schools, all of whom are by right entitled to their share of the public school fund, but who are deprived of it now by the unjust and arbitrary legislation of the present majority To give some instances in round numbers you will find 1,000 in Wheeling, 2,000 in Springfield, 3.000 in Louisville, 4,000 in Erie, 5,000 in Hartford, 6,000 in Galveston, 7,000 in Boston, 8,000 in Albany, 9,000 in Milwaukee, 10,000 in Alton, 11,000 in St. Louis, 12,000 in Buffalo, 15,000 in Detroit, 17,000 in Pittsburg, 18.000 in Brooklyn, 20,000 in Philadelphia, 21,000 in Newark, 22,000 in Chicago 23,000 in Cincinnati, and 42,000 in New York. These numbers are for the diocese in each case, not merely for the city named

These are startling figures in reply to your claim, that the system is giving general satisfaction as it is; and we have only just begun to operate outside of the system, having been unable to obtain justice within it. Large as these figures are, you will find them doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in the coming years, as fast as we are able to erect new buildings to supply our wants.

Will you amend the law now, while these hundreds of thousands of bright, sharp young Americans are willing to accept amendments, or will you wait? Do you think, if you wait till these legions of trained minds come upon the scene as voters and workers in this fight, keenly alive to the injustice which throughout all their years of childhood has been perpetrated upon them, that you will get better terms than are offered now? And if you think you might be willing to agree to a just arrangement then, how much better to do it now!

It is true, the system is breaking down; but it is not we who are destroying it. We are giving it double the aid of any other class of people. We pay our money regularly in support of it, and do not burden it with the care of our children. We do not think the system of free education will ever break down in this country; it certainly never will, so far as our people are concerned. The thing that will break down one of these days will be your unwise, illiberal, and

arbitrary management of it. It will not be long before the wiser heads among you will realize that the present Procrustean policy is unjust in principle and pernicious in results: then a proper change will be made, and the system, endowed with new life and receiving the hearty support of all classes of our people, will begin in earnest the great work of truly educating the children of this country; then it will be a system that all can defend and support, but not till then.

Wherever you look, you will find there is a very large proportion of the children who do not and cannot avail themselves of the system as now managed. And how is it right here in your own town? I am a new-comer here, and of course cannot speak of my own knowledge; but I have asked a friend to get the figures for me, and to be particular and get them correct. They have been given to me by him as follows, which any of you can verify: Public schools: boys, 96; girls, 29. Sisters' school, 89. Parochial school, Mr. Springs' school, 12. One private school, 8; another, 9: or 312 in all Out of this 312, how many are in the public schools? Only 125, — a great deal less than one half! Evidently the system is not working very well here either, where, notwithstanding that all are taxed, more than half refuse to attend; yet these 125 children get all the money, and the 187 get nothing By the school census it appears there are over 900 children in this county. Your system is conducted in such a way that, with all your efforts, you can get only 125 into your schools; and yet in your apportionment you are allowed money for over 900 children, and you educate only 125. Now, is this fair? Why should the money not be divided equally? The fund is gathered from the whole people; why should not the whole people have the benefit of it? Is there any difficulty in making the division? I tell you, if you were the ones that were hurt by it, you would soon find a way to divide it. Now, as a practical people, in a free country, legislating for the general good, claiming to allow full religious freedom, what are you going to do under the circumstances? Can you say, in the face of these facts, that the system is working well as it is? Can you say that a system works well which taxes one half of the people for the exclusive benefit, practically, of the other half, and particularly when this is not a taxation of the rich for the benefit of the poor, but notoriously a taxation of the poor for the benefit of the rich? for it is undeniable that the great majority of the children who are now excluded from the schools on account of religious convictions are the children of poor people, children of the laboring class who can very ill afford to pay a tax at all, but to whom it becomes an absolute oppression to pay first a tax for gorgeous public-school buildings, wherein the children of the rich may get their Latin, Greek, French, German, and music, gratis, — things which it is a mockery to the poor to say they may also have if they wish, — and then, after that, draw upon their scanty savings for money to build their own school-houses and provide their own teachers for their children, and then pay you, after all, an additional tax on these same school buildings they have been obliged to erect for themselves? Can you look us in the face and say that such a system works very well as it is? Oh, yes, it works very well, so far as you are concerned. You get our money and do not have to expend it upon our children. It enables you to build palaces of learning, to engage the most skilled professors, to establish normal schools, to carefully train your teachers; and no wonder you like it. Then you are so very generous, withal, as to boast to us of the superiority of your schools, built, in great part, with our money, and point contemptuously to the modest little showing we have been able to make with the little you have left us.

Did you ever hear the fable of

the Boys and the Frogs? It was very good fun for the boys, but death to the frogs. We don't wonder that you are satisfied with the system. It's "nuts" for you, we know, and the longer we stay out the better you like it, provided always we pay. But do you think such a system can last very long in this country? I tell you that if you want to save the system, you had better begin and doctor it a little, before it is too late. It can't last always the way things are going on now, and it is the part of wise men to conciliate in time. You are, by your own acts, forcing the people whom you charge as being opposed to the system, into the very position which will render them independent of it. You are compelling them to build their own schools by thousands, and to accustom themselves to voluntarily support them. Is not that actually driving them into a position of independence? When they get their school-houses all built and their machinery fully organized, what need will they have of your system? and how could you expect them to favor it when it had operated on them in that manner? This question is really worthy your consideration. Our demands ought to receive respectful attention, and not be so contemptuously cast aside.

### FIGHTING FOR A PRINCIPLE.

We are not asking for much. We ask only to have the use of our own money. I imagine that when you come to count it out to us, and see how small a sum it is, — for we are, as a class, very poor people, and do not pay a very large tax compared with the revenues of a State, though it is large to us,—you will be astonished that we made such a fuss over so little. You may probably be inclined to feel as the highwaymen did towards the Scotchman. Did you ever hear the story? A Scotchman was assailed by three highwaymen who claimed his money or his life. He made a most desperate resistance, seriously injuring his opponents, and only after a hard fight was he overpowered. When they come to "investigate" him, they found nothing on him but a battered old sixpence.

"Why, the deuce take the fellow!" said one; "when he made such a fight for that, I suppose if he had had eighteen pence, he would have killed the whole of us."

You see, they did not understand the motive of his resistance. Like us, he was fighting on principle. He did not want to be robbed.

Hampden refused to pay a few shillings of tax in the way of ship-money. It did not amount to much, but it brought to the block the head of one of the proudest and most royal kings that ever sat upon a throne. It convulsed a nation, changed the civilization of a people, and struck terror to the hearts of kings and emperors throughout the civilized world. Oh, I tell you, the rights of a people are a dangerous thing to trifle with. True, we have now, thank God, an easier way to settle such disputes. The silent, softly-falling ballot does the work with us quietly, effectually, swiftly, and securely. Do you think that remedy will not be resorted to if all other arguments fail? Do you wish to force such a fight? and are you willing to placidly declare that you will yield to nothing but force in this matter, — that there shall be no discussion? Do you sustain the previous question on us? If so, it is you who force us to vote on the main question.

### ARE WE TRYING TO BREAK DOWN THE SYSTEM?

The great, final, and, as you allege, overwhelming objection is this: that if we grant this privilege to one set of people, all the others will claim it, and our public schools will be broken up. Now, it seems to me a very singular objection to make to a law intended to render justice to all parties, that if it passed, nearly everybody will accept the benefits of it. Why, I should think that would be one of the strong-

est arguments that could be urged in its favor. But how can you reconcile that proposition with the other one you assert with equal vehemence, that everybody but us is satisfied with the system as it is! You must be wrong in one or the other of these propositions. It is clearly impossible that everybody but us can be satisfied with the present system, and think it the best that can be devised, and yet that if you should permit a change, everybody would eagerly avail himself of it. Now, which of these arguments will you stand on? I cannot contend against both in the one breath. It seems to me that either you must give up your proposition that everybody but us is satisfied, and admit that there is a general, wide-spread dissatisfaction on this subject of religious education, and that therefore the system needs overhauling and readjustment, and that our claims are just; or else you must give up your own proposition that to allow us to withdraw would break up the system. . . . I cannot pretend to argue with you on these two conflicting propositions till you declare which one of them you maintain to be true. But perhaps I may be permitted to throw in this remark: What is the vital principle in this law, which makes it a system? What is there systematic about a public school which distinguishes it from any other school? Two things I imagine you will claim, and two things only: First, that in the public school, tuition is free; but that is not a sufficient distinction, for our parochial schools are also free. Second, — and this we admit and claim is the only vital element distinguishing the system, — that the fund to maintain these schools is raised by uniform taxation enforced by law. Now, how would permitting particular schools to be established and receive their share of the fund interfere with the distinguishing principle of raising the fund by taxation? Why, it is done every day now. New schools are constantly being established and their share of the fund allotted to them, without experiencing any difficulty whatever. It is a mere question of detail, for clerks and accountants to settle. The apportionments we ask for could be much more easily ascertained than the ones you now make. At present, when a new school district is formed, you have to send a marshal all over the district and take a census of the children; you have to calculate the total number of children, and the proportion that number bears to the whole number in the county, and then divide the fund in the same proportion. The amendment we ask settles the whole matter, so far as we are concerned, at the time the money is paid, while the machinery as to public schools goes on as before. A certain corporation is granted the right to establish schools; as the taxes are paid in, the parties designate to which corporation they want their tax to go, and if they do not make such designation it goes to the common fund. The amount is credited to such corporation at once, or to the common fund. Every three months the treasurer pays over the amount to which such corporation is entitled. It is a far simpler process than the one which is now used for public schools. So there is no difficulty on that score.

But you may say that a person might order his tax to be paid to a corporate school and then send his children to a public school, to which he has not contributed. Is there any difficulty about that? Would a parent who prefers to send his children to the public schools order his tax to be paid to a corporate school? But there may be cases, you will say, where he would. Well, the cases would certainly be rare; and have you not machinery for the very same difficulty now? You do not allow a parent who lives in one district to send his children to the school of an adjoining district, because he has not contributed to that school; and you have no difficulty in discovering and preventing any evasion of the law in this respect. I tell you, all that is necessary to do this thing is to have the will to do it.

These matters of detail can be easily arranged.

Then you fall back on your duplicate and conflicting proposition that to allow us to withdraw would break up the schools; that everybody would withdraw and there would be no funds left for the public schools. Well, if all the children are withdrawn into these corporate schools, it is because the people unanimously prefer them. There would then be no children unprovided for; and what would you do with a balance of funds if you had it, if you had no children left to educate? Then I am sure you will double back and assert that when you say everybody would withdraw, you mean that a great many would remain. I have to follow you all around to get at your argument. Now, as to these children who remain. They are not orphans. Absolute orphans, with no one to look out for them at all, are provided for in asylums. These children who remain in the public schools after everybody has withdrawn, as you say, have some representatives, and, if their parents prefer the public schools, their taxes follow the children; they get their due and proper share first, like anybody else. Do you want them to have more than their share? They will get more than their share by the amendments we propose, because all taxes not especially directed to be paid to corporate schools lapse to the public schools, and the percentage of tax which will thus lapse through the carelessness or indifference of the tax-payer will be very large. Do you ask where shall the children go whose parents pay no tax? Let them do as they do now: go to whatever school they prefer. Do you ask if this would not allow the different corporations to get rid of their poor children, and throw them into the public schools by making their own schools unpleasant for them? Don't be alarmed. The different corporations, instead of driving such children out, will be hunting them up, and drawing them into their schools, and making things there as pleasant for them as possible, in order to give them religious instruction. The people who like public schools as at present conducted will simply be put on the same footing, with the same rights and privileges, as those who don't like them. Do you want more than this? Do you want an unfair advantage? Now, I must follow you back to your other proposition, which is in direct conflict with the one I have just been alluding to. I say alluding to it: I cannot argue until you decide which one you will choose. At present you have two propositions to my one; and when I put my finger on you, on one of them, like the Irishman's flea, you are not there, but sitting up gay and lively on the other one, ready to hop back the moment I make that other position unpleasant for you. You say, then, in the other proposition, that everybody is satisfied but us; and yet, elsewhere, that to let us withdraw will break up the system.

### EFFECT OF OUR WITHDRAWAL.

You say that to let us withdraw will break up the system. Why, we have withdrawn our *children* already. All you have from us now is our money, which you force from us against our will. Do you mean to say that you cannot educate your children without our money, when we show you that we value education so highly that we submit to the robbery of that money, and yet, out of our own pockets, educate our own children besides, and pay taxes on the houses we do it in, too, while you have exempted your own buildings from all taxation? I should think you would be ashamed to make that admission. And do you not fear your children will blush to think that, though possessed of ample means, you were not willing to pay your share of the cost of their tuition, but compelled them to accept a large portion of it, in the form of an unwilling contribution, from, to a great extent, the children of their servants? that by an arbitrary exercise of power,

you took from your servants' scanty wages the money they needed for the education of their children, and compelled them to lavish it upon yours, and build up fancy schools for them where Latin, Greek, French, German, music, and all such high-flown instruction can be had by your children free, while ours must be content with such rudiments of knowledge as we can afford to pay for out of our own pockets? And even this is not the limit of your oppression. With all this injustice weighing down upon us, to make us revolt against your management of the system, you devise new means to draw money from us. You get up balls, parties, fairs, lotteries, and such devices, to furnish additional funds to enable you to outshine us in the matter of splendid school buildings and general outfit, — to which we have no possible objection whatever: we do the same things for our own schools. What we do protest against, however, is this. You call upon us to join with you, and aid you in the battle against us; and when one of us has the independence to say, No, not while you continue to perpetrate upon us this glaring injustice, you rise *en masse* against us; you apply to us the most offensive epithets known to your extensive vocabulary, and would seem to be willing, not only to put us under a social ban, but actually sweep us out of existence. Now, this would seem to us exceedingly comical, were it not so decidedly unpleasant. Is there not something ludicrous as well as painful to see a person apply the lash to another with one hand, while at the same time extending the other hand for alms, and abusing his victim roundly if he does not give it? No; be a little just to us before you abuse us for not being generous to you. Give us a fair share in the benefits of the system of supporting schools by enforced taxation, and you will find us working hand in hand with you, shoulder to shoulder, in all honest efforts to educate the children of our country. You will find that, when you have gone to your farthest limits in self-sacrifice in contributing to the cause of education, we will be far in advance of you, beckoning you on. We are paying now three taxes to your one for education; so you see we are not opposed to schools by any means. We believe in education; we prove it by our acts. We honor you for your devotion to the cause. We delight to see the interest you take in it. We hope you may always be devoted to popular instruction, — the education of the masses. True education is almost divine in its nature, in this, that it draws us towards divinity. It is one of the most glorious things for which a sacrifice can be made. Americans are nobly right in worshipping it; but with them there is "a little rift within the lute," and they must mend that rift to be able to produce harmonious results. Till this be done all is discord. They must abandon the pagan idea that intellectual culture is sufficient. They must recognize God. They must give religious instruction as well as intellectual; and they must allow each parent to control the religious instruction of his child. Then the system will be humanly perfect; but, until then, all is wrong. Do not be alarmed at a subdivision of the schools: it may cost a little more *per capita;* but do not let us sacrifiice all to the almighty dollar. With subdivided schools we may not have such grand educational edifices; but palatial structures are not necessary for the success of education. Some of our greatest men came from the log school-houses of the past, and even with subdivision, we can furnish all necessary accommodation The principle is the main thing; bricks and mortar, logs and mud, are trifles in comparison. We say we are not satisfied as things now go; and even the New York "Times," one of the most radical papers on your side, in an article regarding the teaching of the German language in the public schools of Ohio, says: "So long as the public schools exist, they certainly ought to be founded on a plan which

is satisfactory to all classes attending them." Just what we claim!

THE MAJORITY KNOW THEY ARE UNJUST.

Now, I know that your consciences are not easy on this matter, and the reason I think so is, that I can never get any of you to discuss the question on its merits; at least, I have never yet been able to do so. When we find a man charged with committing a wrong, who professes to be willing and anxious to vindicate himself, but will not discuss the issue, and insists upon inquiring whether your wife's aunt's husband's grandfather's uncle did not, on a certain occasion, do certain things, then we infer that he is either trifling with us, or that he knows he is guilty and seeks to evade the issue. We have charged that you are guilty of perpetrating on us an enormous fraud. We make our proofs that we have been robbed, are being robbed, and, unless you grant us some relief, must continue for some indefinite time to submit to this robbery. We charge that you are unfairly getting the benefit of this robbery; that you are a party to the fraud, and profiting by it, and we ask relief. Now, you may think there is no truth in the charge, and feel that you are not called upon to deny it; but, if you do undertake to deny it, let us argue the question at issue. Life is too short to argue everything, and let us settle one thing at a time; that is, if you are going to take issue with us, let us settle the issue first, and then, if we feel disposed, we can talk of other things afterwards. We desire to meet you fairly in this matter, and discuss the issue with you in the best possible humor. It is a matter of public policy, in which we all feel a great interest. If we can meet, discuss, and agree on some plan which will be satisfactory to all, well and good. We ought to try rational discussion first; if that fails to bring us to an agreement, then each party must pursue his remaining remedies. The Hindoos say: "The snail sees only the walls of his shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe." Let us come out of our shell, look around a little, and see if we can't get some new ideas about things, and not imitate the action of the cuttle-fish, which, when pursued (so naturalists tell us), settles down in the mud, and ejects a black secretion which so darkens the waters all around it that its real position cannot be ascertained.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

Then you have another objection. You say you cannot yield to the demand for separate schools, because the Catholic Church would immediately withdraw its children and its money from the public schools, and that the Catholic children would not be educated at all, because the Catholic Church, you choose to say, is opposed to the education of the masses, and that it would teach them nothing but the Catechism, the Lives of the Saints, and other things, which, you again choose to say, are all nonsense.

First, your main proposition on this head is untrue; second, it is absurd. It is untrue that the Catholic Church is opposed to the education of the masses. As the history of the Catholic Church is the history of the whole world for the last nineteen hundred years, it is rather too large a subject to enter upon in detail in the limits of a lecture; so we deny generally, and, as the lawyers say, move to strike out your allegations on this head as scandalous and impertinent, and on this motion we will take issue with you upon any fitting occasion. We also invite your attention to what would generally be considered a fair test. If there ever was a place where the Catholic Church had the power to act, it was in Rome, while the Pope was not only the visible head of the church, but also the actual head of the state. If the church were opposed to the education of the masses, there would, of course, have been no free schools for them in Rome. Well, we aver it as a fact, that, during the

temporal reign of the present pope, the city of Rome possessed a better system of free schools for the education of the masses, than this country has ever shown; better taught free schools, and with a greater percentage of the population attending them, than anything that has ever been seen in the public school system in America. Do you wish to take issue with us on that proposition? We claim that, on the trial, we can prove our allegations beyond question.

Your proposition, that the Catholic Church would not educate its children in secular as well as Christian knowledge is absurd, because it would show that we would be willing to give up to you all the legitimate prizes and enjoyments of life, and make our children hewers of wood and drawers of water to you for all time. Now, do not expect people to believe that we are quite so stupid as that. But we will settle all disputes on this question right here. We will stipulate in the amendments we ask that no corporate school shall receive its share of the public funds, unless it is taught by teachers of the same qualifications as those possessed by teachers in public schools of similar character, and unless the teaching therein can be shown to be as satisfactory in secular matters as that which obtains in public schools of like grade; and, if you like, we will also agree that no such school shall receive any greater amount annually for each child taught therein than the annual cost for educating each child in the public schools, if you will make the agreement reciprocal. Give us a fair chance with you in the matter of money, buildings, and appliances, and we shall invite comparison, not shun it. We shall be happy to engage in a generous rivalry with you on that point whenever you like.

### CATHOLICITY AND CITIZENSHIP.

You say again, many of you, "Well, Catholics don't make good citizens, anyhow; they don't acknowledge the unlimited authority of the State, and we don't want to encourage their increase among us."

1. We don't ask you to encourage their increase, — that will get along without your help; but whence do you draw your right to try to prevent it? Are not all religions free in this country? Is not the principle of religious liberty the corner-stone of this Republic? Do you propose to destroy this government?

2. Gentle Pharisees! when did you learn to thank God that you were better citizens than these other men? Do you obey the laws more faithfully, pay your taxes more regularly, give your lives more freely for the maintenance of good government, than these other men? Since when, pray? Oh, but you say, occasions may arise when these other men will not obey the law. And how about yourselves? Who are the people in this country who have talked most about higher law? What is the law? The will of the majority, simply as a majority, you answer: the will of the majority acting in accordance with divine authority, we reply. Between two classes giving such different answers, which one is most likely to obey the law when it is, in truth, founded on justice, but is repugnant to their feelings and injurious to their personal interests, — those who feel they must obey because they are forced, or those who submit from a sense of duty? If you reject divine authority in government, you acknowledge the right of every man, or body of men, to evade or resist the law at will. You make the majority a mere mob, which it may be wise for the moment to obey, lest it crush you, but whose commands you have the *right* to resist by every means in your power; or, rather, accept your doctrine, and there is no longer any such thing as right or wrong in anything. By it you abandon the whole idea of moral accountability; and yet you have the temerity to claim that, under your theory, men would be better citizens than under ours!

RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN AND RIGHTS OF THE STATE.

Now, a word or two about my third general proposition, and I will then close, as I fear I have already trespassed too much upon the good-natured patience with which you have so far listened to me.

In that proposition I maintain that the State has no inherent right to teach at all. It may assist education, but has to right to control it. The distinction between teaching and assisting the teacher is as great as that between the architect who designs and directs the construction of an edifice, which shall be the wonder of distant ages, and the workmen who build it; or between the musical composer, whose soul rises to such heights that he is able to comprehend the music of the spheres and transmit it to us below, and the men who play the notes he has written; or between the great artist, under whose skilful touch the pallid canvas becomes almost a thing of flesh and blood, with power to chill the heart with horror or delight our souls with visions of celestial beauty, and the boy who grinds his paints; or between the poet, who brings all nature within his ken and sends his words ringing down the halls of time, and the publisher who prints his works and pays his bills. That's the relation between the teacher and the State. The true teacher is from God, and his brow is ever illuminated by the halo of his divine mission. The State is of the earth, earthy. It has its humble office, to minister to the physical wants of the teacher, and provide him with the appliances necessary for his work. So long as it does this well, let it have due commendation; but, when it presumes to play professor, then *ne sutor*. It may assist; but control, never! When it undertakes to control education, it interferes with religion, and destroys both civil and religious liberty. The plea of necessity will not cover it. It might with greater propriety say that some religious belief is necessary to make good citizens, and organize a broad church, prescribe its teachings, and say, that if people do not attend some other church, they must attend that one at least once a week. There is no doubt every good citizen ought to attend some church at least once a week; but has the State a right to compel him to do so? No! because the concession of that right would be the destruction of individual liberty. For the same reason, the State has no right to attempt compulsory education. There may be no schools in the vicinity to which a parent can conscientiously send his child; and under such circumstances he may side with Professor Huxley, and say he prefers to have his child wait for another opportunity, or, if necessary, grow up ignorant of both those mighty arts of reading and writing, rather than have him imbibe false notions as to his greatest duty on earth; for of all desolation that can come upon a human being, there is none so appalling as the gloomy thought that it has no religious faith, no settled idea of the origin or end of its existence, no firm belief as to whether it is only an animal, more or less beautiful, more or less intelligent, whose fate is to live, die, rot, and be no more; or whether it has an immortal soul hurrying on to an eternal world, to meet there the great God who made all things, and who is waiting with outstretched arms, to receive his wandering child and bless it with an immortal existence. No wonder they who are in this desolation look with longing eyes and aching hearts upon those who are so fortunate as to possess the priceless jewel of religious faith, and cry out in bitterness of soul, Oh! call it a dream, if you will: it is still a beautiful thought, consoling in all the ills of life; and would to God that I could believe it! No, this claim to the absolute control of our domestic affairs is a sacred right which we cannot yield to the State. To do it would be to accept the whole doctrine of socialism; to proclaim ourselves communists at once; to main-

tain that there is no such thing as any divine law about anything; and that there is no right whatever which can be lawfully asserted against the will of the majority. This is one of those terrible necessary consequences again. When you say the State is supreme in everything, you declare that, in this country, a bare majority of the people may change at will the whole social order in respect to every possible thing which may be imagined. There is a great difference between having the power to do a thing and having the right to do it. You may have numbers enough to give you the physical power to do anything you like, but the inherent right to do it is another thing.

When you once admit the paramount right of the State to control the individual in matters of conscience, you give up the whole principle of individual liberty. You not merely open the door to further encroachments, you tear the door from its fastenings, — nay, you destroy the whole edifice; you level all things before the advancing power of the State; you say to all men, There is no God but the majority, no law but the law of numbers; gain your majority, and all things are at your mercy, — life, liberty, and property. When you admit that the State may enter the sacred precincts of home and tear your child from your arms to train it and teach it as it likes, because a majority desire to do so, then you also admit to them that you have no right of any kind in your wife or daughters which they are bound to respect; you admit that this majority may, against your will, dissolve all domestic ties, and call upon the members of your family to submit to whatever outrages any wild, insane majority may choose to order; you admit that they may institute whatever of ancient pagan rites they please, and compel your wives and daughters to submit to them. Are you ready for the laws of Lycurgus? Are you ready to say the State may indicate to you which particular child you shall strangle in its cradle because the official physician declares that its physical development is not satisfactory to the State? Are you willing to say that the State may limit the amount of property you may own, the kind of house you may build, the clothes you shall wear, the food you shall eat, the opinions you shall entertain, the faith you shall hold, the woman you may marry, the wife you may keep? Are you ready to put yourself under the control of every communistic, socialistic agitator who may choose to incite the multitude against you? Are you ready to deny God, destroy society, and send everything headlong to the devil? How can you say nobody will try to do any of these things? What is it that restrains them from doing it now? Two things: First, the lingering effects of a recognition of the divine law, for which law you now propose to substitute the will of the majority; second, the fact that the doctrine has not yet been declared that there is no individual liberty. But once admit the exclusive and absolute authority of the State in all things, or in anything which violates the liberty of conscience, and you sever every bond which holds society together. You make the mad orgie of the Commune days of Paris the normal state of our existence, and bring down upon us political anarchy, social chaos, and universal ruin.

### CONCLUSION.

We submit our propositions. Will you argue them, or will you not? You have the power to say in what forum this issue shall be determined. The issue is made and must be met. Repressive measures cannot last forever in a free republic Why not discard the old tyrannical idea of force, and examine and dispose of this matter in the calm, clear light of reason? Why not take a statesman-like view of this tremendous conflict of opinion? Why not recognize that it does exist, has

existed, and probably always will exist? Why not take it up and settle it in such a way that no one hereafter can have good reason to disturb it? There is no difficulty about it. The problem has been solved. The work has been half done already; we have only to complete it. The church, after infinite struggle, has been set free. All that remains to finally, completely, and satisfactorily dispose of the whole matter is, to do for the school what you have done for the Church; that is, give freedom of instruction to all. The manner of supporting the school or the church is a matter of detail, not of principle, — a matter of tax or no tax, which you may arrange in either case as you wish, so long as you give each man his due; but the freedom of teaching is a vital principle, as to which both the church and the school stand on the same footing. The two are inseparable, and the work is only half done while either is enslaved. You have no right to make a broad church, to which all parents must go; neither can you, in right, establish a broad school, which all children must attend, for the school is the church of the children, and the church is the school for the parents. So long as man shall exist, this conflict of opinion may endure. You can have peace on this question in but one of two ways: either by abolishing religious belief, or by conciliating it. Even if you could abolish it, how long would your social organization last? Not twenty-four hours! But we cannot hope to abolish it, and we dare not if we could. There is but one way left, and that is to conciliate it. We must labor at our laws until we get them in such shape that no considerable body of our people can honestly claim that they are the victims of a rank injustice; and of all questions on which it is necessary to be calm, considerate, and just, this question of religious convictions and religious rights is the most important. Unsettled questions in this matter have, above all others, no mercy for the peace of mankind. Like the accusing vision of the murdered Banquo, they will not down. Why not cast aside the errors of the past, and set a bright example for the future? We are gathered together here from all parts of the globe. We are laying now the foundations for a future State. Let us lay them broad and deep; broad enough to cover every shade of religious belief, and so deeply planted in the principles of justice that they may stand forever. Let us set down upon our statute books a law which shall declare, in truth as well as in words, that civil and religious liberty is here fully guaranteed to all men; that here all men may be, indeed, truly free.

## FACTS ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat-glands. The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones. An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute. The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches. About two thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for the digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints. There are more than five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood-vessels. The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in twenty-four hours. Each perspiratory duct is one fourth of an inch in length, which will make the aggregate length of the whole about nine miles. The average man takes five and one half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads of air per hour.

## THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

### CHAPTER XVIII

#### M'GARAHAN *v.* REV. THOMAS MAGUIRE — THE TRIAL.

Anxiety felt respecting the trial. — Mr. Bennett, K. C., states the case. — Anne M'Garahan. — Her personal appearance and demeanor. — Her evidence. — Cross-examined by O'Connell — *Scaltheen*, how made — Mr Philip Dixon Hardy. — The invitation to dinner. — O'Connell's speech for the defendant. — The insolvent plaintiff — Truth greater than fiction. — Religious dissension the bane of Ireland. — Character of this trial — The jury impartially selected — The plaintiff the mere *John Doe* of the record — The defendant's character a sufficient shield. — Baron Smith's charge. — The jury find for the defendant.

To encounter this formidable array of silk, the defendant retained the wearers of three stuff gowns, — O'Connell, O'Loghlen, and Shiel. We know already what they were capable of; and assuredly the three brave pagan Romans, who kept the bridge against the whole army of Tarquin and his allies, were not more resolute to defeat all the enemies of Rome Catholic and Apostolic.

On the morning of Thursday, Dec. 13, 1827, the trial was the absorbing topic of conversation; "How would it go?" the general subject of debate. Breakfast was a hasty meal with hundreds, and crowds flocked along the quays leading to the Four Courts, where Baron Sir William Cusack Smith, a learned and accomplished judge, presided The court soon filled; and when the jury were sworn, Mr. Keatinge opened the pleadings, and this momentous trial began.

Mr. Bennett, K. C., stated the case for the plaintiff with that singular appearance of candor which often supplied the place of evidence and gave his homely, unadorned style more real power than the most finished oratory could ever attain. The heroine, Anne M'Garahan, then came on the table. She was slight in figure, rather genteel-looking, and young, — apparently about twenty or a little more. She was richly dressed; wore a bonnet, fashionable at that time, but of a form that would be regarded as a curiosity now, — shaped like a meal-scoop, the material leghorn. She sported a fur mantle, and a tabinet dress, purple in hue, and of excellent texture. She appeared considerably agitated on ascending the table, but after she was sworn regained self-possession. She was examined by Mr. Jackson, K. C., and described how the defendant married her; that she went to Manchester, and was confined of a still-born child. The examination in chief being closed, O'Connell proceeded to cross-examine. He got her to admit she might have offered to take her oath that the charges against Mr. Maguire were false; that she might have drunk whiskey with Catherine M'Ilweeny; that she knew what *scaltheen* was, and described it, — a mixture of sugar and water boiled with whiskey, usually half water and half whiskey; knew Hanly, the revenue officer; was almost sure he never kissed her; never wrote, or admitted in writing, that her family had been promised £600 for prosecuting the defendant; did not know whether or not the Orangemen loved the priests; never wrote to Mr. Maguire that she would clear him of the charge. (Here Mr. O'Connell read her own letter, dated Sept. 18, 1827, which we have already mentioned, and which created much surprise.) She said that letter was written at the defendant's suggestion. Her sister and some other witnesses having been produced, Mr. Philip Dixon Hardy was examined to prove the defendant's handwriting. On cross examination by O'Connell, he stated that "the letters, which he believed to be in the defendant's handwriting, were not all in the natural characters."

O'Connell asked him, "Were you ever connected with a newspaper?"

*Hardy.* — "I was at one time editor of the 'Irish Times.'" *

* A paper published several years ago, in no way connected with the present ably conducted journal of that name.

*O'Connell.* — "Was it a liberal paper?"

*Hardy* — "It was; and you, Mr. O'Connell, have even invited me to dinner in consequence of the liberal articles which appeared in it."

This statement of O'Connell's respect for the leaders of the "Irish Times" caused considerable merriment.

This closed the plaintiff's case.

O'Connell addressed the jury for the reverend defendant in a speech of considerable length. He denounced the action as "a political action, the worst species of political action; a politico-religious action, springing from the discussion." He scouted, in scathing terms, the notion that it could have been brought by the insolvent plaintiff "Without the plea of insolvency I could not show that the plaintiff had been recently discharged as an insolvent, and consequently I would be unable to point your attention to the splendid attire of the young woman whom you have seen on the table, to the formidable array of counsel, and to the enormous expenses that must have been incurred by the plaintiff. I could not exhibit to you the insolvent's schedule, in which he returned his assets at 9*s.* 6*d.* This plaintiff, who has so lately sworn that his effects amounted to 9*s.* 6*d.*, has been able to have three of his Majesty's learned counsel, and one who is equally learned, whom his Majesty has not yet selected, but I hope soon will. His daughters and his servant-maid you have seen, with their silk-lined bonnets and their silk-flounced petticoats too. This is the act of his charitable and amiable friends, who permitted all his goods to be sold under a decree for £3; and here we find an action brought, at an enormous expense, which cannot be less than £300, when it is impossible, even if they get a verdict, that the defendant could pay one penny. I wished to prove to you that the temple of justice had been profaned, and that the false and idolatrous worship of the demon of bigotry had been set up in that temple, offering up a sacrifice in which my client was to be the victim, while the Orangemen and the plaintiff and his friends were to be the priests of those sacrifices."

Having dwelt upon the inconsistency of the case against his client, O'Connell said: "I mock you, gentlemen,—I insult your intellect and integrity when I dwell upon this subject. Let me only observe what a tendency falsehood and conspiracy have to defeat themselves, how constantly it happens that guilt and folly are allied. It is a kind of providential protection, which the innocent and good alone obtain. It arises from a species of constitution in the human mind that almost invariably forces the perjurer into plain and obvious inconsistency; otherwise, gentlemen, the wretched woman would have made her story hang well together. The pressure of her guilt has blinded her to the extreme folly of her fiction, and, the truth interposing in spite of all manœuvring, delusion vanishes, and thus it is demonstrated that this conspiracy is as inconsistent and absurd as it is monstrous and diabolical."

The peroration was most impressive: —

"Gentlemen, I do, from my heart and soul, loathe and abominate the unchristian spirit of animosity and dissension which has blasphemously ranged itself beneath the standard of religion in this ill-fated country. I always detested that spirit, and it has well merited my hatred. It has torn this lovely, fertile, green island, teeming with all the produce of the earth; it has struck down my native land from the rank of a nation to that of a pitiful province, and it has blasted the finest blessings which a bountiful Providence has bestowed. For this, and a thousand more evils, we are indebted to the infernal spirit of animosity. I therefore hate it much, and I did imagine that it could not fill higher my cup of bitterness, but I confess that I now feel a more intense and imperishable hatred than I ever did before,

because to it do I trace the horrid exhibition of the present day, — a pauper plaintiff and a prostitute daughter setting up an inconsistent, a monstrous, an impossible tale, put in motion by a secret, and as yet undiscovered, though palpable agency, speculating on the bad passions of a Dublin jury to enable them to glut their fell appetite by the ruin of the character of my respected client. But that spirit, which is already detected, will be shortly defeated. I owe it to public justice to return thanks to the respectable sheriff who has returned the present panel. He has made no party selection, no invidious distinction. He has returned Protestants and Catholics indiscriminately; and though the majority of you differ in religion from him, my client places an equal confidence in you all, and desires no verdict but what will be given with equal alacrity by the Protestant and the Catholic juror. Gentlemen, I draw to a conclusion. I have redeemed my pledge: I have shown you that this action is not brought by the plaintiff; it is a party action, and he is the mere *John Doe* of the record. Its object is a cold-blooded assassination, the safe and excruciating murder of high character; its basis is a story absurd and profligate, the marriage of a Protestant female with a continuing Catholic priest; its accessories are forged and fabricated documents; its witnesses are confessed and convicted perjurers. And whom has it assailed? Him who, at the altar of that high God who shall judge both you and him, has sworn to perpetual and unbroken chastity. His character and his functions alone ought to be a sufficient shield; and oh! how triumphantly this day does that shield throw off the pointless and broken, but poisoned arrows which have emanated from the contrivers of this diabolical conspiracy. To you, gentlemen, my client intrusts his case, and into your box he throws his character, a character dearer to him than life. It is your interest, as men, to discountenance falsehood and perjury; as Christians you are under a sacred obligation to crush and trample under foot this diabolical conspiracy."

Several witnesses were examined to show the profligate character of the alleged victim, and Mr. North, K. C., addressed the jury for the plaintiff in a speech worthy of a better cause.

Baron Smith's charge must not be altogether omitted, though its length precludes our giving more than brief extracts. He thus commenced: "Gentlemen, in addressing juries I hope I am not in the habit of being prolix; but upon the present occasion I must deviate from what I take to be my usual practice, and trespass for some time upon your patience and attention. Gentlemen, it is not to be dissembled that this is a distressing case, imposing upon you and me a proportionably irksome duty. While, in form altogether and in many respects in substance, the action is a civil one, yet it is impossible to overlook the criminal affinities which characterize it. The injury from which the cause of action springs involves a gross and heinous violation of moral duty; and thus, while detrimental to the individual plaintiff, is an aggression on that social body of which he is a member. The heart of every father must vibrate and respond to the feelings of the parent who has sustained an injury such as is alleged by an action like the present; and if the case be substantiated by satisfactory and convincing proof, the bosom of every man will sympathize with the victim-witness who supports it. Thus every successful action of this kind, in compensating the one party, must deeply stigmatize the other. Accordingly, *every* case of this description must be more or less distressing. But the *present* one is surrounded by circumstances which render it peculiarly painful; for what is the person here whose fortune and character are thus, in some degree, at stake? The defendant is in holy orders, one of the ministers of a church to which a numer-

ous portion of our countrymen belong; a church in many of whose vital tenets we, Protestants, concur; for to deny that we do would be to imply that the Roman Catholic Church is not a Christian one. On certain points, including some that are important, we, of the established faith, are compelled conscientiously to differ from its doctrines; but satisfied I am that all of both religions ought to feel an interest in the moral conduct and reputation of every pastor of either of those flocks which, in the fulness of time, we know will form one fold, and which, notwithstanding those mysterious divisions, and what I may consider as the wanderings of that to which I do not myself belong, I trust are both under the one true Shepherd even now. The defendant here is not only of the Christian priesthood, he is said to be a distinguished individual of that class. I have not myself witnessed any of his exertions, but I have heard of them, and have always heard them spoken of with praise." The learned judge referred to the studies in which the reverend defendant must have employed his time, "every pursuit of which was calculated to draw him from those impure courses which the present action has imputed, — courses most highly immoral in a layman, but still more scandalously culpable in a priest."

After minutely dissecting the evidence, and giving the jury the benefit of his impressions, — which were, plainly, that the plaintiff's case was supported by false swearing, especially by that of Anne M'Garahan, — he said: "In a word, if you believe that in any particular she *intentionally* swerved from or suppressed the truth, I repeat that you must discard her testimony altogether and at once, and consider the case as resting merely on the testimony which remains. Such is the rule of law; such must forever be the rule of reason. The neglect of such a rule would betray a jury into the inconsistency of at once pronouncing a witness to be forsworn, and admitting the testimony of this witness amongst the foundations of their verdict. On the facts of the case and the credit of the witnesses, it is my right, perhaps my duty, to give you my impressions; but, at the same time, it is your privilege to canvass their correctness, and you are only to adopt them so far as you find them accurate and just." He then expressed his opinion of the faithworthiness of the defendant's witnesses, and concluded by expressing his confident expectation that "they would discharge their duty honestly and firmly, and return a deliberate, an impartial, and a just verdict."

The jury retired, and after less than half an hour's deliberation returned into court with their verdict. They found for the defendant, with costs.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE DONERAILE CONSPIRACY. — THE RESULT OF THE TRIALS WHEN O'CONNELL WAS ABSENT.

Doneraile, County Cork. — George Bond Low, Esq., J. P. — A narrow escape. — Daly the spy. — Conspiracy against Mr. Low, Admiral Evans, and Mr. Creagh, Jr. — Special Commission to Baron Pennefather and Mr. Justice Torrens. — John Doherty, solicitor-general, M. P. for Kilkenny. — The death of Daniel Mara. — Mr. Doherty prosecutes and convicts the murderers. — He is employed to conduct the trials of the Doneraile conspirators. — Counsel with him. — Excitement regarding the trials. — The solicitor-general's opening speech. — Proofs of the conspiracy. — Character of Leary, given by Mr. Creagh, Sr. — The prisoners found guilty. — Sentenced to be hanged in six days.

Among the many successful efforts of O'Connell as a criminal lawyer may justly be ranked his defence of the men indicted as participators in the Doneraile conspiracy in the year 1829. Doneraile is a well-circumstanced country town in the East Riding of the county of Cork, within a few miles of Mallow, and in the midst of a number of country seats occupied by resident gentry. Unfortunately, however, these gentry were, for the most part, imbued with principles quite antagonistic to their Catholic countrymen, and many were personally disliked by

the people. During the period when Capt. Rock's depredations were frequent, one of these local autocrats, named George Bond Low, was the most active in tracing and harassing every real or supposed Rockite. He had been fired at several times, and it is rather a matter of surprise that he escaped, for he was a fair mark, in stature large and burly. He possessed a brave and intrepid heart, as the following instance of his cool determination proves: When returning from one of the country fairs, two peasants armed with guns lay in wait for him behind a ditch. They fired as he approached on horseback, missed the rider, but wounded the animal he bestrode. Mr. Low quickly dismounted from the bleeding horse, climbed the fence, and saw his dastardly assailants running away. He drew forth his pistols, and took a long shot, but they were out of range, and continued their flight. He pursued, and beheld the men halt, reload their guns, and wait until he drew near enough for them to take aim at him. Undeterred by the risk, he ran towards them as quickly as his weighty limbs enabled him to do. One of the ruffians fired at him, missed, and fled. Mr. Low tried to grapple with the other, who also fired, and the shot just grazed the shoulder of his intended victim, who promptly returned the fire with fatal success, for the peasant fell severely wounded. Having disposed of one, who died shortly after from the pistol shot, Mr. Low procured assistance and captured the other. This man was tried at the ensuing Cork assizes, convicted, and hanged. Though Mr. Low weighed nearly eighteen stone, he was a devoted fox-hunter, and rode among the first flight with the Duhallow hounds. He was very unpopular as a magistrate. On appearing at a public meeting he was hooted and groaned, while some village poet complimented one of his assailants with the verse, —

"Three cheers for the man who gave the blow
That broke the pate of George Bond Low."

This active justice of the peace heard from a spy named Daly that an organized conspiracy existed to murder him, Admiral Evans, and Mr. Creagh, all resident in the neighborhood of Doneraile. The enmity against Admiral Evans was stated to have been occasioned by his having spoken in Parliament against the Catholics, and his having encouraged the Biblicals, who sought to convert the Doneraile Papists from the "errors of Popery to those of the Protestant Church," as the Irishman said. What was the cause of hostility against Mr. Creagh did not clearly appear, but he got a bad name, and was consequently obnoxious.

Others were also regarded as objects of the conspiracy, and an attack of a most serious character on Dr. Nercott's carriage, in mistake for that of Mr. Creagh, which it resembled, showed that the conspirators were resolved to carry their designs into effect. There never yet was a conspiracy, from the earliest recorded in history until now, without informers; and Patrick Daly came forward and swore informations against several persons, including many respectable farmers of the neighborhood. The occasion seemed to justify a special commission, and Baron Pennefather and Mr. Justice Torrens were selected as judges. We think brief sketches of the crown counsel intrusted with the conduct of the prosecution may interest our readers.

John Doherty, solicitor-general, led for the crown. He was well qualified for his position. Possessed of a handsome, portly person, a flexible voice, enunciation clear and impressive, of lofty stature, and considerable eloquence, none of the king's counsel equalled him in producing a favorable impression with juries. He had great circuit experience. He was called to the bar in 1808, and on the Leinster circuit was in great practice. After a few years he obtained the honor of exchanging his stuff for a silk gown, and was appointed one of the crown

prosecutors on his circuit, for which office his talents and habits eminently qualified him. Like O'Connell, Doherty was not content with the duties of his profession. He was a commissioner of education and member of Parliament. Related to the celebrated statesman, Canning, to whom he bore a strong resemblance, the influence of that distinguished senator led him to seek the representation of Kilkenny in 1826 He was backed by the powerful influence of the Ormond family, although one of the Mountgarret Butlers was also in the field. Doherty was in favor of Catholic emancipation, and after a stubborn contest was duly elected. When Lord Plunket was elevated to the bench, and made a peer in 1827, Mr. Joy became attorney-general, and for the vacant office of solicitor several names were mentioned: Mr. Edward Pennefather; Mr. Blackburne, a most distinguished ornament of the bar; Mr. North, Mr. Goold, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Doherty. The claim of all these save the last was postponed, and notwithstanding the strong opposition of the then Lord Chancellor, Doherty was nominated to the vacant place.

The great abilities he possessed as crown prosecutor were disclosed on the occasion of a trial resulting from the following tragical event: Three brothers named Mara, employed with their apprentice in building a barrack at Rathcannon, in the county of Tipperary, when returning from their work, about five o'clock in the evening of Oct. 1, 1828, were assailed by eight men armed with fire-arms. The gang fired, but their weapons were out of condition, and the shots had no effect Two of the brothers, Laurence and Timothy Mara, with the apprentice, effected their escape; but Daniel Mara fled into the house of a poor widow. He was pursued, and most savagely murdered by these ruffians. Two of them, Patrick Lacy and John Lynch, were identified. The only assigned motive for this cruel deed was the fact that another brother, Philip Mara, had been a witness for the crown on the prosecution of a man named Philip Grace, capitally convicted for the murder of a gentleman named Chadwick. Mr. Doherty, then solicitor-general, conducted the prosecution against the two who were caught, Patrick Lacy and John Walsh. They were tried in Clonmel on the 31st of March, 1829, before Mr Justice Moore, for the murder of Daniel Mara. The solicitor-general's speech was highly eloquent. "He appeared," says Mr. Shiel,* "more deeply impressed than I have ever seen any public officer with the responsibility which had devolved upon him; and by his solemn and emphatic manner rendered a narration, which was pregnant with awful facts, so impressive, that during a speech of several hours' continuance he kept attention on the watch. Scarcely a noise was heard except when some piece of evidence was announced which surprised the prisoners, and made them give a slight start, by which their astonishment and alarm at the extent of the information of the government were expressed." The result of that trial was a conviction. It was early on Easter Sunday morning when the verdict was announced. The judge said, "It being Easter Sunday he would defer the sentence," and the prisoners asked for "a long day."

In the September following the special commission for the Doneraile conspiracy issued, and again the abilities of the solicitor-general were called upon. With Mr. Doherty several able members of the Munster bar were retained,—Sergeant Goold, Mr. George Bennett, K. C., and Mr. Richard Wilson Greene, K. C., who for knowledge of his profession and talent in its application was never surpassed.† The preparations for the trial were propor-

* Legal and Political Sketches, Vol. I p. 298.

† This excellent lawyer and amiable man, now no more reached the highest offices of the bar, and presided on the bench as one of the Barons of the Exchequer. The author was honored by his friendship, which was valued most highly.

tioned to the enormity of the accusations. Magistrates who served as grand jurors were put upon the long panel, and the most respectable country gentlemen were summoned. The public interest increased as the day named for opening the commission approached, and various rumors were afloat. While the relatives and friends of those named as conspired against were sure that a conspiracy, not inferior to that of Catiline, existed, the people denied that it was anything more than a fabrication got up by the informers of Doneraile to make a trifle of money. The friends of the prisoners retained two young barristers for the defence, whom they considered quite competent to procure their friends ready acquittal.

At length the long-expected day of trial arrived. The royal commission had been opened *pro forma*, and now the hour of action pealed from the clocks of the city. The first batch of prisoners — four men named Leary, Roche, Magrath, and Shine — was brought forward, and placed at the front of the dock. Leary, who was represented as the chief conspirator, the Guy Fawkes of the plot, was a respectable farmer, with an honest, unsophisticated air of rusticity which almost disarmed suspicion. A jury of most respectable gentlemen having been impanelled, the solicitor-general rose to state the case. Cork County court-house was thronged by a breathless and anxious auditory. This opportunity for making a powerful speech was not lost. Impressed with the belief of the guilt of the accused, Mr. Doherty, as the clergy say, improved the occasion. "Let us today," he said, "if the county be traduced, refute the calumny; but, if associations exist whose members, bound by oaths taken in blasphemy and supported by bloodshed, attempt to domineer over all that is respectable in the land, you cannot be too speedy and prompt in deciding whether you are determined to bow down to the iron tyranny of this vulgar despotism, or whether your proud gentry and noble yeomanry will rally round each other and support the laws, which, if put into strenuous and determined operation, will be fully sufficient for ample redress and reparation."

The principal witnesses in support of this alleged conspiracy were of the class called approvers, — men who, having engaged in crime, whether from compunction of conscience or the hope of reward, turned upon their accomplices and betrayed them. They were named Patrick Daly, William Nowlan, and David Sheehan. These men swore that Leary was the captain, the leading man of the conspiracy; that in a tent, at the fair of Rathclare, he produced a paper in the nature of an agreement, to be signed by all who consented to the murder of Mr. Low, Admiral Evans, and Mr. Creagh; that several did sign the paper, and it was planned that those gentlemen were to be shot. In confirmation of this terrible disclosure, warnings sent to their intended victims were given in evidence. Mr. Low's steward was likewise warned "not to accompany his master to the fair of Kildorrery," a small town at which a well-known fair is held; that the steward informed Mr. Low of this friendly warning, and cautioned him not to visit the fair. Mr. Low, having in spite thereof gone to the fair, was duly fired at. Notice of the intended attack on Mr. Creagh's carriage was also given, and as already mentioned, Dr. Nercott's, being mistaken for it, was attacked. It was struck by no less than eleven bullets. Dr. and Miss Nercott most miraculously escaped; not so the servants on the box, who were severely wounded. These details, most circumstantially narrated, found ready credence, and even the absurd statement that the conspirators said that if Mr. Batwell, a gentleman of position residing near Charleville in the county Cork, was shot, Mr. Clanchy, a magistrate, and now a deputy lieu-

tenant of the county, one of the most humane and intelligent gentlemen of the kingdom, would give from one to two hundred pounds to his murderer. The state of the country round Doneraile was proved by unimpeachable evidence to be in a very disturbed state. The counsel for the prisoners, two young and not very experienced gentlemen, failed to show the unworthiness of the crown witnesses. Leary's case was regarded as quite anomalous. He was a tenant to Mr. Creagh, senior, the father of the gentleman for whose intended murder he was on trial. He paid the large rent of £220 per annum most punctually. He was a respectable man, verging on seventy years of age. He called his landlord to speak to his character, and amidst breathless silence the elder Mr. Creagh was sworn. His evidence was strong for an acquittal. He said he had known the prisoner Leary all his life; he never knew anything against his character, except that he was too fond of whiskey; he considered him too simple a man to be engaged in any conspiracy. The judge summed up the evidence; and the jury retired to consider their verdict. They need hardly have left their box, for their minds were made up. In five minutes they returned into court with a finding of "Guilty" against the four prisoners. The judge put on the black cap: ominous headpiece, symbol of death to the men on trial. An example was to be made. They were sentenced to be hung in six days.

*To be continued.*

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A Valiant Italian vanquished by a Turk. — A Turk named Osman Sargologo was sitting in the Café Greco in Via Condotti, Rome, where were assembled a party of Italians, including a Sicilian named Antonio Palamary. The Italians began to abuse the Catholic religion and the Holy Father. So blasphemous and outrageous were the remarks of Signor Palamary that the Turk became indignant and called him a base coward, and said that although he was no Catholic he would be ashamed to speak so disrespectfully of the head of that religion. The Italians were astonished, and Signor Palamary, who has the repute of being a practised swordsman, called on the Turk for an apology, which was refused, and a challenge was the result. The next day the parties, attended by seconds, went outside the Porta del Popolo to fight. The Turk was again asked to apologize and to withdraw the offensive epithet, but he repeated it. The duel was fought, and the Turk wounded his antagonist twice — once in the breast and secondly in the right arm. Signor Palamary being disabled, the seconds interfered and the duel terminated.

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### AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

A pious pilgrim, losing his way in the burning deserts of Asia, wandered about in search of food. Nearly dead from hunger and thirst, he arrived at a spring of fresh water, which was shaded by a palm-tree. He found near this spring a small sack. The traveller exclaimed, feeling it, "God be praised! perhaps it contains peas, which will prevent me from dying of hunger." He quickly opened the sack, and, frightened, said, "O my God, these are pearls!" The poor man, almost sinking from exhaustion, although he was in possession of these pearls, which were of great value, prayed most fervently to God, and suddenly the Moor who dropped the sack returned, mounted on a camel, to seek it. Seeing the poor man, half dead from hunger, he pitied him, and gave him bread and fruit; he then humanely mounted him on his camel. "You see," said he, "the ways of God are admirable. I thought it a great misfortune to have lost these pearls, whereas it has been a great source of happiness to me, for it has been the occasion of saving your life."

# HIGH TREASON.

## A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ORPHANS.

ALTHOUGH no court journal existed in those benighted times, to record the doings of the narrow circle comprising the world of fashion, it is still probable that some of the industrious scribes terming themselves "newsletter writers," may have thought the arrival of Lord Aston at his town house in London, hard by the remains of the ancient monastery of Leadenhall, a circumstance of sufficient importance to be noted in the weekly sheets of manuscript containing the current news and gossip of the day, which they were willing to send to any one who felt disposed to pay for them.

Parliament had not met for the space of two years; but the king scattered so prodigally the money of his new subjects that it had become absolutely necessary that some measures should be taken to furnish him with the means that he considered indispensable for the due maintenance of his dignity. Much as he disliked Parliament, as an institution interfering greatly with his lofty ideas of the royal prerogative, — a prejudice shared, by the way, by the subsequent monarchs of his line, — he found himself unable to get on without it. It was his business to spend money, and right royally he went about that business; and it was the bounden duty of Parliament to vote the supplies, which they ultimately did, with a very bad grace, and, in his opinion, with a very niggard hand.

Lord Aston, feeling very little interest in the dispute between king and commons, arrived only just in time to take his seat during the last weeks of the stormy and protracted session; and having made a speech, short, but much to the purpose, on behalf of the vote, was summond to court to receive the thanks of his sovereign.

But the amusements that found favor in the eyes of James did not greatly please the country peer, who, although accustomed to the hard drinking habits of the age, felt shocked and disgusted with the coarse indecency that the court exhibited.

"'T is no place for women," said the peer to Lady Aston, "nor for homely men like me. It is the fashion nowadays to decry old Queen Bess, and make the most of her faults; yet, unwomanly as she was, her court at least was sober and decorous. We saw there no ladies, well-born and of high estate, flushed with liquor, and all but speechless. And it shames me to recall how the king himself was so overcome with his potations that, essaying to dance with one of the ladies, in no better state than he, he staggered and fell at her feet, and so was carried off to bed. I would he had left such fashions behind him when he crossed the border."

Lady Aston affected to share the very correct opinion of her lord; but did she therefore resign the prospect of seeing her daughters emerge from their seclusion to become the stars of a resplendent court? Not at all: she simply bided her time, and forbore, with womanly tact, to press a request that she saw was, for the moment, distasteful to her husband.

"Children are a great blessing, doubtless," she said thoughtfully; "but it must be allowed that they ofttimes give their parents sore trouble. I would they were happily wedded, but bridegrooms grow scarce in our county now; and where should they find suitable husbands but at court? And you, too, are wasting your youth and beauty in our dull country home," she added to Hilda, who was sitting on a low stool at her feet; "and you are beautiful, child. How greatly you resemble your mother!"

"Did you know her?" asked Hilda, looking up at the comely face of Lady Aston.

"She came with your father to visit

us when they returned from the Low Countries, shortly after their marriage. He was a very dear friend of my lord's."

"And what became of him and of my mother?" said Hilda eagerly. "It is strange, I never heard you mention them before."

"They are dead, my dear Hilda," said Lady Aston. "Died when you were a little thing, scarcely more than three or four years old. Poor Frank Vaughan! I remember how sanguine he was that the laws would soon be altered, and Catholics be allowed to practise their religion without hindrance. It was about the time of the Spanish invasion that he came to Aston, and talked so hopefully of the aid that Catholics would render to drive back the foreigner from our shores. He was going to arm all his tenants at his own cost, which we heard later that he actually did, and would have taken the field at their head had it been necessary. But when the Armada was dispersed by storms, and the scattered vessels had been captured or destroyed by our fleet, the poor Catholics found themselves not a whit better off, and were persecuted quite as harshly as before."

"Was he a Catholic?" asked Hilda slowly, as a serious look overspread her countenance. "Did he suffer, too, as they do now?"

"He came of a very ancient Yorkshire family, of prouder lineage than even my lord's, whose title is but of yesterday. We heard the story only in part, and that from one of his tenants, George Reynolds, I remember his name was; he brought you to us. He could tell us only that your mother had died and that poor Frank was lodged in jail. He escaped afterwards, and the last news that reached us was that he had died in Flanders, whither so many of his creed escaped during the last reign."

"And all these years I have never thought of my parents, have abandoned the faith for which they died," said the girl bitterly, while the tears coursed down her cheek, "lived contentedly among strangers, the object of their bounty, the child of charity!"

"Hilda!" said Lady Aston, in stern surprise at this unexpected outburst.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Aston," said Hilda, her better nature abashed by the other's reproving tone. "But this is all so new to me, I feel bewildered. Yet you have taught me to regard you as my kinswoman, to call you aunt, and treated me as though I had an equal claim to your love as Philippa or Grace, so that the knowledge of my abject, dependent condition comes upon me with a sense of reproach."

"I have given you, my child, a mother's love," said Lady Aston, with feeling "I pitied and loved you for your own sake quite as much as for the memory of your unfortunate parents. But you are no poor dependent. The money that your father was able to save from his wrecked fortune, he sent to us by the messenger who brought you to Aston. It was a large sum, and my lord has kept it for your marriage portion. If you would leave us you will still be rich. But never, Hilda, as you value my affection, utter such unkindly words again."

"My dear aunt," said the girl, clasping Lady Aston's neck, — "let me call you so always, — pardon my idle speech! I have known no parents save you and my lord. May I prove myself worthy of the love you have shown a friendless orphan, who cannot always subdue the rebellious thoughts that her tongue utters, but that come not from her heart!"

"I know it," said Lady Aston, kissing her tenderly, "I know it, dear Hilda. But there is an end of our quarrel. Dry your eyes and fetch your hood and cloak. We are bidden to Master Cecil's to-day, and it is high time we were on the road."

The conversation brought to Hilda's mind the recollection of Capt. Burnet, but she had been too full of her own troubles to ask any question about him. He was a Jesuit, a priest of her

own parents' proscribed faith, and the knowledge seemed to connect him with her history Where was he now? Lost utterly to them, to all appearance He had effected his escape from Ipsley. Sir John Coniers and the sheriff had brought that news, and mightily pleasing it was to her. And with all her woman's soul glowing with pity for the unfortunate creatures that the sheriff hunted and tortured, seeming to derive something like very real enjoyment from his occupation, she had been insensibly led to ponder upon this strangely hated religion, wondering why it was so obnoxious to English people, and what were the doctrines that rendered it so peculiar. It was her father's creed, — that father whom she had never known, whose memory had now been so keenly revived.

But the voice of Philippa roused her from her revery, and hastily fasteinng at her throat a curious-looking ornament that bore a suspicious resemblance to a reliquary, she descended to join the party below.

There was a little crowd in the street, and when she had been lifted on the pillion, — for Lord Aston was still too old fashioned to indulge himself in the luxury of a new-fangled, cumbrous caroche, — she noticed that one of the bystanders was regarding her with a look in which astonishment and fear seemed mingled. It was only for a moment that their eyes met and when she turned to look again at the man, he was still standing in the same attitude, with his eyes fixed upon her

The little cavalcade speedily disappeared, and the man looked about him as if in a dream; and seeing that the porter lingered at the gate, he inquired the name of the person whom he had just seen. The porter told him, upon which the stranger said, "But the young lady — she with the dark hair and flashing eyes — she is not Lord Aston's daughter?"

"No; that is a relative of my lord, Mistress Vaughan."

The stranger looked so agitated and confused that the porter, imagining that he was deaf, repeated in a louder tone, "Vaughan, — Mistress Hilda Vaughan."

The stranger seemed to collect his thoughts, yet with apparent effort; and bending his head in acknowledgment of the porter's courtesy, slowly moved away, with face of deadly paleness, and limbs that seemed to quiver beneath him as though he had received a sharp and sudden blow.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SAINT PAUL'S CROSS.

Father Paul Gower found it impossible to quit the saddler's roof as he had intended, a sudden and unlooked-for obstacle to his so doing having arisen. The house to which he was to have transferred himself was surrounded and searched by the pursuivants, and a priest who was lodging there narrowly escaped capture. And although a keen watch had been constantly maintained both by himself and his host, no further sign had been observed of the pursuivant and his companion. The Jesuit, therefore, determined to remain in his present quarters for a few days longer keeping closely within doors the while, or fulfilling his perilous mission only at night-time, according to his almost invariable custom.

But Master Cuffe, although invisible, was close at hand, having taken a lodging directly facing the Golden Fleece. He was in hiding from his creditors, who had taken out a warrant for his arrest, so he pathetically informed his host, who fully shared his virtuous indignation at the relentless sharks who, having emptied a gentleman's pockets, yet evinced a settled determination to take the balance of the debt out of his poor carcass. Master Cuffe's landlord had been in trouble himself, and entered into the plot to defy and evade the law with as much zest as if his tenant had been employed in the perfectly legitimate pur-

suit of cheating the revenue by smuggling or working an illicit still, — things quite unknown in our orderly, pious day.

Cuffe's sole visitor was the renegade Rookesby; and the two men sat on this September evening, their evil heads close together, watching the saddler's house. At their feet was a bottle of liquor, in frequent request; for what little talk passed between them rendered their throats dry and husky; but neither the drink nor the scarcely enlivening society of his friend brought much relief to the pursuivant, who found his novel occupation exceedingly irksome and monotonous.

"If this goes on much longer," said Cuffe, yawning, "I shall hang myself to yonder beam in sheer despair. I begin to have great doubts, my worthy Jasper, that your friend over the way is a priest at all. For nearly a week I have dogged him like a second shadow, and am still as wide of the mark as ever."

"Then why in the name of the arch-scoundrel, whose sworn henchman you are, do you not shun the liquor? Each night I have found you in your cups, blinking like an overfed owl. Your work needs a clear head and a keen eye."

"Look you, Master Jasper Rookesby, renegade papist and betrayer of your fellows!" said Cuffe, with a threatening growl, "this spying and dodging about may suit creatures of your kidney, but, by the rood, 't is beneath a gentleman; and but for the fear of being choused of the reward — they have played me that scurvy trick more than once — I would have denounced this papist to the council before now, and so ended the matter."

"Well, why not arrest him at once on suspicion?" asked Jasper, writhing at the other's rude taunts.

"Why not?" repeated Cuffe sneeringly. "Why, because I have but your word for it that this Gower, as you call him, is a priest at all. He gives out that he is a merchant, and in good sooth I half believe him: his word is as good as yours."

Rookesby made no reply. Bitterly as he felt the insults of the brawny ruffian, whom he utterly despised, self-interest overcame his resentment. He was but an underling, a wretched tool of the officer of the Privy Council. A reward of fifty pounds was attached to the capture of a priest; and although his suspicions seemed perfectly well-grounded, they failed to satisfy Cuffe, who by this time had repented of his bargain to share with his meaner associate the promised booty.

The silence was broken by Rookesby, who had not removed his eyes from the saddler's door, and clutching his companion's arm, he uttered a sudden cry. The priest emerged from the house and closing the door, glanced cautiously from side to side, and then walked briskly away.

The two men started up, and were in the lane before the priest was out of sight; and taking opposite sides of the street, to keep him always in view of one of them, they stealthily followed in his wake, keeping close to the houses the while.

Unconscious of being watched, the priest leisurely proceeded in the direction of Watling Street, and crossing the broad, moonlit space that extended along the western front of the metropolitan cathedral, now silent and deserted, he was about to turn off towards the cross, when a placard, affixed to the great door, attracted his notice, and supposing it to be a copy of the proclamation recently made against popish priests, he stopped to read it.

The honors so lavishly showered by King James had raised a storm of indignation in his new kingdom, and became a fruitful theme of ridicule It is related that in the course of three months the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon seven hundred individuals, and more recently the new title of baronet had been created, chiefly for the purpose, with characteristic

Scottish thrift, of adding to his revenue, which cost its recipients the sum of £1,095 apiece.

The paper that the priest read with a smile of amusement was a lampoon, offering to teach weak memories the art of recollecting the titles of the new nobility.

While so engaged, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who walking rapidly towards him, cast a hasty glance at the placard, and then turning, fixed his eyes inquiringly on the priest's face. Gower confronted him in surprise, and the man — no other than our friend Cuffe — left him without a word, and disappeared down Ludgate Hill. As the priest still stood wondering at the man's strange behavior, a head unseen by him was slowly protruded from the corner of the building and was suddenly drawn back.

St. Paul's Cross, so memorable in the history of London, stood on the northeastern side of the cathedral, within the angle formed by the choir and northern transept. It was a substantial edifice, of extreme ugliness, resembling a huge pulpit, surmounted by a semicircular roof, at the summit of which a large gilded cross appeared. In front, on three sides of the cross, ran a brick wall, enclosing benches for the more favored hearers, and against the side of the church were erected wooden galleries for the accommodation of ladies of fashion, who adorned the scene when any preacher of note was expected to deliver a sermon.

The priest was earlier than he had anticipated, and drawing his cloak around him, with his back to the cross, he patiently waited.

Casting his eyes upward at the tall, soaring spire, rebuilt only a short time previously, and gazing at the massive proportions of the church, at that time the most extensive in the kingdom, its past history rushed unbidden to his mind. Back to the very foundation of English Christianity he was carried by the silent eloquence of the majestic fane Founded in the time of England's apostle, St. Augustine, upon the site of the still more ancient Roman Temple of Diana, the successive races that have been blended into one nationality, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, seemed to pass before him, — the children of one common mother, the willing adherents of that faith which Pope Gregory the Great sent to our fathers so many centuries ago. And of all this great work, what remained? Many churches, still more monastic ruins, and a people who had stood by with sullen indifference while the ancient religion was being blotted out, and who now turned, like the adder in the fable, only to sting the hand that rescued it from death.

Within the cathedral the worshippers had shrunk into the choir, all too large for the few who resorted thither; the immense nave and glorious transepts, their purpose unheeded or forgotten, were the resort of idlers and of merchants, who chaffered and bargained amid its slender columns, while the vaulted roof echoed back the cries of itinerant venders and chapmen, who, regardless of the sanctity of the place, added to the Babel of confusion that reigned within its consecrated walls from day to day.

Almost involuntarily there rose to the mind of the solitary Jesuit — one of the little band of fearless missionaries whose name will be evermore in benediction — the reproof administered to the money-changers of the Jewish Temple. The cathedral had ceased to be a house of prayer: it might not be long ere the doom of the former den of thieves should overtake it, and sweep its every stone from the face of the city that had scornfully rejected the faith of Him in whose honor it was built.

He was roused from his meditations by the appearance of two men closely muffled in their cloaks, who seeing him waiting there, came towards him.

"The friend I expected to meet, I think?" said one of them, with a keen glance of inquiry at the Jesuit's face.

"I trust we have not tried your patience severely; but we are both strangers to the city. and had the ill-luck to miss our way more than once"

"Foster from the north?" replied Gower. "I see I am right. But something has occurred to disturb the arrangements of which I sent you word. I go to St. Giles' myself on this occasion, and our friend Reynolds will guide you to a place of safety. You may trust yourself to his charge."

"Father Foster and I are well acquainted, seeing we have travelled together for the past two days; and we were already acquainted before, but under different names."

"Aye, indeed," said Gower.

"Yes; down in Warwickshire," replied Reynolds. "We were both captains there, — he Burnet and I Pouch."

"What! the unfortunate leader of the rebels? We heard a rumor that you had been executed. I am glad to welcome you in the body."

"Rumor is ever a false jade," said Pouch, smiling. "I left my rebels only in time to save my neck, for they were dispersed within a week after my escape, and was glad to come hither to London with Capt. Burnet in my charge. The poor fellow who was executed was my successor in office."

"What was that?" exclaimed Burnet, as a slight scuffling noise attracted his attention.

They turned suddenly and listened; and Pouch mounted the wall and looked eagerly among the rows of benches that faced the cross, but all seemed still as death within the enclosure.

"Walk this way," said Gower. "Even these solid walls may have ears. I have a few directions to give which will not detain us long."

"I will take a look round here," said Pouch, in a whisper. "If there be any one desirous of an interview with either of us, it would be a sore pity to balk his inclination."

The conference of the two Jesuits was short, and, returning to their companion, who had carefully searched the spot in the mean time, without finding anything to confirm his suspicions, Gower said, "Now, George, do not lose your way again: show our friend the place agreed upon. Go with him, my brother. May God's protecting hand be upon you!"

He watched the retreating forms of the two as they proceeded along the Chepe, past the great cross that the citizens would have demolished only a few years before, but for the interference of Queen Elizabeth, who had the ancient relic carefully restored; and when they were lost to view, he crossed the road, looked anxiously round, and then started off in a westerly direction along what is now Newgate Street, walking rapidly as if behind time.

A few minutes later the ungainly form of Cuffe emerged from beneath one of the seats, and reaching the lane, he gave a low whistle, which was immediately answered by Rookesby, who cautiously approached,

"Two!" said Cuffe, holding up his fingers. "Two of them, Jasper. I could not hear all they said, but Gower has gone to St Giles' again."

"And the other?" asked Rookesby. "We can take Gower at any time. Where has the other gone?"

"That way," said Cuffe motioning with his hand, "and in company with a pestilent traitor who has been concerned in the rising in the north."

"Well, lose no time; let us follow at once," said Rookesby. "Two or perhaps three such prizes will not fall to our lot again."

"Now, look you, Master Rookesby," said Cuffe sullenly, folding his arms, "you have kept me dancing attendance upon your man, Gower, for days past, and I mean to have him first. You know nothing of the others, and I am not sure, from the little I could overhear, that either of them is a priest, as you know Gower to be. My game is Gower; and you can do as you list."

"Cursed pigheaded dolt!" muttered Rookesby, between his teeth. "While you have loitered chattering here, we have lost both. Better go home and get to bed, good Master Cuffe, thanking yourself for another lost opportunity of bagging £50."

"Body o' me!" ejaculated Cuffe. "None of your insolence, Popish massmonger! I tell you I am for St. Giles' in quest of my Jesuit; and if you are too great a coward to accompany me thither, I will go alone."

"And much good can you do there!" said Rookesby. "Do you think you will be able to drag the priest from the midst of his followers, who will gladly treat a pursuivant to a few inches of cold steel?"

"I mean to try it, nevertheless," said Cuffe stubbornly, "and if you will not help me, by heaven! you shall not finger a penny of the reward."

He walked resolutely away, and Rookesby, after a little consideration, followed, vainly trying to dissuade him from the mad folly of venturing alone into the Catholic chapel.

But Cuffe was not to be turned from his purpose. He was weary of the pursuit, and should he fail to secure his prey, he could, at least, with the aid of the spy, gain admittance, and so be able to testify afterwards that he had seen Gower officiating as a priest, which would be quite sufficient, without any further evidence, to convict the Jesuit of high treason

Rookesby had very especial reasons for wishing to avoid the place, but, afraid of giving further offence by a useless display of opposition, he trudged along reluctantly by the side of his companion.

Passing the ancient monastery of the Gray Friars, of which a great portion was yet standing, but devoted to the purposes of the institution founded by Edward VI., since known as Christ's Hospital or the Bluecoat School, they quitted the city by Newgate, where the forbidding pile of the new prison frowned grimly upon them. As they gained the open space of Smithfield, Cuffe could not forbear another sneer at his exasperated companion as he pointed to the spot that had witnessed some of the hideous burnings of Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary. Rookesby took no notice of the allusion, and maintaining an angry silence, the bridge of Old-Bourne, with the adjacent palace of the Bishop of Ely, were speedily reached, and they found themselves in a broad country road, with houses thinly scattered on either side.

It was considerably past midnight when they quitted St. Laurence Lane, and they paused to count the strokes as the distant church of St. Giles' slowly boomed the hour of three.

By a strange fatality the meeting of this night, or morning rather, was held in the very place wherein two priests had been arrested only a few months before. Father Gower had hired another house in the same locality, with a spacious barn attached, which he intended should serve as a chapel for some time to come, but at the last moment the owner had become suspicious of the use to which his premises were to be put, and declined to ratify the contract.

This had been known to the priest only a few hours before the time of meeting, and unwilling to disappoint his little flock of their well-earned privilege of hearing mass, he had determined to return to his old quarters for this occasion, leaving two or three of his trusty followers to inform the others of the altered arrangement.

Rookesby was, however, unaware of the proposed change; and naturally concluding that when the priest mentioned St Giles' he had referred to the original place of resort, he took the path in that direction.

The house stood alone in the midst of fields, and as they reached the lane by which it was approached, they found their progress barred by a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, armed with a great club, who sternly demanded their business.

Jasper briefly explained that he was

a Catholic, and had come to hear mass, adding that his companion's conscience was sorely troubled, and that he was seeking spiritual consolation from a priest.

As the man regarded the pair with some suspicion, Cuffe sought to improve the occasion by turning up the whites of his eyes, and giving vent to a long-drawn groan, by which he meant to express deep contrition for his sins, — a device probably suggested by his former intercourse with the Puritans Jasper, who was fully conscious that it was the habit of Catholics to repress rather than display their emotions, became alarmed, and addressing himself again to the sentinel, earnestly begged to be allowed to pass.

The watchword was demanded, and knowing no other, he gave "Gloria, in excelsis Deo." That, however, was altogether wrong; but as it had been the recognized sign at their last meeting, the man told them as much; and, with evident unwillingness, finally permitted them to proceed.

The house was shrouded in darkness, not a gleam of light being visible; but Jasper, accustomed to the place, walked straight to the door, and giving a slight, peculiar knock, the two were instantly admitted, and the door was locked and barred again.

## CHAPTER X.

### A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

In the heart of the city, near the corner of a small street in Cheapside, there yet stands a solitary tree, an object of curious interest to the spectator. It may be passed by unheeded during the long winter; but when the cheery summer covers it with foliage and the birds twitter joyously and build their nests amid its branches, it evokes pleasant visions of peaceful country places, purling brooks, and smiling hedge-rows, and recalls dim, far-off memories of the time when London was not the arid, stony desert, the dismal brick wilderness of to-day; a time when a square foot of its surface was worth something less than a small fortune, and men had not found it necessary to turn its disused graveyards into places of recreation.

From the window of the apartment which Hilda called her own could be seen, beyond the trim, pleasant garden that environed the house, a succession of smaller enclosures beside the dwellings of the more opulent citizens, dotted here and there with refreshing patches of greensward, and shady arbors wherein the citizen, weary of the toils of the day, could, if he were so minded, peacefully enjoy the comfort of the detestable weed, regardless of the disapprobation of King James, whose "Counterblast to Tobacco" would seem to have resulted in no other effect than to advertise his subjects of its placid, soothing qualities.

The ornament that she had worn when she visited the all-powerful Cecil, a few days previously, was in her hand; and Mary, whose slight acquaintance with such objects enabled her to identify it as a reliquary, had described its purpose. On one side was depicted, in curious mosaic, a bird pecking at its own breast, surrounded by a little brood, who held up their beaks to catch the drops of blood that seemed to be welling from its snowy plumage. If Hilda felt surprised when Mary explained the meaning of the pelican feeding its offspring with its own blood, her astonishment was greater when her notice was drawn to the five circular pieces of crystal, arranged in the form of a cross, on the reverse side of the medallion. Beneath the centre one could be dimly seen a minute fragment of wood, with the almost effaced legend of "*Ave bone crux*," the others contained little pieces of linen or woollen fabric; and Mary, devoutly kissing the reliquary, returned it to her companion, with the intimation that it held relics that Catholics esteemed as priceless, and were all but unattainable.

"How very strange that it should fall into my hands!" said Hilda. "I

have always regarded it as a very singular trinket, but never till now knew its value. It must have belonged to my father; I think I have heard Lady Aston say so. You did not know that he was a papist, Mary?"

The girl opened her blue eyes in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Hilda, "like your father, my poor Mary, he suffered for his faith, was imprisoned, too, but escaped, and died at last in exile. But I am in hope that your father will regain his liberty before long. Do not weep! I made bold to speak to Master Cecil when we went to his house, and if Lord Aston will petition the king, Master Cecil has promised to aid us on your father's behalf. Be patient for a little while yet; and who knows but that when we return to our dear old home in Warwickshire we shall carry his pardon with us?"

Mary was full of gratitude; and drying her tears, inquired hesitatingly, "But if your father was a Catholic, dear mistress, why are you of a different faith?"

"I cannot tell. I know but what I have been taught. Tell me, Mary,—and do not call me mistress again, but Hilda, only Hilda,—tell me what is this popish religion that every one seems so to hate, and why are its adherents persecuted?"

"Alack, dear mistress—I mean Hilda," she faltered, "I could not make you understand it, I fear, I am so ignorant; but I know that all English people believed it once, until our kings seized upon the church property and abolished the mass. Your religion is scarcely fifty years old, and there were no Protestants to be met with anywhere until our own times. But we believe that our Lord taught the doctrines that people now call popish, and the world had no other belief until the first Protestant came; he was called Luther, if I mistake not. But I have a book that Capt. Burnet left with me, that will tell you all you seek to know."

"Oh, let me read it, dear Mary," said Hilda eagerly. "It is a strange creed, indeed, that gives its followers strength to face imprisonment and death, rather than abandon it! Where is Capt. Burnet now? Lady Aston tells me that he is a priest—a Jesuit."

"Yes, it is true," said Mary, sighing. "But I know not where he is to be found."

"And you knew this all the while, and yet would not tell me!" said Hilda reproachfully. "And I suppose you have seen him saying mass, too? What is a mass?" she asked impulsively.

"You must ask the book," said Mary, smiling. "But we call it hearing, not seeing mass. It is a solemn sacrifice, not a mere display."

Hilda was thoughtful for some moments, and then inquired, "Can you hear mass anywhere in London, now?"

"But seldom," said Mary. "We are watched so closely by our enemies that our priests are obliged to be very cautious; and only those known to be Catholics are admitted to the service."

"I should like to go with you, Mary, if you will let me, when an opportunity occurs. You cannot think that I would betray you!" she added, as Mary shrank back alarmed.

"It would be too dangerous," replied Mary. "I had a very narrow escape, a little while since, at the Spanish ambassador's chapel. A number of our people went there to hear mass, and at its conclusion more than twenty persons were arrested as they left. The pursuivants had found us out, and set a guard round the chapel; but when the ambassador heard what was going on, he closed the door, taking all who remained into his house, and made us all sit down to dinner, waiting upon us himself with all his servants, most humbly, apologizing the while for the harsh treatment to which we were subjected. Afterwards he sent to the lord mayor, complaining that his house was beset;

and when the men had been withdrawn, we slipped out one by one."

"What could they do if they caught me?" said Hilda. "I am known as Lord Aston's niece, and Master Cecil would, I am sure, protect me, for I am no papist, at least as yet. Now, Mary, dear Mary," she said, clasping the girl in her embrace, "there can be no danger to me: do not deny me this. It is not woman's curiosity that prompts the request, but a sincere desire to know somewhat of the religion that cost my parents their lives. You look upon them as martyrs; they died for what you hold to be the truth: will you then refuse to help a martyr's child to regain her lost inheritance?"

Mary was sadly perplexed, and her mind was also full of the intelligence that had somehow reached her, that one of the Jesuits, then on London mission, had appointed a meeting for the next morning at a very early hour, at a place some distance from the city, where he would hear confessions and say mass; and that a lady, whose acquaintance she had recently made, had promised to guide her to the exact spot.

Hilda's importunity at length bore down her companion's reluctance to expose to the gaze of an unbeliever the most sacred mysteries of her creed; and so it fell out that in the evening, a short while after dusk, the two, under an escort of some stout, trusty servitors, safely reached the widow's house at Holborn, a little distance from the Oxford road.

The house formed a rendezvous for the scattered members of the proscribed religion, where they could always gain accurate information as to the movements and intentions of the priests, who were compelled to adopt the utmost caution and secrecy in order to discharge their duties, so constant and zealous was the watch maintained by the emissaries of the Privy Council.

The recent proclamation, and the new measures of repression enacted by the Parliament, had rendered the Catholics more than ever desirous to avoid a conflict with the authorities; and the service about to be held was therefore to commence at an early hour, some time before dawn.

The temporary chapel was a disused loft, without door or windows, at the rear of a lonely cottage. Its sole mode of ingress or egress was by means of a trap-door in the floor, which was only to be reached with the aid of a ladder, which, for further security, was drawn up into the apartment after the congregation had assembled.

At the farther end stood a very humble altar, covered with plain white linen, without ornament; and upon it were placed a crucifix, two candles, and a book. Beside the altar sat the priest, and from time to time the people approached him, knelt by his side for a few minutes, and then returned again to their places. Seats for the congregation there were none; and Hilda, imitating the movements of the rest, found her kneeling position rather trying. But what seemed to strike her most was the absorbed, rapt expression of her neighbors, who, apparently unconscious of the presence of others, appeared to be engaged in prayer so earnest, yet so noiseless, as if the present moment were their last, and that another such opportunity might be denied them. In place of books, many held in their hands a chaplet of beads, that Hilda mistook for a necklace, with a little cross attached; and slowly as the minutes passed, they evinced no sign of weariness, but remained in the same patient, watchful attitude; their sufferings, and their weary, jaded lives, beset with peril, forgotten in the overpowering sense of their brief happiness.

And if that little band dismissed from their minds the reflection that their liberty, and possibly their lives, were endangered by their presence at that secret rite, it was that they held worldly things as naught, compared with those that affected their immortal

souls, and that they held that eternal happiness was cheaply purchased with temporal affliction and loss.

A slight stir among the congregation and their redoubled earnest attention would have warned Hilda without the whispered hint of her friend that the mass was about to commence, and as the priest, habited in a white vestment, stood before the altar, the people crossed themselves; and Hilda, in a glow of excitement, almost unconsciously followed their example.

In the solemn stillness that pervaded the chapel the priest's voice, as he recited the office, was distinctly audible. Once or twice he turned towards the people, and for a moment Hilda caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar to her. And then a hushed feeling stole over them, and the priest's voice had sunk to a mere whisper, as he leaned over the altar; and Hilda, watching with keen intensity the unfamiliar rites, saw the celebrant kneel for a moment, and then elevate something white and gleaming above his head; and filled with awe, her feelings seemed to overcome her, and with a sob, she bent her head in lowly adoration.

What it was that caused her involuntary burst of emotion she could not explain, and while the people silently crowded round the altar, she knelt in the same attitude of prostration, lost to every sense, save that she was in a Presence unknown to her till now, and that thrilled in every fibre of her agitated frame.

A noise, a slight commotion at the lower end of the apartment, recalled her partly to herself, shouts were heard below; the trap-door was suddenly raised and some men went hastily down, and then all was quiet again.

She looked round for some explanation, but the mass had now ended, and the congregation rose slowly to their feet; and then she observed that the simple furniture of the altar had been removed, and all that was left to remind her of the strange scene she had just witnessed, was a rough looking table, that appeared to be nothing more than a carpenter's bench, before which the priest stood, clad in a plain black cassock; while a torch, held by some one at his side, threw a faint and wavering light upon his face.

He addressed them in a few simple words, exhorting them to embrace every opportunity of frequenting the sacraments, reminding them of the solemn account that each must give, one day, of neglect of the ordinances of the church; entreating them to labor, as far as lay in their power, to reclaim those who had wandered from the fold; and finally blessing them all, in accents of solemn fervor, adjured them to pray without ceasing for the peace of the church. There was no useless repining at the injustice with which they were treated, no display of resentment towards their persecutors; but an air of patient endurance and placid courage that indicated more powerfully than mere words could express his confidence in the justice of their cause, and an assurance of its ultimate, however distant triumph.

As Hilda listened, she was reminded of something that she had read or heard, of another little remnant of persecuted disciples, who met together by night in an upper chamber, having the doors closed for fear of the people. The scanty and imperfect religious teaching that she had received had made but slight impression on her mind; it had never touched her heart. The sole dogma of the reformed religion was, that popery was wrong. She had witnessed the highest and most solemn rite of that mysterious creed: but it seemed real, to have some definite purpose in it, and appealed even to her untutored comprehension with a power and authority before which the chilling monotony and dreary, soulless religion of the state seemed to crumble and fade away.

And as she watched the gentle,

earnest face of the priest, there came upon her a feeling of strange attraction towards him; a yearning desire to throw herself at his feet, to kiss his hand. She recognized him as the individual who had watched with wild, a most terrified look, at Lord Aston's door a few days since. And as she gazed, spellbound, it seemed as though his eyes were even now fixed upon her.

A pause followed when he ceased; and a man whispered hastily a few words in the priest's ear, causing him to raise his hand as if entreating their attention.

"It is a calamity to which we are always exposed," he said, "that news of our meetings should occasionally reach the ears of those in authority. Below stairs, at this moment, are two agents of the council; but they are in the hands of our friends. Some of you may be recognized upon leaving: let me, therefore, recommend you to conceal your faces as closely as possible; but omit not to take note of these two men. The precaution will be useful if you should chance to meet them again"

Hilda was among the last to leave; and as the priest stood near the ladder, he looked steadily at her. Mary had asked his permission for Hilda to be present; and thinking she detected some sign of displeasure in his eye, she again spoke to him with a little trepidation, telling him the name and condition of the strange member of the little congregation. He simply bowed, and turning his head aside, said in a low, constrained voice, "We shall meet again, dear child, I trust. God grant it in his unutterable mercy!"

The two men to whom he had alluded were, of course, none other than our friends Cuffe and Rookesby. Upon their admission to the house, they saw by the light of a small lamp that the chamber in which they stood was tenanted by three powerful-looking men, of very determined appearance one of whom again demanded the pass-word; and the moment Jasper had uttered it, the man, who had been about to lead the way to the chapel, stopped and looked keenly at the faces of the two new-comers.

"That was the word when the two priests were taken," he said to his companions, who silently grasped their staves. "How comes it, friend, that you know of this meeting, and are yet ignorant of the sign by which we distinguish friends from foes?"

Jasper was slightly embarrassed at this challenge, but replied with apparent frankness, "I had news from Father Gower himself of this meeting, but neglected or forgot to ask him for the pass-word. But he knows me well: take me to him, if you have any doubt."

He said this with a little more boldness; for feeling satisfied that mass had now commenced, he was well aware that it would be impossible to interrupt the priest in the midst of the service.

"Wait here an instant," said the man who had spoken: and leaving them abruptly, he darted down the narrow passage at the end of the room.

Cuffe was seriously alarmed, and eager as he had been to enter the place, fear for his own personal safety rendered him still more desirous of getting out again. He knew very well that his office would fail to protect him from condign punishment at the hands of the men he had come to betray; and although priests never resisted capture, he could not answer for similar passive dispositions on the part of their flock.

"We are lost!" he whispered to Rookesby. "That fellow has recognized me, I saw it in his eye. Look to yonder door; close it, and prevent these fellows from summoning their companions, while I unfasten this bolt. Quick!"

The two men had been keenly watching the movements of the pursuivants, and as Jasper rushed to the door communicating with the interior of the house, one of them suddenly

swung his staff in the air, dealing a heavy blow, which brought the unfortunate spy to the ground; and while Cuffe was fumbling at the bolts in the uncertain light, the other pounced upon him and enfolded him in an embrace that seemed like an iron band Cuffe struggled and kicked with fury, and being of powerful build and great strength contrived to loosen his captor's hold, and with a violent wrench slipped from his grasp. But the alarm had been given, and several others full of consternation at the unexpected intrusion, hurried to the assistance of their friends, and notwithstanding his desperate resistance, Cuffe was overpowered by numbers, and lay gagged and bound at their feet. They lifted up the still insensible form of Rookesby, who was instantly recognized, although his wretched calling was yet unknown to those who wonderingly scanned his pale and blood-stained features.

As the terrified members of the congregation slowly passed out, Cuffe regarded them with looks of fierce resentment; and when Hilda, with her hood thrown fearlessly back, paused for a moment to cast a look of pity on the prostrate forms, he thought to himself, for speech was impossible with the gag bound fast between his teeth, "I shall know you again, young lady, so stare your fill I would drink to our better acquaintance, if these knaves would suffer it."

Rookesby had by this time recovered consciousness, and when the shrouded form of the priest at length stood before him, he strove to hide his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"You have made a sad mistake here," said Father Gower. "This is Jasper Rookesby, one of our own people. How did this come about?"

"There is no mistake at all, sir," gruffly replied one that stood by. "He brought hither Master Cuffe, the pursuivant, — that fellow there. Master Cuffe and I are old acquaintances. We have met before in the Clink Prison, where he sought to add an inch or so to my stature, as he told me, by hanging me up by the hands"

"A pursuivant?" said Gower. "And in company with Rookesby. Will you explain the meaning of this?" he inquired, looking narrowly at the spy.

"It needs no words," said the first speaker, as Jasper silently hung his head "And now I think of it, Master Rookesby was here when the officers last visited us; and I have often marvelled how he effected his escape on that occasion. 'T is plain as broad daylight that he has betrayed us to the council, and the presence of yonder pursuivant is sample proof of his treachery."

The Jesuit left the room, sadly shaking his head, and a short whispered colloquy ensued, at the conclusion of which the eyes of both prisoners were bandaged, and Cuffe, expecting death every moment, found himself borne along in the arms of three men, who carried him to a considerable distance and then left him

It was not until morning was far advanced that the two friends were discovered in their ignominious plight by some laborers, to whom they related a rambling story of having been set upon by cutpurses, severely maltreated, and left for dead

With dejected looks, and filled with savage thirst for vengeance upon those who had not only escaped, but also rendered them objects of ridicule, they slowly took the road back to London.

Later in the day Cuffe returned to the cottage, with a strong body of followers, and although they searched the place with utmost care, their labor was in vain: the papists had vanished without leaving a single trace of their unlawful proceedings.

*To be continued.*

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An old lady said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from, until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

## 'A HERO IN THE STRIFE."

### THE PRESERVER OF THE PEOPLE: THE FOUNDER OF CAMP FATHER MATHEW.

*Continued from page 130.*

Rev Wm. Walsh was born May 4th, 1850, in the County Kilkenny, in the famous and world-wide known spot of history — Callan. In his youth he showed a strong desire for his holy vocation: he spent his early years under the care of the Christian Brothers; thence to the seminary in the west of Ireland, where he had modelled his young mind after the patriarch of the West, John of Tuam; thence he went to All Hallows College, the great missionary college of Ireland. In his five years' study there his holy vocation developed, and his mission was taken. The cry of Memphis, in 1873, reached him in college. The cry of the people of that stricken city for priests so touched him that he volunteered to be of the number of those next to die for his people. After his five years' study, he came to this country in 1874, to be a priest of the diocese of Nashville.

For a short time he was stationed at Chattanooga, and spent some time on the mission therefrom. He was assistant to Rev. Martin Walsh, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Memphis, when the fever of 1878 broke out. Soon the good pastor was stricken down, and Father William was appointed pastor He attended nine other priests in their death agonies during those terrible days of '78. He attended the sick and dying in the city by day, seeing to their necessities, both corporally and spiritually, and in the evenings going to the Father Mathew Camp and for hours comforting the people there shelt red; in the morning, celebrating Mass for the Camp, and then on to the City of Death, carrying life and hope and comfort to its scourge-afflicted people though Death should claim him. Truly, this was Christian heroism in its noblest and purest form, yet how priest-like, because how Christ-like. For ourselves, though he has been pleased to speak well of our aid in behalf of the Camp, we could not behold the terrible fight with Death he was having and remain unmoved, and so it is our glory that we stood by him and did what we could to sustain him in his struggle. But so the country stood by him, and Catholic societies stood by him, and made the great manifestation that union meant — strength and money.

Father Walsh, on his return to Memphis this year, at once issued an appeal to "Catholic Sympathizers." This brought him only between $700 and $800, when his necessities obliged him to do that from which his spirit shrank at the beginning of the epidemic — that was to call on Catholic societies again to help him; and again did they do well for him and enable him to sustain the Camp and almost free him from the debt he had incurred previous to calling for their assistance. We annex herewith a report of contributions sent him this year: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Bishop Feehan, Nashville, Tenn. | $2500 00 |
| Rev. D. McMahon, Albany, Ga. | 10 00 |
| St. Vincent's Conference, Augusta, Ga. | 20 00 |
| Rev. Father Drumgoole, Brooklyn, N Y. | 25 00 |
| C. T A. S., Brier Hill, Mahonay Co., Ohio, | $22 00 |
| St. Peter's Congregation, Brooklyn, N Y. | 150 00 |
| E. H. Barclay, Beaver Dam, Ohio Co , Ky. | 1 00 |
| St. John's Society, Bangor, Maine | 10 00 |
| St Bartholomew B. Society, Columbus, Ind. | 10 25 |
| McCarthy Stephenson, Chattanooga, Tenn. | 5 00 |
| St. John's Society, Elyria, Ohio | 10 00 |
| C. M. B. S., Flint, Michigan | 10 00 |
| Miss Jennie Russell, Humboldt, Tenn. | 24 00 |
| Frank J. Taylor, Hot Springs, Arkansas | 154 78 |
| Father Mathew Society, Houston, Texas | 25 00 |
| Misses Martin, Louisville, Ky. | 5 00 |
| John Kerberg, Louisville, Ky. | 25 00 |
| F. M. T S., Lostant, Ill. | 12 00 |
| Owen Dwyer, Memphis, Tenn. | 100 00 |
| On Altar of "Ark," Memphis, Tenn. | 20 00 |
| F. M. S. Entertainment, Vicksburg, Miss. | 105 05 |
| St. His. B. Society, Massillon, Ohio | 10 00 |
| No. 371 I. C. B. U., Martinsburg, Va. | 5 00 |
| Rev. Father Rycharr | 10 00 |
| P. N. Graw, Natchez, Miss. | 32 00 |
| Contributions, New Orleans | 2 00 |
| Rev. Father Preston, New York | 20 00 |
| Father Hudson, Notre Dame, Ind. | 1 00 |
| Father Mathew Society, Ottawa, Ill. | 5 00 |
| Martin I. J. Griffin, Philadelphia, Pa. | 121 00 |
| (In addition to $301.20 sent to Bishop Feehan.) | |
| Miss M. Fagan and friends, Philadelphia | 48 00 |
| St. Michael's Society, Philadelphia | 100 00 |
| Cathedral (collections), Richmond, Va. | 75 00 |
| Catholic Beneficial Society, Richmond, Va. | 100 00 |
| Rev. W. Walsh and congregation, St. Louis | 105 00 |
| A Sister of St. Joseph. St. Louis, Mo. | 22 00 |
| J. H. Taylor, St. Louis, Mo. | 2 00 |
| St. Mary's Congregation St. Louis, Mo. | 37 25 |
| Father Mathew Society, Seymour, Ind. | 15 05 |
| St. P.'s T. A. Society, Savannah, Ga. | 39 00 |
| Rev. E. Hannill, Stackleford, Mo. | 20 00 |
| St. John's League, Trenton, N. J. | 26 00 |
| United Sons of Hibernia, Urbana, Ohio | 20 00 |
| Father Mathew Society, Winona, Minn. | 15 00 |
| F. M. Society and conga'n, Youngstown, O. | 139 00 |
| Rev. Father Gleason, Clarksville, Tenn. | 111 00 |
| No. 363 I. C. B. U. | 10 00 |
| F. M. Society, North Adams, Mass. | 4 75 |
| Im. Conception Church, Cleveland, Ohio | 12 00 |
| No. 103 I. C. B. U., Jeddo, Pa. | 10 00 |
| No. 193 I. C. B. U., Martinsburg, W. Va. | 10 00 |
| No. 82 I. C. B. U., Alton, Ill. | 10 00 |
| Total, | $4,329 88 |

The following societies contributed through us: —

| | |
|---|---|
| St. Peter's, Hancock, Md. | $20 00 |
| St. Joseph's Waukesha, Wis. | 5 00 |
| St. Vincent's, Germantown, Pa. | 25 00 |
| St. Phillip's T. A. B., Phila. | 21 50 |
| Pius IX., Phila. | 50 00 |
| Im Conception T. A. B., Phila. | 50 00 |
| St. Jerome, Phila. | 31 00 |
| Philadelphia National Catholic | 25 00 |
| Archbishop Carroll, Phila. | 50 00 |

The individuals who gave us were: —

| | |
|---|---|
| John J Nolan, | $20 00 |
| Dennis McDevitt, | 10 00 |
| A Lady of Brooklyn, | 20 00 |
| Collected from delegates on train from Dayton, | 8 00 |
| William Lynch, | 5 00 |
| C. Toner, | 4 00 |
| M. A. Summers, | 4 00 |
| H. A. McPike, | 2 00 |
| M. Moncheim, Elkhart, Indiana, | 5 00 |
| J. P. M. | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Catharine Woods | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Lyons, | 5 00 |
| M. J. Fahy | 4 00 |
| Mary Spellisey | 2 00 |
| H. A. Smith | 2 00 |
| C. Fagan | 2 00 |
| John L. Kane, Brandywine, Del. | 2 00 |
| Sundry subscriptions of smaller amounts | 33 70 |

Total sent to Bishop Feehan and Father Walsh, $422.20.

At the beginning of the fever, Father Walsh directed us to send contributions to Bishop Feehan, and our remittances appear in the $2,500 sent by the Bishop to Memphis. We have not learned the name of the societies that sent to Bishop Feehan.

FATHER WALSH'S STATEMENT.

ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH,
MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 7, 1879.

EDITOR I. C. B. U. JOURNAL:

Our Yellow Fever Plague of 1879 is at an end. We thank God! His mercies towards our people and us have been made manifest. He has blessed our undertaking—the Father Mathew Camp. Since its establishment this year on the 15th of July, till its dissolution on the 20th of October, it afforded refuge and sustenance to 679 persons. Of these only four have died in Camp, and one outside of Camp. There were four births in Camp to make up, as it were, for the four deaths—three males and one female. From the 3d of August to the 6th of November, I received, for the Camp, for Yellow Fever sufferers, and for our own and community of Sisters' maintenance, about $4,329.88. During the same interval, I expended for these purposes, or became responsible for, more than $5,657.03, which is $1,327.15 more than I received. The claims against me, in connection with the Father Mathew Camp, and charity administered, are *more* than this amount. I need scarcely state that such a debt here is, just now, very weighty. Our poor people returning to their ruined and desolated homes are almost penniless. I trust that some generous souls will still extend us the hand of practical sympathy.

I hereby tender to the charitable who have assisted us the sincere and heartfelt thanks of our afflicted community, as well as those of their humble servant in Christ,

(REV.) WM. WALSH.

## A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

THE Cunard Steamship Company have just concluded a contract with James and George Thomson, by which that firm is to build on the Clyde a screw ship the size of which will be exceeded only by that of the "Great Eastern," while the speed will be greater than that of any ocean steamer afloat. This new vessel will be of 7,500 tons and 10,000 horse-power, her dimensions being 500 feet in length, 50 feet in breadth, and 41 in depth, propelled by inverted direct acting compound engines, with three cylinders and seven oval tubular boilers, having 38 furnaces and 1,000 feet of effective fire-grate surface. She will have an extra promenade deck, and will practically be a five decker, being fitted for 450 first-class and 600 steerage passengers, with accommodations for a crew of 200 officers and men. Her cargo capacity will be equal to 6,500 tons, with 1,700 tons of coal and 1,000 tons of water ballast, having a double bottom on what is called "the longitudinal and bracket system."

This vessel has been designed after lengthened consideration, and every detail of the ship and engines embodies the most advanced scientific improvements compatible with the safe working of so great a vessel. Among the important matters has been that of the employment of steel instead of iron, and after a practical and thorough examination into the merits of both materials, steel has been adopted for the hull and boilers, but under a provision so stringent that every plate, before acceptance, will undergo a severe and rigid test by a qualified surveyer appointed and stationed at the steel manufactory for that special purpose, and that the manipulation of the steel by the builders shall be subject to an equally careful supervision by qualified engineers appointed by the company. The steel is to be made by the Siemens-Martin process, and all rivets, as well as plates, throughout the ship are to be of steel. The name of the new vessel is to be "Sahara," and she is to be ready for sea in March, 1882.

## GERMANY AND THE HOLY SEE.

A TELEGRAM from Rome states that an agreement has been arrived at between Germany and the Vatican. Cardinal Jacobin is to visit Berlin next month, and it is probable that he will again confer with Prince Bismarck, who is said to have made concessions of importance in the negotiations that have lately been going on. Matters were settled in principle when his Eminence went to visit Prince Bismarck at Gastein, and the details of the compromise were worked out in Vienna, an official from the Prussian Ministry of Public Worship having been sent thither for the purpose.

## LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

### CHAPTER IV.

TEMPLECARN — LOUGH DERG — ORIGIN OF THE NAME — THE LAKE — ITS SCENERY AND SURROUNDINGS.

Lough Derg, the scene of the time-honored pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Purgatory, is situated in the parish of Templecarn, barony of Tyrhugh, county of Donegal, and diocese of Clogher. It is distant between three and four miles from the neat little town of Pettigoe, which is a station on the Bundoran branch of the Enniskillen and Londonderry railway.

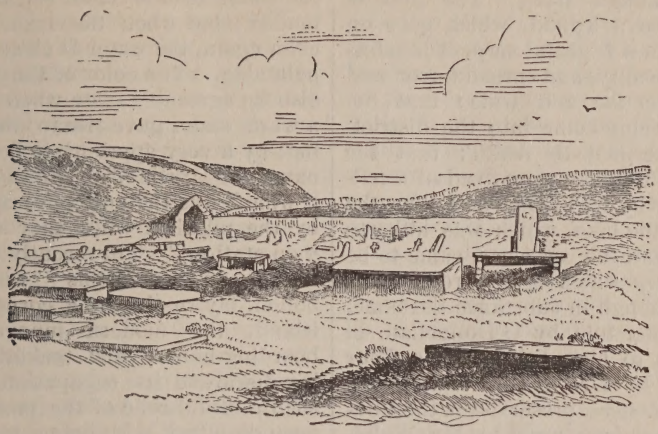
In the hypothesis that the pilgrim will proceed to Lough Derg by way of Pettigoe (which appears to derive its name from a clan, called Muintir Peadachan, that whilom held sway in this locality), he will pass convenient to the old churchyard of Templecarn, which gives name to the parish, within which lies Lough Derg. This churchyard stands on the brow of a hill in the townland of Carn, nearly midway between Pettigoe and Lough Derg, and some distance to the left of the modern road leading towards the lake.

Of Templecarn there is found but the following notice in the Annals of the Four Masters: "1497. O'Donnell, *i. e.*, Hugh Roe, resigned his lordship on the calends of June, being Friday, at Templecarn, in the Termon, in consequence of the dissensions of his sons." Down to this period the church of the Termon was on Saints' Island; but, whether in consequence of the edict of Pope Alexander VI., which was issued in the early part of the same year, 1497, or for the greater convenience of those who resided on these termon-lands, Templecarn was erected towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, and afterwards became a parish church. When the surrounding district came to be "planted" with Protestant settlers, they appropriated this church to their own use, after the fashion so generally followed at the time. Of this old church there are hardly any traces left. The walls have completely disappeared, and we can with difficulty trace its outline and dimensions by means of the hollow space which marks the interior of the church, and the raised surface where stood its walls. The site of the old church is still discernible in the centre of the graveyard. It measured 66 feet in length by about 22 in width.

The churchyard of Templecarn has been used for very many years as a burial-place by Protestants and Catholics alike. It is enclosed by a substantial wall, and approached by a convenient entrance and gateway. It is completely studded with tombstones of every variety, many of them as old as the sixteenth century, with raised characters, or in *alto-rilievo*, as was the custom during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The arms and mottoes of the Johnstons and other local families are inscribed on several of these tombstones. Some of the monuments are certainly very elegant, and bespeak a considerable amount of native art in the locality. In the body of the old church some of the tombstones are almost buried in the earth; and I have no doubt but that others more ancient are completely hidden from view by the accumulation of earth, owing to the great number of interments

In Templecarn churchyard may be seen a very ancient Celtic cross. The tradition is that it was transferred from Saints' Island, and erected in the midst of the graves of those who were drowned by the boat accident on Lough Derg in 1795. That distinguished antiquarian, W. F. Wakeman, Esq., of Enniskillen, says it must be as old as the ninth century at least. It is supposed that this was one of the termon crosses which marked the limits of Termon-Dabheoc. But that it is much smaller, it exactly resembles in form the termon crosses of Tullagh, near Loughlinstown, County Dublin. This cross measures in shaft 1 foot 4 inches in length of pedestal sunk in the ground; from pedestal to top of shaft,

2 feet; width of the arms, 11 inches. A portion of the circlet has been broken off the left side; and the head of the cross itself, including the arms,



Templecarn Churchyard.

has been also broken, but remains in its place so long as the cross is kept in an upright stationary position.

At the western corner of this churchyard may be seen (as shown on the illustration of Templecarn already inserted) the finest specimen I have witnessed of a *bohogue*, in a good state of preservation, and having an altar-table of stone. These *bohogues*, or huts, which afforded shelter and accommodation merely for the altar and the priest, were commonly availed of throughout the North of Ireland, even within the memory of those living, for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. This *bohogue* is sheltered by an arched or hood-like covering of stone. Its measurements are: Height from ground to centre of arch, 7½ feet; width at entrance, about 6 feet; depth, 7½ feet; depth of altar-table, 2½ feet.

On some of the monuments within this graveyard may be seen a remnant, or imitation, of that curious interlacing, known as *opus Hibernicum*, for which the ancient Irish monuments are so remarkable.

From Templecarn may be had an extensive view of Lough Erne and its islands, with the Fermanagh and Leitrim mountains in the background. There is neither tree nor shrub within or around this churchyard. Past this churchyard led the ancient roadway to Saints' Island; so that we may safely conjecture that before the altar of Templecarn many a weary and foot-sore pilgrim to Lough Derg had offered a prayer in passing. In the neighborhood of Templecarn the only objects of antiquarian interest I know of are strange megalithic remains in the townland of Tamlaght; also a holy well at a place named Cullion.

It is generally supposed that Lough Derg was known in ancient Erin under the name of Fionloch, or the fair lake. That there was another lake of the same name, where lower Lough Erne unfolds its spreading waters, would appear from the following extract taken from O'Flaherty: —

"*Fordremanus, Finloch, Lochlœrgan, Stagna Vetusta, Quos, quam culta prius, fudit Ierna lacus.*"

The supposition that Lough Derg was anciently called Fionloch appears to rest on the authority of the legend regarding St. Patrick and the serpent; setting that legend aside, I see no reason for denying that it was always called Lough Derg.*

* This legend of the serpent, and the change of the name of the lake in consequence of its death by "Conan the Bald," are referred to in

There are two different opinions to account for the meaning of the denomination Lough Derg The first is founded on a legend, which goes on to say that a frightful serpent inhabited this locality, and spread terror and destruction far and wide; that St. Patrick, being come into the district, put the serpent to death; that the waters of the lake were dyed of a reddish color by its blood; and thus the name of the lake, which was hitherto called *fionn*, fair or clear, came to be called *dearg* which signifies red. This legend, though in substance the same, is differently told by O'Donnellan, in the notes to his edition of the *Four Masters;* by Dr. O'Donovan, in his *Donegal Letters*, preserved in the Royal Irish Academy; and by Mr. Wakeman, in a short notice and sketch of Lough Derg, published in the *Pictorial World*, Aug. 28, 1875.

This derivation of the name is not admitted by O'Donovan, who pronounces himself quite incredulous as to these legends and local traditions. He says, "I am quite satisfied the name of the lake is not *Loch-Dearg*, *i. e.*, Red Lough, but *Loch-Deirc*, which means the Lough of the Cave." This opinion is greatly sustained from the way in which it is found written in early notices of it. It is called Loch Gerc and Logh Gerg, and the district in which it lay was called *Glinn Deirg*. This construction, also, is that adopted by the Rev. John Francis Shearman, of Howth, in his *Loca Patriciana*.

That the waters of Lough Derg bear a reddish tinge to this very day is, beyond all doubt, which, if it be not attributable to the legend aforesaid, is easily accounted for by reason of its waters flowing over a boggy or heathy surface. When agitated by a storm, the water of the lake becomes very muddy; but when the lake becomes calm again, the water is clear and very palatable. The color of the water, as also its agreeable taste when taken in a warm state, gave rise to its receiving, by a very appropriate fiction, the name of "wine." Formerly this "wine" was the only beverage taken by the pilgrims while they remained "on station." Till recently the large copper, in which this "wine" was boiled, lay rusting in a corner of the island, the modern innovation of boarding-houses and teakettles having discarded its occupation. Being such a useful relic of the past, it has been dignified with being marked on the Ordnance Survey Map of the place; and hence, though there is now no trace of it to be seen, its memory is not destined soon to perish.

Reserving for another place a description of the road leading from Pettigoe to Lough Derg, as well as of the other routes from Castlederg and Donegal, I shall now briefly describe the lake, its islands, its situation and surroundings.

Lough Derg is a lonely sheet of water, extending from north to south, about six miles in length. Its greatest width from Portcreevy to the river Derg is fully four miles. It is thirteen miles in circuit, and covers an area of 2,140 statute acres. It is surrounded by a chain of mountains, some of which rise to a considerable elevation above the level of the lake. The Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his *Sketches in Donegal*, and other writers after him, from whom we should expect a more impartial description, if not so graphic, say that there is no grandeur in the scenery of Lough Derg, no variety in the outline, the mountains without elevation, neither tree nor green spot to relieve this sombre scenery. A more unfair or distorted picture the greatest enemy of the place could hardly give. Here, indeed, you have all the charms of Highland scenery, and much in ad-

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an ancient poem called the "Finnian Hunt on the Borders of Lough Derg." From this poem I extract the following stanzas: —

"A serpent there was in the Lough of the mountain,
Which caused the slaughter of the Fianna;
Seventy hundred or more
It put to death in one day.

"Fionn-loch Deirg was the name
Of this lake, in the beginning, O Just Cleric [*i. e.*, St. Patrick];
But Lough Dearg remained since that time,
From the slaughter of the Fianna on that day."

dition. The extensive sheet of water, with rocky shores and numerous islands, is not all that can be admired. In the background the mountains are of considerable and varying elevation; and though heath is here the prevailing robe of nature, yet occasional patches of trees and bushes, with many a sunny slope and greensward and wooded island, relieve the scenery of its stern and wild aspect. But above and beyond all, the traditions and associations of the place impart to it an attraction and charm which no beauty of scenery could supply.

The lake is about 450 feet above the level of the sea: while the highest surrounding mountains are Crockinnagoe, to the southeast of the lake, 1,194 feet, Ardmore and Ougtadreen towards the north, 1,086 and 1,071 feet high respectively; the mountains to the south and west not reaching an elevation of 1,000 feet.

The chain of hills towards the south of the lake forms the watershed between northern and southern Ulster. The streams flowing south of this chain of hills meet the Termon River at Pettigoe, thence flowing into Lough Erne; while the streams flowing northward empty into Lough Derg, and thence into the sea at Lough Foyle.

"The basin of the lake is a huge quarry of the metamorphic rock, known as mica slate, or schist, upheaved in ages azoic by some fiery agent, so that the stratification is now almost perpendicular to the surface. It crops up all round the shore, and through the lake into numerous rocky islets and hidden reefs, whose projecting points are sharp as iron spikes, and render the navigation of the lake a matter of great caution." *

Lough Derg consists of two large sheets of water, which may be designated the upper and lower lakes. The upper lake is connected with the lower by means of three channels formed by Saints' Island and an islet lying northeast of it, called by that name of bad omen, "The Wildgoose Lodge." The principal streams flowing into the lake are called the rivers Fluchlynn and Barderg, which fall into Lough Derg at its northwestern extremity. The outlet is called the river Derg, which issues from the lake at the northeastern shore, and pursues its winding way till it mingles with the ocean at Lough Foyle.

Lough Derg is bespangled with numerous and pretty islands, some crowned with stunted trees, some bared to the mountain breezes. The principal of these islands are Inishgoosk, *alias* Bilberry Island; Saints' Island, Station Island, Prior's Island, Allingham's Island, Ash Islands, Boat Islands, near the quay; Stormy Islands, Kelly's Isles, Goat Islands, near the river Fluchlynn; Derg More Island, Derg Beg Island, Trough Island, and Bull's Island. Besides these, there are a good many other islets with no particular designation, and which, with few exceptions, are mere groups of barren rocks, where cranes, cormorants, and sea-gulls nestle, imparting by their wild and plaintive screams a lonely and romantic charm to this island hermitage. In the above enumeration, Saints' Island seems to have been sometimes called St. Fintan's Island, and very often St. Dabheoc's Island. Inishgoosk would appear to be the most ancient name at present attached to any of these islands; and it may be taken to mean the island of the cove, or creek, on account of its formation at its western extremity.

In point of extent of area, Inishgoosk is the largest of the islands of Lough Derg, containing 13 acres, 2 roods, 24 perches; Saints' Island ranks next, containing 10 acres, 1 rood, 16 perches; while Station Island only ranks eleventh, as it contains only 3 roods and 26 perches, statute measure. In point of history, however, and celebrity, Saints' Island occupies the first place, Station Island the

* From an article in the "Irish Monthly," January number, 1878.

second; while the other islands of Lough Derg present no particular interest or attraction to the historian or pilgrim.

During the station season Lough Derg presents, from all points of view, 'mid its dreary solitude of mountain and moorland, a singularly charming and picturesque prospect, with the neat churches and presbytery and inns on Station Island, —

"White as a swan on the breast of its waters."

And of this scenery memory will treasure up a picture, upon which to look back during the cold and wintry days of life. Here the eye is filled with the charms of mountain, lake, and island. The step of the pilgrim becomes, as it were, spellbound; for the island towards which he journeys is, as he must instinctively feel, sacred ground.

"So like a temple doth it stand, that there
The heart's first impulse is to prayer."

The mind conjures up from the distant past many conjectures regarding this island penitentiary. The finger of God is truly visible in its destination and natural aptitude. The surrounding mountains stand like huge sentinels round this island sanctuary, forming, as it were, a barrier against the contaminating influences of the outer world

Round this island pilgrimage the waves dash and roar, — meet emblem of the troublous billows of the world, and of the storms which beset the soul; while the heart of the pilgrim is lured from the wild and desolate prospect on every side to the star-set firmament, which beckons upwards to the eternal hills, the true home of the pilgrim.

## CHAPTER V.

SAINTS' ISLAND — ITS OUTLINE AND APPEARANCE — SITE OF ST. DABHEOC'S MONASTERY.

About two miles north of Station Island lies Saints' Island, anciently called *Oilean wa Naomh*, and more anciently still, St. Dabheoc's* Island.

* This name, "Dabheoc," is usually pronounced as if written *Davoc*.

In pre-Reformation times there stood on Saints' Island a venerable convent of Augustinians; and, at least down to the year 1497, this island would appear to have been the place of pilgrimage. The island is like a ring in form, and rises on all sides in gentle acclivity from the lake, its highest elevation being about forty feet above the level of the lake.

Saints' Island bears evident traces of agriculture, and of having been turned to profitable account in the days when the Canons Regular of St. Augustine were denizens of the place. The soil of the island is rank and loamy, and seems to have partaken of the ruin which has visited with such destruction its holy cloisters and churches. It is quite overgrown with coarse grass, with ferns and rushes; and in some parts of it a stunted covering of heather indicates that it has, to some extent returned to its original state of wildness. The ruins of the sacred enclosures, monastery, churches, and cemetery are overgrown with luxuriant weeds. The island has very few trees or shrubs, if we except some slender trees of mountain ash, and some whitethorn bushes, which are really worth observing, as they are hoar with antiquity. These bushes are sparsely scattered over the island, but at its eastern extremity a dense cluster of them overshadows the *débris* of the buildings; and, judging from the gray, dank moss adhering to their branches, they appear to date from the time these buildings were demolished.

On the southern slope of the island were situated the convent gardens, as we may plainly infer from the enclosures, as well as from the superior fertility of the soil. During the winter season these gardens present a more marked contrast for their verdure; and herbs and flowers are known to grow here, which are not found elsewhere through these islands and mountains.

The eastern half of the island was laid out in fields, as the remains of the earthen fences or enclosures de-

note. These fences are inhabited by a numerous colony of rabbits, of different colors, brown, white, and black, that skip about in every direction, and in a variety of ways contribute their own little best "to lend enchantment to the scene."

The western half of the island appears to have been used as a "common" for pasture, as it is not intersected by fences, though here also the furrowed surface presents indications of its having yielded to the beneficent sway of the spade and ploughshare.

The grass and hay grown on Saints' Island are said to be so rank and unsavory as to be very noxious to cattle. Formerly, I have been informed, cattle and sheep were put to pasture on it, till the mortality which set in amongst them awakened their owners to the dangers of the situation. And thus, fortunately, the sacred precincts and ruins on the island are no longer trampled upon, dishonored, and profaned by the beasts of the field, which in other places have occasioned such injury to the ancient monuments of our country.

In the early ages of the faith in Ireland, there appears to have prevailed a custom, borrowed from the pagan period, of erecting a circular earthen fort or enclosure convenient to, or around the religious houses. Thus, in Father O'Hanlon's *Life of St. Fanchea*, we read of her brother, St. Endeus, having with his own hands raised round his sister's nunnery, at Rossory, a large *mur*, or earthwork, strengthened by deep circular fosses, the remains of which are still to be seen; and Mr. Wakeman, in his *Antiqu ties of Devenish*, says that nearly all the primitive church sites in Fermanagh bear traces of such circumvallations. The writer of the present subject, from his own personal observation of some of these sites, can fully indorse Mr. Wakeman's statement. Near the Abbey of Devenish stood a strongly fortified *rath*, remains of which are still evident. The same may be said of Rossory, Inniskeen, etc. Outside Fermanagh the same custom also prevailed. At Clogher and Clones religious houses were founded, for economy's sake near forts, of which we have sufficient evidence for saying that they were erected during the pre-Christian period of our country.

On Saints' Island, also, the visitor will perceive a circular earthwork of this class, on the very summit of the island, and to the west of the monastery and cemetery. The diameter of this enclosure measures about twenty yards. A part of this circular earthwork has been intersected by the cemetery, which lies to the east of it; but as much of it, fortunately, still remains so to leave no doubt whatever as to the character and object of this primitive work. It seems strange, indeed, that this interesting object escaped the notice of the Ordnance Survey party, and even of O'Donovan himself, who visited the island on the 28th of October, 1835. It is much to be regretted that O'Donovan did not devote more of his time and attention to this locality; as, with his rare knowledge, much that is now hopelessly lost might have been brought to light. He came, as we said, on the 28th of October, and on Hallow eve following he wrote, from Ballyshannon, an account of his visit to the lake, having derived, as he jocosely states, no benefit save a severe cold.

Within this fort on Saints' Island, or, at any rate, in the cemetery adjoining, it is not too much of conjecture to say that the monastery founded here by St. Dabheoc, in the days of St. Patrick, stood; and that here his order flourished till the time of the Danish invasion.

The object of these forts seems to have been to shelter and protect the religious houses against the storm, to serve as places of observation wherein watch and vigil might be kept, and as keeps or fortifications against marauding parties. That no remains of the original monastery are extant is not to be wondered at, seeing that most of the edifices belonging to this period

were built of wood. On this subject Dr Lanigan, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland* (Vol. IV. p. 391), writes: —

"Prior to the twelfth century the general fashion was to erect their buildings of wood, a fashion which in great part continues to this day in several parts of Europe. As, consequently, their churches also were usually built of wood, it cannot be expected that there should be any remains of such churches at present."

With regard to the plan and arrangement of the ancient Irish monasteries, Dr Petrie ("Round Towers," p. 416) remarks: "It is clear that in the earliest monastic establishments in Ireland, the abbot, clergy, and monks had each their separate cells, which served as habitations; and that such other houses as the house for the accommodation of strangers the kitchen, etc., were all separate edifices, surrounded by a *cashel*, or circular wall, and forming a kind of monastery or ecclesiastical town, like those of the Christians in the East, and known among the Egyptians by the name of *Laura*."

There is an air of loneliness and desolation about Saints' Island which is truly affecting. Silence, still as death, reigns round these holy precincts, where once the prayer of the pilgrim, the pious chant of the monks, 'mid ceremony and sacrifice, resounded. Of this island we may repeat with truth what was said of "Arran of the Saints," that the living God alone knows the number of holy persons who here await their final resurrection.

Standing on this holy island, where stood the monastery of St. Dabheoc, where stood the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Purgatory, which during the middle ages became "the most famous shrine of penance and purification in Western Europe," the following sweet lines recur to memory: —

"God of this Irish isle,
Sacred and old,
Bright in the morning smile
Is the lake's fold;
Here where thy saints have trod,
Here where they prayed,
Hear me, O saving God!
May I be saved!"

*To be continued.*

## CONTINENTAL CATASTROPHES.

THE past was a year destined to be memorable abroad as well as at home for natural disasters and visitations of great and general magnitude. We remember how the visit of the Empress of Austria to Ireland was abruptly closed by the call of duty homewards to the aid of the deluged Hungarians. To-day we announce a similar catastrophe in Spain, over a large quarter of which fair land a hurricane has suddenly burst, destroying life and property of considerable amount. The young king is hastening to the scene of the disaster to head by his presence and example the movement of relief which, in countries home-governed, promptly rescues the afflicted and distressed. It is not forgotten how, when similar misfortunes visited France under the chastening hand of Providence, the chiefs of the state, be they Emperor or Marshal-President, straightway sped to the scene and inaugurated the example of succor. In prosperous countries these periods and places of suffering stand forth, no doubt, in bolder contrast to the general condition, and so attract to them special and fixed attention. But it were just, too, mayhap, that countries which never come up to the standard of Continental prosperity should receive, under misfortune exceptional even for them, some share of the sympathetic attention of rulers and government.

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LITTLE Freddy was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the process. "Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed" "No," replied the youthful son, "but your hair ain't fastened to your head"

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## A SINGULAR HABIT OF THE WOODCOCK.

Among several curious habits of the woodcock, described by the editor of the *Zoölogist*, its practice of carrying its young is perhaps the most interesting. The testimony of many competent witnesses is cited to corroborate the statement. The late L. Lloyd, in his "Scandinavian Adventures," wrote, "If, in shooting, you meet with a brood of woodcocks, and the young ones cannot fly, the old bird takes them separately between her feet, and flies from the dogs with a moaning cry."

The same author makes a similar statement in another work, this habit of the woodcock having beeen observed by a friend.

One of the brothers Stuart gives, in "Lays of the Deer Forest," a graphic account of the performance. He says, "As the nests are laid on dry ground, and often at a distance from moisture, in the latter case, as soon as the young are hatched, the old bird will sometimes carry them in her claws to the nearest spring or green strip. In the same manner, when in danger, she will rescue those which she can lift; of this we have frequent opportunities for observation in Tarnaway. Various times when the hounds, in beating the ground, have come upon a brood, we have seen the old bird rise with the young one in her claws and carry it fifty or a hundred yards away; and if

followed to the place where she pitched, she has repeated the transportation until too much harassed. In any sudden alarm she will act in the same way."

Another method of transportation has been observed by Mr. Charles St. John, and described in his "Natural History and Sport in Moray." He says, "I found out that the old woodcock carries her young even when larger than a snipe, not in her claws, which seem quite incapable of holding up any weight, but by clasping the little bird tightly between her thighs, and so holding it tightly against her own body."

This narrator doubts the feasibility of any other mode of transport, and notwithstanding the confirmation of his report by other observers, it is probable that the method shown in the engraving is the one most commonly employed.

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## AMONG THE LILIES.

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."

"DEAR angel, I feel the cold breath of a wintry wind upon my face, and a damp moisture which chills me to the heart. Whither go we?"

For we seemed to be descending through dark places between mildewed walls, whilst the suffocating stench of a foul atmosphere pervaded the place

"We pass by the homes of the rich who love not God, my child."

"Whence this cold chill? Their homes are surely free from all discomfort like this!"

"What thou seest and feelest, my child, is spiritual. The homes of the great are spiritually cold, because the fire of divine charity penetrates not therein."

"Wherefore not, dear angel?"

"Nothing more surely hinders the love of God than the luxury of riches; nothing, my child, unless it be the commonplace comforts of home."

"Why must it be so?"

"Because creatures like these insensibly weave themselves into the wants of life; and when creatures become necessary, then the soul leans on them, and falls from Divine Love."

"Should we give up the comforts of home, dear angel?"

"Child," replied my Guardian, "he who aspires to the love of God must be ready to part with everything that threatens to hinder it."

"But that *is perfection*, is it not?"

"Who was it said, 'Be ye perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect'?"

"Did he not speak to chosen ones?"

"Ask thine own soul, my child: wouldst thou be content to be one who is *not* chosen?"

"Dear angel, bear with me. Are there not degrees?"

"Did the Beloved suffer less for one than for another? Who shall limit his own vocation, when the Beloved limits it not? Who that loves at all will not desire to love entirely?"

"Ah, my angel, would that He might call *me!*"

"Hath He not?"

A thrill went through my soul, for I knew my Guardian spoke the truth.

We now seemed to stop, and the angel bade me look.

"I see a dark river, and a low archway appears to lead towards it."

"And nothing else?"

I looked again, and I perceived a brightness. It took shape, and I saw it was an angel.

"Who lies there?" I asked.

We approached. It was the form of a poor, ragged boy; he lay almost without motion, and his heavy breathing bespoke a speedy release from pain.

Another angel passed swiftly by. Rain began to fall; a strange man, closely enveloped in a warm cloak, turned aside to avoid it; entering the archway he perceived the child.

He stooped over him and spoke. The child looked up wearily; he was dying.

The two guardian angels stood by; one of them carried a snow-white lily.

"What can I do for you, my lad?" said the stranger kindly.

"Nothing, sir, if it warn't the priest.

I feel as how it can't be long, sir; and mother — she's in heaven."

The good man took off his coat and covered the shivering form of the dying boy. The next moment he was himself in the midst of the rain.

The dark archway was now filling with celestial light; a guard of angels stood around the child, while one brighter than the rest kept at bay a whole legion of dark-visaged evil ones who lurked around.

"Who is he, dear angel?" I inquired.

"That is St. Michael, the Prince of the Archangels. He is the boy's patron saint," replied my guardian. "Now look again"

I obeyed, and behold! many devils came forward and demanded the soul of the boy.

"He has stolen," said one.

"He has neglected Mass," said another.

"He has lied," said a third.

"I know it," said the boy, "I know it! I know I did it, but I was starving, and then I was sent to prison, and I was beaten! But O Jesus and Mary, forgive me, and send the priest to me before I die! O mother in heaven, pray for your poor, dying child!"

The angels with flaming swords kept the fiends at bay; the guardian angel of the child whispered in his heart, —

"Our Father!"

"Our Father!" he repeated.

"Hail, Mary!"

"Hail, Mary!" he echoed, as he felt in his bosom for the worn and blackened beads; he tried to say more, but his speech was failing him.

The angel encouraged him.

"Dear Jesus," he whispered.

"Dear Jesus," the child said in his heart.

"He died for me!" whispered the angel.

"He died for me!" thought the boy.

"He loves me, or He would n't have done it."

"He loves me, or He would n't have done it," murmured the boy.

"I deserve to be punished, for I have n't loved Him," said the angel.

"I deserve to be punished, for I have n't loved Him," said the boy.

"I am very, *very* sorry," whispered the angel.

"Oh, yes! I am very, *very* sorry for having offended Thee, dear Jesus. I will never, *never* offend Thee more!"

A soft sound of music trembled through the air as the child murmured thus. The demons hovered near, but could not touch the soul of the penitent boy whilst the flashing sword of St. Michael was lifted against them.

"Will the priest be in time?" thought I.

"He will," whispered my angel.

And at that moment, even, the priest appeared, in company with the good stranger.

The child smiled a wan but sweet smile as the priest knelt beside him.

Then I saw the crowd of angels gather around. I saw the air full of flashing light. I saw the demons fly with rage and fury. And then I saw — yes, I saw the Beloved approach, as a fair young boy led by the hand of His Mother; and He took the boy's lily from the angel's hands.

Then did the angels in heaven and on earth rejoice, and sing glad hymns of joy as the child closed his weary eyes in the sleep of death, and his soul rose up in the arms of his faithful guardian to the mercy-seat of heaven.

And wafted on the wings of the morning I heard the words of their song, —

"Oh, praise the Lord in the firmament of His power, oh praise Him in the multitude of his greatness!" And my spirit answered in sweet jubilation, —

"Let every spirit praise the Lord!"

I spoke so loud that with the effort I seemed to slip out of the embrace of my guardian angel; a strange numbness came over me; a giddiness appeared to have taken possession of my brain. Thousands of sweet sounds and wondrously refreshing perfumes filled the air, and stirred in the morning breeze. I opened my eyes, and

before me stood the little wooden cross with its tender legend, —

"My Beloved is gone into His garded to gather lilies."

It was morning; the sun was already high in the heavens. My dear guardian angel had beguiled me through the night, and another morning had broke.

And it broke for me with a purpose and a firm resolve. I had long trifled with my vocation. I would trifle no longer. My angel's words rang in my ear: "Who that loves at all will not desire to love entirely?"

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A son of Mr. J. J. Kennedy, Frank, of Willimantic, Conn., was drowned in venturing too far upon the ice on Christmas morning. The following letter was laid upon his father's desk a few minutes before he heard of his child's death: —

St. Joseph's Parochial School,
Willimantic, Dec. 23, 1879.

*My Dear Parents*, — It is with feelings of love and gratitude that I write this letter to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

When I kneel before the Crib I will not forget to ask the Infant Jesus to grant you a long and happy life. He will not refuse us anything we ask of Him on the Feast of His Nativity.

May the coming New Year be one of the happiest years of your life! May your peace and prosperity daily increase! May you live to enjoy this glorious Feast for many years, and may God pour His choicest blessings on you!

Accept, dear Parents, these fond wishes from
Your loving child
Francis.

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## ADVANTAGE OF EARLY TRAINING.

There is a story told of an ancient father who lived in early Christian times, in the deserts of Egypt, near the Nile. A disciple came to him, and he wanted to give him a lesson. Taking him down to the neighborhood of the river, he bade him pull up some young reeds that were just shooting above the ooze of the shore. The young man did so very easily, with one hand and with little exertion. The old teacher then took him farther on, and pointing to some others of an older growth, made him pull at them. He did so, and they came up with a good deal of tugging and the use of two hands. The sage was satisfied, and smiled; and then they went farther on, to where the papyrus grew rank and tall, its outer scales rough and ragged, and its roots deep down in the tenacious mud of the river. "Pull me up a stick of that," he said; and the young man pulled, but he strove in vain. The tough old plant was too strong for him, and he had to give it up. Then the master spoke, and bade him observe how necessary it was to begin in time, if we would prevent bad passions from growing into bad habits too strong to be eradicated. It is a lesson always in season. As soon as a child can understand reason, you must begin to educate its will. Parents, mothers especially, might as well lame their children maliciously, or deprive them of one of their eyes, as not to teach them to overcome themselves. It is not done by checking them, thwarting them, or beating them; but by being first reasonable yourself, and then letting the child see reason, and lastly, enforcing it, if need be with a strong hand. For instance, it is a child's duty to go to school. Its lower self does not always like this. In fine summer weather, suggestions of play in the lanes and joyous fun and idleness are rather hard to resist. The parents' duty here is to teach the child its duty, and to enforce it. Force without teaching is of no use. It is no use beating a child if you cannot persuade it also. What is wanted is to form in the child a habit of overcoming itself; and this is only done by making it think, and try, and "be good"; without this, beating or severity only hardens. Indeed, the best teachers can do without beating altogether.— *Bishop Hedley on Religion for Children.*

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Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a London paper? — They are the illustrations of Punch.

# The Humorist.

So close is the sympathy between night and day that after one falls the other breaks.

Some write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue that they have no time to practise either.

This is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood, and are broiled for spring chickens.

One of the problems which puzzle a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demisemiquaver.

There cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife; "I tell you they 're nothing to the jaws of life."

A writer on styles says, "It is the fashion in France for ladies to take their tea in bonnets and gloves." It may be, but we prefer a teacup.

Mrs Smith, as the summer came on, said she would so much like a little change. Smith offered her two shillings and sixpence for half a crown.

A little girl, watching the conjurer eat fire," asked her sister if that was "the *light* fantastic *tow*" which she had heard spoken of.

Somebody writes to inquire why tapping the face of the barometer makes the hands move. If any one were to tap his face, would n't his hands move?

The window of a Paris wine merchant's shop where "English is spoken" bears this inscription, "Genuine and authentic wine merchants in casks or bottles in castles"

A man, passing through a gateway in the dark, ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again, you know."

As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a high church-tower one hot day a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, perspiral," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and she had beaten off and killed the animal. he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he 'd a never riled her dander up, you bet."

An artist who was taking out a license for some autumn shooting. on stating his profession, was asked if he worked in oil. "Yes," he said, "and in vinegar, too." "How so?" queried the official, in surprise. "The vinegar represents my customers, when I send in the bills."

A scholar in a country school was asked, "How do you parse 'Mary milked the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow did n't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

Buckstone, the actor, was getting two pounds a week from a country manager, and playing on an average in four new pieces a week. Another manager saw him, and offered him not only a bigger salary but easier work. The offer was accepted, and the old manager went about complaining at the treatment he had received: "I 've given that young man £2 a week for the last two years, and I 'd a gone on giving him £2 a week for the rest of his life."

# Useful Knowledge.

WASHING FLUID. — Half a pound of sal soda, quarter of a pound of borax, dissolved in one gallon of hot soft water; let it settle; pour off in bottles; one gill of this mixture with a pint of soft soap, or a half-bar of soap dissolved in hot water, is enough for a washing.

BOILING VEGETABLES. — In boiling beef and vegetables, put a teacup of vinegar into the pot when the water is cold, and the beef will be much tenderer, and the cabbage and beets better flavored and will not fill the house with an unpleasant smell. The vinegar will not affect the taste of the food.

KEEP BORAX IN THE HOUSE. — In the laundry it is economical, as it saves both soap and labor, and is really cheaper than the latter. For blankets and other large articles it is especially valuable, and in all cases the use of a little borax will save half the labor when articles are much soiled. It is perfectly effectual in driving away red ants, cockroaches, etc., if sprinkled around on shelves, or put in small quantities on paper and placed in the run-ways of the insect. Borax is also of great value for toilet uses. For removing dandruff and cleansing the hair it is unequalled. It is also a good remedy for rough face and chapped hands. Its application to wounds, sores, bruises, sprains, etc., proves very salutary, and is often the only remedy required even in severe cases.

WATER FOR THE EYES. — Whatever hesitation there may be justly called for in recommending one or another of the various lotions now so popular, there need be no such doubt in respect to cold water or pure water. In cases of much inflammation or difficulty of opening the eyelid in the morning, experienced by so many, the water should be warm, and it may be mixed with warm milk; but in nearly all other cases it should be cold. All those who have been engaged in reading or writing during several hours at a stretch, and especially at night, should carefully bathe the eyes with cold water before going to bed and the first thing in the morning's ablutions. All artisans, too, who work at a blazing fire, ought often to wash their eyes with pure, cold water, and so should all those who work on wool, particularly carders and spinners, those likewise who are employed in woollen and cotton manufactures, the fine dust which such works disperse often producing cataracts, obstinate inflammation, swelled eyelids, etc.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS. — We have, every spring, many modes offered of protecting furs and woollens against the destructive attacks of the moth during warm weather. We have seen various preparations sold for this purpose, with long accounts appending of their being perfect remedies. Red cedar chests and closets are recommended, and many people cumber their houses with them at considerable expense, only to find out how grievously they have been disappointed. The best protection we ever tried has been to tie up in close cotton bags all furs and woollens at all convenient to be so treated, after giving them a thorough shaking and cleansing, and letting them remain until they are again wanted. If there are no moths in the articles when tied there certainly can none get in afterward, if the bags are sound. All can see that. But when the clothes or articles are too numerous to make this convenient or desirable, hang up in the wardobe, after a good shaking, and place little bags of camphor all over the wardrobe, laying a few in the bottom. Then about every three weeks take out the clothes and shake them up well. No moths will ever disturb them.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1880.


## A Talk with our Readers.

"SOME Religious Aspects of New England" will appear in our March number.

"IMPRESSIONS of the South" by T. O'N. Russell will appear in our next issue.

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR issued a double number during the Christmas holidays. Glad to learn that one old friend is "booming," as the "Catholic Columbian" says.

THE "Connecticut Catholic," published at Hartford, has been recently enlarged and improved. We are pleased to learn that the Nutmeg State appreciates a good Catholic paper.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY, published and edited by James Haltigan, Esq., New York, issued a double Christmas number, handsomely illustrated. We are pleased to learn that the magazine is in full tide of success, so much so that it has advanced its price.

WE have now in our library the first two volumes of Donahoe's Magazine, the result of one year, and we would not take $10 for them, unless they could be replaced. It is a book that is calculated to do much good and we would like to see it a constant visitor to every Catholic family. —*Richmond, Va., A. O. H. Journal.*

CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENTS. —To any of our friends or agents desiring to circulate our magazine among their friends, we will send copies for gratuitous distribution. There are thousands of our people who would subscribe were our friends to interest themselves to circulate our magazine.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, 34 School Street, our printers, have issued a very neat and artistic calendar for the New Year. Also a Porte-monnaie Calendar for the vest-pocket, or any other pocket. The Messrs. Mudge present these useful annuals to their customers and to all who desire to become customers.

THE Cathedral of the Holy Cross Fair will yield some $27,000

As we stereotype our magazine, we can send any of the numbers for 1879. Only ten cents.

BY order of Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, Ind., collections have been taken up in all the churches of his diocese for the distressed and suffering people of Ireland.

ST. PATRICK'S Society of Chicago has sent $500 to Archbishop McHale, and another draft will be sent in a few days. The same society has sent $50 to the Mayor of Limerick.

BISHOP BORGESS, of Detroit, has forwarded a check for $4,000 as a first instalment of the fund raised for the relief of the people of Ireland. The check was forwarded to the Most Rev. Dr. Croke.

MR. MICHAEL DOHERTY has handed to Rev. Father Smith, rector of the Cathedral, a check of $7,500, the proceeds of table No. 13 at the Fair in aid of the Cathedral, at which Mrs. Doherty presided.

THE Archbishop of Toronto was tendered a public reception recently, and in reply referred to the sad condition of Ireland, where, he remarked, if actual starvation did not exist, great poverty prevailed.

THE parochial clergy of France, according to an article in the December number of the "Nineteenth Century," by the Abbé Martin, have increased from 30,022, the number in 1817, to 43,894 in 1878, and this notwithstanding the loss of Alsace-Lorraine.

NEARLY $1,400 have already been collected by the executive committee of the Relief Fund in St. Louis. A considerable amount will be raised by raffles, two fine horses and one hundred and sixty acres of land having been donated for the purpose.

RT. REV. BISHOP RYAN, in a letter to the St. Louis Irish Relief Association, says, "I beg to state I have accepted a place on the board, on condition that all the moneys collected be devoted exclusively to the relief of the poor, and none applied to any political purpose, no matter how deserving of sympathy it may seem to members of the association. I think it very important that this should be generally understood."

THE United Sons of Erin, of St. Louis, will send $500 to Ireland.

THE Irish Catholic Colonization Society of the United States has obtained the full amount of its capital stock, $100,000.

THE "Dublin Freeman" of Dec. 20 states that the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, has received for the poor of his diocese the noble offering of £200 from the Bishop of Cleveland, U. S. A. The gift was not only a noble but a most timely one, as sharp distress exists in the diocese over which the Bishop of Ross presides.

OUR esteemed *confrère*, Mr. Dennis A. Clarke, of the "Catholic Columbian," was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood last week, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit. To many, who supposed from the able manner in which the "Columbian" was conducted, that its editor was devoting his undivided attention to it, this will be a surprise. Indeed, it must have required great effort on the part of Mr. Clarke to complete a theological course while conducting a weekly paper; but he has done it and his labors have been crowned with unfading glory. Length of days to the reverend editor of the "Columbian!" — *Ave Maria.* So say we all of us.

THE fact that Rev. J. Vincent O'Connor opposes Catholic Irish colonization greatly annoys the "Northwestern Chronicle" of St. Paul, Minn, and causes it to lose its temper and dignity. It says that the article in Donahoe's "was written by a certain J. Vincent O'Connor, who, we have since learned, is a priest," etc. This is highly disrespectful language and its use will do more harm than good to the cause which our contemporary essays to defend. If Father O'Connor's argument is weak, prove it so; but let not the advocates of colonization act as if they believed nobody knew anything but themselves. — *Home Journal, Detroit, Mich.*

LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY SENT HOME BY IRISH GIRLS. —*To the Editor of the Boston Herald:* I observed in your issue of last Sunday, allusion to the vast amount of money sent from this country to Ireland, from the children of the Gael to their relations in the old land. To show you how much money is sent from one of the numerous offices in Boston, I would say that, for the four weeks ending Dec. 20, I sent 2250 drafts, in sums from £1 and upward, $28,680. This amount is sent by serving girls almost exclusively. They have their faults, but their virtues are above price.

Yours truly,

PATRICK DONAHOE.

BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1879.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, January, 1880. — This favorite monthly comes to hand filled with good things from cover to cover. The present number is of more than usual excellence — more could not be said. The article contributed by that sterling Catholic and eminent jurist, Judge Dunn, of Arizona, is a magnificent exposition of the school question, and adds another jewel to the crown of one who has already suffered much for the faith. Would that we had a few more outspoken Catholics like Judge Dunn! If we had, we would not have to suffer the grievances our own apathy has augmented, if not brought about. The other contents of the magazine are of an equal order of merit, and, to our mind, make the January number superior to all that have gone before. We express the hope in behalf of the indefatigable editor and manager that the New Year may bring to him and his enterprise the measure of success that both should receive. We again ask our readers to subscribe for this useful and valuable periodical. A better New Year's gift could not be brought into the family circle. The subscription price with the "Columbian" is only $2.75 a year. Subscriptions will be received at this office. — *Catholic Columbian.*

## PERSONAL.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY may be expected to arrive in Ireland soon. It is probable our distinguished countryman will return no more to Australia.

LYNCH. — Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, lately arrived from Europe. He left Toronto last summer for the purpose of visiting the Eternal City and paying his respects to Pope Leo XIII. During his journey thither the archbishop took the opportunity of visiting his native country, Ireland, and while there made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Purgatory, on Lough Derg, where he preached to a large audience, and afterwards entered into a three days' course of penitential exercises, assisted by the local clergy. Dr. Lynch has been Archbishop of Toronto since the year 1870, when the then Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec was divided and Ontario erected into a separate province. Toronto was at the same time elevated to the dignity of an archdiocese, with the Most Rev. John J. Lynch as its first archbishop. The archbishop, now sixty-two years of age, seems in excellent health and spirits, and was met at the wharf on the arrival of the steamer by many Catholic clergymen, who welcomed him and congratulated him on his safe return. He is accompanied by the Right Rev. T O'Mahony. This gentleman is a native of Ireland, and was consecrated for one of the Australian dioceses, but as was already announced, he was transferred to Toronto as coadjutor to Archbishop Lynch.

PARNELL. — A writer in the "New Quarterly Magazine" says, "Mr. Parnell has a parliamentary capacity which may almost be described as genius. He has been compared to Smith O'Brien, but he has infinitely greater capacity than Smith O'Brien had and indeed resembles Smith O'Brien in nothing that I can see except his absolute sincerity. But Parnell's sincerity is of that kind which unfriendly observers would call fanaticism. He is eaten up with the zeal of his purpose, and his devotion is indomitable. In his parliamentary work he is slow in getting hold of a particular subject, but when once he has

mastered it he can make such use of his knowledge as hardly any other man in the House, certainly as no other young man, is able to do. No detail, however small, escapes him. He has greatly improved in speaking since he entered the House, but he only aims at being a debater, and never makes the slightest attempt at being eloquent. I emphatically declare that I never heard of any dispute between Mr Parnell and any occupant of the treasury bench on a question of order, or of proceeding, in which Mr. Parnell did not prove to be right in the end. That is the great difficulty which the government have in their dealings with him. He has the faculty of making his opponent go wrong "

DILLON. — The fifteenth Viscount Dillon, head of the ancient Irish house of that name, whose death from an accident at his house at Ditchley Park, near Charlbury, in Oxfordshire, England, on the 3d of December, at the age of sixty-eight years, we recently announced, was a distinguished musical amateur. His estate in Ditchley came into the Dillon family in the middle of the last century by the marriage of the eleventh Viscount with Lady Charlotte Lee, eldest daughter and heiress of George Lee, second Earl of Litchfield, the last direct representative of the ancient Oxfordshire family of the Lees of Ditchley, from which descended the Virginian Lees of our own Revolution, and the commander of the confederate armies in the late civil war. It is a most interesting place and contains many fine pictures, among them portraits by Lely and Holbein. This eleventh Viscount Dillon was the father of the Hon. Colonel Arthur Dillon, the last commander of the famous Regiment of Dillon in the old French army who stood out gallantly for the king, and died on the guillotine April 13, 1794. His daughter married Gen. Bertrand, the devoted personal follower of Napoleon I., and went to St. Helena with her husband. For a century the regiment of Dillon was commanded by Dillons, and when there was a break in the French branch of the race, Louis XV. sent to Ireland for an Irish Dillon to take the colonelcy.

# Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

## PRIESTS.

THE death of Father Daniel Collins, who had been parish priest of Rath, Ireland, for fourteen years, is announced.

DEATH OF REV. PETER HUGHES. — The death of this estimable priest occurred on the 26th November, at the parochial residence of St. Thomas' Church, Braddock's Field, Pa., of which place he was for many years the honored and indefatigable pastor.

I DEEPLY regret to record the death of the Very Rev. Louis Gonzaga Hennessy, O.S.F.C., Guardian of the Capuchin Convent, Dublin. Father Hennessy's death took place at the convent of the Order in Kilkenny, and was caused by an acute attack of congestion of the lungs.

REV. JEREMIAH VAUGHAN, P. P., Doora, County Clare, Ireland, died on the 1st of December. He had attained the age of seventy-four years, and was well known all over the county of Clare for his widespread charities, his exertions in the cause of education, and his earnest national politics.

REV. MICHAEL P. RENEHAN. — The congregation of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Marcellus, N. Y., have been called upon to mourn the loss of their devoted pastor, the Rev. Michael P. Renehan, who died after a brief illness of two days, of typhoid pneumonia. Father Renehan was born July 12, 1837, in the little town of Cullyhanna, County Armagh, Ireland.

REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, A. M., Professor of Sacred Liturgy at St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Maryland, died in that institution on December 5, from a pulmonary affection. He had a severe hemorrhage shortly before his death. Father O'Brien was born in Ardfinan, County Tipperary, Ireland, about forty years since. He was distinguished as a writer of great merit, and is chiefly known as the author of an exhaustive and learned treatise upon the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, entitled "The Holy Mass." It is said to be the only work of the kind in English, and has reached a fourth edition in a few years.

## SISTERS.

SR. MARY IGNATIA (Miss Nellie Sweeney, of St. Joseph's, Pa.) died at St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Syracuse, N. Y., November 22.

DEATH OF A POOR CLARE NUN. — Sister Mary Michael Denvir died in the Convent of the Poor Clares in High Street, Newry. The deceased sister, who was in the fiftieth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her religious profession, accompanied Lord O'Hagan's sister to Kenmare to open a Poor Clare Convent in that town, and resided there for several years. About a twelvemonth since declining health compelled her to return to her native air, and yesterday she departed this life, to the great regret of a wide circle of friends. The deceased was a sister to the Messrs. Denvir, of Newry, and was remarkable for her high type of beauty.

## LAYMEN.

DEATH OF AN OLD APOTHECARY. — Mr. Michael H. Gleason, who died at his late

residence, eight hundred and fifty five East Fifth Street, South Boston, on the 30th Dec., aged sixty-two years, was an old and highly esteemed citizen of Boston. He was originally connected with the late Dr. McHenry, corner of High and Federal Streets, afterwards at the corner of High and Summer, from whence he moved to the marble block nearly opposite the cathedral, where he remained for several years. He finally removed to South Boston. Dr. Gleason was one of the stanch members of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, to which he donated one of the stained glass windows. Some months ago he had a severe attack of pneumonia from which he never recovered. His last sickness was of only short duration. His funeral took place from the cathedral on the 2d of January, and was attended by a large concourse of people, both Protestants and Catholics. Requiem high mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace. In the sanctuary was the Most Rev. Archbishop and quite a number of the reverend clergy. Among them Very Rev. Father Barry, of Concord, N. H.

### WOMEN.

DIED, on the 20th November, at her residence, Bundoran, Mrs. Catherine Irwin, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. The deceased was mother of Mr. John Irwin, of Manorhamilton, and her demise is greatly regretted by all who knew her.

MRS. WINEFRED O'CONNOR, mother of the Rev. James O'Connor, Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Rochester, N. Y., died at her residence in that city, on Thursday, Nov. 13, from paralysis. This worthy lady was born at Birr, Kings County, Ireland, May 4, 1810.

MISS MARY STANLEY, sister of the Dean of Westminster, and daughter of the Protestant Bishop of Norwich, died recently in her sixty-sixth year. The deceased lady became a convert nearly a quarter of a century ago. The funeral took place at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, Chester. There was a Requiem Mass, and after it the solemn funeral rites of the Church, — in fact, the burial service was performed *within* the church. We mention this because we understand that her brother (the dean) and Mr. Bell, the Protestant rector, went through some unmeaning service over the coffin in the churchyard at Alderley after the beautiful rite of the Catholic Church had been completed. Let us hope that the prayers of the convert sister may be of avail for the unhappy, unbelieving brother.

## Events of the Month.

NEARLY half the population of Providence is Irish by birth or extraction.

THE New York physicians are clamoring for hot-air bathing-houses for the poor of the city.

OVER $6,800 has been already contributed and forwarded by Cleveland Diocese for the relief of the distress in Ireland.

THE Shamrock Benevolent Society, No. 41 I. C. B. U., of St. Louis, has contributed $500 to the relief of the distress in Ireland.

THE CONGREGATION OF RITES has raised the festival and service of the Immaculate Conception to the rank of Double First Class.

ON the Continent, as well as in the British Islands, the present season is on all hands admitted to be among the severest on record.

THE Knights of St. Patrick, of Baltimore, contributed $300 to the relief of the distress in Ireland. St. Patrick's Society, of Chicago, gave $500.

BY order of the Prussian government the Catholic clergy will once more be allowed to supervise the religious instruction of children of their faith in Prussian schools.

THERE are in Ireland 526,628 tenants-at-will — that is to say, tenants who might be wiped out to-morrow by a breath. These half-million represent considerably over two millions of human beings.

HER Majesty's proclamation further prorogues Parliament from Dec. 19 instant to Thursday, Feb. 5, 1880, when it shall "assemble and be holden for the despatch of divers urgent and important affairs."

THE government purpose commencing the Shannon drainage, and 500 men will be daily employed. The main operation will be carried out in King's County, and the probable amount expended on the works will be about £20,000.

REV. FATHER DOYLE and Morris Moynahan, clerk in a store in Athens, Ga., were drowned the night of Dec. 14 while crossing the river ten miles from that place, where they had been paying a sick-call. The river was swollen by heavy rains.

FOUR coroners of New York have held, since the 1st of January, 1879, 3006 inquests, of which 48 were homicides, 121 suicides, 81 run-overs, 271 from fall, 28 from accidental poisoning, 96 from burns and scalds, 24 from suffocation, and 143 from drowning.

ST. PATRICK'S Church, Ballymena, Ireland, beautifully situated within the demesne of Old Waveney, which was completed and opened for Divine service in 1855, was completely destroyed by fire on Saturday. The total cost of the erection was over £8,000.

AT the recent municipal election at Newton, Mass., there were four members of the School Board elected. Three were *ministers* and the fourth a woman. No Catholic. The Catholics are one third of the population, and their children attend these public schools!

IN a disgraceful squabble which has formed the subject of police-court proceedings it was stated that the defendants during the row were "cursing and swearing like wild beasts." This is surely a gross libel on the animals in question. Beasts do not, as far as we know, practise so offensive a habit.

DUBLIN'S munificent member of Parliament, Sir Arthur Guinness, is laying out in Steven's Green, a vast area from which the public have hitherto been excluded, as a people's playground. He would do this on condition only that it was to be free to all.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN on Saturday last, while driving in the Atocha Street, at Madrid, met a priest who was taking the last sacraments to a dying man. Their Majesties immediately alighted from their carriage and lent it to the priest, following on foot, amid the acclamations of the populace.

THE Sultan will, after all prove himself the largest-minded amongst the sovereigns of Europe as regards the Church. It is exceedingly probable that in a little while the relations of the Holy See with the various Catholic communities of Turkey will be less impeded than they are in France or Austria.

"WE know, by studying the criminal statistics, that a very large proportion of the criminals of the United States are to be found among the Irish Catholics."

So said Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, in his Colonization Address in Brooklyn. If it were a Protestant Bishop said that, wouldn't he get a trouncing from the Catholic papers? — *N. Y. Catholic Union.*

THE fathers of the London Oratory will at the new year have the distinction of building the largest iron church which has ever been erected; and they hope, at about the same time, to have the further distinction of Cardinal Newman's presence at the laying of the foundation stone of the permanent oratory of the future.

A SHOCKING murder took place at Durreen, near Sneem, county Kerry. Myles Brennan bailiff, while serving a decree on a farmer named Dennis Shea, was attacked by the wife of the latter, who took up a stone and flung it at Brennan, striking him on the head, the blow killing him on the spot. She was immediately arrested.

"CHIEL," who gossips in *Vanity Fair*, cannot recall a single saying in all Mr. Gladstone's great speeches which will be remembered and quoted. Well, we can recall one which ought to be remembered. During the passage of the Irish Church Bill, the Right Hon. gentleman proposed, in perfect seriousness, to give life-interests in graveyards.

THE Propaganda Fide has approved the proposal of Cardinal M'Closky, the Archbishop of New York, for the establishment of three new bishoprics in the United States under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York. The Propaganda Fide will request his Eminence to indicate the districts in which the new sees may best be established.

GREAT efforts are being made to secure for the memorial to the late Cardinal Cullen the form of a national cathedral in Dublin, equal to the mediæval structures in England or on the Continent. Towards this object Mr. E. D. Gray, M. P., has promised £1,500, and other Catholic noblemen and gentlemen have signified their willingness to contribute largely.

THE oldest bishop, but not the longest possessor of the Episcopal dignity, in the Catholic world, has just died at Liege, Charles Joseph Benoit, Archbishop of Tyr. His Grace had reached his ninety-third year. Archbishop McHale, of Tuam, probably comes next to him in age, but has spent a greater number of years in the Episcopal ranks.

WHEN ex-Queen Isabella set out from Paris to be present at the marriage of her son, one of the principal members of her staff was Viscount Walsh. She was officially received at the Orleans railway, curiously enough, by M. Bernal O'Reilly; and on reaching Madrid would come frequently in contact with her son's private secretary and confidential friend, Count Murphy.

THE following motion on the Irish question, introduced by Mr. O. R. Vassall, of Balliol (English Protestant) College, was discussed at a very full house of the Oxford University Debating Society: "That the grant of complete legislative and executive independence to Ireland alone affords reparation for the past and hope for the future." The motion was lost by one vote.

THERE are six Cardinal-archbishops, 50 Cardinal-priests, and 12 Cardinal-deacons, the latter including the revered name of John Henry Newman; and also there still survive two Cardinals who received their scarlet hats from Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pope Pius IX. There are three vacancies in the Sacred College, and already nine Cardinals have died during the present pontificate.

A FEW days ago Capt. Boyce, county Wexford, received a letter threatening to shoot him unless he reduced the rents of "his Catholic tenants." The tenants on hearing of the cowardly outrage assembled at Bannow, and expressed their abhorrence of such vile conduct, and further subscribed £118, which has been offered for such information as will lead to the conviction of the guilty party.

A SIMPLE Irish plan. An Irish member recently interviewed Sir Stafford Northcote in order to lay before him a scheme for the pacification of Ireland. Sir Stafford did see the member, but did not see his scheme. Nothing daunted, he approached the premier, and that eminent statesman sent him away full of hope that his scheme would be adopted. It is a very simple one — to tax all absentees from Ireland and all grass land in Ireland.

INTERESTING to intending emigrants: A circular has been published by the secretary of the Stonemasons' Society, Victoria, stating that there are thousands of persons out of employment in Melbourne, where, he says, "things have been going down, down for the last two years." It appears that the government has had to commence relief works, which are still going on, and that hundreds are employed at timber-cutting and stone-breaking. One of the great disadvantages of emigration to these far-distant British colonies is that there is little chance of escaping from them in times of depression.

WHATEVER the distress in Ireland, the export of cattle continues as briskly as ever. Last week there were sent to England 21,750 cows, 15,554 sheep, and 14,696 pigs The cows alone would furnish a meal each to 21,750,000 adults, the sheep to 1,555,400, and the pigs to perhaps to 3,000,000; so that in one week flesh meat enough left Ireland to far more than provide a dinner for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain.

THE remarkable popularity of the elevated roads may be gathered from the annual report of the New York Elevated, which contains some almost wonderful figures. The total number of passengers carried for 1879 was 29,875,912 against 4,916,322 last year. This increase is, of course, due in a large measure to the completion of the Third Avenue branch which is the most extensively patronized of all the lines. The earnings for the year were $2,237,948, against $429,988 in 1878.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT, when, as First Consul, he was speaking of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, employed in her regard these memorable words: "The institution which preserves throughout the world the unity of faith is truly admirable. The Pope is the guardian of Catholic unity. We moreover respect his spiritual authority because he does not reside at Vienna, Paris, or Madrid, but because he is an independent lord in his own kingdom."

THE Dublin Corporation has elected Mr. Gray (son of the late Sir John Gray) to the office of Lord Mayor for 1880. This is right. Mr. Gray has done much for popular rights as his father did, and his wife is daughter of a lady (Mrs. Chisholm) of world-wide fame, who did much for the poor girls of these countries. We wish the new Dublin Lord Mayor two happy years of office. We say *two*, because, as his father began the O'Connell Monument Committee, he is, it is understood, to inaugurate that monument in April, 1881.

THE Right Rev. Timothy O'Mahony, Bishop of Eudocia, in Partibus, has recently passed through Turin, on his way to Canada, He has just been appointed auxiliary of the Archbishop of Toronto, in Canada, Monsignor Lynch. Monsignor O'Mahony was nominated by Pius IX. Bishop of Armidale, in Australia, in 1869. After ten years of apostolic labors in the mission, Pope Leo XIII. now sends him to Canada, where he will find an ample field for the exercise of his zeal and learning.

A MUNIFICENT ACT. Through the munificent liberality of Arthur Count Moore, M. P., an industrial school for boys is about being erected within a short distance of Clommel. The estimated cost up to the present is no less than £9,000, and it is thought before the building is completed this sum will have to be further augmented by another £1,090. The whole expense will be borne by Count Moore. The institution will be under the superintendence either of the Christian Brothers or of a new order of French brothers. The work will commence very soon.

MR. F. H. O'DONNELL, M. P., in denouncing the recent action of the government in Ireland, advocates the formation in Paris (where he is now residing for the benefit of his health) of an organization of Irishmen resident in Paris, and of "men who treasure the honor of their Irish blood." He hopes soon to be able to announce the establishment of such an organization, having Professor Leonard, Count O'Connell, the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, Count O'Donnell, and others as its nucleus. Its primary object would be "to keep the journals of the Continent acquainted with the facts of the Irish situation," and "to appeal to the sympathetic opinion of the continent of Europe."

THE HOLY FATHER, replying to the address presented by Commendatore Aquadernia at the head of the representatives of the various dioceses of Italy who had come in pilgrimage to Rome, said that Providence had reserved to his glorious predecessor, Pius IX., the fortune of adding a splendid gem to the Blessed Virgin and associating his glories with hers in promulgating to the Catholic world the dogmatic decree of her Immaculate Conception. In speaking of the infidelity of the day, Leo XIII. declared that the error which surmounts all others and infects the proud intellects of our age is that cold and base naturalism which has now invaded all classes of public and private life, substituting human for Divine reason, nature for grace, and disowning the Redeemer.

IN New York hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended in providing colleges and high schools for the children of the wealthy who could very well afford to pay for the higher education of their children, but although the whole school expenditure is $3,500,000, thousands of the children of the poor are excluded from the primary schools because there is no room for them. The same is said to be true of other cities and towns, and a Philadelphia paper says, "The poor are gulled with the pretence that the public schools are maintained for their special benefit, whereas they receive only 'the leavings,' while the best intellect and most complete arrangements, and by far the greatest part of the money expended in maintaining the public-school system, are reserved for the children of the wealthy."

CONVERSION TO CATHOLICISM. We regret to have to announce, says the London *Morning Post*, very frankly — may we for our part add just as frankly that we are enabled to make that same announcement? — that the Rev. Arthur Wagner, M. A., of St. Paul's Brighton, some time Chancellor of Chichester Cathedral, has resigned his preferments and joined the Church of Rome. Mr. Wagner has been for thirty years in holy orders, says the *Post*, and, having a large private fortune, has devoted himself earnestly to the work of the Established Church in Brighton. His loss will be seriously felt there; and it is rumored that several of his congregation will follow him in the step taken. A current rumor asserts that one of the sisterhoods at Brighton retires from the English Church in a body. Another implies that the seceders may possibly be numbered by hundreds. Mr. Wagner's leading reason for retiring is said to be the Erastianism of Lord Penzance's new court and its acceptance by the clergy.

IN the three kingdoms and our colonial dependencies there are 14 archiepiscopal and 77 episcopal sees, besides 34 vicariates (otherwise,

sees held by Vicars-Apostolic), and eight episcopal Prefectures; and no less than 27 of the above vicariates are held at present by Bishops and Archbishops who take their respective titles *de partibus infidelium*. Including 11 coadjutor or auxiliary Bishops, the total number of Archbishops and Bishops now holding office within the limits of the British Empire in the four quarters of the globe is 127; and there are also a few retired Bishops, of whom four reside permanently in England. The Catholic priests in England and Wales are 1,929, serving 1,158 churches and public chapels; including Scotland, they are 2,211, serving 1,436. This total does not include domestic and private chapels in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen to which the public have not access. The "Directory" ends with a tolerably full, though not quite complete, list of the Catholic colleges, schools, and educational convents in the three kingdoms.

DAN RICE, the well-known circus man, has turned evangelist. If he can draw the same crowds in his new business that he did in the old one he will be worth a dozen ordinary preachers. — *N. Y. Herald.*

Dan's long experience as a clown will be of great service to him in his new enterprise. When Dan mounts the pulpit and doffs his cap and bells, Talmage, Beecher, Joe Cook, and all that sort of funny fellows must look to their laurels. We hope his new surroundings may not sour his genial nature or throw a shadow of pharisaical gloom over his pleasant countenance. Dan has turned many a good summersault in his time, but his last, if not his best, is his bounce from the sawdust to the pulpit. He himself would probably call this grand and lofty tumbling. We have heard of Daniel in the lions' den, but Dan among the preachers has something magnificently *outre* about it. The Rev. Dan Rice. What a fine heading for a handbill! — *The Catholic Times, Waterloo, N. Y.*

THERE is something inexpressibly pitiable in our knowledge of the fact that the Zulu ex-King Cetewayo states now positively that the native report made to him of the Prince Imperial's death was that only ten men were at the kraal, and that those ten men (naked savages, remember!) had no other arms than assegais. The truth is now patent to all men, therefore, that had the craven escort of the young prince, instead of flying for their lives at the very first alarm and leaving him utterly in the lurch, made but a moment's pause and the smallest show of resistance, the miserable catastrophe, in which a great historic dynasty was involved, never could have happened. If Captain Carey can feel no shame in regard to his share in that catastrophe, he might at least abstain from outraging public opinion by smugly airing his piety at evangelical meetings, and enabling the photographers to display his complacent-looking effigies in the shop windows as though he were not precisely one of those (thank Heaven! exceptional) members of the community who can only be thought of with shame by Englishmen.

A BAND OF GYPSIES FROZEN TO DEATH. — The mortality caused by the frost exceeds anything which has occurred for many years so far as the countries of Central Europe are concerned. Among the most remarkable of the numerous fatalities recently reported to the Continental press is that which last week befell an entire band of gypsies. A traveller passing in the morning through the forest lying between Loslau and Rybnik came across eleven persons, consisting of men, women, and children, all apparently asleep, and clustered mostly in a sitting posture, round a fire which had nearly, but not quite burned itself out. On approaching the group, the stranger was shocked to find it consisted of eleven corpses, the whole band having been frozen to death in the course of the night.

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*Our magazine is beautifully bound in two volumes and sold for the low price of three dollars. Free by mail.*

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*Let there be no processions or banqueting on the coming 17th of March. All the spare dollars our people have should be sent to the distressed in Ireland.*

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DETROIT has beaten St. Louis. It has sent nearly $8,000 to Archbishop Croke for Irish relief. And not a murmur of opposition to such disposition of the funds is made. — *Western Watchman.*

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DUFFEY & CASHMAN have issued the best calendar for the new year that we have seen. Their office is Fayette Court, 605 Washington Street, Boston, where excellent job work is executed.

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A THIEF, named *Scott*, has been obtaining money for our magazine in various places. Was last heard of in Ottawa, Canada. Any person on whom he may call should arrest the rascal and have him locked up.

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BISHOP FINK has ordered a collection in all the churches of his diocese to relieve the prevailing distress in Ireland. We are very much pleased at the prompt action of our German bishops, and their action speaks volumes for their humanity and Christian character. — *Western Watchman.*

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WE return our thanks to the reverend clergy who have interested themselves in the circulation of our magazine. We want to make our circulation the present year reach ten thousand copies. It can be done with the assistance of our reverend friends and the race to whom it is devoted.

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WILLIAM GORMAN, Esq., one of the overseers of the poor of Boston, died at his residence in Roslindale, after an illness of four or five weeks. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country about forty years ago, being at that time eighteen years old. He has been engaged in the commission business a number of years, and to the time of his last illness. He had nearly completed his term of three years as an overseer of the poor. His wife died not long ago, and he leaves a family of four boys.

# Notices of Recent Publications.

*Benziger Brothers, New York.*

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

This grand work is progressing, and as it advances, the interest increases. Without exception, it is the most interesting work of the kind we have ever perused.

*Peter F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia.*

PRELUDES. — By Maurice F. Eagan.

There are some charming sonnets in this book, which will well repay perusal. It is published to aid in the rebuilding of the University of Notre Dame, and is dedicated to Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., the talented editor of the "Ave Maria."

*The Catholic Publication Society Co.*

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS IN THE YEAR. — By priests of the congregation of St. Paul.

A most useful and instructive book for the family. Those who cannot attend High Mass should have this book by them, and read the sermon for the day. Children, too, should be required to read one of these sermons every Sunday and holy day.

SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1880. — By I. A. Lyons.

Mr. Lyons has given us a very interesting book. Notre Dame, Indiana, is doing a great work for the rising generation. The present annual gives, besides other interesting matter about Notre Dame and its institutions, Father Cronan's grand poem, delivered at the Marquette celebration last summer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The second edition of Dr. Faa di Bruno's "Catholic Belief," of which 15,000 copies were printed last year, is almost out of print; and a third and revised edition, of 20,000 copies, is in active preparation.

Anton Schiefner, a Baltic German and pupil of the Berlin University, has achieved high philological fame by his active participation in collecting, arranging, and translating the Finnish epic, "Kalevala," a poem of 24,000 verses, which, collected in fragments from the mouth of the people, proved, when put together, to be a perfect whole.

THE "Athenæum" says that the second volume of Mr. Standish's "History of Ireland" will be published before Christmas, bringing the history down to the death of the great Ulster or Red Branch hero, Cuculain, and that the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society of Dublin has nearly ready for publication a limited edition of a unique and hitherto unprinted contemporary history of affairs in Ireland, from the "Rising," in 1641, to the reduction of the Royalists there in 1652. The work, which is illustrated with engravings, will, it understands, supply many novel details in connection with important personages of those times, as well as with Oliver Cromwell and his movements in Ireland. Numerous unpublished letters and documents have been brought together by the editor, Mr. John T. Gilbert, F. S. A., from the archives of the House of Lords and other sources.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "My Ain Bonny Mary," words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by J. L. Gilbert. Jas. Bland's three great songs, No. 2, "Pretty Little South Carolina Rose." "Sun of My Soul," hymn by W. Apmadoc. "Love's Whisper," waltz song by Mrs. Jane Sloman Torry. "Send the Boy Home, Susan," words and music by E. H. Packard. "Medley Quartette, No. 2," arranged by C. A. White. "Then Robin comes to Me," words by Harry W. Bruce, music by C. Isabel Hyland. "Christmas Bells," carol by G F. Wilson.

*Instrumental:* "Pas Redouble," by Streabbog. "Massachusetts Regiment March," by Wm. H. F. Metcalf. "Citizen Galop," by Carl Volti. "Rustling Leaves," by Gustav Lange. "Night Song," by J. Vogt, pedalled and registered for the organ by B. M. Davison. "Pearls and Laces," waltz by G. Ludovic. "The Sparks," Galop Brilliant by Hammerel. "Atalanta Galop," by L. K. Vannah. "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," transcription by T. P. Ryder, for the pianoforte. "Toccatina," for piano by Joseph Rheinberger.

*Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.*

CANTICA MARIANA, a collection of Canticles and Antiphons of Our Lady, also Twelve O Salutaris and Tantum Ergos, with an appendix, compiled and edited by Charles Lewis, director of the Cathedral choir, Boston.

This work will prove a most valuable addition to the existing stock of church music of Catholic choirs throughout the country. It contains in a convenient and useful form the very music which is most needed to complete the beauty of the vesper service. The music is melodious, not too difficult, and pleasing, and is for the most part printed for the first time in the United States. The author has a long experience and a thorough knowledge of church music as it should be performed, and he has given us a very fine collection indeed. The work is issued in Messrs. Ditson & Co.'s well-known style.

# ARRIVAL OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL IN NEW YORK.

## ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—GREAT MEETING TO RECEIVE HIM.

## HIS SPEECH AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, ETC.

MR. PARNELL, M. P. for Meath, accompanied by Mr. John Dillon, arrived at New York on Friday, Jan. 2 Addresses were presented from the people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other places, to which Mr. Parnell replied: —

*Mr. Develin, Mr. Stone, and Gentlemen:* — I regret that my power of language is not sufficient to convey to you my appreciation of the very great kindness and honor you have done me in meeting us this morning. I feel exceedingly indebted to you, individually and collectively. It has always been a great pleasure to me to come to the United States of America. I could have wished — and we all could have wished — that the circumstances attending our native land were of a more happy and prosperous character. But, gentlemen, let us hope and believe that the time is approaching when we will be able to speak of Ireland as other men speak of their country, and when we will be able to reckon her really and truly amongst the nations of the earth. [*Applause.*] As you have very well expressed in your address, Mr. Develin, our task is of a double character.

We have to war against a system which has produced poverty and discontent and suffering in our country. We have to endeavor to break down that system, and with God's help, we are determined to break it down. We are also to see that the victims of this system are not suffered to perish in the mean time. We have to take care that the heart and strength of our country are not broken again as in 1847 and 1848. And now, when the opportunity has come for a settlement of one of the leading questions in Ireland, we must see that the opportunity may not be lost by the physical suffering and the misery and starvation of large portions of our population. The distress in Ireland has not been exaggerated. We have been calling upon the government for eight months to do something to relieve that distress. It has only been within the last few weeks that the English government has even agreed to admit that there is any distress. Just before we started from Ireland an appeal appeared from the Duchess of Marlborough, in which she, the wife of the lord lieutenant, admitted that there was going to be great famine and suffering in Ireland during the coming winter. This is what we have been arguing all along, and this is what our people at home and abroad understand, and it is only now, when it is too late to interpose an effectual remedy, that those rulers of our affairs appear to understand their responsibility.

We, who have been working at this great land question, have not thought it right to prematurely take the responsibility off the shoulders of the government. We have not, up to the present time, made any appeal for the relief of the destitute in Ireland, but we feel that we can no longer shut our eyes to the terrible facts, and we feel it our duty to put our case before our countrymen in America and before Americans who have been born in this great country. We believe that the heart of America will be generous in its response, as it always has been, and that, despite the attempts made by the English press to prejudice the American nation, our cause will be appreciated in this country. We know, we feel, that our countrymen in America will do their duty as they always have done their duty, towards their suffering brethren at home. In this belief, I confidently anticipate the result of our mission. I believe the result will be of such a nature as to give pleasure to us and help to our people at home; and I can only conclude, gentlemen, by again asking you to believe that I thank you for your great kindness in meeting us at the threshold of America. [*Loud applause.*]

### GREAT MEETING AT GILMORE'S GARDEN.

The audience that assembled to meet Mr. Parnell numbered some eight or nine thousand people. Mrs. Parnell and her three daughters were present. Company B of the Irish volunteers of Staten Island came in full uniform, and acted as a guard to keep back the crowd.

At half past seven o'clock Mr. Patrick S. Gilmore waved his *baton*, and his band played "The Star Spangled Banner." This was lustily cheered. Then he gave the "Stabat Mater," and other selections.

A mighty cheer announced the appearance of the agitator. As he made his way through the throng, escorted by Judge Henry Alker, Judge Gildersleeve, Gen. McMahon, and other members of the Reception Committee, the enthusiasm was tremendous. Rising to their feet, standing on chairs and seats, the people cheered and cheered again, and drowned the notes of the band, which, with might and main, and all the power of powerful lungs, resounding brass, and echoing sheepskin, was sending the notes of "Auld Lang Syne" out among the voices that filled the building. Mr. Parnell ascended the platform and bowed again and again. When he was seated the band played Irish airs, and hearty cheers greeted "Garryowen," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "Brian Boru's March," and "The Rocky Road to Dublin." But the cheers were so hearty that the music was forgotten when the white head of the venerable Thurlow Weed was seen as he took his place on the platform near Gen. Sweeny, Hon. W. E. Robinson, Col. Mitchell, and other well-known citizens. There was a large number of Catholic priests on the platform, many of them white-haired men. Then there was a stampede on the part of the audience without the enclosure. They rushed past the ushers and guards, completely filled the enclosed space, and surged around the speaker's stand Mrs. and the Misses Parnell, seeing that they were too far away to hear, came down from their box and secured seats among the reporters' desks.

Judge Alker arose, and said that as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Parnell Reception, it afforded him great pleasure to introduce, as the presiding officer of the meeting, a gentleman well known to all; one who had made his mark, and gained distinction in Ireland as well as in America, — the Hon. Henry E. Gildersleeve.

The throng cheered the rifleman and judge vigorously, and he said that he thanked them. The right to heal on the Sabbath day was established nearly 2,000 years ago, and it was right that on the first Sabbath of the new year they came together to learn how best to heal the wounds of impoverished Ireland. They would hear a man of whom America was justly proud, and the grandson of one of her most distinguished heroes, "Old Ironsides"

Mr. Parnell stood up, and the cheering that ensued was terrific. It was minutes before the audience would permit him to speak. He spoke slowly at first, sometimes hesitating for a word, but usually proceeding smoothly, using well-chosen, vigorous English. He wore a heavy double-breasted blue frock coat, that seemed to be of Irish frieze, and striped trousers. He crumpled in his left hand slips of paper, on which were notes to which he sometimes referred. His right hand he thrust into his coat breast, occasionally withdrawing it to make a vigorous gesture. There was little of the grace of oratory in his speech, but a straightforward, manly dignity and earnestness that were assuring and convincing. Below him sat his mother and sisters. There was an expression of motherly pride on the former's face; the latter seemed deeply interested and amused, and the elder, Miss Fannie, occasionally emphasized her brother's good points by a clear laugh, or an emphatic "That 's me too!"

Mr. Parnell showed himself an apt stump speaker. Interruptions did not disconcert him, and he had ready answers for questions. Quite arousing were the effects of sentences like "We must see to it that we shame the English government into a sense of its obligations;" "We propose to abolish the laws of entail and settlement"; "We propose to make the occupants of the soil its owners." Then the cheering was terrific. Mr. Arthur Kavanagh's name was hissed. He is known as the member of Parliament from Carlow without arms or legs, and has recently written a letter in defence of the Irish landlords. Mr. Parnell criticized the letter.

"Where 's his legs?" shouted a voice, at the mention of Kavanagh's name.

"Never mind his legs or his arms," was the quick reply of Mr. Parnell, "he has got a very good head."

### MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH.

*Judge Gildersleeve, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I have to thank you, in the first place, for the kind cordiality of your reception, and I have to apologize in advance for my imperfections, and to regret that the great cause which I stand here to-night to uphold before the people of New York has not been intrusted to far better and far abler hands. But, ladies and gentlemen, I fear not for this cause. [*Applause.*] Imperfect and inadequate as must be the way in which I may place it before you, I feel confident that, from its greatness and its justness, it needs no great effort on my part to state it before you in such a way as to have the heartiest sympathy of this great and free nation. [*Applause.*] The American people occupy to-day a proud position in respect to this question, — a position of which I, as one who boasts of some American blood, feel justly proud [*applause*]; and I am glad when I think that I may have had some small share in directing the attention of

this country to our cause. [*Applause.*] The American nation has by common consent been made the arbiter in this great struggle for the land of Ireland. Within the last few days a most extraordinary occurrence has taken place. The landlords of Ireland, for the first time in their history, have recognized their true position as culprits, and have come before the bar of American public opinion to plead their cause as best they may. I rejoice that the pages of the *New York Herald* — [*Groans and hisses.*] My friends, there is no necessity to hiss the *New York Herald.* [*A voice,* "*Down with it!*"]. It has really been indirectly of the greatest possible service to our cause [*applause*], and I repeat that I rejoice that its pages have been opened to the landlord side of the question. [*Hisses.*] I rejoice that a man of the great ability of Mr. Kavanagh has come forward to make the best defence that he can for the accursed system that prevails in Ireland. [*Applause.*] Thinking people in this country will now feel an interest in a question which they could not have felt upon a mere *ex parte* statement; and it is fitting that the people of America should know the very best that can be said for the landlords.

HIS MISSION.

Now I wish to explain very shortly our objects in visiting this country; and I may say that the intention we originally formed has been considerably modified by the pressure of circumstances. Originally we proposed only to address you in behalf of our political organization, but the course of events in Ireland has culminated so rapidly, the terrible fear of widespread famine is so imminent, that we felt constrained to abandon our original intention, and to leave ourselves open to receive from the people of America money for the purposes of our political organization, and also money for the relief of the pressing distress in Ireland. We propose, then, to form two funds, — one for the relief of distress, and the other for the purely political purpose of forwarding our organization [*Applause.*] These funds will be kept entirely distinct, so that the donors will be offered the opportunity of doing as they please in the matter. It has been suggested by a very influential paper in this city that we ought to devote our attention only to the relief of distress, and that we should join the committee which has been proposed by the *New York Herald* [*hisses*] for the relief of distressed Irish landlords and the British government in general. [*Laughter.*] But if we accepted the very kind advice which has been so charitably extended to us in the shape of words, during the last few days, I am afraid we should incur the imputation of putting the cart before the horse. [*Laughter.*] The cause of the present distress is the unequal and artificial system of land tenure which prevails in Ireland. The effect of that cause is, of course, the distress. And while we take care to do the best we can — and the best we can will be but little — to relieve the distress, we must also take care that we take advantage of the unexampled opportunity which is now presented to us for the purpose of sweeping away the bad system. [*Applause.*] In 1847 and subsequent years, when the great Irish famine took place, America came forward first among the nations with unexampled liberality. But did that liberality prevent the famine? Did it prevent millions from dying of starvation or the pestilence which follows famine? ["*No! no!*"] Did it prevent the banishment of many more millions? Did it prevent the scenes in Ireland in those years. — the scenes on board the emigrant ships? No!

ENGLAND MUST BE SHAMED.

No charity that can be given by America will avail to prevent Irish distress. That must be the duty of the British government, and we must see that we shame that government into a sense of its obligations. [*Applause.*] Are we to be compelled continually every ten or twelve years to appear as mendicants before the world? ["*No! no!*"] Then I say to the people of this country, if you mean to rescue us from that position, help us in destroying the system which brings it on. [*Applause.*] America subscribed, and subscribed liberally in those years. The people of Ireland living in this country have been subscribing yearly ever since. ["*It all goes to the landlords!*"] My friend in the crowd has anticipated me. Yes, your hard-earned savings, that you have sent with such true devotion to your fellow-countrymen, have gone in payment of excessive rents, in bolstering up this terrible system. ["*Hear, hear!*"] Now I said just now that we must shame the British government into a sense of its obligations to Ireland in this matter. ["*Hear, hear!*"] And I regret that they have shown their usual want of recognition of these obligations up to the present. What was the Irish chief secretary's reply to those who waited upon him, and urged him to establish fuel depots through the West of Ireland? I must explain to those who are not acquainted with Irish affairs that almost the entire of Ireland is dependent for its fuel upon the turf that is cut in the bogs. This fuel, owing to the excessive rains during the whole summer, is in a state of mud. It is utterly unfit to burn;

and in addition to the pressure of hunger we have added the pressure of cold. Well, Mr. Lowther, when he was asked to establish fuel depots, — and I only mention this as an example of the way in which our rulers over there treat this grave question, — answered, "Oh, they have fuel enough to burn bonfires in honor of the release of Mr. Davitt." Because a few dried fir-bushes were lighted on the Irish hills in honor of the release of Davitt, this paltry excuse is gravely put forward by a responsible Minister of the Crown. [*Hisses.*]

But if we examine the further action of the government we find it equally marked by the same cold neglect and indifference. The government desire to drive the people of Ireland upon the Irish poor-law system, and they have replied in answer to every appeal that they cannot interfere, and that the ordinary action of the poor laws is sufficient to meet the emergency. Now, it was proved in years gone by, and it has been proved frequently since, that the Irish tenant will die in the ditch rather than enter the poorhouse. [*Applause.*] And he is right. [*"Hear, hear!" and great applause.*] The Irish poor-law system is the most fiendish and ingenious system of all those that we have received from England for the purpose of slowly torturing our country to death. The ties of family are broken up. The father is separated from his children, the children from their mother, the wife from her husband, and the wretched inmates of the workhouse, from the day they enter it, are consigned to what is for many of them but a living death. "Ye who enter here leave all hope behind," might aptly be written upon the portals of every workhouse in Ireland.

### A LESSON FROM THE PAST.

Now, if in 1846, before the Irish famine had commenced, the question could have been brought before the American people as it has been brought to-day, whether by one side or the other, or by both, that famine would have been impossible, for the government would have been shamed into stopping it. I do not wish to excite your passions by a reference to the past. You know the past perfectly well The history of the past is written in letters that will never be erased from the Irish mind. ["*Never!*"] But we have sufficient evidence in the present for our purpose. It is now admitted on all hands that distress is imminent, and the discussion of this question will undoubtedly force the British government to take suitable action in the matter. And while charitable Americans may come forward to help our people nobly and generously, as they have always done, they must not forget that the great value and benefit that is to be derived from this question is its open discussion in the face of the nations of the world. But if, as we have been so frequently advised, we allowed the present opportunity to go by without any attempt at organization, we should have had a repetition of '47 and its terrible scenes. Government neglect would have been the same as ever, the heart of our people would have been broken by physical suffering and distress, they would have been disorganized and exasperated, evictions in multitudes would have taken place, retaliatory action would have been adopted by the frenzied masses, we should have had another ineffectual rebellion, and the "wild justice of revenge" would have been invoked against the Irish landlords. But what a contrast have we? Instead of chaos and disorganization, the Irish people now present a remarkable aspect, firm, confident, and self-reliant. With death literally staring them in the face, they stand within the limit of the law and the Constitution, and the first to set the example of breaking that law and outstepping the Constitution has been the very government of the country which has sworn to do only that which is right. [*Hisses.*] The attention of the whole civilized world is centred upon Ireland, and very shortly the merits of our question will be known in all parts. We have saved the lives of the landlords and we have saved the lives of the people. [*Applause.*]

### AWAY WITH THE LANDLORDS!

Now, I do not wish — in fact, it would be impossible for me, in presence of this immense multitude — to go into many details. I can only speak very generally in reference to many branches of this great question, but I may state generally, if asked, "What do you propose?" that we propose to make the occupiers of the soil the owners. [*Great applause.*] We wish to do this with as little injury to what may be considered to be vested interests as possible. No physical violence, no unconstitutional action is contemplated, or, in my judgment, necessary. [*Applause.*] As I have repeatedly said, American public opinion is one of our greatest weapons [*applause*], and the landlords themselves, by invoking that public opinion, have shown the very high value that they place upon it. I feel that this is a very great compliment to you, — that the proud British aristocracy should humble itself and appear as a suppliant before this great democracy. And they put forward a gentleman, Mr. Kavanagh [*hisses*], a man of signal ability, to plead their cause; and I will do him the justice to say he has been the very best advocate that the circum-

stances admitted. [*A voice, "Where's his legs?"*] Well, never mind his legs or his arms; he has a very good head. And this gentleman has advanced a variety of objections to our plans. He had told us that the system of ownership will entail subdivision and subletting, and he has pointed to the old history of Ireland—before the famine, when subdivision and subletting did undoubtedly proceed to a very great, and, I think, evil extent—as a proof of the justness of his assertion. But the circumstances, the condition of affairs that we seek to establish, are very different to that which obtained before the famine. Before the famine the system of renting land was in force, and that system of renting necessitated subdivision and subletting. But we contemplate to replace that system by one of sale. We desire to make land free, so that everybody who has money to buy it may buy as much as he needs of it. [*Applause.*] Under the system of renting it is impossible to sell. The difficulty of proving a title is so great under the present laws that in the case of small holdings, the cost of proving the title exceeds frequently the purchase value of the holding itself. Then, as now, the laws of entail and settlement were in full force. We desire to abolish the laws of entail and settlement [*great applause*], which prevent the natural crumbling away of properties that wise nature has ordained in order to prevent the property of the world from passing into a few hands. Local registration of land titles, such as you have in this country, should also follow, so as to make it as easy to sell a bit of land as it is to sell a haystack or a bale of cotton. [*Applause.*] Then, as regards subdivision. Subdivision is also produced by the system of letting, but I contend that no injurious subdivision would take place if we had a free system of sale of land existing in Ireland. I believe that under such a system the size of the farms would be regulated by natural causes, that a man would not care to buy a farm which was too small for profitable cultivation, and in that way the size of Irish farms, by natural causes, would gradually become suited to the markets, the method of cultivation, and the crops grown.

Then, we are also told by Mr. Kavanagh of the example of proprietors who leased in perpetuity their farms to fifty tenants, with the result that they passed into the hands of middlemen. The same reasons that I have just explained induced that action also. If you select an estate in Ireland and sell the farms to the tenants to-morrow, if you leave the laws of entail and settlement as they are now, if you render it impossible for a man to sell a small bit of land save at a cost that exceeds the purchase price of it, then in the course of a generation or two, you would undoubtedly have those farms back in the hands of middlemen or landlords. We, on the contrary, desire to arrange the conditions so that they shall be suited to the great change we contemplate, and we can point to the example of other countries, of France and of Belgium, — where land is limited as in Ireland, — for the best example of the truth of our reasoning and of the propositions that we lay before you.

### NO ARMED REBELLION INTENDED.

Well, this gentleman then proceeds to make certain statements — or rather misstatements — of a rather barefaced character. It is a common saying in legal maxims over in Ireland, "If you have a bad case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and so I suppose Mr. Kavanagh thinks the best thing he can do is to abuse us, since he knows his case is hopeless. Now we do not intend to follow his bad example in that respect; we intend to treat him with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and, if possible, induce him to come before you again in order to give us again an opportunity of refuting him. He tells us that we purpose to apply money raised in America to buying out the landlords. He need not be the slightest degree uneasy, for not one cent of your money will ever go into his pockets. [*Laughter and applause.*] And then he goes on to say that none of it will go to the relief of distress, and that we propose to organize an armed rebellion with it. [*Applause.*] Well, I have no doubt that many of my countrymen in this country would like to organize an armed rebellion [*enthusiastic cheering and loud applause, with cries of "Yes," "Yes!"*], but I regret to have to disappoint them also, because I must in truth and honesty tell you, however unpopular such a statement may be, that not one cent of the money contributed and handed to us will go to organize any armed rebellion in Ireland. [*Vigorous applause from a small conservative element near the platform.*] Well, then he goes on to say that a large majority of the land is let at a fair value, and he cites himself and his own estate as an example of the fact. I told you just now that I did not intend to abuse Mr. Kavanagh, and I am bound to admit that during the high prices of the last few years his estate was let at a fair value; although I regret to say that he, like some other Irish landlords, has refused to grant the reasonable reduction of rent which has become necessary owing to the extraor

dinary fall in prices, and American competition.

But the fact that Mr. Kavanagh's land was rented at a fair value during the last few years will not excuse the many rack-renting Irish landlords who have taken the last pound of flesh and the last drop of blood. We know too well that the majority of Irish land is high-rented and that a very large proportion of it is rack-rented, and until Mr. Kavanagh proves by statistics that this is not the case, he cannot expect to be believed in supporting a negative on such evidence. Well, then he says that rents are not raised in respect of improvements made by tenants. Now, I shall put one landlord against another in refuting this. I shall choose the estate of a large absentee landlord — a class who, as a rule, do not rack-rent their lands — and I shall choose the testimony of a man of Mr. Kavanagh's own class and proclivities, an extensive land agent in Ireland, Mr. Stewart Trench.

FACTS IN FIGURES.

Speaking of the barony of Farney — and I wish you to recollect, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, that the proposition is that rents are not raised in respect of the improvements of the tenants — speaking in his "Realities of Irish Life," page 68, of the barony of Farney, a barony in the county of Monahan, over which he was then agent, Mr. Trench tells us that in 1606 this whole barony was rented for the yearly sum of £250. What do you suppose is the rental of that barony today? It is something like £80,000 per annum And the added value from £250 to £80,000 has been the work of the tenants. Nothing that the landlord has done has added one penny in value to this property. He has toiled not, neither has he spun, but he is now in receipt of his £80,000 out of a property which, in two hundred and fifty years, has been raised by the exertions of those poor people from a value of £250 to £80,000 Mr. Trench admits that this was done by the exertions of the tenants, and not by those of the landlords, for he says, at page 69, "It was during this period that the native inhabitants, few or none of whom were ever dispossessed by the aristocratic owners of the soil, increased and multiplied to a great extent, and that the waste and wild lands were fenced and enclosed, and ultimately brought into cultivation, to meet the wants of this rapidly increasing population, so that in 1843, only seventy-four years after the estimated value of the year 1769, I found, on my arrival at Carrickmacross, that the rent-roll of the two estates together amounted to upward of £40,000 per annum, while in population it had increased in such an extraordinary manner that by the census of the year 1841, the population amounted to upward of 44,000 souls."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, that is the process that has been going on in every estate in Ireland. The example I have chosen was under a better landlord than the majority of Irish landlords, and yet you see that during this period the rent-roll of this estate has been rolled up to this enormous amount, entirely owing to the exertions of the tenant. I think I have proved by the mouth of Mr. Trench that Mr. Kavanagh's assertion that rents are not raised by the exertions of tenants is

FALSE AND UTTERLY GROUNDLESS.

[*Applause.*] He tells us, also, that capricious evictions have not taken place. Well, I say in reply to that that your own knowledge of the history of the Irish landlord question, experienced by yourselves, is a sufficient refutation of such a statement [*Applause.*]

I have now come to the close of the few observations — I am afraid rather lengthy ones — that I have ventured to make to you to-night. [*Cries of "Go on!"*] There are others to speak. My honorable friend Mr. Dillon, the son of the late J. B. Dillon, the member from the county of Mayo, who found in the year '48 a congenial home in this country during the few years that he was under the ban of British law as a proscribed, would like also to say a few words on this important question. I can only, in conclusion, express my conviction that the time has come when victory is about to crown the exertions of the Irish people in their great struggle for land. [*Applause.*] The handwriting has appeared upon the wall, and though vain attempts have been made from time to time to misdirect public opinion, to bolster up an expiring system, I confidently look forward to the time when the tiller of the soil in Ireland may, as in other free countries, reap the benefit of his exertions [*applause*], and hand that result down to his children, and when, instead of proscribing labor, instead of offering every inducement to the tiller of the land to allow it to remain idle and barren, the great exertions which our people have shown themselves always ready to make, when they are working for themselves, and not as slaves, may be spent upon Irish land. And then, I believe, that one great step toward the freedom of Ireland will have been made [*great applause*], that we shall have put a nail in the coffin of the system of English misrule in Ireland [*applause*], removed one great impediment to the union of all classes and of all religions there [*enthusi-*

*astic applause*], and that we shall have the wish of every Irish patriot in all ages realized, — that the orange and green may be united [*a storm of enthusiastic ch ers and applause long continued*], the Protestant and the Catholic enabled to work together for the good of their country [*applause*], and that no cause may exist to prevent any class of our countrymen from doing their duty upon the land which has given them birth.

At the conclusion of Mr. Parnell's speech a floral harp was handed to him. It was the gift of Misses Brogan and Wyth. two Dublin young ladies now in New York.

Mr. Dillon, after the enthusiasm had subsided, briefly addressed the vast audience.

RESOLUTIONS.

At the close of Mr. Dillon's remarks the Rev. Father McDonnell, of St. Agnes Church, presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Land is the gift of God to man, and not a monopoly bestowed by our Maker on any class or sect or order of men; and if for purposes of peace and security that common gift has been suffered to become private and particular, or to merge into a kind of property, patrimony, or exclusive right, the right to live off that land and the duty of laboring on it subsist in fuller force and more perfect right, if possible, from the very fact of that surrender of common and universal ownership of all men to the land.

WHEREAS, All landed proprietary is but a trusteeship, an agency subservient to the policy of the state in everything that concerns the good of the many who live by the soil. Property, as has been said, has its duties as well as its rights, but the irresponsible rights of Irish landlords should no longer stand between the laboring millions and the fertile acres from which they are to raise food that they may live and not die. Interference with the "rights," properly called sacred, of property in land would be unjust and untenable, but war against the tyrannies of landed or any other property is a duty and not a crime. Landed property is the only description of property that assumes and presumes to exercise an absolute control over human life. In Ireland this is painfully felt. The landlord rights of Ireland are an anomaly in any state pretending to freedom. They are so indefensible, so offensive to every claim of justice or humanity, that they should not be any longer tolerated. They should be sent the way of all tyrannies, by persuasion if possible, if not, by any other means. The people reason through their feelings, and they reason right The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and He did not give Ireland's share of it to the landlords in exclusive fee simple, for ever and ever.

WHEREAS, We have to-night heard able expositions of evils of the Irish land system from the lips of Ireland's later tribune, Charles Stewart Parnell, and his eloquent lieutenant, John Dillon; been told how the tenants' interests have dwindled, while the landlords' assumptions have been enforced with inhuman severity; how, as a consequence of these assum tions of successive bad seasons, and from the causes not within the control of the people, the agricultural classes have suffered, and with these every other class,— commercial, mechanical, and industrial; how a famine impends in the land, and how hundreds of thousands are already suffering from the want of food, fuel, and raiment,— we, the citizens of New York, representing all classes, creeds, and nationalities in our citizenship, in mass meeting assembled,

*Resolve*, 1. That Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell and Mr. John Dillon are deserving of our earnest gratitude and most unqualified confidence; that the sacrifices they have made and the perils they have encountered in coming to this prosperous land to plead the cause of a suffering nation are entitled to a generous and practical recognition and response; and that the promises made by us in our welcoming address it should be our pride as well as our duty to redeem.

2. That we give our suffering brothers in Ireland our heart-whole sympathies in these the days of their deep distress; and while giving sympathy, we would counsel hope for the better day which, in God's good time, will assuredly come.

3. That while the relief of the immediate suffering has a claim upon our immediate action, we cannot overlook the fact that the system which produces this suffering needs change; that money for the purchase of food, fuel, and raiment for the afflicted poor are needed at once, and that, beyond and besides this primary call, funds are needed to strengthen the hands of the Irish Land League in their struggle against landlord monopoly; and that, therefore, we suggest to the generous public that, while remembering the pressing claims now presented for relief, there is an obligation to aid in the prevention of the recurrence of such claims; and this latter can only be effected by that readjustment of the land tenure of Ireland contemplated by the Irish Land League.

4. That subscription lists be at once opened, a Finance Committee, secretaries and treasurers appointed, and that a formal and earnest appeal be made to aid in

the grand achievement of giving an ancient people a living in their own land, realizing the idea, given utterance to by Mr. Parnell on arrival, of giving Ireland a place among the nations of the earth, — in other words, "Ireland for the Irish and the Irish for Ireland."

The receipts at the box office were $2,587.50. which will be transferred to the treasurer of the Irish Land League.

Mr. Parnell spoke in Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 12th, to a vast audience, and was received at Faneuil Hall the following day by thousands of citizens of all denominations and nationalities. In the evening he was received with great enthusiasm in Lowell, from whence he went to Lawrence, and other large cities, where he was enthusiastically received, and large sums of money collected for the cause.

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## AN IRISH FARMER TO PARNELL ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND.

T. S. Cleary, in "Dublin Nation."

Don't go away! the shadows fast are falling.
Don't go away! the storm-clouds fringe our shores.
Before our eyes the future looms appalling,
Disease and Want are lurking round our doors —
Don't go away!
We know them well, — twin sisters of the tomb, —
Their eyes are sparkling in the outer gloom.
Oh! near us stay.

Don't go away! the fields lie bare around us,
Our cabin roofs give passage to the wind;
Like men foredoomed, the sullen guards surround us,
Famine in front, Despair and Death behind.
Go not away!
If there remain of hope one blessed spark,
'T is you must fan it, and dispel the dark'
From o'er our way.

Don't go away! our ranks, without a leader,
Would quickly break, and leave our foes the field.
Our cause is just: but, lacking such a pleader,
E'en justice to rapacity must yield.
Go not away!
Too oft, too oft, did other friends forsake us,
Too oft did disappointment overtake us,
Oh, near us stay!

We crouch disheartened o'er each fading ember,
Knowing not if we or it first out must go,
For o'er our homesteads, in this bleak December,
No comfort reigns, no well-fed oxen low.
Go not away!
We need your voice, our country's noblest friend,
We need your arm to shelter and defend.
Beside us stay!

We know ten thousand Irish hearts would greet you,
And hail your barque on that far distant strand;
We know they with a jubilee would meet you,
And bid you welcome to their foster-land
But with us stay!
Their pæan in your ears would seem a wail
From our sad shore, borne on the wintry gale.
Don't go away!

Don't go away! How would you feel, returning,
To find the boldest of your henchmen *thralls*,
To find no home-fires on the old hearths burning,
Our aged ones prisoned within workhouse walls?
Don't go away!
And we will fight the battle by your side,
Still struggling onward, whatsoe'er betide.
Oh, near us stay!

Don't go away till you have bravely led us
From out the state of bondage whence we fly!
You have not, surely, with hope's manna fed us,
To leave us now 'mid deserts lone to die.
Go not away!
Shine still ahead, yon heaven-appointed light!
Trusting, we follow, through Oppression's night,
To Freedom's day.

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In our January issue we gave thirty-two additional pages. In this number we give twelve additional pages. Let our friends continue their efforts to extend our circulation, and we will give them a magazine well worthy of the support of our race at home and abroad.

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Trial of the Arrested Agitators. — At the Connaught winter assizes, in Carrick-on-Shannon the county Leitrim grand jury found true bills for sedition against Messrs. Davitt, Daly, and Killen. The MacDermot, Q. C., on behalf of the attorney-general, handed in three writs of *certiorari*, transferring the trials to the Queen's Bench Division Court, Dublin.

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Catholic Education in Egypt. — We have much pleasure in announcing that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus are about to open a college at Cairo, having arranged all the preliminaries with the sacred congregation of Propaganda and the Franciscans of Terra Santa. Such an institution is much wanted in Egypt, and the Jesuit Fathers have a work before them for the successful prosecution of which they have the best wishes of all Catholics.

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Reader. — Ask your neighbors to subscribe for Donahoe's Magazine. Try what you can do.

COUNT EDWARD TAAFFE, THE DISTINGUISHED IRISH-AUSTRIAN NOBLEMAN.

# ANCESTRY OF THE COUNT.

ALFRED WEBB.

Sir William Taaffe, of Ballymote, distinguished himself on the government side in the O'Neill wars, and was knighted for his services at the siege of Kinsale, in 1601. In December, 1602, he commanded the Irish in the Queen's pay in Carberry, and defeated a body of the enemy under "the Apostolick Vicar, Owen MacEgan," killing one hundred and forty men, including the commander. In the ensuing confiscations of the

territory of the MacCarthys, Sir William "had not the least share of her Majesty's bounty." He died 9th of February, 1630, and was buried at Ardee.

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Sir Theobald, Viscount Taaffe and Earl of Carlingford, was grandson of preceding, and eldest son of Sir John, who was created Baron of Ballymote and Viscount Taaffe in August, 1628, and who died before 1642. Sir Theobald fought for Charles I. against the Parliament in England, and subsequently assisted the Marquis of Ormond in his negotiations with the Confederates for a cessation of arms. On the recommencement of hostilities, he took the command of a force of 9,000 Irish in Munster, but did not attempt to prevent Lord Inchiquin from taking Cahir Castle Sept. 3, 1647. He is reported, however, to have afterwards shot the governor and one hundred of his men for their pusillanimous defence. On Nov. 13, in the same year, he was defeated by Lord Inchiquin at Knocknanuss, in the county of Cork. Carte gives the following account of the battle: "Taaffe had with him about 7,500 foot, and four regiments of horse, making 1,200 men, and took his post in the left wing, with 4,000 Munster foot and two regiments of his horse. The rest of the foot were posted in the right wing under Lieutenant-General MacDonald, supported by Colonel Purcell with two regiments of horse. When the battle joined, Purcell charged the English horse opposed to him with great bravery; and MacDonnell's Highlanders, after a fire, throwing down their pieces, fell sword in hand into the enemy's left, and drove them two miles before them with considerable slaughter, and with very little loss on their own side, made themselves masters of the cannon and carriages, keeping possession of them for a full hour. Inchiquin in the mean time broke the left wing of the Irish army, all the Munster regiments, except Lord Castleconnell's, after a single fire throwing down their pieces and running away; nor could the general stop their flight, though he killed several of them with his own hand. Inchiquin did not amuse himself in following the runaways, but turned back to assist his left wing. Purcell, seeing him advance, retired with his horse, and left the Highland foot drawn up about the cannon which they had seized, without a general to command them; for MacDonnell, after his success, had sent to give notice of it to the other wing, and his messengers not returning, he had moved to an eminence at a little distance from his men, to observe from thence what was doing in the field. As he returned, he was intercepted and killed by a small party of fourteen horse. His men stood their ground until seven hundred of them were killed, when the rest threw down their arms, and cried for quarter. The Irish lost all their arms, ammunition, and baggage, and about 3,000 men in this action, wherein the flower of the Munster army were cut in pieces." Lord Taaffe commanded Ormond's infantry at the battle of Rathmines, in 1649, and was again defeated. He was one of the deputies who in 1651 went to the Continent to offer the sovereignty of Ireland to the Duke of Lorraine, and was excepted from pardon for life and estate by Cromwell. After the Restoration he received sundry grants of land, and was created Earl of Carlingford. He died Dec. 31, 1677, and was buried at Ballymote. His brother, Lucas, was a major-general in the army of the Confederates, and was Governor of New Ross in 1649. Theobald's eldest son, Nicholas, the second Earl, fell at the Boyne in 1690, in command of a regiment of foot under the banner of King James. The second son, Francis, third Earl, entered the Austrian service, became Chamberlain to the Emperor Ferdinand, a Marshal of the Empire, and Councillor-of-State, and died in Au-

*Continued on page 249.*

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"EVERY year shows us that the future of England and the future of Christian Europe will be decided in the schools, and, I may say, in the schools of the poor; for although those who are trained in colleges may, by intellectual power, be the governing minds, yet the poor are the nations and the people, and the balance of society is ultimately determined by the masses. If the millions are educated without Christianity, Christian Europe and Christian England will exist no longer."—CARDINAL MANNING.

## THE DECAY OF PUBLIC SPIRIT AMONG MODERN CATHOLICS.

REV. JOSEPH VINCENT O'CONOR.

No fact more deeply impresses the student of history than the prominent part taken by the Catholic Church in the formation of modern civilization The most disingenuous of historians must acknowledge the powerful influence exercised by the Church over all the forces out of which society has sprung. No philosophy of history is worthy of the name which ignores the papacy, the religious orders, the canon law, and the other innumerable elements in the hands of the Church, by which she trained modern Europe in that "sweetness and light," the absence of which in Protestantism such men as Matthew Arnold and the disciples of a spurious culture deplore. It is now querulously asked, What has the Reformation effected? and most philosophers are agreed that the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, has set back the progress of civilization three hundred years.

It is the purpose of this essay to examine the causes which have limited the benign action of the church upon modern society. No Catholic can deny that the condition of the Church, in countries distinctively Catholic, is deplorable. Humanly speaking, she does not exert a tithe of the influence due her as a divine institution. Indeed, she appears to have retreated into the Catacombs. Leo XIII. has little more liberty than his predecessors in the days of Nero or of Diocletian, and, if the Pope of to-day is not sent to the lions, he has to deal with men as cruel in heart and as unscrupulous in action as the wild denizens of the forest. Catholic nations are either cowed or indifferent. The old statocracy, from which the papacy delivered Europe, has returned in full force, and if the old form of worshipping the "genius of the emperor," by burning incense before his image, under penalty of death for refusing, has been abolshed, the spirit of the idolatry remains; for, what German Catholic dare

question the autocracy of Bismarck? A handful of Jews and infidels rules Catholic Austria with a rod of iron. The so-called king of Italy is a puppet in the hands of secret societies. The boy-king of Spain is the pitiable object of the scorn of red republicans, and even so Catholic a country as France can hardly keep in check the elements of anarchy that once desolated her borders. All these countries contain a vast Catholic population, but they appear to count as *nil*. It is an historical fact that the French Revolution, which levelled altar and throne, was begun and consummated by a mere faction, which could easily have been stamped out by the nation at large. But the nation at large was apathetic. Spain was revolutionized by the energies of two men, Prim and Castelar, and the nation looked on while its foundations were riven. The anti-Catholic crusade in Germany was effected by a single session of the *Reichstadt*, in the presence of a half-million Catholic German soldiers, whose victories had consolidated German unity. Yet there was not one general protest on the part of the laity against this revival of Neroism. Italy witnessed the fall of the temporal power without a sigh, though she knew the evils which such an event would infallibly occasion. The general reason given by Catholics for all this cowardice, apathy, and indifference is, that God will take care of his own Church, and, that persecution is her normal life. This reason, or excuse, rather, we shall show to be not only inadequate, but even blasphemous.

God works by general laws. The course of his providence is not interrupted by particular or individual obstacles, nor does he interfere miraculously to produce results which can be brought about in the strictly natural order which he has established. He is the supreme law, the infinite reason, and the creator and conservator of nature. He has annexed certain effects to certain causes, and it is his will that the harmony of his creation shall not be disturbed. In the moral order, the same analogy prevails. He has endowed man with free will, and this free will he respects so completely that we can resist and reject his most powerful graces. The Church has condemned, in the most positive terms, any opinion which would imply that man's will is not perfectly free under the action of divine grace, though one would desire to be under that happy slavery. The whole issue of life is in a man's own hands. The constitution of society, the political relations of the Church, the training in human learning and diplomacy of her clerics, the material propagation of the gospel, are all to be carried out and effected in an order of things which is *human and natural*, first and foremost, though helped by the favor of God. It is not only nonsensical, but heretical, to say that the Church gets along in a superhuman and miraculous way, wholly independent of the co-operation of her children. We think that this delusion is at the bottom of that ignorant apathy with which many Catholics regard the trials of the Church.

Strange to say, no one thinks of applying this mode of reasoning to his own concerns. Everybody acts on the principle that God helps those that helps themselves. But because they may have heard some fervid but indiscreet orator proclaim the inevitable triumph of the Church over all the powers of hell

and the world, they have hastily concluded that God will interfere in the most unexpected manner, in a crisis which threatens destruction, and "make all things square"; just as in a comedy, the rich old uncle appears in the nick of time with a bag of gold, to help Adolphus and Angelina in their flight from their cruel "parients." Christ never promised to interfere in the secular relations of the Church, except where such relations are most intimately and essentially bound up with her divine mission. The Church will not fail, but her extension and influence largely depend upon the efforts of her children. To sit down and fold our hands, trusting in some Divine *coup de grace*, to be visited on the enemies of the Church, is an insult to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who has done us the ineffable honor of associating us with himself in the establishment of his kingdom upon earth.

Look at the examples of the past! See the glorious activity displayed of old by Christians of all ages, of both sexes and of every station, in the cause of religion! They trusted in God, it is true, "but they kept their powder dry." They had no namby-pamby notions about a mysterious purpose on the part of God, in suffering his Vicar to be driven from post to pillar; his priesthood and episcopate to be silenced and imprisoned; his flock to be scattered by wolves, whilst the lambs mildly bleat submission; and his temples to be burnt while his people look on and see the fruit of their hard earnings and pious offerings made the prey of ruffians and harlots. No indeed! The true Catholic heart swells with generous emotion when it learns of the heroic deeds of our forefathers, in all ages since Christ declared that he came to bring the sword; that his followers are to imitate him in his consuming zeal for the glory of his Father's house, and in his supreme indifference and opposition to any one, prince or peasant, who opposes his conquering footsteps.

The special and personal gifts of the apostles did not descend upon their successors. Only those powers and prerogatives necessary to the constitution of the church were transmitted. The power of the forgiveness of sin, of the Eucharistic consecration, of infallibility in teaching doctrinal truth, and such like, have come down to us, because these prerogatives inhere in the very essence of the Christian Church. But the gift of tongues and other peculiar privileges bestowed upon the apostolic body, were given only for a time, because Christ wished that all his followers should be apostolic in the sense of building up his Church. How absurd then is it for even the least favored of laymen or women, not to speak of the clergy, to say, "Oh, I can't do anything to better the condition of the Church! It's not *my* business to be a theologian! Let the Pope and the clergy look after the Church; or anyhow, Christ will bring all things to rights at last." The glorious sons of the early Church would wither us with their fine scorn and holy anger, were we thus to speak in their day, when the Church was as sorely tried as she is now.

Who was it that, humanly speaking, brought the hidden Church out of the catacombs, into which she had shrunk, from the storm of the first persecutions? The brave and noble Christian soldiers of the armies of invincible Rome, the Thundering Legion, the great captains of the Cæsars, who beheld the fidelity

of these pious sons of Mars. Constantine himself was in heart a Catholic before the cross of Christ flamed over his armies and gave to Rome a new watchword of victory. *In this conquer!* He had seen the equal piety and bravery of his Christian legions. The poor slave-girls brought their haughty mistresses, the queens of the earth, to worship the Host in the darkness of the catacombs. The halls of the Cæsars were filled with Christian officers, who did not skulkingly hide their religion, but dared the horrors of the torture sooner than deny it. No wonder that St. Paul says of Rome, that her faith was spoken of throughout the world. And no doubt Christ chose Rome to be the seat of the apostolic princedom, because he foresaw the generous faith of those old masters of the world, who for his sake went smilingly to their doom. Shame on those who indeed claim to be the descendants of the ancient Romans, but on whom those grand old heroes would have looked with contempt! Catholic Italy views with indifference the trials of the Pope, the spoliation of the religious houses and the reign of anti-Catholicism, upon the very spot where the noblest blood that ever leaped in vigor and fire through human veins gushed forth in glad witness of Christ and his Church.

And this glorious Catholic spirit was transmitted to even the barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire, but who in turn were "overthrown" by the victorious cross of Christ, in the hands of the Church whom they soon learned to love. What a splendid burst of chivalry was that of the Crusades! What a glorious evidence of a living faith and love! Now we have Beaconsfield juggling with the sultan, like Herod with Pilate, about the advisability of suffering "Christian fanaticism" to disturb the obscene repose of the Sublime Porte. In fact, if we glance at any age, down to our own day, we behold Catholic nations united by a single high purpose, to protect the Church, their own religious rights, and to transmit their faith unimpaired to their children.

Is the age of religious chivalry gone? Or must the future historian chronicle the last great struggle for Catholicity when he describes the unfailing faith of Ireland, the simple piety of *La Vendée*, the last refuge of the old Church amid the Pyrenean hills, and in the humble cottages of the Basques? Is there no great nation that glories in the Church which has founded modern Europe? Who sits upon the throne of Constantine? The Turk holds the city which bears his name. Who sways the sceptre of Charlemagne, given to him by Pope Leo I. on Christmas day, a thousand years ago? France is ruled by infidels who hate the faith of Charlemagne; and a mongrel government, calling itself "the German Empire," persecutes the successor of the very men that civilized its people and brought order out of barbaric chaos. Who wears the crown of Edward the Confessor? One who has not the power to protect, foster, or unite even that false Christianity of which she is absurdly called the head. And all these rulers are leagued against the Church to which they owe their crowns! And Catholics turn aside from Her Majesty, to do fawning service before the idol of the State, which, like Moloch, is not satisfied till it has withered up the life that is the faith of their children.

The truth seems to be that God, disgusted with the indifference of the

degenerate sons of the Church in Europe, has abandoned them to the curses which they have deserved. They have allowed themselves to be cheated, driven, "reformed," and fooled, till they have become a laughing-stock for demons. Now let Europe taste the bitterness of the forbidden fruit which was to make her as God. Kings were not satisfied till they had dethroned the Pope: now let them face the "modern man, delivered from papal thraldom," the man with a firebrand in one hand and a pistol in the other, thundering at the doors of the palace, and demanding admittance in the name of the *commune*. Catholics have let slip the education of their children. These children, Godless and creedless, will one day tear down the altars at which their mothers worshipped, and sneer at the Cross, in the hope of whose salvation their fathers died

If this dreadful fate threatens to overtake the Catholics of Europe, it is because they have neglected the warning given them by the religious decay of the East. The Eastern nations separated from Rome, the vital source of Christianity; and we all know the consequences. Asia relapsed into barbarism, and the Greek Church became the slave of the State; just as Protestantism became its tool in every government that joined the Reformation. The application of these historical principles and reflections to the supineness of many Catholics in the United States will be the subject of a future article.

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## MISSIONARIES IN SEARCH OF THE CHOLERA.

Apropos to the Catholic missionaries in Afghanistan, the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore, in its number of the 15th of November, refers in the following playful, kindly way to the three missioners who left Mill Hill, England, for Afghanistan on the 2d of last October: "Mother Church, Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic, has always been admitted, by friend and foe alike, to be, for better or for worse, in the most emphatic sense, a 'missionary religion.' Truly, she has sent forth her apostles into all lands; but perhaps in no case has she given them a less definite address or a more unpleasing destination than that bestowed on three missionary priests who arrived a few days ago at Kurrachee. With luggage labelled 'Afghan,' and instructions by way of a commencement to go where the cholera is at its worst, it surely seems probable that the travellers may have some difficulty in reaching their destination. That they may altogether fail to find the cholera will, at any rate, be the ardent wish of all their late fellow-passengers on board the 'Agra,' who cannot but bear in pleasant remembrance the three travellers, whose unpretending piety, simplicity, and kindliness would not allow the fiercest Protestant to frown or the most cynical Freethinker to sneer at the little Popish practices in the way of early mass on Sunday mornings, when the saloon sofa was transformed into an altar, and the captain's puti-wallah became an acolyte, and rang the breakfast-bell, as softly as might be, when occasion required. Let it not be supposed that we are accusing the good ship 'Agra' of smuggling into this land of sweetness and light such foreign and undesirable commodities as fierce Protestants or naughty Freethinkers. Heaven forbid! The British India Steam Navigation Company has not in this instance, nor ever will, we are assured, betray so far the confidence bestowed upon it by the Anglo-Indian public. But, at the same time, we may safely say that if our three priests manage to make converts as easily as they do friends, their mission will be wholly successful, and no undue surprise need be felt if we have shortly to chronicle the fact that Yakoob Khan has entered the Order of Jesuits, and that Abdulla Jan's mother has taken the veil."

## THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

### DR. TODHUNTER'S CONCLUDING LECTURE.

THE lecturer commenced by pointing out how the Sienese school of the fifteenth century became merged in the Umbrian school, which culminated in Perugino. Vasari stated that Perugino worked for some time with Leonardo and Lorenzo while he perfected his perspective studies and color system. He was a very successful painter of the period. Perugia was a city of mediæval Italy, and Perugino was himself mediæval. His art was in spirit retrospective. How far he was a religious man seemed doubtful. Vasari said of him that he possessed very little religion, and could never be made to believe in the immortality of the soul; that he placed all his hopes on the goods of fortune, and would have undertaken anything for money. There was also a tradition that he died without the rites of the Church and was denied Christian burial, but that seemed to be owing to his having died suddenly of the plague, for the monks afterwards had his body transferred to Florence and honorably buried there. Whether he was a religious man or not, he was eminently a religious painter. Mr. Ruskin indeed had laid it down that in order to be a religious painter one should be a religious man, and deduced Perugino's piety from his pictures. It was indeed all but impossible to believe that the man who painted pictures so full of devotional feeling as those of his best period could have been without the feeling thus expressed; but in some of his later works the feeling seemed of a rather artificial kind — sentimentality rather than sentiment. But granting that he was often guilty of the faults of affectation and mannerism, there yet remained in his work a mysterious fascination, an abiding charm, which work that was insincere and mechanical could never produce. His best pictures were steeped in an atmosphere of divine peace, and he was more ethereal and ecstatic than Bellini. He seemed to sigh after an ideal state of serene and holy joy. One remarkable thing in his pictures was the important part which landscape played in the general effect. His landscape, like that of Titian, carried out and emphasized the sentiment of his figures, while it was at the same time clearly Perugian, while that of Titian was Venetian. Perugino's great pupil was Raphael. In Raphael not merely the Umbrian but the Florentine school of the sixteenth century culminated. If a man's originality could be questioned because of his being indebted to others, Raphael was the least original of men. Shakespeare himself was not a more voracious parasite upon the genius of other men than Raphael. As compared with Michael Angelo, Raphael was rather an adapter than a creator, though the former stole something from Signorelli, but Raphael's genius appeared in the magnificent manner in which he dealt with his thefts. He was not a mere adapter, but was a re-creator, dealing with the works of other men much as they dealt with the works of nature. It was chiefly as a consummate master of composition that he shone supreme. In other qualities it could not be said that he excelled the men whom he copied. Perugino was very much his superior as a colorist; Michael Angelo's sublimity was altogether out of his reach; and even as a draughtsman Raphael was not always perfect. Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, of Ubrino, was himself a painter of respectable attainments. The lecturer described several of Raphael's principal works, and said the amount of pictures he painted during his short life — for he died at the age of thirty-seven — was simply astounding. The art of the men of the post-Raphaelite, though often technically fine, was essentially debased and decaying. Although Ruskin was in the main right in tracing the decay of Italian religious art to the decay of Italian religious faith, it was never

theless a fact that the glorious non-religious art of the Renaissance died out *pari passu* with its glorious religious art. The later painters were no less feeble in treating Pagan than Christian subjects.

## FIGHT BETWEEN A DOG AND A DONKEY.

A SINGULAR encounter between a dog and a donkey has lately occurred at Blackpool, England. A retired gentleman named Waddington owned a fine young donkey and a splendid mastiff. The other day the donkey was grazing in a field, when the dog rushed at it in a ferocious manner and fastened on to its nose. The donkey did not decline the challenge, for it at once shook the dog off, bit it about the head and shoulders, trampled on it and tossed it about. The dog again seized the donkey, and a crowd soon gathered, but all efforts to separate the combatants were of no avail. The dog repeatedly fastened on the donkey's nose, blood flowed profusely from both animals, and at the end of half an hour the owner appeared upon the scene and fresh attempts were made to part them, but without success. After the fight had lasted half an hour, the owner decided to have the dog shot, as it had by that time fastened with a firm hold on the donkey's nose. A gun was procured and the service of a good shot obtained, but so savage was the fight that it was difficult to shoot one animal without killing the other also. At last aim was taken and a bullet put into the dog's head, and it dropped to the ground. When the smoke cleared away the dog was dead, but the donkey had returned to the charge, kicking, biting, and trampling on the dead dog. It was with great difficulty the donkey was at last driven off.

"JOHN, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if the old hen has laid any, she has mislaid them."

## IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees.

Carthy, Mac Carthy, O'Carthy: Irish MacCarthaigh.

Casey: Irish O'Caitheasaidh.

Caulfield: Irish MacCathmhaoil.

Clancy: Irish MacFlannchadh.

Clarke, Cleary, O'Clery: Irish O'Clerigh.

Coffey: Irish O'Cobhthaidh.

Cogan: Irish Mac Cagadhain.

Coghlan: Irish O'Cochlain.

Colin, Collen, Collins, Cullen: Irish O'Coillein

Conolly, O'Connolly: Irish O'Conghaile.

Conor, Connor, O'Conor: Irish O'Conchobhair.

Cooney: Irish O'Cuanaich.

Cowell, Campbell, Caulfield: Irish MacCathmhaoil.

Creagh: Irish O'Craoibh.

Creehan: Irish O'Criochain.

Dallan: Irish O'Dalachain.

Dacy, D'Arcy, Dorcy: Irish O'Dorchaidhe.

Davin, Davine, Devin, Devine: Irish O'Daimhin.

Deegan: Irish O'Duibhginn.

De Fleming, Fleming: Irish O'Fhlaitheamhain.

Devany, Downey, Dooney: Irish O'Duibheamhna.

De Verdon, Verdon: Irish Fhearduinn.

Dillon, Delion, Dillune: Irish O'Dilmhain.

Dinan, Dinehane: Irish O'Dinnehane.

Doan, Downes, Duane, Dwain: Irish O'Dubhain.

Dogherty, O'Dogherty: Irish O'Dochartaigh.

Donegan, Dongan, Dungan: Irish O'Dunagain.

Donnelly: Irish O'Donnghalie.

Donohoe, O'Donohoe: Irish O'Donchada.

Dowdall: Irish O'Dubhdalathe.

Dowling: Irish O'Dunlaing.

Downing: Irish O'Dininin.

Doyne, Dunne: Irish O'Duinn.

Dunbar: Irish O'Duinnbharr.

## A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

### ON RECEIVING A SHAMROCK IN A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Denis Florence MacCarthy, M. R. I. A.

O POSTMAN, speed thy tardy gait,
Go quicker round from door to door!
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss,
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops! he rings! O heaven! what 's this?
A shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen,
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope, thou art,
Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore.

Enchanter, with thy wand of power
Thou mak'st the past be present still, —
The emerald lawn, the lime-leaved bower,
The circling shore, the sunlit hill;
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The shamrock of the Irish shore.

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome,
By Padua's long and lone arcade,
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam,
By Spezzia's fatal waves, that kissed
My poet sailing calmly o'er;
By all, by each, I mourned and missed
The shamrock of the Irish shore.

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof,
Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea;
I saw upon the trellised roof
Outspread the wine that was to be;
A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
I saw the tall magnolia soar;
But there, even there, I longed for thee,
Poor shamrock of the Irish shore.

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,
As lately by the lonely Rance,
At evening, as I watched the sun,
I look, I dream. Can this be France?
Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be,
He seems to love to linger o'er;
But gilds, by a remoter sea,
The shamrock of the Irish shore.

I'm with him in that wholesome clime,
That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod,
Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
Have still a simple faith in God.
Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
The more they 're trod rebound the more,
Like thee, when wet with heaven's own rain,
O shamrock of the Irish shore!

Memorial of my native land,
True emblem of my land and race,
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place;
Thou needest for thyself and seed
Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er;
Transplanted thou 'rt the meerest weed,
O shamrock of the Irish shore!

Here on the tawny fields of France,
Or in the rank, red English clay,
Thou showest a stronger form, perchance,
A bolder front thou mayst display,
More able to resist the scythe
That cut so keen, so sharp before;
But then thou art no more the blithe,
Bright shamrock of the Irish shore.

Ah me! to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredricksburg's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave!
Ah me! to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet, green sap to gore;
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet shamrock of the Irish shore.

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart, what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O shamrock of the Irish shore!

And shall I not return thy love?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
The red rose or the fleur de-lis?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore!

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A HASTY TEMPER. — A hasty temper often leads young men into great mistakes. It frequently causes them to misunderstand an employer's intentions and resent as an insult what was meant only as a just rebuke. In this way a young man sometimes loses a valuable situation, and has to commence the world over again; and, unfortunately, his hasty temper does not permit him to learn wisdom from his experience. On the contrary, it too often leads him again into the mistake, and he is again sent adrift. His temper grows worse and worse, until at last he becomes unbearable and nobody will long keep him in employment. On the other hand, a good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in every one who has his way to make in the world.

# THE EFFECT A GOOD RELIGIOUS EDUCATION HAS ON FAMILIES.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

As the children of to-day are the to-morrow of society, and as the future of these children will be influenced and shaped by their early training, it is a matter of the greatest importance that this training should be a religious one. Who can tell the proud and holy feelings that swell the mother's heart, and the manly joy of the father, when they confide their little ones, for the first time, to the care of the religious teacher? They are confident that the training of their children will be always linked to thoughts of a better life. They are assured that the young minds will soon expand into frequent communings with God; that they will soon learn to invoke the assistance of the sweet Mother of God, whose rosary is daily said in all the classes under the management of religious teachers; and that, in a word, the seeds of virtue will be carefully sown in their young hearts, to bourgeon and blossom bountifully as the years roll by.

Father Faber says that "the colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus, out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life." This is, indeed, true; but to love our blessed Saviour, to pay worthy homage to the Eternal Father, to make our bodies worthy temples of the Holy Ghost, — and when we render ourselves entirely worthy of the Blessed Trinity, theology's greatest enigma is solved, — we must have borne away solid, enduring impressions of an early religious training.

The child whose education has been based on religious influence, will grow up the delight of his father and the joy and pride of his mother, because at school that solemn command of Almighty God, "Honor thy father and thy mother," has all the time been kept prominently before him. As the child is the father of the man, when that child receives a sound moral education; when he has been led step by step through the mazes of the catechism, is prepared scrupulously for months before he is allowed to make his first communion; when he is afterwards well drilled by daily instruction, as he prepares for the sacrament of confirmation, it is no wonder that such a child should arrive at manhood with a cargo of virtue sufficient for the voyage of life. It is no wonder that such children should be the honor and support of their parents, when those parents are approaching the shadow of the tomb

As we have seen, men who have received a good religious education in their youth will prove themselves, no matter what evil influences surround them in their respective callings, worthy of that early training, worthy of the faith handed down to them as the great and glorious heirloom of centuries.

As society without religious education would soon crumble to chaos, so men not living faithfully in accordance with the precepts of religion and virtue, learned when young, would also very soon drift along the broad, very broad way that leads to destruction.

The good effects of an early religious education remain always. The first of benefits is to devote one's life to the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind, the second is to enlighten them. One generation having been enlightened in its own day, will influence the next for good, and thus the sun-rays of morality and virtue and religious education (the

mother of all the virtues) will dispel the dark clouds born of the vulgar spoutings of unlettered ignorance.

To the well-to-do men and women of our race we would say, patronize the schools conducted by religious teachers, where possible. Send your girls to our nuns' schools. All these abodes of learning and virtue are the nurseries of pure and talented womanhood, and are crowded all over the continent by the young ladies of other sects, whose parents and friends have long since learned to esteem our Catholic convents at their true worth. Send your boys to our Catholic colleges, academies, and schools, and their religious training will go hand in hand with a first-class education.

There are in all our cities and many of our towns and villages, parochial schools where religious congregations are found, and principally the good and learned Christian Brothers, who throw open their schools for the reception of the children of our Irish poor; so, under the present existing state of things, there is not the shadow of an excuse for any Catholic parent or guardian foregoing the religious education of his children or of those otherwise intrusted to his care.

It appears that there are 40,000 Protestant pupils attending Catholic schools in the United States, and as many more would attend, if facilities existed in remote and comparatively obscure districts. Thousands of our separated brethren are liberal and manly, and generous enough to concede that the education of our religious schools, based on religious influence and a sound moral example all the time, conduces best to the welfare of their children. This is a nut to crack for many of our Irish friends who patronize the public schools, where religion is ostracized; where the sign of the cross is never made or never mentioned, and where the awful, eternal truths of our holy faith are never brought home to the minds of the dear children "whose angels see their Father's Face," and for whom our blessed Saviour died on Calvary.

Where the religious training of youth is neglected among us, young America, aye, and young Ireland in America, too, soon acquire an unsavory stock of street lore, reeking with blasphemy.

With the founders of the Dublin "Nation," in 1842, we would say to our people, —

"Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory!
Worth and wit, might and mind,
Poet young and patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story."

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## LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

OF THE FIRST HOUSE OF THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN, NEW YORK, FOR THE PROTECTION OF HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN. — INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE NEW BUILDING. — FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

THE corner-stone of the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, New York, was to be laid on Sunday, Dec. 14, last, being the Sunday within the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by very Rev. William Quinn, V. G., at 3 o'clock P. M., but owing to the inclemency of the weather on that day, the ceremony was postponed to the following day.

At 11.30 A. M., on Monday morning, Dec. 15, the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father Quinn deposited the box, which was blessed by His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, on Dec. 8 (the Feast of the Immaculate Conception), in the place prepared for it in the corner-stone. This box, elaborately finished, has two hearts raised on the cover, typical of the Sacred Hearts of our blessed Lord and His Immaculate Mother, under which are placed beautiful photographs of His Holiness Leo XIII. and Cardinal McCloskey. An

ornamented cross separates these, surrounded with the legend: "Blessed by His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1879."

Inside the box are portraits of Pope Leo XIII., the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, Cardinals Manning, Newman, and Howard, of England, and the Archbishop of Baltimore. In addition to these are portraits of the hierarchy of the United States, Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, Canada, Archbishop MacHale of Tuam; the mitred abbots of the United States; the members of Cardinal McCloskey's council; Father Tom Burke, O. P., etc. The name of each prelate, the diocese of each, and the date of consecration, etc., were carefully written on the back of each photograph. A copy of each number of the "Homeless Child," and all the other publications of St. Joseph's Union, and a copy of "Sadlier's Directory," together with coins, medals, crosses, and other religious devices, souvenirs of the year of grace, 1879, were also included. The box, tastefully covered with red silk, bears the inscription, beautifully engrossed on parchment, "*This box was blessed by His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Dec.* 8, 1879, *and deposited in the corner-stone of the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, by the Very Rev. William Quinn, V. G., Sunday, Dec.* 14, 1879."

A larger box, containing copies of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (with the history of St. Vincent's Home, and the origin and growth of St. Joseph's Union), and a copy of each of the principal Catholic monthly and weekly publications of the country, besides a copy of each of the weekly and daily journals of New York City, and several works dealing with current history, was placed in a slab adjoining the corner-stone.

Father Drumgoole regretted that the condition of the building rendered it impossible for him to furnish any special accommodation for the reception or entertainment of friends, therefore no tickets or special invitations were issued. He had cordially invited, through the New York City press, the clergy, the members of St Joseph's Union, and all other friends of the cause of the homeless boy, who could attend without inconvenience, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone.

No collection was to be taken on the occasion, and the proceedings were to be enlivened by the soul-stirring strains of the renowned Gilmore's band, including the famous cornet player, Levy. Mr. Gilmore had kindly furnished a special programme for the day, and the concert was to be under his immediate direction. The expense of this concert would be defrayed by a number of young gentlemen, musicians and members of St. Joseph's Union, as a mark of respect, not only to the members of the Union who would be present, but also to nearly 400,000 members all over the world. The children of the Home were to sing. It was intended to have the ceremonies made as short as possible, so as not to detain the people too long on the streets. The usual elaborate ceremonies were to be postponed until the dedication of the chapel of the new building, when the friends of the institution will be specially invited, and ample accommodation afforded.

A handsome and commodious platform had been erected, with a supply of chairs on hand for the accommodation of the clergy. An awning had been also put up to protect those on the platform, but the pitiless, pelting rain-storm that prevailed throughout the entire day of Sunday, Dec. 14, put an end to everything.

The ceremony on the following day, Dec. 15, took place in the presence of a large concourse of friends and strangers, who had assembled on the

streets adjoining the building. Father Quinn, after depositing the box in the niche prepared for it, and blessing the stone which covered it, said he deeply regretted not being able, on account of the inclemency of the weather on the previous day, to perform his part of the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, as he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting face to face several thousands of the members of St. Joseph's Union, and to congratulate Father Drumgoole and the members upon the wonderful growth and success of the Union. He would like to have an opportunity of pointing out to them the magnificent building they were erecting, without incurring debt. He would wish to invite and encourage all who had not as yet joined the Union to do so, as he considered they could not dispose of twenty-five cents a year for a nobler or a more Christian purpose than to aid in the erection of a home to protect homeless and destitute children, where they would be taught the duties they owe to God and their neighbor, and have infused into their souls a true spirit of honest industry and self-reliance, and be brought up good American citizens, an honor to God and th ir country.

Father Drumgoole deeply regrets that he could not be present to receive his friends, the clergymen, the thousands of members of St. Joseph's Union, and the friends of the cause of the homeless boy, who, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, presented themselves at the building after the postponement had taken place. The fine musical treat, which had been specially prepared by Mr. P. S. Gilmore, had also to be postponed. Mr. Gilmore regretted this, as he intended the concert to be one of the great musical events of the season.

Father Drumgoole will endeavor to make up for the disappointment by having the concert on a future occasion, of which due notice will be given.

The building will be a stately one, and the estimated cost of erection will not fall much short of $160,000. This is apart from the sum of $70,000 (in round numbers), already paid for the site. The external length of the building will be one hundred and twenty feet; width, seventy-eight feet; and the height from sidewalk to top of roof, one hundred and fourteen feet. The basement, already finished, will contain a restaurant, kitchen, spare room, private bath-room, and the entrance for boys.

The first floor will contain publication-rooms, chapel with accommodation for five hundred people, vestry, guest-room, etc.

On the second floor will be apartments, study and class rooms, reading-room and library.

The dormitories will be on the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth floors. Children over four years of age will have separate small rooms, divided by partitions five feet high and ornamented on top. A court reaching from cellar to roof, around which the corridors and principal approaches will be arranged, will run through the centre of the building, varying from thirty-four by fifteen feet at base, to fifty-three by sixteen feet at summit.

On the attic floor will be a laundry and play-rooms for the boys. The stairways will be fire-proof; one will be constructed of brick and slate, the other of iron, with slate steps. The building will be fire-proof in all respects, with iron beams and fire-proof fillings between. Elevators and all modern improvements will be amply provided. The house will be thoroughly ventilated and will also be heated with steam. There will be no connection between the sewers and the interior of the house. The water-closets will be confined to a separate structure, to be erected for that purpose in the open space that will separate the two wings of the house, and will run from the cellar to several feet beyond the top of the building.

The walls will be thoroughly con-

structed of brick and cement; the fronts of Philadelphia brick, and moulded; the basement of blue stone, finely wrought. All mouldings of terra-cotta, and string-courses also; the only stone used above the basement being sills, and lintels of upper windows in Wyoming stone. The roof will be of iron with fire-proof arches between, and slated on the street fronts.

The work is being carried on under the skilful superintendence of the able architect, Mr. L. J. O'Connor, of No. 111 Broadway, N. Y.; by Moran & Armstrong, masons; M. J. Newman, carpenter; A. Schweizer, iron-worker; J. J. Schillenger, fire-proof material; and Hurst & Treanor, blue stone.

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THE Feast of the Immaculate Conception, on Monday, Dec. 8, being the feast *par excellence* of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, was held with the usual splendor at the chapel of the Mission at No. 53 Warren Street, New York. High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. John C. Drumgoole, at 6 o'clock, A. M. The well-trained choir of boys belonging to the Home, as usual, sang most sweetly, and rendered the Mass, composed expressly for the occasion by our brilliant young friend, Mr. Bernard A. Flynn, with ability and effect. Mr. Flynn presided at the organ with his usual good taste. The neat little chapel was beautifully decorated on the occasion. The altar of the Immaculate Conception, with the statue of the Immaculate Mother surmounted with crown and canopy, ablaze with lights and flowers, looked to advantage. The main and side altars were illuminated with countless wax tapers and gas jets, and dowered with all the wealth of floral glory. Over the altars ran the prayer, in letters of gold, "Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us"; whilst on either wall were blue and white shields, on which were printed mottoes culled from the Sacred Writings, bespeaking the virtues and fame of the "Maiden-Mother undefiled." A dozen of the boys of the Home, in new soutanes and surplices, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands, filed into the sanctuary before the beginning of Mass, and served during the Holy Sacrifice.

After the gospel Father Drumgoole preached an eloquent discourse on the feast of the day. He elaborately portrayed the life of the Mother of God from her earliest years until her glorious assumption into heaven, and vividly showed the all-important part she played in the redemption of the world. The good pastor culled the fairest scriptural flowers from the Old and the New Testament, and held his large audience in rapt attention while he gracefully placed his wreath of praise on the brow of the Immaculate Virgin. He reminded his hearers that they were celebrating the silver jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, and pronounced a glowing eulogium on the saintly pontiff, Pius IX., now with Mary in heaven, who had the high honor of proclaiming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to the entire world twenty-five years ago. He told the boys that our present glorious Chief Pastor, Leo XIII., had enriched this feast to-day with the precious privilege of a plenary indulgence, in order to testify his devotion to the Mother of God, to be gained by all who devoutly approach the Sacraments on the Feast or within its octave, with the usual conditions.

All the boys who had already received First Communion approached the Holy Table, together with all the older inmates of the Home. The ceremonies were appropriately brought to a close with the *Te Deum* and Father Faber's peerless hymn on the Immaculate Conception. The boys afterwards partook of an excellent breakfast. A bountiful dinner was provided at noon, when the children were regaled with ice-cream, and the day was enjoyed as one of the "boss" feasts of the praiseworthy Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.

## PARNELL IN AMERICA.

Western Watchman.

WHAT is the purpose of Parnell and the Land League? To create trouble in Ireland. Are we in favor of Parnell and the Land League? We are. We want to see trouble in Ireland. O'Connell called it agitation. Well, that is but another name for the same thing. The Liberator was given to euphemisms. Ireland is a troublesome slave. The worse the slave the better the freedman. There was trouble in the South until slavery was abolished. There will be trouble in Ireland until she is politically disenthralled. While a sick man can give trouble to his attendants there is hope of recovery. The comatose state is to be dreaded. The old way of making trouble is no longer practicable. We are glad Mr. Parnell has invented a brand new article. We fear these young men whom Parnell is to commission will neglect their business and mischief slacken in consequence. The more devilment is fomented in Ireland, the more concession is made in England. So says Gladstone. Is it right to make trouble? Who pretended it was right? Religion has very little to do with a man's conduct after the first knock-down. But the landlords are in Ireland, and how can you get them out? Violence brought them in, and trouble will drive them out. The landlords will have to get out of England, too. So says John Bright. The Irish will yet prove the regenerators of the whole British Empire. Hear him: —

"Will you let me tell you that Ireland was once an independent kingdom; that within the lifetime of many here, it had a parliament; that at this moment, united with Great Britain, it requires about 40,000 men — soldiers and police — to keep the country quiet and to prevent revolution?" And again: "If the Irish landlords oppressed the English as they did their Irish tenants, they would be exterminated!"

Goldwin Smith and John Stuart Mill are of the same opinion. The Catholic Bishop of Sligo says: —

"The tenant is a mere serf, his very existence and that of his family depending, as it does, on the fruits of his labor, is at the mercy of his master. Who will pretend that such a state of oppression is in accordance with the law of nature or the laws of God? Why, it is rather a public, legalized violation of both."

The "Pall Mall Gazette" is getting its eyes open. This is the way it answers the "London Times's" defence of England's policy: —

"It should be borne in mind that this industry has arrived at a mature age in Great Britain after a costly education and a delicately nurtured childhood, while in Ireland its growth has been stunted by nearly three hundred and fifty years of legislative restrictions and prohibitory tariffs. In the thirty-third year of the reign of King Henry VIII., when Ireland was beginning to have a thriving trade in the raw material, an act of Parliament was passed prohibiting its importation into England; and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Irish cloth manufacturers commenced underselling the English manufacturers in the foreign markets, Wentworth, then Lord Deputy, stopped the export from Ireland of wool in form."

The Irish people are thoroughly acquainted with all the eccentricities of England's love for them. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, thinks a compromise can be agreed on. He says: —

"Now let me sum up," he continued, "as I did with the English statesmen, my remedies in brief for the present land troubles and distress in Ireland. First, the landlords must come down about half in their rents. That, I think, cannot be regarded as unreasonable, for, as I assured Sir Stafford Northcote, if such a step be not taken, the entire country will be swamped by American competition. The farmers cannot get the same price as of old for their cattle, owing to the competition, and the cattle form a great factor for the payment of the rents. Second, the laborer will have to work for a lower rate of wages. Third, the laboring class must keep sober. Laborers in this country perform one sixth more work than those in Great Britain and Ireland. You do not seem to understand the reason. Because one working day in the week is devoted to carousals."

Before even this much will be conceded, there will have to be trouble. Oh, yes. We are in favor of Parnell and the Land League.

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THE first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

# IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

T. O'N. RUSSELL.

THE differences in the physical aspect of the South and North, as well as the differences in the manners and customs of the people of both sections of the American Republic, are so great that a trip to the "land of cotton" is, even to a native of New England, like going into a foreign land. The first thing that strikes the Northern traveller in the South is the sparseness of the population. It is so great that it must be actually seen before it can be fully realized. Instead of passing by populous villages every few minutes, as one does when travelling on a Northern railway, hours will elapse while travelling in the South with nothing to be seen but the "forest primeval." With the exception of Western Tennessee and a few other sections, no parts of the South bear any comparison in populousness with even the most thinly settled districts of the Northern States. This immense difference in the populousness of both sections might be supposed to have no political bearing on the past history of America, but there can hardly be a doubt that it was one cause of the late unfortunate war; and not only that, but it was one of the reasons that caused the governing and upper classes in Europe to regard the final triumph of the North as an impossibility. They would consult the map and find that nearly two thirds of the area of the then settled parts of the country were comprised in the Southern States. They would naturally enough conclude that the South was as populous as the North in proportion to its extent; history, if they read it, would tell them that Virginia and Georgia were settled before Pennsylvania and Ohio, and it would therefore seem that the South was much more likely to conquer the North than the North to conquer the South. This kept many of the European nations from expressing sympathy for the North, even supposing they were on the side of freedom and that they detested slavery. The same ignorance of the difference in the populousness of the North and South had also an important effect in this country, for it is certain that the masses at the South were not aware that, for every white soldier they could put in the field, the North could put five. When speaking about the war with Southern soldiers, their ignorance of the population and resources of the North, at the time of the breaking out of hostilities, is almost certain to be mentioned. So much is this fact dwelt on, and so great does the ignorance about it appear to have been, that it seems hardly too much to say that if the masses at the South had been fully aware of it the Rebellion would hardly have taken place.

The Northern tourist who goes South in pursuit of the picturesque will in most instances be sadly disappointed. With the exception of East Tennessee, West Virginia, and parts of North Carolina, nothing can be more dreary and featureless than the general aspect of the country. Monotonous as the great prairies of the West undoubtedly are, there is still something sublime in their immensity; and in summer, when covered with luxuriant grass and brilliant flowers, they become absolutely beautiful; but most parts of the South seem stamped with an everlasting ugliness that no change of season can either banish or modify; its swamps are simply hideous, and even its uplands are unpicturesque. The best settled parts of the country are neither extensive enough in area nor well enough cultivated to enliven or vary the general aspect of the scenery. No doubt but the cotton plant is a very beautiful one, with its white and purple flowers; unfortu-

nately, however, the flowers are never all in bloom at the same time. Besides the cotton-fields are neither cultivated nor fenced in the neat manner that a Northern farmer generally performs his work. The beauty of a cotton plantation vanishes when dead trees are hardly less numerous in it than the cotton plants themselves; for it is too much the fashion at the South merely to girdle the forest trees instead of cutting them down, and to plant the cotton amongst them.

Another thing that strikes the stranger very forcibly in the South is the general frail and unsubstantial appearance of the planters' houses. They don't want solid buildings, for the good reason that their climate is so generally fine. But it must be confessed that the general absence of the trim, beautiful homes of the North makes the stranger almost wish that Nature had been less generous in her gift of a magnificent climate. In this, at least, the South has a substantial advantage over the North, — an advantage not counterbalanced either by fertile soil or beautiful scenery. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the climate in those States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. Even in the middle of summer it is not at all so hot as one would suppose. In fact, it is hardly ever so hot in the extreme South as one sometimes finds it in New York or Boston. The heat is greater at the South than in the North, simply from the fact that it lasts longer. All through the winter and early spring the climate of the Gulf States is delightful; and the tamest prospect looks well when the skies are bright and the air balmy.

But something more important than the scenery or climate are the social aspect and the political position of the South. In it is now being worked out a social problem of more importance to America than any other matters whatsoever; this is the experiment of the white and black races living side by side, in about equal numbers and with the same political privileges. There seems at present every likelihood that it will succeed, and that the South will be before long, if not as populous, at least as happy and as contented as the North. If the black man is not quite such an angel as some of the Republican party say he is, we must not despair; if he is thriftless and shiftless, and he is both, he may, nevertheless, improve. He is in fact improving fast. The change that has come over the negro in ten years is something astonishing: ten years ago he thought of little else than politics, and a seat in the legislature of his State; it was hard to get him to work at all, and still harder to get him to work steadily. He has seen the folly of his ways, and may be said to have turned over a new leaf. He no longer bothers himself about politics, but goes on working steadily and faithfully. This statement is true in the main; the fact that there are some negroes still idle and turbulent does not alter its general correctness. There is hardly a Southern planter of position who will not agree with it. If it had not been for the "carpet-baggers," there could hardly have been any trouble with the negro. It is a grievous mistake to think that, as a rule, his former masters would have ill-used him. There has been great wrong done the Southern planters by such works as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Let not the reader suppose for a moment that the writer of this article wants to say ever so light a word in extenuation of slavery. He regards it in its every phase as an accursed thing, — a blasphemy alike against God, Christianity, and man; but truth should be told about it. This is what Mrs. Stowe has *not* done. Such men as Simon Legree were possible under the institution of slavery, but they were possible about in the same way that men with six fingers and six toes are possible. No man but a fool would abuse his slave, just as no man but a fool would abuse his

horse. The evil that Mrs. Stowe's book has done is that it led its readers to believe that every second planter in the South was a Simon Legree, who took delight in whipping, cuffing, kicking, and starving his slaves. This I unhesitatingly put down as an atrocious lie. In the vast majority of cases the relations between masters and slaves were kindly in the extreme. The falseness of Mrs. Stowe's book was fully proved during the Rebellion of the Southern States For fully three years, nine tenths of the white women and children of the South were completely at the mercy of the negroes. All the white men were in the army, and there was nothing to hinder the negroes from rising up and butchering hundreds of thousands of white women and children. What are the facts? That in *no instance* during the war did the slaves attempt violence against the women and children committed to their charge! What was the reason for this exemplary conduct on the part of the blacks? It was simply because they had been well treated in general. Granting for argument's sake that the negro is as nearly as possible like what the most rabid radical claims him to be, that is to say, a sort of dusky angel to whom nothing is lacking but wings, yet even angels would not have remained quiet under such circumstances, but would have risen against the children of a Simon Legree, if characters like him had been common in the South previous to the abolition of slavery.

The brightest feature of the Southern character, and the one that augurs best for the future prosperity and happiness of the South, is the unflinching manner in which its people have accepted the present state of things. They did n't sulk or growl as might have been reasonably supposed they would, but went to work with a hearty will to build up their ruined fortunes and recultivate their desolated fields. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, has a vanquished people forgotten so soon their misfortunes and defeats. One might travel from almost one end of the South to the other, and never hear a sigh over the extinction of slavery. There are here and there a few "sore heads" to be met with, but they are so few as to be utterly without influence. If by some extraordinary course of events, the institution of slavery was sought to be given back to the South, nineteen twentieths of its white population would protest against it. Secession is as dead as slavery at the South; not a "corporal's guard" of its whole population would cast their votes to go out of the Union. If it were possible for anything to be deader than a door-nail, that thing is secession. No political circumstances or changes possible to conceive could galvanize it even for a moment into the semblance of life.

There is an idea prevalent at the North that travelling in the South is something like going amongst the worst tribe of Indians when on the war-path, and that every white Southern citizen goes about armed with bowie-knife and revolver, and that he will use them on the least provocation. This is a great error. It would hardly be too much to say that life and property are to-day as safe in Georgia as in Massachusetts. The rowdy parts of the South are the border States. Missouri and Kentucky are the worst places in America outside of Texas; and the cause is to be attributed to the fact of the population of these States having been during the war about equally divided between Unionists and Secessionists. Feuds that originated during the war are not settled yet; in fact, the border States are about the only places south of the Ohio where any remnants of the bitterness caused by the war are yet to be found.

The Irish element is strong in some parts of the South, but not nearly so much so as in the North. There are probably more of the Irish race in

York State alone than in the whole country south of the Ohio River. As a class, they stand much higher than they do in the North, and are, in proportion to their numbers, in much better circumstances. There are more Irish merchants in Charleston, Mobile, Memphis, Montgomery, Macon, and Atlanta than in any Northern towns of the same size; and they are regarded in a much more favorable and less jealous light than at the North. With the exception of at Louisville, Kentucky, Know-Nothingism was unknown in the South, and at present there is no part of the country in which, as a rule, Irishmen are more respected.

The general courtesy of Southerners to strangers is proverbial. A man of business is generally treated with great courtesy, and Northern "drummers," who are so often snubbed in their own country, are astonished at the civility of the Southern merchants. Whether they want to purchase or not, they are almost invariably civil. This courteous deportment is also very noticeable in the retail stores. In New York or Boston, shopmen often seem to think it a bore to wait on a customer, and leave one under the impression that they think curtness and snappishness are due to customers instead of civility and courtesy; but it is quite different in the South; nothing can exceed the attention paid even to the humblest and poorest customer, and if he buys only five cents' worth, he will, as a rule, be as punctiliously attended as if his bill amounted to thousands of dollars.

That there is a bright future before the South can hardly be doubted. In making war on the Union they committed the greatest political crime in history; but their case was peculiar; they were goaded to desperation by the Northern press, but most of all by the Northern pulpit. If it had not been for Northern preachers, the probabilities are that the war of secession would never have taken place Pulpit oratory, backed by an unscrupulous and unprincipled press, kept up an unending warfare in both sections, and so excited both abolitionists and slave-holders that legislation was impossible, because men could not approach the question of slavery in calmness: if they could, war would most certainly have been prevented. But it is past; the South has been conquered. She has accepted the situation with a frankness and sincerity beyond all praise, and her sons have manfully girt their loins to build up their fortunes anew; they have given proof that they know they did wrong, and the true patriots, North and South, should do their best to forget that there ever was a War of Secession.

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## INCREASE OF CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Red Indian Catholics. — According to the report of the Bureau of Indian Affairs for 1875 the whole number of Indians under the government of the United States is about 279,333, and it is estimated, on good authority, that of these 106,000 are Catholics.

French Catholics in America. — In 1775 an accession to the Church came through the expulsion by the Puritans of Massachusetts of a colony of French Catholics from Acadia, on the Bay of Fundy. In spite of the solemn engagements of the capitulation that they should not be disturbed, they were driven from their peaceful homes, and about 7,000 were scattered among the British Colonies. These are the Acadians whose sad tale has been told by Longfellow in the beautiful poem of "Evangeline."

Irish Catholics in America. — The number of immigrants from Ireland who arrived at the port of New York during the thirty years ending in 1876 was 2,001,727.

German Catholics in America. — According to the latest and most accurate computation of German Catholics in the United States, they number 1,237,563 souls.

## ANCESTRY OF COUNT EDWARD TAAFFE.

*Continued from page 230.*

gust, 1704. The title became extinct on the death of Francis's nephew, Theobald, the fourth Earl.

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Nicholas Taaffe, Viscount, cousin of preceding, was born in Ireland in 1677. He became a Field-Marshal in the imperial service, was Chamberlain to the Emperor Charles VI. and his successor, and fought with distinguished bravery during the war against the Turk in 1738. Late in life he took a prominent part in the agitation for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland, and in 1766 published "Observations on Affairs in Ireland from the Settlement in 1691 to the Present Time." Mr. Wyse, in his "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Assocation," speaks of him as "the German statesman and general, the Irish sufferer and patriot," and eulogizes "his unchanging attachment to an unfortunate country . . . [at a time when] the clergy stood altogether aloof from the people. . . . His perfect simplicity of purpose, his calm and mild wisdom, his untiring zeal for the depressed caste with which his name and birth, much more than his connections and property, had associated him, would add a lustre to . . . any country. . . . No views of leadership mingled with his zeal . . . His rank in the imperial court gave him access to the first circles in Great Britain. Bred in camps and educated in Germany, he impressed on senators and courtiers the impolicy and injustice of the penal code, with the bluntness of a soldier and the honesty of a German. His efforts had no small weight in softening the rigor of persecution. . . . His ardent zeal in the cause of his oppressed countrymen procured him a preponderating influence in the councils of the Catholics; that influence was exerted in the great purposes, during a long life, of promoting union, extinguishing dissension, and rousing to exertion." He died at his seat of Klishau, in Bohemia, Dec. 30, 1769, aged 92. [His descendant, the eleventh Viscount Taaffe, is an Austrian count, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, and now Prime Minister, whose portrait we give.]

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## WOMEN EYING WOMEN.

The eying of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted will eye another who she thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere, — at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman, and what she has on, from top knot to shoe-tie? Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, at least not epicine. But women of sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature will thus endeavor to assert superiority upon the meanest of all pretences and inflict a wound in a manner most cowardly, because it cannot be resented and admits of no retort. If they but knew how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous-hearted man who observes their manœuvres, they would give up a triumph at once mean and cruel which is obtained at any sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eying is needed that a woman, whatever be her birth and breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

## POPERY AND POPLIN.

The Catholic Union, Buffalo, N. Y.

TIMES are sadly changed among the "clergy of the church of Ireland." When we gaze upon the apron-bedecked archiepiscopal paunch, we note a touching alteration in its erst well-rounded outlines, the shapely gaitered calves have "gone out to grass," and the richly tinted hues of the pimply port-wine nose, which it had taken dozens of crusted '48 to color, alas! has faded to a nondescript and plebeian yellow. The necessary pelf requisite to support these well-known ornaments of the "church of Ireland" are no longer to be wrung from the sweat of the peasant's brow.

The "Protestant Archbishop of Dublin" has spoken. His Grace remarked that, "thanks to Mr. Gladstone and others, the clergy of the church of Ireland were in anything but affluent circumstances, and for the present the deputation could not expect much of an increase in the demand for dresses for their families. He did not know that he could take any steps as to the demand for dresses for their families. He did not know that he could take any steps as to the desirability of the clergy using poplin in their gowns and other articles of their dress; if he did so, it would probably be considered an undue interference on his part, but he would take every opportunity of using it in his own family."

What calm and heroic resignation to the force of circumstances! Note the simple pathos of his lordship's words. The clergy are not in "affluent circumstances"; a cruel and perverse generation will no longer afford them the beeves and fatlings of the flock, that they had enjoyed for three long, luscious centuries. The "dresses of their families" are henceforth to be limited. The lady rectoress in silk and velvet may no longer loll back in her carriage, and cast contemptuous glances at the barefooted colleen, trudging painfully over the hard flints. Horror of horrors, the archbishopess is threatened with a poplin gown! We fear his lordship's lines will not be cast in pleasant places when her Reverence reads this; we have an idea that his gray hairs will be brought down in sorrow, ay, in handfuls to the floor. What sort of an appearance will she make leading off the first dance at the country ball, with the lord lieutenant as a partner, in a poplin gown! Shades of noble departed bishopesses, behold not the degradation of your luckless descendant! The day perchance is not far distant when those imposing lawn sleeves will also be replaced by the less aristocratic poplin.

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NEXT to the names of Bismarck and that of his imperial master, no Prussian cognomen was more familiarly unpopular in this island of late years than Dr. Falk's. The author of "The May Laws" had the temerity to range himself against his former ally, the chancellor, at the recent elections, and his fate was like that of the bull who attempted to obstruct the steam-engine. He was completely turned over, and must fail forevermore to come up to time. Dr. Falk wrote a letter to the electors calling upon them to make a stand against "the reactionary policy of Prince Bismarck." With what result let us observe. The chancellor musters a clear hundred of a majority. Conservatives, and as they are called "Ultramontanes," number together two hundred and sixty-one, and the residue of the Prussian Chamber amounts only to one hundred and seventy-two. So that Bismarck is first, and Falk nowhere. There is a decided difference between liberality in politics in these countries and a continental liberalism. Therefore we heartily rejoice at the victory of the Prussian conservative party over men whose "liberalism" or liberality consists in the imposition of their own religious, or rather non-religious, as well as political tenets on all. The Prussian "Liberals" have lost one hundred and ten votes, including that of Herr Lasker, their old leader; and nearly half the House is composed of new men who never had a representative seat before, — these *novi homines* counting up to as many as two hundred and three. — *London Universe.*

# IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

## THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASSWORDS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE CEREMONIES AND OATHS OF FREEMASONRY, — *continued.*

### SECRET MONITOR, OR TRADING DEGREE.

I PASS over several intermediate degrees, and select this as disclosing a portion of the masonic system. I would recommend it to the attention of those who occasionally have some little pecuniary interest in the decisions of bankruptcy courts, or the verdicts of juries, in getting good bargains, or in securing to themselves conscientious foremen and shopmen. It may also interest the shop-loving portion of our citizens, which persecuted fathers and husbands sometimes find painfully large.

This degree cannot legally be conferred on any but Worthy Master Masons. A brother of this degree, who has committed the oath to memory, has a right to confer it upon a Master Mason, in a lodge or private house; or even, in some cases, it is conferred out of doors, providing there is no danger of being discovered by *cowans*, and that he has a Bible to administer the oath upon. (This may account for the miscellaneous pepper-casting of Bibles in hotels, railway stations, and public offices.)

The candidate lays his hand upon the book, and takes the following oath: —

"I, ——, in the presence of Almighty God and this witness, do hereby solemnly swear, in addition to my formor obligations (which are no light load already), that I will not confer this degree of Secret Monitor, or Trading Degree, on any person in the known world, except a Worthy Master Mason. I swear that I will caution a Brother Secret Monitor by sign, word, or token, whenever I see him doing, or about to do anything contrary to the true principles of masonry. I swear that when I am so cautioned by a Brother Secret Monitor, I will pause and reflect on the course I am pursuing" (especially if warned by a licensed "Sartor Resartus" Brother schooled in the Philosopy of Clothes. — See Carlyle).

"I swear that I will assist a Brother Secret Monitor, in preference to any other person, by introducing him to business, by sending him custom, or in other manner, in which I can put a penny in his way (especially in the shape of tenders for public money). I swear that I will immediately commit this oath to memory. To all of which I most solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my heart thrust through with the arrow of an enemy, and to be without friends in the hour of trouble. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in this my solemn oath and obligation of a Secret Monitor." Kisses the Bible (There is a difference between the kiss of a traitor and the kiss of a disciple.)

The signs and also the passwords and tokens of this degree are of two kinds, Negative (of warning — not to proceed) and Affirmative (of encouragement — to proceed). The Negative sign is made by exhibiting two fingers. It is given when a brother is doing, or about to do, anything contrary to his interest in buying or selling, etc., etc. It means *desist*. The brother who receives such a sign is bound by his oath to pause and reflect.

The sign of approbation is given by holding up one finger. It is given as a signal, when it is to the advantage of a brother to *proceed*.

Masonic grips are given and received in the same admonishing manner. The Negative grip is given by pressing the palm of the hand with two fingers. It means *desist*. The Affirmative grip is given by pressing the palm with one finger. It meane *proceed*.

Passwords of caution are likewise used. If a brother is doing, or about to do anything contrary to his interests in buying or selling, the password is, "You had better buy two; two is better than one." This means *desist*. "One is as good as two," means proceed. He will understand, and proceed accordingly.

Thus masons can caution one another by sign, token, or word, when doing, or about to do, anything contrary to the principles of masonry or their own interest; and he so cautioned is bound by oath to pause and reflect before he goes further, under the pen-

alty of having the arrow of an enemy thrust through his heart.

This degree is much in use in the trading part of the masonic body. (The masons ought to teach these signs to their wives when they go shopping.)

The brother mason who bought the ground for poorhouse sheds to the advantage of the South Dublin rate-payers, must have received the sign to *proceed*. His brother masons seem very much to approve of his bargain for the public. As also of the purchaser of the mysterious carpet for the Masonic Pauper Master of the South Dublin Union.

And certainly the Local Board Commissioners gave the masonic password to *proceed* in their decision the other day, namely, that the masonic deficit in the stock should not be inquired into but be put to the debit side of the Dublin rate-payers.

### The Degree of Philosophical Knight Kadosh Holy and Perfect, or Knight of the Black and White Eagle — 30th Degree.

A freemason is said to be perfect when he has been *raised* to this degree. Fearing to be wearisome I have omitted several degrees, among the rest the degree of Rose Croix Knight, Rosicrucian, Eagle or Pelican Degree, Eighteenth in the Ancient Scotch rite, the irreligious character of which caused Frederick, Prince of Orange, the second son of William I., King of the Netherlands, to resign the position of National Grand Master. "I am a Christian," he said, "and will ever remain one. How could I read the story of thy life, Divine Jesus, and call it the Legend of the Rosicrucian?" The degree of Vengeance, the Elect of Nine, I likewise omit. The First Cry of Vengeance, says the "Italian Ritual," is heard in the council of the Elect (ninth, tenth, and eleventh Degrees or Grades), it is repeated in the twenty-ninth grade, and re-echoed in the *thirtieth*. The true Knight Kadosh (says the introduction to the Ritual, written by Angherá, the Neapolitan Grand Master, p. 96) comprises in himself the most sublime philosophy. All the degrees above the Rose Croix obtain the appellation of philosophical. As this eminent and sublime grade, in the Ritual ceremony of its initiation, discloses the opening of the Grand Masonic Drama, it is therefore easy to understand that the aspirant brother never can be admitted into it until he has given the most positive proofs of suitable ability, and devoted attachment to the craft. It is therefore beyond all doubt that this last Sanctuary of Wisdom should be opened to brother masons well tried and above all suspicion. The other intermediate degrees, from the third to the thirtieth, are to be considered only as forming an outer sanctuary, where true brothers mix, to know and understand one another, whilst preparing and training themselves for this coming degree, the Omega of masonry.

A Cavalier Kadosh should be ready to execute all that is commanded him for the benefit of his brother of the human family, and the triumph of good. When a Cavalier Kadosh is asked his masonic age, according to custom, he answers: "I count no longer." The Cavalier Kadosh carries no longer the apron of labor, because labor for him is finished. (Reader, remember that Knight Kadosh in masonry is perfect, and therefore requires no further training in the masonic lodges, called workshops, or preparation chambers.) In this preface, l'Angherá the Neapolitan Grand Master, says, "The Thirtieth Degree of Kadosh is the *dénouement*, or the positive revelation of the Great Masonic Drama Only masons of tried capacity and devoted adherence or attachment are allowed to enter it, and the other grades form but an outer sanctuary: this thirtieth is the intimate sanctuary, and all the previous grades are only preparatory for this" Hence the reader will understand that what he reads in the

description of this degree is not figurative and symbolic, but real and practical. Were it the symbolical or figurative why should such precaution be necessary?

In the legend of this sublime degree the tragic death Jacques de Molay, or Molé, the Grand Master of the Templars, is tacitly alluded to. The principal actors are King Philip the Beautiful, Pope Clement, and the false Noffodei. Masonry selects this legend, to teach its members that the grand and noble aim of freemasonry is to emancipate the great human family from the double despotism that oppresses and tyrannizes over it.

The dress of the Cavalier Kadosh is a white tunic, open at the side like a dalmatic, and embroidered in black. Around the tunic is worn a black cincture, with silver fringe at each extremity; from this cincture hangs a dagger with a handle, one side of which is gold, and the other ebony.

A hat is worn, upon the leaf of which there is a silver sun and rays of gold. Upon the sun is painted or embroidered an eye. The sun is placed between two initial letters N.·. A.·. (Nekam Adonai, which means Vengeance, O Lord!)

One of the jewels is a Teutonic cross, embroidered in red, which is attatched to a red ribbon, upon the breast, towards the left side. The second jewel is a double headed eagle, which clutches in its talons a dagger. His wings are spread, his beak and talons are gold or gilt. This jewel is hung from the neck by a red ribbon.

He who wishes to be admitted into the degree of Cavalier Kadosh, that is, into the Thirtieth Degree, is of course a mason of an inferior degree, and is ordinarily of the Eighteenth Degree, because, in masonry, it is usual to be promoted from the Eighteenth, Rosicrucian, to the Twenty-ninth Degree in one step (salto), called *communication*. Whilst all the Cavaliers Kadosh assemble, and dress themselves in their white tunics and hats and jewels, and other masonic gewgaws, to give solemnity to the great occasion, a Cavalier Kadosh is delegated to communicate to the candidate the intermediate grades from the Eighteenth to the Twenty-ninth. This Twenty-ninth Degree is called the Scotch Grand Degree of St. Andrew of Scotland, or the Great Patriarch of the Crusade, also called the Cavalier Knight of the Sun, or the Grand Master of Light. Because as the Ritual says, the Cavalier Kadosh ought to know how to square and compass even the sun.

The Ritual gives the following account of the manner in which the Knights Kadosh open their lodge: —

The opening of the lodge business of Knights Kadosh always takes place in the Fourth Chamber, called the Sovereign Council of the Grand Elect Knights Kadosh.

The Most Powerful Grand Master raps with the handle of his sword. The two Lieutenants do the same; then the First Lieutenant commands the Captain of the Guards to secure the lodge externally against all *cowans* and eavesdroppers. The Captain having done so, the First Lieutenant announces to the Commander that the lodge is externally secured. The Grand Master then demands of the First Lieutenant the nature of his second duty. He answers to assure himself "that all present are Knights Kadosh, and members of the Sovereign Council." Then the Grand Commander addresses all: Illustrious and perfect brothers, the First and Second Lieutenants wish to assure themselves that you are Knights Kadosh; and, therefore, will go through the benches. Knights, rise, and stand to order!"

At the command of the Grand Master all the Knights rise, and put their left hands on the handles of their swords, and their right hands open, and extended on their hearts (if they have any). Each Lieutenant, passing through the benches of his respective side, demands of each brother, "Art thou a Kadosh?" Each Knight answers, "I am." Both then make the

sign of Kadosh. The Lieutenant says, "Nekam!" (Vengeance), and the Knight answers, "Makah!" (Death). The two Lieutenants continue till they come to the Grand Master, to whom each of them puts the same question as they have put to each of the Cavaliers, and then they return to their own places. Arrived there, the Second Lieutenant says to the First, "First Lieutenant, all the Cavaliers on my side are Knights Kadosh." The First Lieutenant, turning to the Grand Master, says, "Most Powerful Grand Master, all the Knights present on each side are Knights Kadosh." The Commander says, "Illustrious and Perfect Knight First Lieutenant, at what hour is it customary to open our labors?" *L.* — "At the first hour of night." *C.* — "Why?" *L.* — "Because it is the most propitious time to meditate, plan, and act." *C.* — "What is our end?" *L.* — "Nekam! (Vengeance) Makah! (Death.)" *C.* — "What signify those two words?" *L.* — "That it is the duty of the Knight Kadosh to discover all the murders that have been committed to injury of the friends of political and religious liberty by the satellites of despotism, and to revenge the victims of tyranny." (How would the masonic landlords approve the initiation of their Tipperary tenants into this degree?) "To close, unite, and band together in one common cause, to end once and forever with all the despots of the human race; in a word, to establish civil and religious liberty, where it does not exist, and to defend it wherever established, with arms in our hands, if necessary." *C.* — "Be it so! Hence, more safely to secure this point, the night offers us her darkness. We wish, Illustrious and Perfect Brothers, First and Second Lieutenants, to admonish the Knights of your respective valleys (benches) that I am going to open the secret labors of our Grand Council."

The two Lieutenants announce, one after the other, the intention of the Grand Master, who says, "Knights, rise, and stand to order!" Afterwards he opens the labors by saying, in a grave and solemn tone, "In the name and to the glory of the Great Architect of the universe, and under the auspices of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree of our Grand Order, and in virtue of the powers confided to me by this Grand Council of Kadosh, the labors are opened by me, Brother Knights." Then all the Knights make the sign of the degree, and when they have raised the dagger to the height of their shoulder, each one says, "Nekam!" (Vengeance). Then having sheathed their daggers, they range themselves in order, and beat with the palms of their hands the Grand Salute (like the Kentish fire of the Orangemen). The Grand Master says, "Nekam! (Vengeance), Makah! (Death)." The Knights reply, "Bealim" (to traitors). All say "Adonai!" (O Lord.) After this all raise their eyes to heaven, and their hands to the height of their heads, and each Knight says, "Spes mea in Deo est." (My hope is in God.) Then all seat themselves in their places.

I may here quote a passage from the Official Review of Masonry August 1, 1874, in which, at page eight, the director, Ulisse Bacci, who is a Knight Kadosh, defiantly publishes and declares that "all know now that the invocation of the Great Architect of the universe does not mean the affirmation of a religious principle To this form, by universal consent, there is annexed no exclusive signification, much less any religious conception It is a form suited to all tastes, *even to those of an Atheist.*" And these are the men who, with eyes raised to heaven, say, "Spes mea in Deo est." (My hope is in God.) Hypocrites and actors! deserving only the contempt of every honest and religious-minded man.

Then is commenced the lodge business, — to plan the liberation of the human race from all civil and religious despotism. The Orangemen must all

be full of the spirit of the Knights Kadosh, to judge from the speech of their Masonic Orange Grand Master, delivered in the Rotundo on the 12th of last July. "They wished," he said, "to live in peace and harmony with their Roman Catholic countrymen, but at the same time they could not have peace with Rome till Rome made peace with God (*Applause and stamping of feet.*) Let them never forget that. They would be doing them all the good they could by their utmost endeavor to free them, and to convince them that they were surrounded and shackled by opinions, injurious alike to the souls as to the bodies of men. (*Applause.*) They welcomed liberty for all men, and they claimed liberty for all men, holding opinions based upon God's own word. (*Applause.*)" Bravo! Freemason Caldbeck, Orange Grand Master of Dublin! Is he not a perfect specimen of a Knight Kadosh, whether he presides over an Orange meeting, or in the North Dublin Union, when there is question of Catholic children or freemason officials.

The lodge business being finished the candidate is, according to the Ritual, received as follows: —

When (says the Italian Ritual) a candidate is to be received, the function commences from the first apartment, where officiate the Grand Master, the two Lieutenants, the Captain of the Guards, and the brother conducting the candidate. As soon as the Brother Conductor has given at the door the knocks of the grade, the Captain of the Guards says from his watch-hole, "Who art thou, and what dost thou wish!" The Brother Conductor answers, "He," pointing at the candidate, "is a Grand Knight of St. Andrew of Scotland, who, with the authority of the Grand Council, presents himself here that his courage may be proved." The Captain of the Guards demands the password. Here both the Captain of the Guards and the Brother Conductor give the sign of the grade, and the latter whispers the password, "Kyrie," to which the Captain answers, "Pass." The candidate is led into the first chamber, which is fitted up as a sepulchre, or death-chamber, and is lighted by a solitary triangular lamp, suspended from the ceiling. A catafalque, covered with black, stands in the centre of the apartment, on which rests an open coffin or cenotaph. A Knight Kadosh, wrapped in a white cloak and with his face covered, lies within it, feigning death. Along the edge of the catafalque, at the foot of the coffin, three skulls are ranged; the centre skull is crowned with laurels, and represents the masonic martyr, Jacques de Molay, that to the left is crowned with the papal tiara, the third bears the diadem of royalty. Brother Conductor places the candidate in front of the cenotaph, admonishing him that, after he has seriously meditated upon the surrounding objects, he should answer all the questions put to him by one and the same answer, — "I desire to advance." This being said the Brother Conductor leaves the room. Scarcely has he left when First Lieutenant steals unobserved behind the cenotaph, and demands of the candidate, in a grave and mysterious tone, "What motive has conducted you to this habitation of the dead, and what do you wish?" Candidate: "I desire to advance" "You ask a thing that is perhaps above your strength. Are you sincere in your request?" "I desire to advance." "You will hear things that will make you tremble with fear. Is your soul freed from all prejudice?" (That is, constitutional or religious.) "I desire to advance." "If such be your firm resolution, hear and remember."

Then the Grand Master says, in a tone of authority, to the candidate, "Contemplate these objects which present themselves to your view on all sides. They speak to you profound mysteries. You ought not to be ignorant that all here is symbolical, nevertheless these symbols were, at one time, and *even now are*, in some

"HATRED AND DEATH TO RELIGIOUS AND CIVIL DESPOTISM."

places, symbols of terrible truth. At every time and in every place there were men wise, upright, and honest, who had respect for the liberties of the normal state of society: but what has been the fate, for the greater part, of those virtuous men who, at different epochs of history, ancient as well as modern, came forward as the friends of civil liberty and religious tolerance? Almost all of them have been victims to the love they bore their brothers of the human family. Wellnigh all have been objects of the persecution of the powerful of the earth, who maintain their greatness through the ignorance and the prejudice of the people and the masses. The great principles of a sound and enlightened philosophy of progress ought to be proclaimed by public opinion; and this is one of the most powerful reasons why our ancient initiated have always celebrated secretly the mysteries of freemasonry. Our end in thus presenting to your view the symbols of religious intolerance and civil persecution is to make you comprehend that inasmuch as we know how to honor and glorify the men who fell victims and martyrs to intolerance and persecution, so, on the other hand, we curse and execrate the tyrants and despots who are the instruments of this intolerance and persecution. We will likewise give you to understand that, in leaving this place, you are bound to put in operation all the means (all, without exception) that are in your power to combat, and to secure for yourself and your brothers of the human family civil and religious liberty. Now are you determined to advance further?"

The candidate answers once more, "I desire to advance."

The Grand Master approaches him, and says, "Up to this time the theory only of our doctrines has been revealed to you. The time of action has now come. Follow me."

The Grand Master then guides the candidate in front of the skull, crowned with laurels, and commands him to repeat with him, "*Honor and Glory to persecuted innocence! Honor and Glory to virtue sacrificed to vice and ambition!*" Then he shows him the skull crowned with the tiara, and places in his hand a dagger, directing him to pierce the tiara to the skull, crying out with him, "*Hatred and Death to Religious Despotism!*" Finally, he shows him the skull, crowned with the regal diadem, and commands him to stab it, and cry out with him, "*Hatred and Death to Civil Despotism!*"

The candidate having obeyed, the Grand Master invites him to take the oath of a Knight Kadosh: "In presence of the Great Architect of the Universe, and in presence of these emblems of political and religious despotism, I, ——, do solemnly swear to combat as far as in my power lies. political tyranny and religious intolerance. So help me God!"

The candidate is led through a second apartment. hung with white; then the third, hung with blue. Finally, he comes to the fourth apartment, which takes the title of the Senate. It is hung with *red*, and lighted by twelve large yellow candles. To the east is a pavilion. Upon the pavilion a transparency, upon which is figured a double-headed eagle, crowned, its wings spread, and holding in its talons a dagger. Upon the breast of the eagle is a triangle, with the words, "Nec proditor. nec proditor, innocens feret." The officer who sits enthroned in this pavilion represents Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Here, in presence of the Grand Council, the Knight Kadosh repeats in public what he has performed in private. He once more stabs the skull crowned with the tiara and then that with the regal diadem. And doing so he proves himself a Knight Kadosh, a perfect mason, by repeating the words, "Death to Religious Despotism! Death to Political Tyranny!"

(Monsieur R.·., a living member of the French Academy, when perform-

ing this part of the ceremony, struck down the papal tiara with such vigorous hatred, that the poignard broke and wounded his hand, which he carried bandaged for some time.)

I now ask if judges who swear such oaths, and, dagger in hand, stab the papal tiara of the Catholic and the regal crown of the loyalist, are worthy of the confidence of the people of Ireland? And yet we find the names of two Irish judges in the annexed list of members of this degree. Are they who swear such oaths deserving of a living out of the public taxes of the people? And yet we find likewise the name of the city analyst. Is a man who swears such oaths, and thus insults the emblems of religion and royalty, a fit and proper person to be nominated by the people-elected corporation of Dublin as the high sheriff of a city of two hundred thousand Catholics? And yet we find in it such a name. Lastly, I ask, if a man who is a member of such a diabolical degree is the only man that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland could select to be his deputy as Grand Master of the Irish Masons, and as their official representative at the inauguration of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the English Freemasons? Let the Irish people answer.

Freemasonry is only a benevolent society; but, I ask, what has such a fearful oath and the dagger-stabbing of tiara and crown, and the password cry of "Vengeance" and "Death," to do with the relieving of widows and orphans, when without "injury to self or family"?

PHILOSOPHICAL MASONS KNIGHTS KADOSH, THIRTIETH DEGREE. †

Adams, Major Henry B., 31°
Allen, William, 32°
*Armstrong, Edward J., 33°
Balfour, Lowry V. T., 31°
Banks, John Thomas.
Barker, Henry Oliver, LL. D.
Black, William F.
*Borough, Sir Edward, R. Bt., 33°
Browne, Andrew, 31°
*Burdett, Lt. Col. Fras., 32°
*Burgh, Henry D., 32°
Bushe Arthur, 33°
Cameron, Charles A., 31 F.
*Carleton, Edward C., 31°, Scot.
Chatterton, George, 33°
Chatterton, Rt. Hon. H. E., 32
Close, Maxwell C., 33°
Coghill, Sir J. Jocelyn, Bart.
Cooper Anderson, 31°
Cusack, Sir Ralph, 32°
DeArcy, George Norman
Featherstonhaugh, Wm., 32°
Goddard, John H.
Hamerton, John Taylor.
Hill, John.
Hornsby, Edward, 32°
Hort, Major-Gen. John J., 31°
*Hort, Sir J. William, Br. 33°
Howard, Col. St. George.
Huband, George, 31°
Hon. Member, — Right Hon. John Fitzhenry Townshend, 33°
Johnston, George, 32°
Johnston, Capt. H. B., Sec. 31°
Keatinge, Maurice, 32°
Kinehan, Edward H.
LeFanu, William.
Lowry J. Featherstonhaugh.
Mackey, James Vokes, 32°
Massey, Capt. William J.
Manning Joseph.
Maunsell, William E., 32°
Nicholson, Armytage L.
Nicholson, Gilbert.
Oldham, Samuel B.
*Perrier, Anthony, 33° F.
Potts, William T., 31°
Powerscourt, Viscount.
Quin, Francis, 33°
Robinson, Sir J. S., Bart., 33° E.
Sandes William S., 33°
Shekleton, Robert, 33°
Smyly, Philip C., 31°
Stewart, Sir John M., Bart., 32°
St. George, Arthur.
St. George, Col. Howard.
St. George, Theophilus.
Warren, Robert, 32°
*Westby, Rev. H. H. G., 33°
Westropp, Henry, 31°
Woodroffe, Chas. H., 31°

† Masonic Calendar, p. 146.

I am sure that now I have more than tried my readers with even a curtailed account of masonic tomfoolery ceremonies; and were they mere folly, the reading as well as the writing of them would have been a sad loss of time. They are not simple folly. There is a hidden depth and purpose in all these modes of Richard.

"I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."
*Rich. III.*, Act I. Scene 3.

They are all harmonizing parts of a well-planned system, which must at

* As Major A. Versey Davoren is so well known to the public as a freemason, I may here remark that he is, by the election of the Knights of this Degree, the official representative of the Knights Kadosh of Spain, at the Grand Lodge of Ireland. And the Irish Knights Kadosh have as their repesentative at Madrid, the Hustrisimo Sr. du Fransisco. (*Cosmopolita Masonic Calendar*, p. 216.)

least blight, if not kill and uproot, religious feeling and moral conscience, and to secure the final attainment of the great antichristian and antisocial ends of freemasonry. We have studied them all, from the Entered Apprentice to the Knight Kadosh. In that last degree freemasonry (as declared by its own Ritual) lifts its stage curtain, and presents the drama in its true colors, unveiled, uncloaked, unmasked. I have passed over several intermediate degrees unimportant in the eyes of masonry, and therefore called symbolical, and conferred in one *salto*, as the Italians say; that is, in one step, and as they say in masonic language, by "communication." The other degrees form only a preparation to this. Here freemasonry herself declares what freemasonry really is, and announces that the members of this degree alone are true and perfect masons, having proved themselves to be of the right principle and material in the previous degrees, which the Ritual declares to be preparatory for this great degree, which is to masonry what the governing Privy Council is to the kingdom, the Council of War to the army, the Twelfth Legion to Cæsar, the Thebans to Epaminondas, the Spartans to Leonidas, the Macedonian Phalanx to Alexander, and the Old Guard to Napoleon. In one word, it is to masonry "Cæsar's Cæsar."

*To be continued.*

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CHARACTER AND BEAUTY. — There are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty. Character and experience leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree even than time itself, and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or folly.

## THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.

THE Registrar-General's quarterly return of births, deaths, and marriages for the quarter ended 30th ult. shows that the population has apparently decreased by 270 persons during the three months. That population was estimated 5,362,337 in the middle of the year. There was an almost infinitesimal decrease in the birth-rate, and very little more of an increase in the death-rate as compared with the corresponding quarter of the last five years. The increase in the mortality is ascribed to the inclemency of the weather and the accession of poverty. This latter theory would be supported by the fact that 382 people over the average died during the period in public institutions. The marriage-rate almost maintains itself up to the average. The death-rate in Ireland is less than that in England, but instead of decreasing like the latter it is increasing, and thus the rates in the two countries are gradually nearing each other. We are glad to note, however, that not only has the small-pox epidemic become less fatal but in area more limited, and the deaths from this disease have been fewer during the last quarter than in any since the last quarter of 1877. Twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty-five emigrants left Ireland during the quarter, — nearly 1,000 more than in the corresponding quarter of last year. The mean temperature for the quarter was slightly under the average, but the rainfall was considerably over the average. The Dublin prices of bread, oatmeal, potatoes, and beef are considerably below the average, and all under the quotations for the corresponding quarter of last year, and in comparison with the second quarter of this year bread had increased and beef diminished in prices. Finally, nearly 7,000 more paupers are in Irish workhouses now than were this time last year, and over 6,000 more poor people are receiving outdoor relief.

## HIGH TREASON.

### A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### NIPPING POPERY IN THE BUD.

The sun having nearly come to the end of its brief annual excursion to London, was on its round of parting visits before retiring for the season, and made its usual but ineffectual attempts to penetrate the shade of St. Laurence Lane. Up betimes in the morning, peeping over the gables and chimneys that bordered the lane and mounting to the highest attainable pitch at midday, its endeavors were constantly balked; and then, crossing to the opposite side of the way, only to meet with a like ungracious repulse, it finally beat a retreat in high dudgeon, and looking very red in the face with its exertions, without having succeeded in sending a single ray below the first-floor window. Sometimes it crept in slyly for a few feet or so at the end of the lane; but St. Laurence having a tacit objection to confinement within the path of rectitude, and disporting himself in an irregular and exceedingly zigzag manner, blocked it out forthwith by a house or two that should have faced the street, but, by some freak of the builder, had very nearly succeeded in turning in the opposite direction.

But whenever it did find its way in, it never failed to brighten up the row of signs displayed on either side, — signs of such varied hues and patterns, glittering in all the bravery of paint and gold, or weather-beaten and dingy; being apparently set up to delude the wayfarer as to the trade carried on beneath their shadow, and to balk most effectually the researches of venturous strangers who wandered into the saintly precincts without knowing the exact situation of the house they wanted.

The sign that swung lazily in the breeze before the door of Ralph Shefford, citizen and saddler, displayed upon its surface the resplendent effigy of a gilded ram, suspended in mid-air by a chain; and to guard against possible misconception, the artist had legibly inscribed thereon its significance. He may be safely credited with knowing what he was about when he painted it, and what he meant it for; and if he chose to call it "The Golden Fleece," he had a perfect right to do so, although ill-tempered critics might object that it was not a fleece at all, and if it were, it had not the remotest connection with the occupation of its owner. Yet, after all, the signs were but names, and the same objection, if carried a little further, might be thought to question the right of his most sacred Majesty to the assumption of the name of "Defender of the Faith," — a thing most irreverent to do, if not actually disloyal.

It was mid-day, and the sun's rays finding their way in by some unexpected chink, blazed full upon the Golden Fleece, making him resplendent and gorgeous to behold. To Mistress Shefford gazing at it through the open lattice, it seemed instinct with life; it gambolled and frisked on the canvas, and she smiled vacantly as it moved to and fro.

Yet she put her thin hand to her eyes to shut it out; the ruddy glare pained her, and she shuddered, as to her disordered fancy the Golden Fleece seemed bathed in blood.

From the opposite window peered eagerly, now at her, and now with anxious scowl at the shop below, the ill-favored countenance of Master Cuffe.

The diligent servant of the state was at fault. His failure to capture the Jesuit a week ago had only deepened his animosity towards the wily fugitive; and although Gower had disappeared altogether from the vicinity, it was by no means certain to the experienced pursuivant that he would not return to his old quarters when the alarm had subsided; and Cuffe,

acting now entirely on his own behalf, having lost all clew to the priest's hiding-place, remained with bulldog obstinacy to watch the deserted nest, clinging to the hope that grew fainter day by day, that Father Gower might visit the saddler again; and if he should! ah, then Master Cuffe drew a long breath, and slowly wagged his head.

He was alone: for he and the spy had quarrelled fiercely, each blaming the other for their common discomfiture. Cuffe bitterly regretted that he had not followed his friend's advice, and his regret was aggravated by the reflection that he had allowed two very tangible prizes to slip through his fingers, only to melt into air. And he somehow stumbled on the truth, that brute force, undeniably great as it is, requires some intelligence to direct it effectually.

More than an hour since the saddler had departed, apparently on a mission to some customer, accompanied by his elder apprentice, who carried upon his shoulder a heavy, cumbrous saddle, carefully enveloped in a wrapper; and the circumstance set Cuffe wondering whether the Jesuit had a horse, and in what direction it had borne him.

"There is no getting at the foxes at all," he croaked. "Their cursed cunning is more than a match for plain-dealing men like poor Timothy Cuffe. Who knows but what this traitorous cur, who lacks courage to avow his calling honestly, is arrayed in silk or satin at this moment, with a hawk on his wrist, perhaps, aping the dress and carriage of his betters, forsooth, like another of his tribe that I got word of the other day! If that fool Rookesby had not been so miserably thin-skinned, leaving me in the lurch just when I most needed him, because he could not stomach my harmless jests, we should have had this skulking priest in safe-keeping long ago, and our pockets well lined with gold pieces."

He picked up the bottle and raised it to his lips, and then, with an oath, flung it on the floor. It was empty; and he leaned against the window-frame discontentedly, feeling strongly disposed to give up the chase, and seek other fields where Jesuits were more plentiful and not so shy.

Mistress Shefford still gazed blankly at space, but she seemed conscious of his presence; her eyes seemed to watch his every movement; and he timidly drew back.

There were no signs of business in the shop; the remaining apprentice, left to himself, was making the most of his brief holiday. He had laid aside his work, and stood idly at the door, addressing an observation from time to time over his shoulder to the saddler's little boy, who stood behind him.

Little Davy was a strange child, — a meek, quiet morsel of humanity, with large, expressive eyes, that had in them something of the wistful, inquiring look of his afflicted mother. He was almost constantly at her side, and would sit for hours with his little hand locked in hers, wondering why she did not remember the childish stories with which he sought to amuse her, and that she never seemed weary of listening to. The strange companionship had made the boy unlike others of his age; he stood apart from them, never mingling with their childish sports, but looking on with pensive curiosity, as if surprised at their interest in amusements that had no charm for him.

The shadow that darkened his mother's life had fallen upon him, fallen too, grim and heavy, upon the saddler's heart. But no one gazing at the self-contained, resolute face of Ralph Shefford would have dreamed of the intense, almost fierce affection with which he clung to those two feeble creatures, who bore so meekly and uncomplainingly their unmerited suffering; who were all in all to him; and whose very helplessness seemed to strengthen, if that were possible, the love he bore them.

A slight commotion at the end of the lane attracted the apprentice's attention; and he looked with longing eyes after some of the neighbors who had both leisure and liberty to enjoy a fray, either as spectators or actors therein. The noise grew louder, and above the dim echoed the familiar 'prentice cry of "Clubs! clubs!" Unable to resist the temptation any longer, he flung off his apron, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, went off at full speed.

Cuffe had likewise heard the noise, and observing that the shop was deserted, he leaped to his feet, hurried down, and was crossing the lane, when happening to look up, his glance encountered that of Mistress Shefford.

The boy was amusing himself with some gay fragments of colored leather, and as the form of the pursuivant darkened the place, he looked up; and overhead, the woman listened.

"Well, Davy, lad, all alone!" said Cuffe, with much pleasantry. "Plenty of business now, eh? Hast got any curb-reins, such as would bind the tongue of a scold? Master Price tells me you keep the newest fashions. You know Master Price? A particular friend of mine."

He cautiously edged himself into the shop as he spoke.

"Well, now, how is your good father?" he inquired, seating himself, and drawing the boy towards him "I have not seen him this many a day. Well, well, we poor Papists do not often meet together in these troublous times. Thy father is a Papist, eh, my pretty boy? Come now, I warrant thou canst say the *Confiteor* as well as he. Let me hear you."

"I know not what you mean," said the child.

"Why, what the priest says at the beginning of Mass. You have seen the priest, I know, Davy, in a beautiful silk gown, wrought with gold, and holding a little round white cake over his head, and a silver cup?"

The boy stared wonderingly, and shook his head.

"I know not whether my father be a Papist or no," he said. "He goes to St. Laurence's Church yonder, sometimes; but there is never a priest there"

"Ay, ay, I know," said Cuffe; "he is a Church-Papist" (a cant term for Catholics who occasionally attended the state service). "We do that to escape the law. Now listen to me, Davy," he continued in a low tone. "I want you to tell me something You do not know that I am a Papist—hush, boy, on your life! Say not a word of this to any one. Yes, I am a Papist, like your good father I did not see him at Mass by the way, when those wicked men tried to take our dear friend, Father Gower, the other night. I was there; and but for me you might, perchance, have never seen the good Jesuit again Oh! he owes me a great deal, which I trust he will pay in person one day He is not here now, is he?"

Something in Cuffe's look or manner that seemed to bode no good to the priest, alarmed the boy, and he looked sharply at the pursuivant's anxious face. But in fact he knew nothing of Father Gower's real occupation; such matters were always carefully concealed from children, who were often made the innocent means of betraying the fugitive priests. The lad only said that Master Gower had left them some days ago.

"And whither has he gone?" asked Cuffe. "I have something of great moment to impart to him; and if you will tell me where he is hiding, you shall have a pony to ride and a purse full of gold pieces, like a little lord."

"I say I do not know where he is," said the lad; "and if I did, I would not tell you; for sure I am that you seek to do him harm."

"Say you so, cursed little Popish mongrel!" said Cuffe enraged; but checking himself, he dropped his voice

again. "Do not fear for him, Davy. If I find him not within a very few hours, he may be taken to prison, — a place where they keep racks and thumbscrews, and engines of torture; ay, and use them too, upon such as he."

"You shall never get him with any help of mine," said the boy, with a fearless look. "I know what you are, for I heard Zebedee Price tell my father. You hunt priests for money, and betray and murder them; and if Master Gower be a priest, I am glad he has escaped."

Mad with rage at being so unexpectedly unmasked, Cuffe rushed furiously at the boy, and struck him a violent blow with his heavy fist. The child reeled, and as he fell his head came in contact with an iron frame that stood in the midst of the shop. He gasped once or twice, and then lay perfectly still, with his eyes partly open, and the blood streaming from his mouth.

Cuffe stood terrified and breathless for a moment, and hastily kneeling, placed his hand on the child's heart. To his horror it had ceased to beat. He lifted up the head, but the blood gushed over his hand, and he laid the body gently down again. Then the consequences of his dastardly act rushed upon his mind, and in craven, abject fear, he was trying to rise, when he heard the rustle of a woman's dress beside him, and he looked up.

Warned by some instinct, Mistress Shefford had been intently on the watch since she saw him crossing the lane, and the sudden and profound silence that had followed the blow aroused the mother's fears.

Her eyes were wildly fixed upon the child, and as she stood with her white hair streaming on her shoulders, she looked like a vengeful fury. Cuffe started up with a horrible imprecation, and staggered back.

"Murder! murder!" screamed the demented woman, clinging to him in frenzy. He strove to unclasp her fingers, but she seemed possessed with the strength of a giant, and he felt powerless in her maddened grasp. Her screams alarmed the neighborhood, and in a moment Cuffe found himself hemmed in on all sides by a fierce and threatening crowd. While she clung convulsively to the trembling pursuivant, he seemed under a spell; not for his life could he raise a finger against the woman to whom his cruelty had been worse than death. The sight of two hapless victims of his violence may have smitten him with a sense of remorse to which, in a lengthened course of brutal violence, he had hitherto been a stranger.

They contrived to get her away at last, although with great difficulty; and she looked vacantly about her, and catching sight of the inanimate form of her child, she uttered a wild cry, and throwing herself on the floor beside him, she wiped his face, addressing him the while in vague words of endearment that went to the hearts of the spectators.

Some looked on sympathizingly; but others coldly murmured that if people would not submit, they could not expect to have the protection of the law; this was what came of consorting with traitors and Jesuits; Papists ashamed of their creed might look to come to the ground between the two stools of England and Rome; and more to the same effect.

Cuffe recovered himself a little when released from Mistress Shefford's grasp, and although pale and agitated, he essayed to offer some exculpation of his conduct.

The intelligence had, however, been conveyed to the constable of the ward, and Cuffe's face brightened a little at the appearance of that vigilant functionary.

"What is this, Master Cuffe?" inquired the officer, to whom he was well known. "What is this? Murder has been done they tell me. This is very sad, very sad!"

"It is a most painful and unfortunate accident," replied Cuffe anxiously. "The boy answered me saucily,

and I boxed his ears; that was all, as I live. He hurt himself in falling against an iron bar there. I tell you 't was a pure accident."

"Take him to the mayor, Master Rawson," said one of the bystanders. "You hear that he has murdered the child. Bring him along."

"Hands off, neighbors!" said Cuffe doggedly. "Beware how you interfere with me. I am a pursuivant of the council. You must reckon with Master Cecil if you molest one of his servants. Here is my badge of office"; and he pulled out of the breast of his doublet a small escutcheon attached to a chain. "You know that I speak the truth, Master Rawson."

The announcement took them by surprise. A pursuivant wielded enormous power, that was seemingly greater by reason of the extreme uncertainty of its limits, if, indeed, it had any, so that some of them showed evident signs of apprehension, and slunk timidly away.

"Well," said one of the group, "if this gentleman is an officer of the council, he will not, at least, object to accompany the constable, and make his statement to the mayor. Master Shefford may be a Papist, but it does not follow that his child should therefore be mur— killed, I mean."

Cuffe readily agreed to the proposal, and appealed to those present to bear witness of his extreme anxiety to lay the information himself before the authorities; and the matter was compromised by his being conducted, under a strong escort, not for the purpose of preventing his escape, but to hear the whole story from his own lips.

The Golden Fleece was closed at a very early hour that day; people stood about the lane in groups, whispering to each other, and staring curiously at the house. A profound stillness seemed to have come upon the place: there was blood upon it, of a ruddier hue than ever flashed from the gilded sign, — a hue that the sun had not imparted to it, and that the darkness would not hide.

Upon a little pallet lay the body of the child, upon his breast a crucifix and some flowers; and as the rays of the solitary candle fell upon his peaceful, upturned face, he almost seemed to smile.

He seemed to be sleeping, and that so lightly that the least sound would wake him. The dead always wear a look of painless happiness, such as they never wore in life, as though the form of clay, devoid of passion and incapable of sin, had, before mingling with its mother earth, regained for a moment the impress of the hand that made man in His own image.

From the solemn tranquillity of the country churchyard, where generations of forgotten dead await the judgment; or the dank, gloomy enclosures that obtrude themselves upon the busy citizen, hot and eager in pursuit of wealth; from the tiny, neglected mound, bedecked with nothing more costly than the grass that swiftly covers it; from the stately tomb, whose almost effaced legend testifies to the honors and wealth that he who crumbles away beneath gathered in life, only to leave behind him, — from each and all there breathes a low, hushed murmur of rest, like the voice of a mother soothing to sleep the babe that nestles in her bosom.

Ralph Shefford was alone with his dead child. With his own hands he laid it there,— none other should touch it; and he had sternly waved them from the room that they might not witness his grief.

He was silent and tearless; the knotted veins of his forehead, that seemed ready to burst, and the distorted countenance and eyes filled with a baneful glare, spoke of passions that were too powerful for tears, that were deaf to the meek voice of peace.

Kneeling beside the bed, with the child's cold, impassive hand locked in his, and uttering from time to time the low, despairing cry, "My little

child! my little child!" or distractedly pacing the room, with busy brain, weaving vague schemes of vengeance, — thus he passed the night; and when the morning's dawn stole slowly in, he knelt again — but not for prayer; but to bury his hot face in his trembling hands, waiting for the tears that never came.

And thus he was found by Father Gower, who looked with compassionate sorrow upon his haggard face and bloodshot eyes, and clasped his hand encouragingly.

He offered no trite words of comfort that irritate, nor did he chide him for the vain sorrow that never can restore the dead. And as he quietly recited the prayers that the Church appoints for such occasions, the saddler's overcharged heart seemed soothed and lightened.

"May God reward you!" said Shefford. "I did not hope, nay, I hardly wished to see you. My thoughts were upon far different matters." He frowned darkly and sighed.

"Leave the punishment of the evildoer to God's justice," said the priest gently, "and think no more of vengeance. It is for us, my brother, only to forgive injuries, to return good for evil."

"You speak as a priest should," said Shefford, smiling bitterly; "but you preach Christian patience to a deaf man, to one who has been tried beyond his strength. And be God my witness," he said in a voice of suppressed passion, "that this child shall be avenged! Blood for blood!"

"Ralph Shefford, I implore you to put away such wild, sinful thoughts!" said the priest. "Look upon that child's calm, sinless face, and tell me, do you dare outrage that God upon whom you have called, and before whom his soul now stands, by such daring impiety?"

"Ay, I *can* look upon his face," replied Shefford; "and I promise you, boy, that you shall be avenged." His voice became broken, and a sob checked his utterance.

"Enough enough!" he said impatiently; "you cannot understand me — how should you? *You* mourn no wife consigned to a living death, no murdered child! You have never known what such love is: how then can you conceive the unutterable sorrow that attends its loss?"

The priest turned deadly pale, and remained silent for some moments. A look of anguish passed across his face, and his lips quivered painfully. He paced the room slowly once or twice, and then looking the saddler steadily in the face, said, —

"Ralph Shefford, your words have stirred within me sad memories of a past that I fondly thought was buried forever. God knows," he said, looking upward, "that it is in no spirit of vainglorious boasting that I unwillingly recall the chastisement which he has laid upon me; nor yet to court your sympathy for wrongs whose very memory tears open afresh wounds long since healed and scarred over. And if I recount a history overshaded by sorrow and stained with the innocent blood of her whom I loved dearer than my life — ay, it is true! — it is for your sake that I do so, and with the hope that my unworthy example may teach you to accept with humility these trials that seem so harsh."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE JESUIT'S STORY.

PAUL GOWER, the last representative of an ancient family, found himself, on the death of his father, exposed to all the severity of laws enacted against Catholics. Although but a country squire, his wealth was considerable, and offered a tempting bait to the officials who were earnestly laboring to extend the new religion at the expense of the adherents of the old. It was customary at the time for the commissioners to issue writs, couched in studiously offensive terms, calling upon recusants by name to attend the council at its next sitting, and there to take the oath of allegiance,

by which the supremacy of the sovereign in ecclesiastical matters was affirmed, and the authority of the pope denied. The court sat for a few days only in each month; and, by means of a friend, Gower obtained warning of the process about to be issued, and forthwith fled into the next county, where he remained until the sitting had terminated; some acquaintance, in the mean while, appearing on his behalf before the commissioners, to take oath that the writ had not been served on account of his absence from the county.

This continued for rather more than a year; but the commissioners, becoming aware of the means whereby he evaded the law, employed artifice to entrap him, and succeeded in the attempt.

For some months no writ was issued against him; and he was beginning to feel secure, and hoping that his persecution was at an end, when he received the news, one Sunday, that his citation had been read in church that morning, and afterwards affixed to the doors. Almost at the same moment a messenger arrived from his friend warning him to fly. It was too late; and upon his neglect to attend the court, a sentence was passed by which two thirds of his property were declared confiscated. Three times he redeemed his land by paying the price set upon it by the commissioners, and seeing nothing but destitution before him, should these measures be repeated, he cast about for some means of escape.

The queen was then busily engaged in assisting the reformed cause, by promoting insurrection in France and the Netherlands against the lawful rulers of those countries. But it was against Spain, to whom the Netherlands belonged, that her animosity was chiefly directed. She intercepted the money destined for the pay of the Spanish soldiers in Belgium; encouraged the piratical expeditions of Hawkins and Drake; fitted out two ships to assist the one; contributed a thousand crowns towards the expenses of the other, and knighted him on board his ship in Deptford dockyard, after his predatory excursion round the world.

The command of the troops destined for the Netherlands was intrusted to Leicester; and Gower solicited and obtained a command under the royal favorite. He had no affection for the cause in which he engaged, nor was he particularly pleased to encounter the soldiers of the Spanish king, who had ever shown himself the friend of the persecuted English Catholics; but he gladly seized the opportunity which it offered him of relief from the miserable injustice of which he had been the victim for so long a time. Before leaving England, he secured his property from alienation by transferring it under a pretended sale to one of his tenants, a man who took the oath and went to church like many other hard-driven Catholics, and was content to practise his religion, or such of it as he retained, in secret.

But Gower, as the time passed in the Netherlands, was consoled by the reflection that the injury wrought by the English troops on their Spanish enemies was so slight as to provoke the angry remonstrances of the Belgians, who complained that they suffered more from their English friends than from their foes.

In one of the skirmishes near the French frontier, Gower was seriously wounded, and was carried to the house of a French gentleman, where he was attended with assiduous care by the daughter of his host, with whom he straightway fell in love. Upon his recovery, he threw up his command, and informed the Frenchman that he had relinquished his intention of returning to England; assigning as the reason, the affection he entertained for the young lady, whose hand he boldly demanded. The request was granted, and, reconciled to his adopted country, he was for a time entirely happy.

The repeated provocations offered by Elizabeth at last stirred the proud soul of the Spanish monarch. He did not stoop to argue with a sovereign who justified the outrages committed upon his subjects and the assistance she afforded his enemies, by charging him with inciting her subjects to revolt. It may be that Elizabeth had some grounds for her accusation; but if her conduct could be justified, she could not consistently blame him for taking a similar course.

News reached England of the impending invasion by the great Armada, and the country flew to arms as one man. Foremost in their loyalty came the unhappy remnant of the sorely tried Catholics, who cheerfully placed their persons and their goods at the disposal of their queen, from whom they had received nothing but cruelty; and to one of their number, the gallant Lord Howard of Effingham, was intrusted the command of the fleet appointed to guard the English shores.

Few men can look on with indifference when their fatherland is in danger; and filled with patriotic ardor, Gower resolved to take his part in its defence. To the deep regret of his wife's father, who parted from them with the sorrowful conviction that he beheld them for the last time, he hastily took ship, and surprised his old friends and neighbors by his unlooked-for appearance at his native place.

But the force that he raised at considerable personal sacrifice was never needed. No Spaniard ever set his conquering foot on English soil; and England was not slow to attribute to her own prowess the victory that had been won for her by the winds and waves.

Gower speedily discovered that the persecution which had slumbered when England's safety was imperilled, was not dead. The authorities of the city near which he dwelt had never shown themselves very eager to put in force the terrible laws against recusants; but Elizabeth, affecting to entertain the most profound apprehensions that their past sufferings might goad them into rebellion, and that they would engage in further intrigues with the Spaniard to work her downfall, set once more in motion the vast engines of persecution; and Catholics found themselves, despite the loyalty they had displayed, exposed to far more rigorous and oppressive measures than before.

For more than two years Gower lived with his wife and child in comparative security. True, he paid the heavy fines exacted from recusants; still he was content to purchase relief by the sacrifice of much of his property.

Letters signed by the queen's own hand were despatched to the commissioners and to the corporations of all the chief cities, rebuking them for their past neglect, and charging and commanding them without delay to see that the acts and statutes were "severely and sharply executed, without any partiality, favor, or affection, in behalf of any of the wilful offenders, or to their aiders and favorers in their evil doings."

Searches were made, as heretofore, in the houses of known or suspected recusants; Catholics were robbed in the most shameless manner, and frequently by gangs of mere thieves; prisons were again glutted with unoffending victims; and Gower stood aghast at the fearful prospect.

He had been out one day superintending the ingathering of his harvest, feeling the while thoroughly disheartened, and filled with gloomy forebodings as he reflected upon the insecurity of his position; and returned to find his house in the hands of the sheriff. Quantities of household stuff, articles of value, and plate lay ready for removal; and from the demeanor of the men who hurriedly ranged themselves before the house at his approach, he concluded that their object was to arrest him.

He was undeceived by the sheriff,

who informed him that they held a warrant for the apprehension of a priest who had been lurking in the neighborhood, and was supposed to have taken refuge in his house. Gower ran his eye over the sheriff's commission, and sternly inquired by what authority his goods had been despoiled. The sheriff, not a whit abashed, coolly told him that he might put that question to the commissioners, who had the power to take any property they listed from recusants who broke the law; adding that Mistress Gower had killed one of his men and wounded another; and but that she had met with some hurt in consequence of her violence, she would have been carried to jail.

Something in the man's manner seemed to hint at far worse consequences, and Gower rushed madly into the house. He found his wife stretched lifeless upon a couch, the little one by her side sobbing loudly and vainly calling to her mother. The two women he had left in the place — for the services of his entire household had been required in the harvest field — stood by helplessly, moaning and wringing their hands; and he could only gather from their incoherent replies that the sheriff's men had done the deed.

Months elapsed before he learned the truth. The house had been surrounded by the priest-hunters; and his wife, taking them not inaccurately for robbers, had closed and barred the doors, and arming herself with a matchlock, threatened, in her imperfect English, to fire upon them if they attempted to force an entrance. The sheriff tried to explain to her that they had lawful warrant to search the house; but finding that she did not understand, or refused to listen to what he said, ordered his men to burst in the door. But the instant they proceeded to execute his orders, she fired, wounding one fellow mortally; and before she had time to reload they were in the room, threatening her with instant death if she resisted. She stood at bay, and clubbing the heavy weapon, brought one of her assailants to the ground. The next moment she was run through the back by another, and with a sudden gasp fell dead at their feet.

Gower's brain reeled; and with a mute gesture of infuriate despair, he set spurs to his horse and galloped after the sheriff's party, just disappearing in the distance. They turned to meet him; a short, fierce conflict ensued, which ended in his being severely wounded and carried to jail, a prisoner.

"In that prison," he told Shefford, "I lay more than four years. I found means to communicate with a friend, who charitably took care of my child, and from the wreck of my fortune contrived to secure sufficient means to guard her from the perils of poverty. I was treated, like the other recusants, — for many shared my imprisonment, — with much cruelty. At times my wrongs seemed too great for endurance; I raged and wept by turns, my very brain seemed on fire. They told me afterwards that I had been for a long while mad, and confined in chains in the darkest and most horrible dungeon in the place. But I knew it not, felt it not.

"Whether the spirits of those we have loved are permitted to revisit this earth, I cannot tell; but in my wild, distempered fancy, there seemed to come to me, many a time, a glorious, shining figure, whose radiance filled my cell, bidding me be of good heart, and consoling me with gracious words of pity; and in her face I seemed to trace the lineaments of my lost darling, — not pale and dabbled in gore, as when I last had looked upon her, but as one of God's bright angels, mercifully sent in my darkest hour to raise my soul from the abyss of despair

"And a peace fell upon my heart. I rebelled no more; all earthly love died out, and I learned to regard her I mourned, and whom I had so dearly loved, as a gentle angel ever pleading for me before the mercy-seat, in that

voice whose tender accents I knew so well.

"I recovered; chastened, but strengthened by the furnace of affliction through which I had passed. Heaven gave me the means of escape; and by the aid of a friend, I passed beyond the seas to France. Of my child I heard but twice: and the first time was to inform me that the friend who sheltered her had been taken, with all his household and committed to prison; the second message told me she was dead The last bond that held me to earth was snapped asunder; and I was free to carry out a resolve formed in my prison, when, destitute of help and hopeless of release, I first nourished the hope of giving up my life for God's service. I became a priest, an unworthy member of the noble Society of Jesus.

"And now, dear Ralph, I speak not as the priest, not as God's minister to reprove and condemn, but as a wronged and persecuted man. Like you, I have suffered; like you, my beloved ones have been taken from me, done to death by foul and hateful means. I, too, have bemoaned my fate in fruitless agony, perhaps have thirsted for revenge. We are brothers in affliction: can we not suffer a little more yet? That peaceful, silent form on which you gaze responds not to your caress. feels not the bitter, scalding tears that fall upon it. The child you love is in heaven, nestling forevermore in the bosom of God. He prays for you before the throne of the Eternal Shall he supplicate in vain? Could you go to the judgment-seat, and, stretching out your ensanguined hand, say, 'See, child. I have rendered evil for evil; I have had blood for blood; I have slain the man who crushed out thy gentle, sinless life? Unmindful of Him who prayed for His persecutors, and when He was reviled, reviled not again, I have turned my back upon His precepts of charity; I have cast His lessons to the winds,— and this I have done out of my love for you!' Would not that little one shrink from you in horror, and view with loathing the presumptuous man who had dared to intercept the course of God's justice, and snatched from the Almighty hands the arrows of His vengeance?"

A gasping sob burst from Shefford's overcharged bosom, and with a wild, despairing cry, he clasped the hand of the dead.

"O friend, friend," said the priest, kneeling by his side, "banish these thoughts from your heart! Remember for a moment that Jesus, our God, in His supreme agony not only forgave His murderers, but prayed for them. Shall man, then, refuse to pardon those who despitefully use him!"

"I — I will try," said Shefford brokenly. "But God grant I may never meet that man again!"

The flickering ray of the candle at the foot of the bed shed a faint, uncertain light upon the little group Shefford's head was bent; his tears flowed now, relieving the bitterness of his heart. And the child's face seemed to wear a soft, approving smile, as the priest betook himself to prayer.

*To be continued.*

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SLANDER. — Pay no attention to slanderers. Keep straight on your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night brooding over the remark of some false friend? What is the use of worrying and fretting over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody? Such things cannot possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and, in combating them, give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it pass for what it is worth.

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A MAN and a woman, when they marry, constitute a firm, — which, we may add, too often turns out a partnership of unlimited liability. — *Punch.*

## THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE DONERAILE CONSPIRACY CONTINUED. — THE RESULT OF THE TRIALS WHEN O'CONNELL WAS PRESENT.

Dismay created by the verdict and sentence. — O'Connell the only resource. — William Burke's ride to Derrynane. — Sunday at Derrynane. — Arrival of Burke. — Earnest entreaty. — O'Connell consents to defend the prisoners. — Announcement of his coming. — A night journey over the mountains — The second trial commenced. — The prisoner Connors — An application for delay until O'Connell arrived refused. — Vehement cheering announces his presence — Breakfast in court. — The solicitor-general three times tripping. — Exclamation of Nowlan the informer. — O'Connell and Doherty. — "False facts." — Second jury discharged — Mr. Edward Morrough. — Third trial. — Variance between the informations of Daly and his evidence on the table. — The prisoners acquitted. — Leary and his fellow-convicts reprieved.

We may readily suppose the terror these convictions and the prompt sentence inspired in the minds of the yet untried prisoners and their numerous friends. They knew the reckless swearing of the infamous informers, and that only one chance remained to save more lives from the gibbet and the disgrace of being convicted of so atrocious a crime. This was in the masterly skill of Ireland's matchless advocate. The unanimous cry arose, "Without O'Connell they 'll be all hanged!" The first trial occurred on Saturday. It lasted the day, and another lot of the prisoners were to be tried at nine o'clock on Monday morning. Fortunately O'Connell was then at his country seat, but even that was a remote spot. About five o'clock on the evening of Saturday, a comfortably clad horseman, dressed in the garb of a strong (*Anglise*, respectable) farmer, mounted on a powerful bony horse of splendid action, and evidently accustomed to hard work, was seen leaving the city of Cork by the western road, and riding at a rapid pace towards the kingdom of Kerry. This was William Burke of Ballyhea, the envoy of the yet untried Doneraile conspirators, on his way to O'Connell. His features bore the impress of the consciousness that he was doing his errand for life or death. A bright Sabbath morning rose cheerily over Derrynane, and a large, powerful man walked forth to enjoy the sunshine. The acknowledged chief of his nation looked with fondness over his ancestral home and the pleasant shingly beach which the foam was whitening. Around rose the splintered headlands, and away stretched, in all the vastness of immensity, the azure deep. Some white-sailed barks, like sea-fowl on the wing, gleamed in the sunlight, and the holy calm that rested upon earth and sea, with the tinkling of bells, denoted it was the holy Sabbath day, — that day of rest when hand and brain cease from toil, and God claims the devotion of his creatures. In this dwelling He was devoutly worshipped; the chapel and the white-robed priest and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass were there, and inspired by the devotion of O'Connell the ceremonies were scrupulously attended by every inmate.

O'Connell's quick eye, as he gazed from one of the windows of Derrynane, caught sight of a toil-worn traveller on horseback approaching his house. The drooping head, the slow and weary steps, the steaming flanks of the horse denoted he had been ridden fast and far; while the soiled, dusty clothes and jaded air of the rider showed that he, too, was suffering from the fatigue of a long journey.

Alighting at the hall door, the stranger asked if "the liberator was at home." An affirmative reply was followed by prompt admission, and he was ushered into O'Connell's presence. "I left Cork yesterday evening at five o'clock, and rode all night, ninety long miles, to see your Honor," said the stranger. "The friends of the poor boys that are in the dock for the Doneraile conspiracy sent me to you. Your Honor knows that the special commission is sitting in Cork. You know from the newspapers all about it, and my errand is to ask your

Honor to come and defend the prisoners. If you don't undertake their defence, Doherty will hang every man of them. There's no time to be lost, the trial comes on to-morrow morning, and unless you are in Cork before the court opens, every man of them will be hanged, — though as innocent as the child unborn."

The heart of O'Connell melted at this impressive appeal. Though in his fifty sixth year, he was vigorous and strong; the keen breeze of the billowy sea had blown away the smoke and fog of the circuit towns he had lately visited. He readily accepted the responsibility, and at once prepared to travel the ninety miles which lay between his ocean-home and his clients in Cork gaol. Burke was eager to be off at once with the good news, but O'Connell prevailed on him, if not in pity to himself, at least in mercy to his good horse, to repose himself for a few hours. In case the messenger should arrive before him, he wrote a few lines to the prisoners' attorney, informing him he accepted the retainer, and would be in court as fast as horses could draw him; and Burke, once more mounting his now well-fed horse, and much strengthened by his rest, started on his joyous journey. With eager but beaming face he reentered the capital of Munster on Monday morning at eight o'clock, — having thus travelled, on the same horse, one hundred and eighty miles in thirty-eight hours. His presence was anxiously watched for. From early dawn many a longing look from tearful eyes was cast towards the road he should travel, and many a lip trembled when the important question, "What news, William?" was asked. The joyous reply which followed, "O'Connell will be here in an hour, boys!" caused a cheer, wild and exulting, such as Irish boys alone can utter, to be heard from St Finbar's to Blackrock, and hearts "bowed down by weight of woe" within the barred dungeon of the county jail were, as if by magic, lightened of their load, for well they knew what that cheer meant. Faces of kindred, lately darkened by anxiety, brightened with anticipated triumph, and the untried prisoners, who hitherto trembled at the prospect of sharing the fate of the first victims, were animated at the prospect of longevity when they heard O'Connell was to plead for them.

True to his promise, O'Connell lost no time on the road. The readiest mode of conveyance was a gig, and rapidly he traversed some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. The shades of evening overtook him in the defiles of Glenflesk, and night stole over the heights of Ballyvourney while the intrepid advocate hurried along. There is a solemn and stately grandeur about the mountains at all times, especially when night hangs like a pall over earth, which impressed O'Connell deeply during this nocturnal journey. The woods which clothed the sides of ravines looked black in the shade, and when the silvery moonlight lingered upon ruins, old and hoary, it was like the splendor of former days revisiting scenes of bygone mirth. The wayside was often dull and dreary. The streamlet moaned in the glen, the farmer's dog bayed from the hill. O'Connell himself described the contrast between the play of his imagination, which was in full stretch during his lonely journey, and the work of fact in hand: "At ten o'clock that morning, after that glorious feast of soul, alas! I found myself settled down amid all the rascalities of an Irish court of justice."

> "The bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee,"

struck the ninth hour on Monday morning, Oct. 26, 1829, and ere the loud vibrations of the clock ceased, a trumpet-peal, heard along the grand parade of the capital of Munster, announced the judges were on their way to court. At twenty minutes after nine Baron Pennefather and Mr. Jus-

tice Torrens took their seats on the bench, and again were confronted by four prisoners, named Connors, Barrett, Wallis, and Lynch, hale, strong, and good-looking men. One of them, Connors, was a respectable farmer. He towered above his fellow-captives by his tall stature, and looked everything but conscious of guilt; on the contrary, he had the smiling, unembarrassed air of a spectator in a theatre. His companions seemed more sensible of the unpleasant position in which they were placed, and repeatedly looked anxiously towards the seats of the members of the bar. The attorney for the prisoners addressed the court. "My lords," he said, "an express messenger has just brought me a letter from Mr. O'Connell, informing me he will be in Cork this morning, and as he is retained to defend the prisoners, I pray your lordships to wait for a short time, as he is sure to be here presently." The judges consulted, and after some discussion Baron Pennefather intimated "the trial should proceed without delay." While th jury were being sworn, the excitement of the crowd, watching every instant for the arrival of O'Connell, was intense. Scouts were posted along the Killarney road to signal his approach; and erelong, a shout, increasing in volume as it rolled along until it shook the very foundations of the court-house, announced that the prisoners' counsel was approaching. The solicitor-general had risen to address the jury, but when he heard the tremendous cheers, which were repeated as O'Connell's vehicle approached the door of the court-house, he paused and was silent, Ere he commenced, the tall, bulky figure of O'Connell, wrapped in his mantle, with the marks of his long and rapid journey visible on his dress, entered the court-house. He bowed respectfully to the judges especially to Baron Pennefather, which was cordially returned; apologized for his unprofessional attire, which they readily excused; and asked permission to have some refreshment brought to him in court which was at once assented to. A bowl of milk and some sandwiches formed his repast, and while eating his breakfast, as only a hungry man could, he listened with attentive ear to the statement of the case against his clients as it rolled in choice phraseology and impressive diction from the lips of the accomplished solicitor-general. Hearing a legal proposition which he knew to be incorrect submitted to the court, O'Connell exclaimed, with his mouth full of bread and milk, "That's not law!" The solicitor-general insisted it was, and called for the decision of the bench. The judges held Mr. O'Connell right and that solicitor-general wrong. This was the first victory. Somewhat crestfallen, Doherty then resumed, and quoted an act of Parliament as applicable to sustain his statement. "That is no longer law," said O'Connell; "that act is repealed." Again the judges agreed with him. The thread of his narrative broken, the solicitor-general resumed his address, but was again interrupted, in the midst of a thrilling passage, by the mellow yet resonant voice of the prisoners' counsel. "The learned solicitor has *no right* to make such a statement," said O'Connell: "the crown cannot give such matters in evidence." Once more the judges held O'Connell correct. Mr. Doherty's speech, when stating the charges against the second array of prisoners, was neither so clear nor impressive as when he opened the proceedings on the previous day. The absence and presence of O'Connell made all the difference. The same evidence was porduced upon the second trial as on the former, but a different counsel undertook the cross-examination of the approvers. The probing questions which O'Connell put in rapid succession wrung from the terrified informers confessions of their guilt, until at last Nowlan, the most infamous of the lot, cried out, as he actually howled in agony, "It's little I thought I'd

have to meet you, Counsellor O'Connell!"

In vain the solicitor-general tried to stay the fierce onslaughts on his witnesses which O'Connell continually made. He fared no better than they did: O'Connell bullied him right and left. He threatened him with impeachment before the House of Commons for his mode of conducting the prosecutions; and when the solicitor replied to one of O'Connell's attacks by unluckily saying, "The allegation is made on false facts," O'Connell laughed at the absurd blunder, and shouted, "*False facts*, Mr. Solicitor! How can facts be false?" "I have known false facts and false men too," was Doherty's reply.

Another remarkable feature in O'Connell's worrying tactics was his constant mimicking of Doherty's Anglicized pronunciation. For instance, when he told the witness, in accents breathing of the cockney-land, "You may go down," "Naw, daunt go down, sir," from O'Connell, was sure to set every one in a roar, except the representatives of Majesty's legal authority to bring offenders to justice. O'Connell's sportive sallies, his ready wit, his knowledge of law, the utter demolition of the credit which, previous to his arrival, had been given to the informers, all turned the tide in favor of the men he defended, and if it did not procure for them an immediate acquittal, it prevented the possibility of a verdict of guilty, for the jury disagreed. They were locked up, kept without food for a day and a half, and only discharged on a medical certificate of danger from prolonged confinement. One of the jurors, Edward Morrogh, Esq., of Glanmire House, county Cork, would not find the prisoners guilty upon the evidence of such infamous informers as the witnesses upon whose story the case rested. He was for acquitting all; others of the jury were for acquitting Connors, Lynch, and Barrett. They could not agree, so they were discharged without any finding. The crown proceeded with a third lot. John Burke and John Shine were placed at the bar, and now a singular event occurred which damaged the prosecution irretrievably. While the spy Daly, the principal witness for the prosecution, was under examination, Baron Pennefather handed to O'Connell this man's evidence on oath before the Doneraile magistrates. O'Connell soon saw that his evidence on the table differed in many important particulars from his deposition before the magistrates. When his turn to cross-examine the man came, he proved incontestibly that the witness had sworn to two different versions of the alleged conspiracy, and was utterly unworthy of credit. It was thus O'Connell's immense resources, his thorough knowledge of human nature, his intimate acquaintance with Irish character, his ability in dissecting and laying bare the springs of action which prompt men of the class known as informers, were all brought into play, and as secret after secret was dragged from the informers, and admission heaped on admission of their guilt and degradation, those wretches paled and quailed before him. A verdict of "Not Guilty" was pronounced upon the same evidence given in the cases of Leary and his fellow-convicts who had been sentenced to death.

This put an end to any further trials under the commission. The acquitting jury was exclusively Protestant, and the triumph of the prisoner's renowned advocate was complete. Leary and his companions were reprieved, and their sentence altered to transportation, while several of the other parties accused were discharged; and thus terminated the Doneraile conspiracy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

ANTI-TITHE RIOTS. — SLAUGHTER IN 1831. — RETALIATION AT CARRICKSHOCK.

Anti-tithe agitation in 1831. — A day's fox-hunting. — Facing towards home. — A rapid ride. — Mr. Stephen Barry. — Sad intelligence. — The massacre at Gurtroe.

— The field of slaughter. — Retaliation on the police at Carrickshock. — Commission at Kilkenny. — O'Connell for the defence. — The sheep-stealer's son. — The prisoners acquitted.

THE year 1831 beheld widespread agitation throughout Ireland. The anti-tithe organization was complete, — not a shilling could be collected. In vain seizures were made of cattle: the peasants of the neighborhood collected in crowds when the beasts were put up for auction, and no one dared to bid for any animal taken by virtue of a decree for tithes. The miserable furniture of the poor farmers was often the subject of distraint, and fearful scenes took place when military and police marched against the tattered peasantry. The author was very nearly witnessing one of these terrible massacres, which showed the determined spirit of the people.

He had been fox-hunting with his esteemed friend and school-fellow, Mr. E. B. Roche, now Lord Fermoy, in the neighborhood of Rathcormac. The hounds found a fox in the coverts of Ryder's Brake, and the chase led from Castle Lyons along the banks of the river Bride, as it glides to join the Blackwater, near Tallow, in the county of Waterford. The fox ran to earth near Bartlemy, celebrated for its sporting horse fairs, and at the close of a winter day, the writer was urging his tired hunter toward his home in Fermoy Barrack, when he heard behind the gallop of a horse urged to its utmost speed. The rider rapidly raced along the road traversed from Rathcormac On turning in his saddle to see who the hastening traveller might be, he beheld his friend, the late Mr. Stephen Barry, riding a fleet horse at the rate of a hunt. He knew by his eager face and his determination to make no halt, something unusual had happened, so rousing the action of the thoroughbred he rode, was quickly galloping alongside of Mr. Barry.

"What in the world makes you ride at this pace, Stephen?" he said.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "there has been a terrible tithe massacre at Rathcormac. The troops were ordered by the magistrates to fire on the people; some are killed and several wounded. I am going to Fermoy for surgical aid."

"This is very deplorable," I replied, as my tired hunter fell back, while his fresher steed held on a rapid career, and thundered down the hill leading into Fermoy.

While at dinner there was heard the troops returning to barracks, and soon the sad news was confirmed. The men, a company of the —th Regiment, had received orders to march in aid of the civil power; three magistrates, one a clergyman, and a *posse* of bailiffs were with them. The bailiffs seized some corn in the haggard of a poor widow named Ryan, who had a small farm on the top of the hill of Gurtroe, near Rathcormac. When the bailiffs sought to move the corn on carts, a large concourse of country people formed a living palisade round the small enclosure of the haggard, and kept the bailiffs from entering. Thus baffled, one of the magistrates, the clergyman, to whom the tithes were owing, declared he would order the troops to fire if the corn was not immediately yielded. The people refused, and the order was given! *The soldiers could touch their victims with the muzzles of the guns;* a charge of bayonets would have been quite as effectual, and less mortal; but the dread words, "READY!" "PRESENT!" "FIRE!" were spoken, and out poured the fatal volley, and the dead and wounded fell to the ground. Among the dead was the son of the widow Ryan.

Next morning, at an early hour, the writer was again in the saddle. He rode to Ballinahina, the seat of one of the county magistrates, the late Gerard Barry, brother of Stephen, the gentleman already mentioned. He was preparing to go to the field of slaughter, and the writer accompanied him. They saw the agonized mother, in whose behalf so much blood had

been shed. She was almost bereft of reason. Close to her little farmhouse was the small, square haggard, the scene of death. The troops fired from a few yards' distance. It was a sickening and melancholy scene This was one of several similar occurrences. In the county of Wexford the cattle of a farmer named Doyle were seized; some stones flung at the police caused a discharge of musketry, by which fourteen were killed and twenty-six wounded John Corne ius O'Callaghan, the distinguished author of the "Green Book," and a most valuable "History of the Irish Brigades," the labor of a life, wrote some stirring lines on this event, in imitation of Lord Byron's "Destruction of the Army of Sennacherib," concluding thus, —

"And the widows of Wexford are loud in their wail,
And curse the proud priesthood of Mammon and Baal;
For the poor and the guiltless, by bigotry's sword,
Were murdered for tithe, in the name of the Lord."

The people, however, were not the only sufferers. Terrible retaliation took place. The trodden worm will turn upon the heel that crushes it, the oppressed will sometimes rise against the hand that binds the chains.

In 1831, near a place called Carrickshock, a party of police were on duty under what was termed a writ of assistance, produced by two bailiffs employed in distraining a thickly populated district situate about midway between Kilkenny and Waterford. The people assembled in great numbers to resist the "crowbar brigade," as the invaders were termed, and were armed with such weapons as were most abundant among a rural population, — scythes, pitch-forks, plough-coulters, etc. The police were headed by the bailiffs, who conducted them along a narrow lane about two miles to the west of a village called Harvey, and here a dreadful encounter took place. The police were completely overpowered by numbers, and eighteen were slain.

The intelligence of this massacre caused intense excitement throughout Ireland; the country was ransacked for the criminals, and twenty-five men were sent to Kilkenny for trial by special commission. When the time arrived, the "fayre citie" presented a busy scene. Here, as the legend says, is "air without fog, water without mud, fire without smoke, and streets paved with marble"; and now the marble was hidden beneath the feet of a vast multitude intent on hearing the trial of the men accused of killing the police at Carrickshock. It was not difficult to learn that public sympathy was all in favor of the accused. O'Connell had been specially retained to defend them, and no one doubted that he would be successful; but from the multiplicity of his engagements, many doubted if he could attend. "Is the Counsellor come?" was the first question asked on the morning of the trial by hundreds crushing their way into the county court "Yes; he came last night." This elicted the heartfelt response, "Glory be to God! *The poor boys are all safe!*"

The commission opened with the usual formalities. Chief Justice Bushe, in his impressive tones and elegant diction, charged the grand jury, who speedily found true bills against all the parties charged with the homicides of Carrickshock.

Michael Kennedy, a farm laborer, was the prisoner first tried. The evidence was strong for the prosecution. The principal crown witness was one of the few constables who returned alive from the scene of carnage. He gave his testimony with that readiness and completeness which mark a witness accustomed to courts of justice, and his cool and deliberate testimony of what he saw the prisoner do was deemed quite convincing. He told how the prisoner struck his comrades, how he was dressed, and the opportunity he (the witness) unfortu-

nately had of identifying the man in the dock. There could be no doubt as to the prisoner being one of the countrymen who were present on that day, and the general impression soon was that Kennedy must be convicted.

O'Connell cross-examined this man, but he was not to be shaken. He taxed all his ingenuity to raise a doubt, to get some discrepancy in the witness's answers; but there was none. The witness never deviated from his direct evidence, and O'Connell was about to bid him "stand down," when the attorney for the prisoner flung him a slip of paper containing, in pencil, these few but significant words: "The witness's father was a sheep-stealer." O'Connell folded up the note in apparent unconcern, and flung it back to the agent. He resumed his cross-examination, but, to the surprise of the anxious attorney, made no allusion to the subject of his note. At length, when the cross-examination was apparently concluded, and the policeman about to retire, flushed with victory over the prisoner's counsel, O'Connell said, with a smile, "I wish to ask you one more question. Are you fond of mutton?"

"I like a good piece, well enough, then," was the reply.

"Did you ever know any expert sheep-stealers?"

The witness's face crimsoned. "I have met some in the discharge of my duty as a policeman," he said.

"Just so; only in the discharge of your duty. Did you ever know a sheep-stealer before you entered the police?"

The witness was induced to think he was safe about his father, for he replied emphatically, "Never."

The question, again repeated by O'Connell, met a negative reply. O'Connell with that power and vehemence which none could assume more impressively, dragged from the witness the fact that his father was a notorious thief, and before long forced the bewildered, green-coated, black-belted peeler to admit himself a perjurer.

This completely broke down the prosecution; every effort of the crown to sustain their principal witness only made matters worse. The defence was an *alibi*. The prisoner's employer swore that the prisoner was in his service at the time laid in the indictment, and employed in bringing him a ladder from a neighbor while the fight was going on. Kennedy was acquitted. Others were placed at the bar with a like result. No convictions were had, and the proceedings were abortive.

*To be continued.*

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WHAT pagan antiquity could not do near two thousand years ago, under the auspices of heathen deities, has recently been accomplished under the invocation of the name of the Blessed Virgin. In the reign of the Emperor Claudius an attempt was made to dry up the Fucinus Lake, now called Lago Fucino, in Southern Italy, by digging a subterraneous canal connecting it with the Garigliano River, and thirty thousand hands were employed on the work, but to no purpose. The Emperor Frederick I. tried the same thing in the Middle Ages, but equally failed. Of late years the Roman Prince Torlonia has taken the matter in hand, and at length succeeded in the work by which over 40,000 acres of good land have been won. One tenth of these he gave away to the poor people of the district, and at the entrance of the subaqueous way a statue of the Blessed Virgin has been erected, with the following words written on it: —

"Under the protection of Mary, conceived without blemish, Alexander Torlonia, Roman Prince, completed in 1876, this work commenced in 1854, by the power of genius and wealth, after emperors and kings had attempted it in vain."

The cost of the work amounts to two millions sterling, and since the Appian Road was built, no public work of equal magnitude has been executed in Italy.

## LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

### CHAPTER VI.

ST. PATRICK AT LOUGH DERG — MEMORIALS OF HIM PRESERVED THERE — ST. DABHEOC — HIS GENEALOGY — HIS AUSTERITIES — HIS PROPHECY REGARDING ST. COLUMBA — RECORDS OF HIM AT LOUGH DERG.

It is a subject much controverted among Irish hagiologists whether St. Patrick, our national apostle, had ever visited Lough Derg; and if so, whether the pilgrimage takes its origin from him, or from another saint of the same name, called Patrick Junior, or the Abbot Patrick, who flourished, according to the authority of Sir James Ware, about the year 850.

And though we may admit with O'Donovan, that we do not possess "any respectable historical evidence" (that is, written evidence) as to St. Patrick's visit to Lough Derg, yet it would be rash thence to infer that he did not visit it. On the contrary, the presumption in favor of his visit is so well-founded as to fall little short of convincing evidence. In the first place, there is a vivid and continuous tradition, that he visited it for deeds of penance, for retreat, and silent prayer; and, seeing that the Irish race had always regarded their patron saint with the most affectionate veneration, and had carefully treasured up, and handed down from generation to generation, even minute particulars regarding his life and labors, we should attach great importance to this tradition. Again, Dr. Lanigan records how St. Patrick, being in Tyrconnell, went back eastward towards Lough Erne; as this course would bring him through the very locality in which Lough Derg * is situated, what inconsistency is there in supposing that he then visited it, saw its adaptability for a place of retirement and penitential exercises, and there and then inaugurated it as such? The allusion in an old office of St. Patrick bears strongly, also, on this point, thus: "*Hic est doctor benevolus, Hibernicorum Ap stolus, cui loca purgatoria ostendit Dei gratia*," *i. e.*, that God, by a special favor, pointed out to St. Patrick certain places adapted for penitential exercises, such as Lough Derg certainly is.

Furthermore, the constant devotion to St. Patrick observed at this pilgrimage, the church dedicated to him, his cross, his cave, his bed of hard penance, the name which has been universally assigned to this pilgrimage, viz., St. Patrick's Purgatory, are all so many traditions and proofs in favor of his having hallowed this retreat with his presence, and of having originated those penitential exercises which the pious votaries have ever since so lovingly imitated. And though the narrative of the monk Henry of Saltrey contains many exaggerations, his statement with regard to St. Patrick's connection with this pilgrimage cannot be lightly set aside. Henry lived in the twelfth century, and related what he heard from Gilbert of Lud, and chiefly the wonderful things that happened to Owen, an Irish soldier, who had the courage to enter this cave. Henry of Saltrey says, "The Lord brought St. Patrick into a desert place, and there showed him a round cave, dark within. . . .

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* St. Patrick very probably visited Lough Derg on his way from Ballyshannon through Tyrhugh on to Tyrone. St. Patrick's sojourn at Ballyshannon is very fully described in the *Vita Tripartita*, Part II., where it is said, "St. Patrick went to Es-Ruaidh. He desired to establish himself there, where Disert-Patrick is, and Lec-Patrick. Cairbre opposed him, and sent two of his people, whose names were Carbacc and Cuangus to seize his hands. 'Not good is what you do,' said Patrick; 'if I were permitted to found a place here, the second to Rome of Latium, with its Tiber running through it would be my establishment with its Es-Ruaidh through it; and your descendants would be comarbs in it.'"

After leaving Ballyshannon, St. Patrick entered Tyrhugh, where Lough Derg is situated, on his way northwards. This journey is thus mentioned in the Tripartite: —

"After Patrick had blessed the Cenel-Conaill, and had left a blessing on their forts and rivers and churches, he went into the country of Eoghan, the son of Niall, across Bernas of Tir-Aedha into Magh-Itha." On this journey it is not unlikely that he visited *Teach-Dabheoc* on Lough Derg.

And since the pilgrim is there purged of his sins, the place is named the Purgatory of St. Patrick."

Also, it may be added, that St. Patrick had been always referred to as the founder of this penitential retreat; now, whenever St. Patrick is referred to simply, and without any additional epithet, it is our national apostle that is meant; on the other hand, the Abbot Patrick is always called, as if to distinguish him from the Apostle of Ireland, the Abbot Patrick, or Patrick Junior.

The question as to whether the pilgrimage takes its origin from St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, hinges on the previous question. For if, as we hold for certain, our patron saint had visited the place, then it is pretty clear that his spiritual children flocked thither to follow the example of the austerities he there practised, and thus rendered it a place of pilgrimage.

In a rare work, called Vita Sti. Patricii a Jacobo de Voragine, seu Lombardica Historia (printed at Nuremberg, anno 1842), the following is given as the origin of the pilgrimage: —

"Cum beatus Patricius per Hiberniam prædicaret et fructum permodicum faceret, rogavit Dominum ut aliquod signum ostenderet per quod vel territi pœniterent, jussu igitur Dei circulum magnum in quodam loco cum baculo designavit; et ecce terra intra circulum se aperuit, et putens magnus et profundissimus ibidem apparuit. Revelatumque est beato Patricio quod ibidem quidem purgatorii locus esset, in quem quisquis vellet descendere, alia sibi pœnitentia non restaret, nec aliud pro peccatis purgatorium sentiret. Plerique autem inde non redirent, et quot redirent eos a mane usque in sequens mane ibidem moram facere oporteret. Multi igitur ingrediebantur qui de cætero non revertebant."

That this place was famous as a hermitage and place of penance long anterior to the time of the Abbot Patrick is sufficiently clear from this fact alone, that during the interval the names of two, probably three, of its abbots are on record, namely, St. Dabheoc, St. Cillene, and St. Avil. As to St. Dabheoc,* Colgan says that St. Patrick left him at Lough Derg, in Donegal, in charge of a church, which in subsequent ages became famous as St. Patrick's Purgatory. And the Rev. John Francis Shearman of Howth, in his *Loca Patriciana*, says, "that Colgan's statement about Dabheoc is well-founded; for when St. Kevin was at the school of his relative, Bishop Eoghan of Ardstra, St. Dabhioc, or Bioc, then in extreme old age, paid frequent visits to this seminary" at Ardstraw, which he could easily do, owing to the propinquity of his retreat at Lough Derg. And hence, though the weight of authority forces us to admit that this penitential retreat was originated by St. Patrick, yet it may be said that his disciple, St. Dabheoc, by his severe austerities and penances gave great celebrity to this retreat, and added a great attraction to its pilgrimage. Of him Colgan writes, "He is called *Dabeocus* in general, and often *Beoanus* in Latin. He is the patron of a very celebrated church in a certain lake in Ulster, called Loch-Gerg, in which is that celebrated Purgatory of St. Patrick, whence either the lake itself, or the place in which it lies, is called Gleann-Gerc, where in the adjacent territory St. *Dabeocus* is held in the greatest veneration to the present day, and his festivity is observed three days in every year, according to our Festilogies, *viz.*, on the 1st of January, 24th of July, and 16th of December. The *Calendar of Cashel* places his festival day only on the 15th of December. It is related in the beginning of the Irish Life that he had foretold several things about the holiness and virtues of St. Columb many years before the latter was born, from which it follows

* Dabheoc, when divested of its prefix *do* and *oc*, is the same as "aedh" or Hugh. In the *Martyrology of Tallagh* the entry is "aedh, Lochagerg, *alias* Dabheog."

that he flourished in the time of St. Patrick. He is ranked among the chief saints of Ireland by Cummian."

Colgan traces the pedigree of St. Dabheoc to Dichu, St. Patrick's first convent, from which he infers that he was of the race of the *Dalfiatachs*, and that his country lay about Lecale, in Down. Other authorities trace his lineage and birthplace to Wales.

I am deeply indebted to that learned Irish scholar, Father Shearman, of Howth, for the following genealogical table, with several valuable notes regarding St. Dabheoc, with which he has favored me. Following the opinion of Colgan, he gives the pedigree of Dabheoc thus: —

Trichim =|= of the *Dalfiatach*,

Dichu =|= converted by St. Patrick, *circa* 450,
and became a monk.
Derblis
Tala
Dibrogh
Luanim =|=

Beoan, or Dabheoc (October 26th or 28th), of Glen Geirg, who flourished about A. D. 610, and is quite different from Dabheoc, or Beoan, son of Brychin, the Cambrian. In the *Naemsencus Leabhar Breac* occurs —

"Dabedg glindi geirg tra
Mac luainim mo dibrogha
McTala McDirblis sil
McDicon for McTrichim."

In Father O'Hanlon's most learned and invaluable work, "Lives of the Irish Saints" (Vol. I. No. 1), the parentage of the Cambrian Dabheoc is thus given: "St. Dabeog was the son of Brecan, or Bracan, who ruled over a territory in Wales, formerly denominated Brechonia, or Brechinia The parents of Bracan were his father Bracha, or Bracmeoc, an Irish-born prince, and Marcella, a noble British lady." Father Shearman thinks it must have been the Cambrian Dabeog, who predicted the birth of St. Columba, who was born December 7th, 521. This St. Dabheoc may have been likewise at Lough Derg, though the seventh century Dabheoc is more likely to be the patron of it. The prediction regarding St. Columba is thus narrated by Father O'Hanlon, in his "Life of St. Dabheoc," already referred to. He says, "When St. Dabheoc had here" (at Lough Derg, probably) "protracted his vigils to a late hour one night, in company with his clerics, a wonderful brightness appeared towards the northern part of the horizon. The clerics asked their master what it portended. 'In that direction, whence you have seen the brilliant illumination,' said Dabeog, 'the Lord himself, at a future time, shall light a shining lamp, which, by its brightness, must miraculously glorify the Church of Christ. This shall be Columba, the son of Feidlimid, son of Fergus, and whose mother will be Ethnea. For learning he shall be distinguished; in body and soul shall he be chaste; and he shall possess the gifts of prophecy.'"

Father Shearman adds that "Bioc of *Glen-geirg* is perhaps the same as Beon, Bishop of Tamlact McNainn (not identified), and Loughbrickland (?)."

That St. Dabheoc, patron of Lough Derg, came to that lonely island, long known as St. Dabheoc's Island, towards the close of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century, seems certain. To the austerities practised by this saint, Cummian of Connor refers in a poem on the characteristic virtues of the Irish saints, which is given, with its English version, in the *Martyrology of Tallagh*, edited by the late Rev Mathew Kelly, D. D., of Maynooth College. The stanza on St. Dabheoc runs thus: —

Mobheog,* the gifted, loved,
According to the synod of the learned,
That often in bowing his head,
He plunged it under water."

* Mobheoc is the same as Dabheoc; *mo* and *do* being prefixes denoting affection.

Now it is worthy of remark that the aforesaid penitential act for many centuries was practised at this pilgrimage; and even yet it continues to be observed by some in a modified way. Such force, we may well say, has the continuance of a pious usage in the transmission of historical facts.

After St Patrick, St. Dabheoc was the special patron of this pilgrimage. There were three festivals annually observed at Lough Derg in his honor, on the 1st of January, on the 24th of July, and on the 16th of December. These three festivals noted three important events in his life. The first may have been his *dies natalis;* the second the anniversary of his installation as abbot; and the third his *dies obitus.* These festivals appear to have been kept in Colgan's time; but for many years past they have not been observed. At the present day, indeed, the only one of these festivals which might be observed is that of the 24th of July, as, during the occurrence of the others, the station is closed.

We have already seen that the site of the monastery, founded here by St. Dabheoc, is marked by the old *lis* which is still discernible on Saints' Island.

The name of St. Dabheoc is perpetuated in the town-land denomination of Seeavoc (*suidhe Dabheog*), which means St. Dabheoc's seat, which stone seat is still to be seen there, much the same as in the days of the saint. The "Seat" lies in an out-of-the-way place, and the way towards it is difficult and precipitous. After sailing from the ferry-house towards the southwestern expansion of the lake, the visitor will perceive a little quay, or landing-place, nearly midway between St. Brigid's Chair and Portcreevy Taking a direct line from this point straight up the mountain-side, he will reach, after proceeding about one hundred perches, a carn-shaped eminence, on the very summit of the mountain. Here a stone seat is certainly to be seen, with a grave-like opening immediately in front of it, measuring about three feet deep, and between four and five feet in length. In this "cave" one could kneel with some difficulty Its sides were built with stone flags, which, after the lapse of so many centuries, must have slided in, thus leaving the enclosed space at present so confined. It is pretty clear that a covering of some sort must have originally protected this seat and cave from the storms, which, at this elevation, are occasionally somewhat alarming. Sitting on this "Seat," the lake is entirely in the background, and nothing meets the view but a long stretch of mountain, running south towards Pettigoe, and the valley through which ran the ancient roadway to Saints' Island. Standing however in the "cave" and looking towards the north, a full view of Lough Derg meets the eye; and I must confess that a better standpoint could hardly be gained for obtaining a bird's-eye view of this most interesting locality

The best view of the mound, on the summit of which the seat is located, can be obtained as you ascend more than midway from the lake towards it. It is evidently artificial, and was raised by heaping together the heath and sods of the mountain.

At the time this "Seat" was constructed, the habitations of the Irish were very rude. Cave-like and beehive shaped edifices (remains of which may still be seen along the western coast of Ireland) were *more patriæ* availed of at this period of transition, having their prototypes in the pagan period of our country. And hence, the very formation of this "Seat" and its archaic character are the very best evidences of its antiquity, and of its having been really, as in name, used by St. Dabheoc for the twofold purpose of a seat, or retired place of meditation, and of a cave in which to do penance. At this early period not only the saint's cell was venerated, but also his cross, his bed of penance, and his cave Thus we learn that

amongst other objects connected with St. Kevin in the county of Wicklow, his cave at Glendalough is still traditionally venerated. Here on this mountain-top, the holy Dabheoc detached himself from earthly consid-

St. Dabheoc's Seat.

erations, and drew nearer to his Creator by the exercise of works of penance and mortification, which, indeed, were hidden from the eyes of his fellow-men, but recorded in the Register of God.

Nor can we wonder that the saints so loved to fix their haunts among the mountains; for are they not the fittest types of fortitude and constancy, power and perseverance? Of old the angels and the ark rested on their summits; the Psalmist wept for Jonathan slain on his own mountains, and he sighed in his soul for the "everlasting hills." They look down unchanged on the changes which take place in everything around them; and elevate the soul above the passing scene of this world.

St. Dabheoc's Seat gave rise to the denomination Seeavoc, the name by which the district in which it lies was anciently known. In after ages the district was divided into sub-denominations — *Portneillinwore* (*i. e.*, the harbor of the large island), *Portcreevy* (*i. e.*, the bushy harbor), and *Ballymacavany*, the townland in which it is now situated. That these names are of comparatively modern date, probably of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, it is not difficult to guess; whereas the term Seeavoc is probably as old as the days of St. Dabheoc himself.

On Station Island may be seen a fragment of an old stone cross, which is included in the illustration of St. Patrick's Cross, given in this work. Mr Wakeman, to whom is due the credit of being the first who bestowed more than a passing look at this important object, says that it is far older than St. Patrick's Cross, dating as far back as the sixth or seventh century, if we may judge from the style of art displayed on it. This, in all likelihood, is St. Dabheoc's Cross, and was erected over his *aherla*, or grave, on Saints' Island. Only the head and arms of this cross remain; the shaft, which must have measured about five feet, having been broken off close by the arms. This shaft is now nowhere to be seen; and I have been informed by the Rev. James M'Kenna, P. P., Brookeborough, a clergyman who has

had long and intimate connection with Lough Derg, that he never could make out even a fragment of this shaft anywhere about the lake, though he made diligent search and inquiry after it; the supposition being that it must have been cast into the lake by the iconoclasts, who, during the seventeenth century, razed the structures on Saints' Island.

The measurements of this mutilated cross are, — head, one foot; arms, one foot nine inches in length; width of head and arms, six inches; in depth, four inches. At each of the four corners, formed by the shaft and arms of this cross, there is a hollow cutting, like the concave arc of a circle, which is but rarely found on old crosses, and only on those of the earliest date.

The stone of which this cross is formed is schist, which, with mica-slate, is the quality of stone most common in the vicinity of the lake; the supposition being that at this early period the freestone quarries, which are nine or ten miles distant from the lake, and from which the other inscribed stones, crosses, and cut stone at Lough Derg were taken, had not then been discovered.

In the space included between the arms, head, and shaft of this cross, there is on both sides of the cross a raised circlet, which is about four inches in diameter This circle may have been intended to express the catholicity or universality of the Church; but more probably it is a symbolical representation of the Holy Eucharist, which, in the early ages of the faith, owing to the "discipline of the secret," used to be expressed by such symbols. This was the original form of the circle which may now be so commonly seen entwining the arms of our beautiful Celtic crosses.

This mutilated cross was hitherto placed in the centre of one of the saint's "beds" on Station Island, thus showing the sacred character attached to it by the pilgrims, and the care with which it was preserved.

The original site of this ancient cross, which we will designate the cross of St. Dabheoc, was at the saint's grave* within the cemetery on Saints' Island, which now presents such deplorable ruin and desolation.

How long St. Dabheoc lived at Lough Derg, or in what year he died, it has not been ascertained. Taking it that the two saints of that name, the Cambrian and the Ultonian, had both lived at Lough Derg, as appears very probable, it would appear that the Cambrian St. Dabheoc died during the early part of the sixth century, and before the birth of St. Columba, which event he predicted. Hence, if we take, as is commonly supposed, 490 as the year in which St Dabheoc arrived at Lough Derg, and 516 or 517 as the year of his demise, we will thus have more than twenty-five years, during which the saint had pointed out to the newly converted Irish nation the bright example of a penitential life.

Very likely his was one of the eight monastic orders that were in the early Church in Ireland; for it is stated in the life of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, that the order of St. Molaisre of Devenish was one of the eight orders in Erin, and that after completing thirty years, Molaisre went to heaven, A. D. 563. The memory of Molaisre is venerated on the 12th of September in the Martyrology, where Æenguis says, "With the feast of Laisren,† the beautiful, of multitudinous Devenish." Speaking of St. Laserian, Sir James Ware says that he instituted a particular rule, but that his successors took the rule of St. Augustine. It may have been that St. Molaisre adopted the rule of St. Dabheoc, who was almost his contemporary, and whose monastic house was at that time the most distinguished in the neighborhood.

Besides we may reasonably suppose

* In the "Monasticon Hibernicon" (edited by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran), it is said that St Dabheoc was buried in the abbey which stood on Saints' Island

† Molaise, Molaisre, Laisre, and Laserian are but different forms of the same name.

that there continued to exist close intercourse from the very beginning, as if they were branches of the same order, between the religious establishments at Lough Derg and Devenish. In after ages, when Imar, Archbishop of Armagh, had introduced the Canons Regular of St. Augustine to his church and abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, built about the year 1126, Devenish and Saints' Island, which had been laid desolate by the Danes, were both repeopled by religious of that order. And thus the fellowship which existed from the beginning between these religious foundations continued on down during the Middle Ages.

Nor should I forget to add that one of the penitential circles, or "beds," on Station Island, round which the pilgrims proceed reciting certain prayers, is the bed of St. Dabheoc.* It is marked on a map of the place, published in Sir James Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland* (London, 1672), and is there called *lectus vel circulus Abogi*, the latter being a corrupt form for *Dabogi*, or Dabheoc. To the saint's "cross," "seat," "cave," and "bed" special veneration appears to have been paid, inasmuch as they were so intimately connected with the saint's prayer and penance, and thus they became such a centre of pious attraction.

As to when in the seventh century St. Dabheoc came to Lough Derg, or in what year he died, I cannot venture an opinion. As he seems to have been the special patron of Lough Derg, we may infer that to him were dedicated the seat, the cross, the bed, the island, and the termonlands. However, owing to the similarity of the names of these two saints, and the want of historical evidence on the point, it is very difficult to draw any definite conclusion thereon.

Despite the absence of written historical evidence, or at best but meagre reference, regarding St. Dabheoc, his memory has been preserved at Lough Derg in the devotion of the pilgrims toward him. His seat, also his cross, his bed of penance, his island, his termon, are all imperishable traditions of his virtues, and of the veneration in which his memory has been held. And thus are preserved, for the edification of remote generations, the lives and actions of those faithful servants of God, who abandoned the world, and in the solitude of their retreat, devoted themselves wholly to the divine service and to the observance of the evangelical counsels of perfection.

*To be continued.*

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BETTER lay in your coal now. Professor Schaffer, of Pottsville, in a lecture before the Society for the Advancement of Science, says the anthracite coal-fields will be exhausted in the year 2065.

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"IF there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No, Augustus, I won't; I am no gas meter."

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* Regarding the second St. Dabheoc or Beoan, of Lough Derg, the following extract from a legend given in the *Leabhar na h Uidhre*, will be interesting:—

"It happened that St. Comgall of Bangor despatched Beon, son of Innli, of *Teach Dabeog*, to Rome, on a message to Gregory [Pope, A. D. 590-604], to receive order and rule." A fabulous story is there told of Liben, daughter of Eachaidh, son of Muiredhach, having been metamorphosed into a salmon, caught in a net on the return of Beoan from Rome, and drawn by wild oxen from *Carn Airend* to *Teach Dabeoc*, where she was baptized by Comgall, with the name *Muirgen*, *i. e.*, "born of the sea." Another name for her was *Fuinchi*. This legend is given at length in Dr. Reeves's *Down and Connor*, p. 376. From it we can learn, making due allowance for fable, the parentage of St. Beoanus, or Dabheoc, the period at which he lived, and his journey to Rome to have his rule confirmed by Pope Gregory; we also learn that a monastry stood here at that time, named Teach Dabheoc; and that it was founded by St. Patrick, the name would imply, seeing that other foundations styled *Teach* were established by him. In proof of this may be adduced the following passage from the Tripartite Life, Part III., not to mention other similar passages: —

"Patrick did not visit Ard-macha on that occasion, but went into the territory of Hy-Cremthand, where he founded churches and *residences*," the corresponding Irish for "residence" being *Teach*, *e. g.*, Teach-Talain (Tehallen), *i. e.*, the house of Thalain — *seu* Cillene.

# MY IRISH SHAMROCKS.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

*Lines written on receiving a bunch of shamrocks lately from the "ould sod."*

I.

I've a bunch of bright green shamrocks from that far-off land of mine,
They grew on Kerry's emerald hills with a beauty all divine;
They come laden with the zephyrs of my own bright, sunny south,
And I've greeted them with rapture, with love-kisses of my mouth.

II.

I have pressed them to my throbbing heart a thousand times and more,
For they tell me tales of Ireland, the green land that I adore;
I have kissed them and caressed them; all the while the glistening tears
Start unbidden from their fountains, as I think of by-gone years.

III.

They bring me thoughts of happy days when my youth was in its prime,
When life's skies were ever golden, like a glowing summer time,
When I garlanded my shamrocks with my young friends bright and gay,
In honor of dear Ireland's feast, our own blessed Patrick's day.

IV.

They remind me of my Irish hills by Shannon's royal wave,
For they grew beside dear Ballyheigue that holds my mother's grave;
Mother! an Irish grave is thine, with green shamrocks steeped in dew,
God's heaven be thine, dear mother mine, whom my young heart never knew!

V.

They remind me of old Causeway, and my hundred of compeers,
Of all their love and sterling aid in the vanished, buried years.
Sister shamrocks of my garland, waft my friends with *triple tongue*,
All the greetings of the exile, all the love he leaves unsung!

VI.

Tell them where'er their exile roamed, o'er hill and boundless prairie,
He has been true to Ireland's faith, to God and Virgin Mary;
He has kept the green flag flying 'gainst the stranger's taunt uprearing,
To-day again he renews his vow to God and Mother Erin.

VII.

Blessings on you, friend, who sent to me o'er the stormy waters
This triple leaf of bard and chief, of Erin's sons and daughters.
May you never know the exile's woe, may shamrocks proudly wave
Above your Irish heart, good friend, when you fill an Irish grave!

VIII.

Bloom on, my Irish shamrocks! I've enshrined you in my song,
Transplanted from old Shannon's side to Hudson's wave along.
Oh, your name and fame shall never die, the bard has done his part,
Transplanted from your Irish soil, you 'll live in his Irish heart.

53 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK, 1880.

## OLD IRISH ORGANIZATIONS.

In his speech at the celebration of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in New York, on last St. Patrick's day, Chief Justice Daly delivered the following remarks: —

*Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,* — I congratulate you upon having reached the ninety-fifth anniversary of our old society. In referring to it as an old society it may not be inappropriate, as we have this year a very large accession of new members, that I should say a few words respecting its origin. When the War of the Revolution was closed, when peace had been proclaimed with Great Britain, and the United States entered upon its career as a separate and independent nation, William Constable, the aide-de-camp of Lafayette, in association with other gentlemen, revived an Irish organization which had existed in this city before and during the Revolution, by the establishment of our society in 1784. During the colonial period it had been customary in this city, as far back as the year 1762, for the Irish residents to celebrate St. Patrick's day by a dinner at one of the principal taverns, and this led in 1768 to the formation of a society under the name of The Most Ancient and Benevolent Order of the Brothers of St. Patrick, a benevolent society with something of a masonic organization, which existed in this city until 1782, and from which, I suppose, we may claim a legitimate descent. Its members, at first, sympathized with the complaints of the colonists, but as the contest with the mother country increased in intensity, the society, as a body, adhered to the crown and continued to do so to the close of the struggle. In 1771 a society was formed in Philadelphia under the name of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," to distinguish it from the Tory body in New York, which had become especially obnoxious for the part which many of its military members took in the contest with the Sons of Liberty in John Street in 1770. The Friendly Sons of Philadelphia espoused from the outset the cause of the colonists, and included among its members many of the leading men of the Revolution. General Washington was a member. He was not eligible, as he was neither Irish nor of Irish descent; but they got over the difficulty by a process which has since been extensively followed. They adopted him on December 18, 1781. This body existed until 1798, when it was merged with the Hibernian Society, which is still in existence and is celebrating to-night in Philadelphia its eighty-ninth anniversary.

William Constable, who had been a leading merchant in Philadelphia, was a member of the Friendly Sons there, and upon coming to New York to reside at the close of the Revolution, he and others were desirous of reviving, for charitable purposes, the New York Society, which had been in existence for sixteen years. Many of the members were still residents of the city, having cast their lot with the new government, and this revival was effected by discarding everything in the nature of semi-masonic or secret organization, and giving to the new body the same name as that of the Philadelphia Society, — The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

From that time, ninety-five years ago, to the present we have continued together, being the oldest Irish organization in the United States. That we have lasted so long, while other Irish organizations have been created and passed away, many of them within my own recollection, may be attributed to the fact that we made a compact in the beginning which has been steadfastly adhered to, that, as our object was the relief of the distressed, and the assembling socially together on the 17th of March, to celebrate the birthday of the beneficent apostle who gave Christianity to Ireland, we would, on these occasions, avoid discussing, or even alluding to any topic, religious or political, about which there might be difference of opinion.

We beg to correct Chief Justice Daly in relation to the Friendly Sons being the oldest Irish organization in the United States. The Charitable Irish Society of Boston was founded in 1737, and incorporated in 1809. The records of the society cover a period of one hundred and forty-three years. The Charitable Irish Society took sides with the Revolutionary patriots of 1775, and names of its members are borne upon the rolls of those who fought throughout the war which secured our independence, and gave these United States of America a national existence, and when the perpetuity of the Union was at stake, members of this society were prompt to defend, with their fortunes and their lives, the integrity of the nation.

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Oh, what mischief kisses bring into the world! They may be nice, but they are dangerous, as two young men found to their cost in Dublin. They forgot, apparently, that kissing goes by favor. Without favor it is an offence entailing three months' hard labor. One young lady was kissed, the other kiss missed fire; but both the offenders alike were justly punished, not for kissing, for that is an innocent and delightful practice when it goes by favor, but for stealing by force forbidden kisses. Three months' imprisonment and hard labor will give these unhappy young men time to repent at leisure for their offence and to learn the true value of a kiss.

## DISCOURSE ON THE INSTITUTE OF THE SISTERS OF LORETTO.

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS AND NOVICES OF THE SISTERHOOD ON THE FEAST OF ST. STANISLAUS, PATRON AND MODEL OF NOVICES, BY HIS GRACE MOST REV. J. B. LAMY, IN THE CONVENT CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF LIGHT, SANTE FE, NEW MEXICO, NOV. 14, 1879.

Translated from the Spanish by a Sister of the Order.

IT affords me great consolation, beloved sisters in Christ, to consider and to witness the manner in which God has prospered this Community of The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. How humble its beginning! How many dangers and difficulties encompassed the first sisters who came from so great a distance, their Mother House in Marion County, Ky., in order to establish in this city their first foundation of the far west! And who, moreover, accomplished this arduous undertaking, without any other resource than their trust in the providence of God and their zeal for his glory.

But, now, even during so brief a lapse of time, you have, God assisting, established in this new province of Santa Fé, eleven branch houses, the greater number of which are at present in a flourishing condition.

You have indeed, my dear sisters, been highly favored by Providence, owing, doubtless, to your true religious spirit. And we hope and pray that you may ever preserve unaltered those good dispositions. In the midst of the many tribulations which afflict us, you are to us a subject of much consolation, because of your fervor, and the great good you effect among the youthful generation of this country. But above all, by your edifying example. And we sincerely hope that you will one day likewise be our crown before God.

Your lovely chapel, which becomes an object of wonder to all who behold it, is an evident proof that God has prospered your endeavors. Moreover, the beauty of this house of God whose majesty you have come to adore, whose special favors you come to receive in Holy Communion, and whose priceless graces you come to implore both for yourselves and for the entire Church, should inspire you with greater devotion.

Now, one word, my dear sisters, with regard to the saint whose feast we celebrate to-day. Well have novices done to select this saint for their patron and model, in order the better to shape their lives by his heroic example. Our holy Church judiciously proposes the valiant perseverance of St. Stanislaus, as a noble example of fidelity to God, to all those who enter upon their religious career.

An angel in human form, he followed out his sublime vocation, despite the most rigorous opposition, encountered from his nearest relatives. But after having endured manfully these painful trials for a brief space, riper in virtue than in years, he was called to receive his reward at the early age of eighteen.

As a greater help to correspond more faithfully to the grace of your holy vocation, my dear children, and as a bulwark against the temptations that may assail you, let me exhort you to consider that your vocation comes from God. For, what our divine Lord said to his apostles, He repeats to each one of you. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." I have called you, says the Lord, to follow Me, and to be My spouses. True, to have relatives, fortune, pleasures, and to embrace in their stead a life of sacrifice and of daily mortification, is not according to our natural inclinations, but the accompanying infusion of heavenly graces changes what is bitter to sweet.

Your vocation, then, is sublime, because it comes from God. And the end of this divine vocation, and that which you propose to yourselves in carrying it into effect, is to be freed from the dangers and seductions of a sinful world, to adorn your precious souls with the virtues of the saints, and thus to secure your eternal salvation. You will greatly facilitate your perseverance in God's holy service, and promote your advancement in the path of perfection, by frequently calling to mind those gracious words of our dear Lord, "He who forsakes parents, home, friends, all for love of Me, shall receive a hundred-fold, now in this world, and life everlasting in the great hereafter."

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DETERMINATION. — The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. "My experience," remarks Sir Fowell Buxton, "is that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigor." Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose, — these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw, that you have some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, made, is final — no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated.

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A MULTITUDE OF WHALES. — The barque "Elsinore," when abreast of Bermuda, in October, passed through an immense shoal of whales. The captain declares that in an experience of many years he never saw so many whales together. The "procession" must have been at least two miles long. It is a very uncommon thing to fall in with a large gathering of whales so far south as Bermuda.

## A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

When St. Patrick was returning from Rome to France, on his way back to Ireland, to bring to its distant shores the knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, he stopped for a night's rest at a venerable convent of monks, which was situated on the Gulf of Genoa.

The work and labors of these pious monks was the spiritual and temporal care of the poor, benighted, shipwrecked sailors, who sought refuge there from the piracy of Turks. To the reverend father prior of the monastery, St Patrick revealed his name, mission, and his privileges just received from the papal court, and after the evening's frugal collation was invited to the sacred precincts of their chapter-room. The distinctiveness of the personal appearances of the monks amazed and puzzled our saint. One half of the number of the holy brethren seemed decrepit, infirm, and old, bent in form, their beards silvered with age; while on the other side an equal number looked young, fresh in years and manners. But St. Patrick's wonder increased when one of the most youthful of the pious monks, in course of conversation and conference with our saint, informed him that the very old men were their children. "It is" (said the seeming young monk in years and voice) "over a century ago since I and my companions you observe near me came here to live in this sanctified monastic retreat, giving praise to God and laboring for the poor sailors' souls, redeemed by the precious blood of His only Son. A common bond united us in the world, as we were all widowers, and to the most of our number had the paternal and spiritual charge of a son been assigned by an almighty wise Providence. Those elderly, bent frames yonder, stranger pilgrim, are, so you now know, really our children in the spirit and the flesh. The reason and cause of this strange reversal of nature I will unfold to you for your edification and future thanksgiving. One happy night, in time long ago, it was our blessed fortune to entertain at our humble board a pilgrim of gentle mien and heavenly sweetness of manner. When about to bid us adieu after the hour of prime next day, in return for our hospitality and good feeling towards him, he bade our father prior assemble us in his presence, and presented him the staff he bore in his hand, saying, 'In thanksgiving for the generous hospitality you have extended to me, I leave you this *staff*. For the time it remains in your possession, the lapse of years will have no effect upon your strength or appearance. Keep it safe until my son Patrick, and the Apostle of My Word, rests here on his way northward to Erin, to convert and bring souls under the banner of my everlasting truth. In the years to come when he shall rest here, after prostration at the feet of my vicar on earth, treat him with all the due honor and respect his priestly rank commands; and on his departure from your midst, give into his hands this same staff as a memorial from me, carrying with it all blessings and graces on him and his apostolic labors.' Standing beneath the shade of yonder olive-tree, we listened in awe to the strange bequest and command of the pilgrim, who, when he had finished speaking, vanished from our astonished sight, and was never again seen here or around this coast. As I informed you before, pilgrim priest, our children in time, one by one, entered our community; but the blessing of perennial youth for so long a succession of years had not been extended to them, as you see they are withered branches on a yet blooming stalk. When you depart from our unworthy midst, great Apostle of Erin, the sainted western isle of the future, we shall expect soon our release from the bonds of flesh, and when chanting on high the eternal anthem of glory, will chant praises for your labors before the heavenly throne."

This is the legendary history of the famous staff which St. Patrick ever carried with him on his journeys through the length and breadth of Erin. After his death it was preserved as a precious relic in St. Patrick's Cathedral of Armagh for over a hundred years. It is said now, by some annalist, to have been transferred to Christ Church in Dublin.

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## A GERMAN VIEW OF IRELAND.

London Universe.

DESPITE all the efforts of the London papers to throw dust into the eyes of the public, the people of the Continent begin to understand the real merits of the Irish question and look at it from an Irish, and not merely an English, point of view. Thus our Catholic contemporary, the Berlin "Germania," recently published a lengthy article on the subject, from which we shall now proceed to translate the leading passages.

After quoting and controverting that silly argument that England cannot allow herself to be frightened into concessions, and showing clearly that such justice as has ever been done to Ireland has in no instance been obtained otherwise than by arousing in the statesmen of England the fear of a civil war in Ireland, the writer goes on to say: —

"Daniel O'Connell, one of the greatest orators and undoubtedly the most prominent agitator of all ages, taught the Irish people lawful resistance and peaceful agitation. But in England they did not believe in his power to restrain the excited minds. The proud Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel pointed out to the king and the House of Lords that the only choice lay between civil war and the emancipation of the Catholics. And thus the simple demand of justice was granted. Was this voluntary? In the same way the voice of Ireland subsequently compelled England to grant a land bill as well as the abolition of the English Church Establishment in the Green Isle."

Ireland has still a great many outstanding claims upon her conqueror, and what was done from 1829 till 1870 is out of proportion to what remains to be done. But apart from this, continues the writer: —

"England has still to bear a fearful budget of sins committed upon Ireland. It is scandalous that a fertile country like Ireland should not be able to support her 5,000,000 inhabitants, by no means an excessive population, considering that since 1847 upward of 3,000,000 Irish have been compelled by distress to leave their fatherland, which they ardently love. It is scandalous that, despite all the progress made within the last twenty years, the mass of the Irish should still consist of beggars, poor laborers, and thousands of cotters, who are barely able, even in prosperous years, and with the utmost exertion and privation, to raise the excessive ground rent they have to pay to wealthy Protestant owners, and who in bad years become insolvent at once, and are threatened with immediate eviction by hard-hearted landlords, although they have done all that was in their power, and perhaps starved, along with their wives and children."

Having thus stated in the case of Ireland against England in general and landlordism in particular, the writer propounds his view as to the method by which this most unsatisfactory state of things is to be remedied: —

"If England was able in the seventeenth century to take millions of acres away from the Irish by acts of brute force, could she not restitute them in the nineteenth by an act of justice? We do not wish for the spoliation of the present owners. England manages to raise so many millions for wars of conquest, could she not raise a few to indemnify the English landowners in Ireland? We do not ask that a present should be made to the Irish. Let the state divide the land into a number of fair-sized peasant properties, and let them out on hereditary leases, or else make them over to the present tenants as freeholds, to be paid for by easy instalments."

At a time when English industry has to face the keenest foreign competition, and when, in every quarter of the globe, difficulties rise mountain high with which England is barely able to cope by the exertion of her entire material resources, it is a command both of wisdom and of justice that England should at last make peace with Ireland, which has been a thorn in her flesh ever since the national independence of Ireland was bartered away by a set of traitors and aliens. Let "Peace with Ireland" be the motto of England. This is the conclusion at which our eminent contemporary arrives, and which we fully indorse.

# COLUMBIA.

## A NEW NATIONAL SONG, FOUNDED ON THE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED IN NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1879.

BELIEVING the history of America to be an inspiring theme for a grand national song that shall embody the memorable epochs through which the country has passed, and continually keep before the eyes of the present and coming generations the price paid for "Liberty and Union," and thus inculcate love of country and love of God in every American heart, I have undertaken the task of weaving into verse the momentous events that have left their mark on the pages of American history, since the discovery of the continent. This verse I have wedded to original music, and both are now respectfully submitted to the public for adoption, as the National Anthem of America, dedicated to the American people by their fellow-citizen.

P. S. GILMORE.

1.

COLUMBIA! First and fairest gem
On Nature's brow, a diadem
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of freedom sheds afar.
Like Noah's Ark, a God-sent bark,
In search of land through day and dark,
First found thee held by Nature's child,
The red man, in his wigwam wild.

2.

COLUMBIA! Soon the tidings spread
Of what Columbus saw and said;
The eyes of man then turned to thee,
The new land rising from the sea;
Each spread his sail before the gale,
To verify the wondrous tale.
And thus began what was to be
The hope and home of Liberty.

3.

COLUMBIA! In thine early days
Our Pilgrim Fathers sang thy praise.
They landed from the *Mayflower's* deck
On Plymouth Rock, — a snow-clad speck
That marks the place from whence the race
Of Puritans their true blood trace,
Who fought for independence dear
With hearts of steel that knew no fear.

4.

COLUMBIA! 'T was in fire and blood
Brave Washington the foremost stood;
With banner high and sword in hand,
He drove the tyrant from the land.
Thy breast still sore to thy heart's core,
Till washed again in human gore,
*In martyr-blood!* shed not in vain, —
It left thee whole, without a stain.

5.

COLUMBIA! See, what thou art now,
*A crown of stars* on Nature's brow;
With fields of gold and teeming marts,
With fifty million loving hearts
Who cling to thee, from sea to sea,
To guard thy peace and liberty:
Who, man to man, shall e'er be just,
And in the Lord place all their trust.

6.

COLUMBIA! Lift thine eyes on high,
See Him who dwells in yonder sky!
The King of Glory on His Throne,
Who looks on all, for all's His own.
Our earthly gain would be in vain,
A home in heaven to attain,
If with our hearts we did not pay
Our debt to Him. — Then let us pray.

7.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
O Lord, be ever at our side!
That we thy voice may always hear,
And feel that thou art ever near;
In mercy spare from grief and care
The nation bowed in fervent prayer,
Who ask, with reverent love and awe,
GOD BLESS AND SAVE AMERICA.

### ITS FIRST RECEPTION IN NEW YORK ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At half past three o'clock in the afternoon people were pouring into the Academy of Music by hundreds, all anxious to secure seats and to enjoy the first performance of Mr. P. S. Gilmore's national anthem "Columbia." It required but a little time to fill every available position, from the auditorium to the gallery. When the curtain arose it was upon a mass of faces that must surely have indicated the intense interest that has been created in the new work of the composer. As the ladies and gentlemen passed the officials who received the tickets they were supplied with a printed copy of the words and melody, and were thus enabled to follow every move-

ment in the programme. It was evident from the outset that the audience were in thorough sympathy with the occasion, and prepared to receive in a good-natured way whatever might be presented, for nobody knew whether the affair would be a success or a failure. After a trifling delay some sixty-five or seventy instrumentalists filed in from the side-doors of the stage and took their places. Most of them had not seen the music they were required to perform. Among the artists who had thus volunteered were Levy, the famous soloist on the cornet, and a score of other gentlemen who are well known in musical circles This fact of itself indicates not only the strength of the sympathy that exists between Mr. Gilmore and other members of his profession, but it shows the warmth of interest they feel in his composition and his endeavor to give it the largest publicity. Their appearance upon the stage in large numbers was therefore regarded by the audience as an earnest tribute to the work of the composer. In a minute or two after they were seated the curtain rose, and revealed a chorus of about four hundred ladies and gentlemen who represent our several metropolitan choral societies. They were arranged with picturesque effect, the sopranos in front, the altos behind, the tenors slightly in the rear, and the bassos high up on the back of the stage. It was like the base of a pyramid of vocal possibilities. When the curtain was fairly up, and the applause that greeted the *ensemble* ceased, Mr. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, who had been selected to deliver the address explanatory of the poem and the occasion, advanced to the front of the stage, and spoke as follows: —

### MR. SULLIVAN'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Deep and intelligent love of country is a passion that must ever create poetry and music, and an offering to the patriotism of the country of a national song founded on history is by no means an insignificant fact.

Your sympathy with such an offering, your desire to witness and unite in it, attest a creditable appreciation by you of the worth of such a high and honorable endeavor. It is in its poetry that a nation discloses its highest aims and enthusiam. Thence you learn what the nation thinks of law, of freedom, of excellence in character, of the true standard of greatness, and of God. If it be degraded by low and material influences, a nation never will sing lofty spiritual songs. Let us then keep in mind that the service of this Christmas afternoon, which is not to introduce an elegant ode, with floral brilliancy, or a classic lyric, but in simple phrase and measure to embody the sentiment of the American patriotism in a "people's song," will be tested by the inquiry, "With what images does it fill the mind, and what feelings does it stimulate?"

When we speak of a "song founded on history" we recall a great truth. The poet is, in fact, the true historian. He alone sees truth beneath its veil. History, ordinarily so termed, describes the vesture, but the vivified agent beyond, and the soul that warms and colors it, are discernible only by the aid of the Muses. The heart, just as all men carry it about with them, over the whole earth, and through all time, warmed by passions, moved by sympathies — the necessities of its nature, and alive to all truths that are general and not local and incidental — flashes out its own knowledge, feelings, sufferings, and designs; and that gleam is poetry, that comprehends the history of man. It shows what he is in all the varying circumstances wherein he lives; it shows what he is doing to change the circumstances. Such poetry is a mirror which not only reflects a faithful image, but which itself takes on beauties from the image in its bosom, and bestows its refulgence as a new enrichment upon the object before it. It is the Oriental crystal of the fable: you look into it, and all that ever glanced upon it looks out upon you.

With it there is no such thing as a never returning past. To it all events are discernible in each event: nothing is isolated, nothing is transitory. The laws of birth, of all that is fine in human nature, are known to the poet. He can describe it: he can summon it, and make its embryo wings flutter in the bosom of his fellow-man.

Of course a sentiment so elevated and akin to piety as patriotism has made poetry its handmaid. Patriotic melodies, at times, have the power of a sanctuary song. Their effect is illustrated in the history of every nation, ancient and modern.

Who can read the famous Scholium of Callistratus and not be transported to the Panathenæan festival, when the myrtle-wreathed sword killed the tyrant and gave equal laws to Athens?

Methinks I can hear her people, at all their festive meetings, chant to their beloved Harmodious, in the Islands of the Blest, immortal with

"the glorious dead,
Achilles, fleet of foot, and Diomed."

Mr. Sullivan then spoke of the more prominent patriotic songs of

modern nations, of their origin and the effect they have had upon the growth and power of the peoples adopting them, and proceeding, said: —

"COLUMBIA" INTERPRETED.

To-day it is our good fortune to christen at one font both the words and the music in which, it is hoped, patriotic feeling may find inspiration and expression. As I now understand, the vision which informs this new song of "Columbia in History," it turns my sight three centuries back. It is sunset. Upon the deck of a little vessel sailing western seas, where Europeans had never before ventured, I hear the mariners sing, "Salve Regina," the vesper hymn to the Virgin. I hear Columbus addressing them, and pointing out the goodness of God in leading them across tranquil oceans and guiding them to a promised land. The next morning, I see that admiral landing on one of the islands of the new continent, upon his knees thanking God, with tears of joy, ending his voyage, as he had recorded the beginning in his journal, "In nomine D. N. Jesu Christi." The banners carried ashore were emblazoned with the cross, and that must ever remain the first fact in an American history, whether written in poetry or in prose. The island which the rising sun revealed to view was oversplendored with a brighter glory, — the living light of the Cross.

In the spirit of this song I look a century later. I see another small vessel, in a northern latitude, at midwinter, approach the icy shore of the same continent. It is the "Mayflower," and from her decks a few pilgrim immigrants land. They plant for posterity a State, the end of which was religion, the rule of which was equal laws, the object the common good, the glory of which was to be freedom; before landing they formed a body politic — "In the name and presence of God."

Borne onward again by this historic song for a century and a half, we are brought into the majestic presence of Washington, amid the scenes which marked the achievement of American Independence. Again, with nearly a century's flight, the vision is all o'ercast with the night of "a frowning Providence," only that the day star shall soon arise to see civil war ended and man's slavery extinguished. Borne on further by the tide of this song review, which of the millions of loving hearts that shall chant this song of "Columbia" will fail "to guard her peace and liberty"?

And more than that, who will remain unimpressed by the spirit which springs out of this song, that

"man to man shall e'er be just"?

Why should it not inspire us all with a new devotion "to advocate the rights of the feeble and plead for the sufferings of the poor"?

For myself, I believe that the duty, the strength, and the glory of our country will be found in that path. I feel it, and I mean it, that that duty, in one immediate practical shape, is for the whole people with mighty energy to care for the education of the lately emancipated slaves, now fellow-citizens with us.

It now only remains for us to recognize the propriety with which the "Columbia" song concludes in ascription of praise to Him, the "King of Glory on His throne," and in invocation on His blessing.

GILMORE.

Mr. Gilmore now came to the front and was awarded a most enthusiastic ovation. Bowing again and again to the audience in recognition of the same, he turned to his orchestra, and in a moment afterward a dozen or more of the stringed instruments were giving in the softest and gentlest manner the opening measures of his melody. At a stroke of his baton the wood instruments, the flutes, oboes, and bassoons took up the strain, and then came the grand outburst of the entire orchestra with an effect that elicited the wildest enthusiasm. A repetition was demanded, and the audience almost rose to its feet in the desire to applaud. The welcome of the composition was at once established.

At this juncture Mr. George Vandenhoff advanced to the footlights and with a clear, ringing elocution read the poem in a manner that was well calculated to impress its meaning upon every person present. Audience, orchestra, and chorus alike joined in the recognition of the purpose and plan of the new national anthem, which his method of recital had evidently enforced. The orchestra now repeated the melody, and Mr. Gilmore meanwhile lead to the front Miss Emma Thursby, who had kindly volunteered, as a representative American artist, to appear as the soloist of the day. She was received and welcomed with round upon round of applause. Tenors and bassos began the aria, then followed the solo, and quickly came the rich unison of the sopranos and altos of the chorus, ending with the full effect of the great band and the four hundred voices in full volume. The reception of the performance was of a nature the warmth of which can scarcely be described.

The enthusiasm was contagious. After an encore Mr. Sullivan again came forward and suggested that the last verse, "the prayer," should be sung by the entire audience. The thought took instantly, and three thousand persons spontaneously rose to their feet and joining with the orchestra and chorus, rolled out with magnificent effect the stirring strain.

Mr. Gilmore was called upon for some remarks after the performance, but gracefully avoided the infliction by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have already made my little speech. You have heard it and blessed it kindly. I can only add my wish of a 'Merry Christmas' to each and all of you."

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## COLUMBUS'S LOST ANCHOR RECOVERED.

A curious relic of one of the expeditions which sailed to the West Indies under the command of Columbus has, it is stated by a Martinique journal, been recently discovered. On the 4th of August, 1498, a small squadron of three vessels under the orders of Christopher Columbus was anchored off the southwestern extremity of the island of Trinidad. Late at night Columbus, it is related by Washington Irving, suddenly saw a wall of water approaching toward the fleet from the south. His own vessel was lifted up so high by the incoming wave that he feared it would be either submerged or dashed on shore, while the cable of one of the other ships parted under the strain to which it was subjected. The crews of the vessels gave themselves up for lost, but after a time the wave, which it is surmised must have been caused by an exceptionally large body of water coming suddenly down one of the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Paria, ebbed back again. This sudden rise of the waters of the gulf is mentioned by Columbus's son, Ferdinand, who adds that the fleet suffered no damage save the loss of one anchor. It is this anchor which has now been found, and, strangely enough, it was dug up from a depth of six feet below the surface of the ground, at a spot three hundred and seventy-two feet from the nearest point of the coast line. The land, it is well known, is gaining upon the sea along the shores of Venezuela, so that where once ships rode at anchor gardens are now planted. The anchor itself is of simple form and comparatively rude manufacture, the stock being eight feet long and round, with a ring at one end one foot in diameter to which to make fast the cable, and with flukes five feet long, the whole weighing 1,100 pounds.

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## INDEPENDENT YOUNG MEN.

The large proportion of failures in business and the professions is often used as an argument against the wisdom of young men attempting to be independent. But it is no argument at all. Most of the failures result from the defects in the men, not in what they have undertaken. They have been imprudent, dishonest, careless, extravagant, over-ambitious, and therefore they have met with disaster. If they have not, if they have conducted their affairs intelligently and properly, they will be pretty certain to be so sustained and helped as to be able to go on again, and the next time circumstances over which they have no control will not, in all probability, declare against them. Out of failure not traceable to dishonest dealing, incapacity, or recklessness, prosperity may, and often does spring, for a new trial is generally accorded to him who has worked faithfully, and not abused public or private trust. Honest failure is not calamity; it excites sympathy and insures timely aid, for the most part, finally resulting in justification of and advantage to the man who has failed.

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He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

# THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

It is a fact, that the Methodist denomination is the great enemy of the Catholic Church, not only in this country, but in Europe. They seize upon every unfortunate man and woman who have left in disgrace the Catholic Church, and bring them before the public by appealing to the baser passions of the illiterate. This is the case in the McNamara, Edith O'Gorman, and other unfortunates, whom the Methodists of Boston brought before the public. In order to get an audience, tickets were freely given away to make a show in the hall. Many of the more respectable of the Methodist denomination do not approve, as Dean Swift once said, of the Pope, in weeding his garden, throwing the rotten weeds over into their pasture. One of the audience was rather sceptical of poor McNamara, and remarked to one of the audience that he thought it was a put-up job on the part of them 'ere Catholics to gull the "elect." The most charitable construction that can be placed upon the course of "bishop" McNamara is, that he is light in the upper story. We give a brief account of the founder of Methodism from an English publication: —

"In the early part of the year 1780, John Wesley wrote a 'Defence of the Protestant Association,' an inflammatory production in which, amongst other things, he said that 'an open toleration of the popish religion is inconsistent with the safety of a free people and a Protestant government; *and that every convert to popery was by principle an enemy to the constitution of this country.*'* Wesley, about the same time, also wrote a letter to one of the newspapers, to prove by a series of ridiculous syllogisms, that no government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion.' To prove that the Act of 1778 meant the toleration of Catholics, he says that Catholics understood it as such, and that this was shown by their preaching openly, building chapels at Bath and elsewhere, raising seminaries, and making converts. This letter and the defence of the Protestant Association were so incentive to violence, that Milner calls Wesley 'the chief author of the riots in 1780.'

"We need not wonder, then, that the Wesleyan Methodists have always been amongst the most bitter enemies of the church. Their founder was not only an enthusiast, but a firebrand. One of his first principles was, no toleration to Catholics. He inculcated it in his followers, and he urged it by actual persecution. Hatred of the church may be said to be almost as much of the essence of Methodism as hatred of Christianity is of the essence of Mahometanism. Hence there are very few converts amongst the Methodists. The anti-Catholic riots of 1779 and 1780 were, as we have seen, the work almost entirely of Presbyterians and Dissenters; and Presbyterians and Dissenters are to this day the most obstinate maintainers of heresy and the most determined haters of God's church. This is shown in England by an extreme unwillingness on the part of Dissenters, especially of the Methodists, to listen to the voice of truth; and it is shown in Scotland amongst the Presbyterians by the instinctive horror which they seem to have of every Catholic, we might almost say of everything Christian, and the rudeness with which they show it by word, look, and gesture. In the Church of England, as a church, it is impossible indeed for a Catholic to see anything respectable; but amongst the members of the Church of England there are many who not only lead blameless lives, but are gradually preparing themselves to receive the truth. It would seem as if God were, in these days, offering a very great grace to thousands in the Church of England. We should help them by our prayers."

* The words we have put in italics will remind the reader of Mr. Gladstone's words in 1874: "No one can become a convert, without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another." So much progress has Protestant intelligence made in nearly a hundred years.

## THE IRISH COLLEGE, ROME.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Kirby has resigned the office of Rector of the Irish College, Rome, to which he was appointed twenty-five years ago, in succession to the late Cardinal Cullen, on the latter's election to the Archiepiscopal See of Armagh in 1854. Previous to this Monsignor Kirby held the office of vice-rector. He remains in Rome as one of the prelates in attendance on the Pope, and it is stated that his resignation is but the prelude of his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals. He will be succeeded by the Very Rev. Canon Verdon (nephew of the late Cardinal Cullen), Rector of the Holy Cross College, Dublin.

# TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

KNOWING as we do, the imminence of famine in Ireland, and having become intimately acquainted during the past few months with the condition and prospects of the people in the distressed districts, we deem it our duty to lose not a moment in laying before the American people the true state of affairs in Ireland, and we think it right to make known to them of our readiness to receive and administer any funds which the people of America desire to contribute in alleviation of this distress.

It has, therefore, been decided to establish in New York a central fund, to be called the "Irish Famine Relief Fund," so as to afford organizations and contributors in all parts of the Union an opportunity of sending their contributions for the relief of the distressed with the least possible difficulty and delay.

Mr. John E. Develin, of the firm of Develin & Miller, has kindly consented to act as the honorary secretary of the fund, and Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., bankers, of Wall Street, have undertaken to act as treasurers, to receive subscriptions and to forward them to Ireland. Although all Ireland is at present passing through a period of great depression and poverty, famine will be confined to the following districts: — The counties of Mayo, Galway, Donegal, and portions of the counties of Sligo, Clare, Kerry, and Cork. A rough calculation based on our own observation and trustworthy information at our disposal leads us to believe that we shall have, over and above the greatly increased pauper population of the Irish poorhouses, about two hundred and fifty thousand of the peasantry without the means of procuring food for about three months. If these poor people are driven to seek relief under the poor law they will be utterly demoralized and sink — those of them who do not perish — into a condition of hopeless pauperism; whereas a timely relief, so administered as not to pauperize and degrade the people, will place them in a position to avail of the spring work, when we hope that the intensity of the distress will abate. It is proposed that all sums thus received shall be immediately transferred to the treasurers of the National Land League of Ireland, — namely, W. H. O'Sullivan, M. P. for Limerick County; J. G. Baggar, M. P. for Cavan County, and Patrick Egan, Esq., merchant, Dublin, — and shall be used by them solely for the purpose of the relief of the distress in Ireland. Without wishing to cast any discredit on or to interfere with the operation of other relief committees, we think it right to point out that no other body is possessed of local organization in famine districts, whereas our organization has branch associations in every town and village of the distressed counties, and that whereas other associations sitting in Dublin and elsewhere at a distance from the scene of distress will, as in past times, be obliged to employ an expensive staff to collect information and distribute relief, we have already possessed ourselves of accurate information as to the condition of the people, and that we have at our command an efficient staff, willing to carrry out the work absolutely free of expense, so that we are in a position to undertake that every dollar confided to our care will be expended in purchasing food for the starving peasantry. We trust that secretaries of the various relief funds throughout the country will at once place themselves in communication with the honorable secretary of the Irish Famine Relief Fund, Mr. John E. Develin, of room 59, No. 32 Park Place, who will be happy to give further information, and that all subscriptions collected for relief purposes may be at once forwarded to the treas-

urers, Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., bankers, Wall Street, New York City.

CHARLES S. PARNELL.
JOHN DILLON.

JANUARY 9, 1880.

## ENOUGH TO EAT.

### WHAT A PROTESTANT MINISTER SAYS.

REV. MR. TALMAGE, in a recent sermon, in Brooklyn, N. Y., says, "Every moral and industrious man has a right to enough to eat. I lay down this principle, whatever social or moral theory it may seem to crowd. If anybody has n't enough to eat in this great world of God's, it is because somebody has more than his share. I tell you, my friends, the great question of the age and of the day is the question, How much property shall a man be allowed to accumulate and will down by law to his children? If the process goes on the world will eventually become the property of one man, who, if he chances to be mercenary, may put a tax on water and sunshine. There are estates rolling up in this country which should set political economists a-thinking. The only reason that America has not yet felt the evil of these great accumulations is because sufficient time has not yet elapsed. But when one man in Wall Street can in a single day turn over $20,000,000 of stocks, there is danger afloat. As long as the Sultan of Turkey has an income of $60,000,000 a year, as long as the Duke of Norfolk owns 500,000 acres in the Hebrides, the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland acres that stretch from sea to sea, and the Duke of Richmond 300,000 acres at Gordon Castle, there must be something wrong in the arrangement which allows people to starve. Perhaps we can't settle it, but God can. God settled the question of slavery in the South, but a million and a half of brave men died before the work was accomplished. Whether it will require a larger sacrifice to settle this property question, I don't know. I fear to think of it. I am not, however, to discuss the problems of political economy I am here to appeal to you as Christian men and women to aid starving Ireland. Last Tuesday I received a cablegram from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, saying, 'Famine is inevitable. Aid needed.' Last Sunday I got one from Lord James Butler, saying, 'Food and fuel needed in Ireland.' I have also received a cable message of the same import from that great Scottish philanthropist, the Earl of Kintore. I am convinced that this is no political dodge. Let America telegraph to Ireland, 'Bread is on the way.' Do you know the horror of starving?" Mr. Talmage then gave, in his own graphic and peculiar way, some description of starvation, and wound up by saying, "If I saw my family starving, my children dying by inches with plenty to eat around me, while I could get no money to buy them a morsel of bread, I'd — Well, rather than finish that sentence, I'll say, God keep me from the temptation." Mr. Talmage then told his hearers how peculiarly distressing was a famine in Ireland, because of the affectionate nature of the Irish people and their love for their families. "Hundreds of Irish serving-maids in the United States are denying themselves almost the necessaries of life in order to aid the loved ones at home, and are exhibiting examples of sisterly and fraternal affection unsurpassed, save by the matchless love of God. Do you wonder that starving Irishmen rebel? Let riots in Ireland be put down by bread, not by bullets." In concluding his discourse Mr. Talmage said, "O Protestants and Catholics of America, I implore you to cast aside all distinctions, and letting your humanity and love for God burn so bright that it shall fade out both the orange and the green, work shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand for the relief of Ireland. As I twine the shamrock around the cross I hear louder than the wail of starving Ireland a voice crying, 'I was hungered and you gave me meat.' A collection for Ireland was then taken.

## TWO OF THE MOST EMINENT CONVERTS OF THE CENTURY.—WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE CHURCH.

### CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"FROM the day I became a Catholic to this day, now close upon thirty years," wrote the now Cardinal-Deacon of St. George five years ago in his famous letter to the Duke of Norfolk, "I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has 'the adoption of sons, and the glory, and the covenants and the revealed law, and the service of God, and the promises,' and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it, has, as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction since 1845 that it was my clear duty to join the Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which, in my own mind, I felt to be divine. Persons and places, incidents and circumstances of life, which belong to my first forty-four years, are deeply lodged in my memory and my affections; moreover, I have had more to try and afflict me in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican; but never for a moment have I wished myself back, never have I ceased to thank my Maker for his mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has he let me feel forsaken by him or in distress or any kind of religious trouble."

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### O. A. BROWNSON, LL. D.

In his "Convert," Dr. Brownson speaks thus: "I have been, during thirteen years of my Catholic life, constantly engaged in the study of the Church and her doctrines, and especially in their relations to philosophy or natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under those points of view which are the most odious to my non-Catholic countrymen and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never, in a single instance, found a single article, dogma, proposition, or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never believed possible while I was a non-Catholic. This is my experience; and though not worth much, yet in this matter, whereof I have personal knowledge, it is worth something. ("The Convert," Chap. XIX., p. 313.) "This much only will I add, that, whether I am believed or not, I can say truly that during the nearly thirteen years of Catholic experience I have found not the slightest reason to regret the step I took. I have had much to try me, and enough to shake me, if shaken I could be, but I have not had the slightest temptation to doubt or the slightest inclination to undo what I have done, and have every day found new and stronger reasons to thank Almighty God for his great mercy in bringing me to the knowledge of his Church, and permitting me to enter and live in her communion. I know all that can be said in disparagement of Catholics. I am well versed, perhaps no man more so, in Catholic scandals, but I have not been deceived; I have found the Church all that her ministers represented her, all my imagination painted her, and infinitely more than I had conceived it possible for her to be. My experience as a Catholic, so far as the Church, her doctrines, her morals, her discipline, her influences are concerned, has been a continued succession of agreeable surprises."

# THE RELIGION AND NATIONALITY OF IRELAND.

J. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P.

FROM the time when the ancient Church made Ireland the university of the world, amidst all the strife of factions, amidst all the discords of hostile chiefs, Irish history always exhibited one living principle of unity, one grand idea which in itself contains the essence of universal harmony, and that idea was represented in the cross of Catholicity, planted in many a highland valley and in many a lonely glen. There were two events in the history of their race which, occurring at different periods in that history, had colored the destiny and character of the Irish people, and he could refer to them as the fountains of two mighty streams which had descended upon the waves of time and colored and formed and influenced the whole course of Irish history. These events were the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick and the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. There were no gilded cabins, there were no silver-tongued courtiers, there were no armed retainers in the ship that bore the simple swineherd in the person of St. Patrick to the shores of Ireland. Yet, with the apostle's staff for his sceptre, his only code of laws God's Sacred Word, he founded the dominions of the Church on the ruins of pagan superstition. He accomplished in a few short months the conquest of the whole Irish race, and he is the only invader of Ireland whose dominion has never been questioned since the cross of the indestructible Church was illumined by the Irish sun rising over the Irish mountains. In a few short months he accomplished what missionaries like Henry II. had been vainly striving to achieve for 700 years, and which they were as far from achieving at the present hour as they were when Strongbow and his armed followers first landed on the Irish shores. The conquest of St. Patrick, and the survival to our time of the spirit of Irish nationality, prove that the moral power of right is greater and stronger than the material force of persecution. One fact that particularly struck the student of Irish history was the vitality of the Irish race. Any of them who had read the history of the wars of Elizabeth must remember that terrible picture which her deputy, Mountjoy, presented to his royal mistress when he wrote that she had nothing to reign over in Ireland but "carcasses and ashes." If they could close their eyes to the history of later times they might conclude that Mountjoy had accomplished the first conquest of Ireland, and that the struggle of 1603 ended in the complete subjugation of Ireland. But it was not so to be. Forty years had not elapsed when the resuscitated spirit of the Irish nation aroused all the fury of the rebel Protector of England, and the sword of Cromwell followed that of Elizabeth in the work of slaughter. Neither sex nor age was spared by the Puritan soldiery; thousands of young boys and girls were handed over to the tender mercy of the West Indian slaveholder; but long after Cromwell had done his worst, and after the judgement of God had overtaken him, there still existed the unconquered Irish nation. He believed that in this year of grace Ireland was as devoted to the spirit of nationality as at any former period of her history, and for proofs of this he referred to the vitality of the national party of our time, the whole history of which is studded with the records of Irish nationalism and Irish patriotism. The United Irishmen of one hundred years ago, representing the patriotism of a large section of the Irish people, dissolved the moment that the leaders fell into the hands of the British government; the

movement sanctified by the devotion of Robert Emmet perished with him on the scaffold in Thomas Street; the nationalism of O'Connell was buried in the grave that closed over his remains; and the Confederation of '48 lived only in the songs of its poets and the speeches of its orators when Meagher and Mitchell set sail in the convict-ship for Bermuda. And in our time we have seen the leaders of Irish public opinion flung into the solitariness and degradation of the prison cell; we have seen others ascend the scaffold; we have seen others again driven into the madhouse as a sacrifice on the altar of English prejudice: but we have not seen the national spirit of Ireland droop one hair's breadth from that high position of manly resolve and stern determination which will yet win the independence of our people. And therefore he said that there were few periods of Irish history when there was greater cause for hope and rejoicing, although we know we live in trying times, and the efforts of Irish patriots must be directed to the redress of those practical grievances which have brought misery to many a pleasant fireside. We behold in the present condition of Ireland the outcome of the government of Ireland by a people who know nothing of Irish wants, and who are, by their character and training, particularly unfit to sympathize with, to understand, or to appreciate Irish aspirations. There were two things which he (Mr. O'Connor Power) intended and hoped to see realized in his day,—the establishment of an Irish Parliament, and the disestablishment of Irish landlordism; and it seemed to him that these two measures represented the two political necessities of Ireland, without which her peace, her freedom, and her prosperity could never be secured. They could n't forget that in the days when Ireland was mistress of her own destinies she advanced in trade, in agriculture, and in manufactures, and in everything that could enhance a nation's position in the world. They knew therefore by the experience of the past and by the knowledge of what Irishmen had accomplished in the free dependencies of the British crown, and in that still freer and more glorious country, the American Republic, that Irishmen had all the qualities of high statesmanship, that they were not deficient in the qualities required by a free and independent nation, and therefore they had revived in their day the demand for an Irish Parliament in College Green. At the present moment they were face to face with a crisis that occurred periodically in the history of Ireland because she occupies the extraordinary position of being the only nation in the civilized world whose people did not possess their own resources. Agriculture was the mainspring of Ireland's wealth, yet the agricultural resources of Ireland were the property of individuals nominally of the Irish population, but in reality, as Lord Lyndhurst has said, aliens in tongue, in blood and religion to the people of Ireland

They had on one side three millions of toilers, and on the other ten thousand individuals not toiling, but consuming the fruits of the labor of these millions. When they looked at the past of Ireland they could not but believe that she is destined to survive her present misfortunes. One of the greatest of political philosophers, the Irishman Edmund Burke, had written these words for the instruction of humanity, "A nation is a spirit, and cannot die." We may in our day, as did Grattan in his, apply the words of Romeo to Ireland, and say,—

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

England by disestablishing the Protestant Church, confessed that the struggle against Irish Catholicity was a failure; and just as, 1400 years ago, the pagan Druids bowed beneath the sceptre of St. Patrick, the English

government bowed before the faith of the Irish people, and he promised them, his countrymen, that, just as the British government had been obliged to surrender to the Cross of Catholicity, they would yet be obliged to surrender to the undying spirit of Irish nationality.

## PTOTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

THE zealous and boastful missionaries who, commissioned from England and America, are to Protestantize France, profess to be making wonderful headway. They set up their furniture here and there, and because they attract a crowd of the curious, declare the seed is blossoming wonderfully. Because the civic authorities give them protection and throw no obstacles in their way, they insist that they are converting those authorities. Because they have 8,000 adherents in Paris (out of 2,000,000 of people), though there are actually more than that number of American Protestants resident, they look upon the city as already their own. These rather stupid gentlemen mistake the politeness that hears and tolerates them for doctrinal conviction, and the strict neutrality of the mayors and prefects for sympathy, and they go on writing hifalutin letters to their employers at home. Now, the French are nothing if not logical. They are either Catholics or infidels. They abhor a system that is nothing more than a cloak for theological vagaries, for whatever they believe or disbelieve they proclaim in the face of day. The fault of hypocrisy has no place with them. Even those of them who have cast off their proper allegiance to the Church are too keen to be drawn into any of the multitudinous forms of Protestantism. "You are very good," said an infidel *ouvrier* to a *colporteur*, "exceedingly kind, indeed, to trouble yourself so much about my soul, and all for nothing, and I hardly know how to thank you; but do not be offended when I assure you that it is no anxiety to me at all. If it were, I know where to go," and he pointed to the towers of Notre Dame. Sarcastic courtesy of this sort is the largest part of the missionary's reward.

## ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

R. D. Williams.

ADIEU! The snowy sail
Swells her bosom to the gale,
And our barque from Innisfail
Bounds away.
While we gaze upon the shore,
That we never shall see more,
And the blinding tears flow o'er,
We pray:

Ma Vourneen, be thou long
In peace the Queen of Song,
In battle proud and strong
As the sea!
Be saints thine offspring still,
True heroes guard each hill,
And harps by ev'ry rill
Sound free!

Tho' round her Indian bowers,
The hand of nature showers
The brighest-blooming flowers
Of our sphere;
Yet not the richest rose
In an *alien* clime that blows,
Like the brier at home that grows
Is dear.

Tho' glowing breasts may be
In soft vales beyond the sea,
Yet ever, *Gra Machree*,
Shall I wail
For the heart of love I leave,
In the dreary hours of eve,
On thy stormy shore to grieve,
Innisfail.

But mem'ry o'er the deep
On her dewy wing shall sweep
When in midnight hours I weep
O'er thy wrongs;
And bring me steeped in tears,
The dead flowers of other years,
And waft unto my ears
Home's songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
Of a nameless foreign tomb,
By distant ocean's boom,
Innisfail,
Around thy em'rald shore
May the clasping sea adore,
And each wave in thunder roar
"All hail!"

And when the final sigh
Shall bear my soul on high,
And on chainless wing I fly
Thro' the blue,
Earth's latest thought shall be
As I soar above the sea,
"Green Erin, dear, to thee
Adieu!"

# THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

| DIOCESE, ETC. | Archbishops. | Bishops. | Priests. | Ecclesiastical Students. | Churches and Chapels. | Stations. | Seminaries. | Colleges and Academies. | Parochial Schools. | Pupils in Parochial Schools. | Charitable Institutions. | Estimated Catholic Population. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BALTIMORE | 1 | .. | 261 | .. | 128 | 35 | 4 | 26 | 84 | 15,000 | 22 | 200,000 |
| Charleston | .. | 1 | 16 | .. | 21 | .. | .. | 3 | 4 | 900 | 2 | 10,000 |
| Richmond | .. | 1 | 27 | 10 | 51 | .. | .. | 7 | 32 | 2,000 | 4 | 17,900 |
| Savannah | .. | 1 | 27 | 6 | 25 | 35 | .. | 13 | 4 | ..... | 7 | 25,000 |
| St. Augustine | .. | 1 | 11 | 8 | 16 | 70 | .. | 6 | 13 | 657 | .. | 10,000 |
| Wheeling | .. | 1 | 32 | 3 | 68 | 40 | .. | 7 | 24 | 1,600 | 2 | 18,000 |
| Wilmington | .. | 1 | 16 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 5 | 550 | 2 | 15,000 |
| North Carolina (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 8 | 2 | 13 | 24 | .. | 2 | 5 | ..... | .. | 1,800 |
| BOSTON | 1 | .. | 224 | 78 | 176 | 39 | .. | 4 | 16 | No ret'n. | 16 | 310,000 |
| Burlington | .. | 1 | 32 | 23 | 66 | .. | .. | 3 | 14 | 2,827 | 1 | 35,000 |
| Hartford | .. | 1 | 105 | 50 | 100 | 49 | .. | 25 | 44 | 10,500 | 3 | 175,000 |
| Portland | .. | 1 | 66 | 15 | 86 | 66 | .. | 4 | 22 | 2,958 | 7 | 80,000 |
| Providence | .. | 1 | 84 | 17 | 74 | .. | .. | 10 | 12 | 8,000 | 2 | 136,100 |
| Springfield | .. | 1 | 100 | .. | 88 | .. | .. | 6 | 10 | 4,000 | 2 | 150,000 |
| CINCINNATI | 1 | .. | 168 | 93 | 197 | 78 | 1 | 15 | 140 | 25,406 | 6 | 200,000 |
| Cleveland | .. | 1 | 161 | 35 | 218 | 66 | 1 | 7 | 117 | 21,000 | 12 | 125,000 |
| Columbus | .. | .. | 61 | 9 | 77 | 40 | .. | 5 | 28 | 5,028 | 3 | 45,000 |
| Covington | .. | 1 | 56 | 25 | 75 | 30 | .. | 6 | 61 | 5,500 | 4 | 42,000 |
| Detroit | .. | 1 | 127 | 45 | 203 | .. | .. | 5 | 58 | 11,048 | 10 | 180,000 |
| Fort Wayne | .. | 1 | 97 | 16 | 132 | .. | .. | 18 | 53 | ..... | 5 | 80,000 |
| Louisville | .. | 1 | 119 | 35 | 102 | .. | 1 | 25 | 39 | 5,000 | 8 | 150,000 |
| Vincennes | .. | 1 | 122 | 25 | 178 | 20 | 1 | 14 | 48 | 20,000 | 4 | 90,000 |
| MILWAUKEE | 1 | .. | 223 | 2 | 287 | 25 | 2 | 9 | 113 | 13,677 | 11 | 195,000 |
| Green Bay | .. | 1 | 67 | 6 | 111 | .. | .. | 2 | 32 | 3,371 | 1 | 65,000 |
| La Crosse | .. | 1 | 50 | 6 | 101 | 25 | .. | .. | 22 | 2,500 | .. | 46,000 |
| Marquette | .. | 1 | 20 | .. | 27 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | ..... | 3 | 20,000 |
| St. Paul | .. | 2 | 115 | 25 | 168 | 52 | .. | 10 | 46 | 7,500 | 5 | 118,000 |
| Northern Minnesota (V. A.), | .. | 1 | 42 | 6 | 44 | 40 | .. | 2 | 2 | 130 | .. | 21,500 |
| NEW ORLEANS | 1 | 1 | 170 | 4 | 125 | .. | 2 | 26 | 42 | 7,000 | 18 | 250,000 |
| Galveston | .. | 1 | 48 | 5 | 40 | .. | .. | 13 | 4 | 550 | 2 | 25,000 |
| Little Rock | .. | 1 | 15 | .. | 30 | 25 | .. | 3 | 7 | 500 | .. | 5,000 |
| Mobile | .. | 1 | 22 | 7 | 26 | .. | .. | 20 | 22 | 1,100 | 4 | 16,000 |
| Natchez | .. | 1 | 25 | 6 | 41 | .. | .. | 5 | 15 | 900 | 2 | 12,500 |
| Natchitoches | .. | .. | 52 | 1 | 30 | 28 | .. | 3 | 6 | 135 | .. | 30,000 |
| San Antonio (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 45 | 6 | 48 | 40 | .. | 4 | 25 | 1,465 | 3 | 47,000 |
| Brownsville (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 22 | .. | 24 | .. | .. | 4 | 1 | 50 | . | 40,000 |
| NEW YORK | 1 | .. | 383 | 66 | 184 | 37 | 1 | 38 | 83 | 33,495 | 28 | 600,000 |
| Albany | .. | 1 | 167 | 35 | 195 | 105 | 1 | 26 | 34 | 8,926 | 18 | 180,000 |
| Brooklyn | .. | 1 | 150 | .. | 85 | 22 | 1 | 13 | 39 | 20,284 | 12 | 200,000 |
| Buffalo | .. | 1 | 159 | 20 | 135 | .. | 2 | 12 | 51 | 11,016 | 11 | 100,000 |
| Newark | .. | 1 | 184 | 56 | 142 | 40 | 1 | 24 | 153 | 23,085 | 13 | 175,000 |
| Ogdensburg | .. | 1 | 55 | 9 | 85 | 48 | .. | 4 | 8 | 1,681 | .. | 60,000 |
| Rochester | .. | 1 | 61 | 42 | 79 | .. | 1 | 3 | 24 | 7,000 | 5 | 70,000 |
| OREGON | 2 | .. | 25 | .. | 24 | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | 300 | 2 | 20,000 |
| Nesqually | .. | 1 | 16 | .. | 24 | 48 | .. | 10 | 3 | 100 | 6 | 12,000 |
| Idaho (V. A.) | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 14 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | ..... | 2 | 5,750 |
| PHILADELPHIA | 1 | .. | 244 | 97 | 182 | 40 | 3 | 32 | 51 | 20,000 | 12 | 275,000 |
| Erie | .. | 1 | 62 | 10 | 95 | 31 | .. | 4 | 54 | 5,000 | 4 | 45,000 |
| Harrisburg | .. | 1 | 44 | 6 | 51 | 24 | .. | 8 | 26 | 4,366 | 2 | 20,000 |
| Pittsburg and Allegheny | .. | 1 | 146 | .. | 174 | .. | 1 | 8 | 58 | 12,819 | 5 | 125,000 |
| Scranton | .. | 1 | 60 | .. | 70 | 46 | .. | 8 | 11 | 2,255 | 1 | 50,000 |
| ST. LOUIS | 1 | 1 | 264 | 46 | 267 | 12 | 2 | 19 | 106 | 17,584 | 15 | 145,872 |
| Alton | .. | 1 | 138 | 25 | 189 | .. | .. | 16 | 96 | 9,414 | 12 | 100,000 |
| Chicago | .. | .. | 206 | 3 | 194 | .. | .. | 17 | 88 | 25,000 | 13 | 230,000 |
| Dubuque | .. | 1 | 198 | 54 | 160 | 125 | .. | 19 | 76 | 12,000 | 3 | 120,000 |
| Leavenworth | .. | 1 | 79 | 16 | 120 | .. | .. | 6 | 24 | 2,325 | 2 | 70,000 |
| Nashville | .. | 1 | 27 | .. | 29 | .. | .. | 9 | 14 | 2,500 | 2 | 10,000 |
| Peoria | .. | 1 | 65 | 10 | 100 | .. | .. | 4 | 20 | 3,100 | 1 | 60,000 |
| St. Joseph | .. | 1 | 26 | .. | 30 | 12 | .. | 2 | 9 | ..... | .. | 18,000 |
| Nebraska (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 58 | .. | 82 | 133 | .. | 5 | 12 | 750 | 6 | 39,000 |
| Dakota (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 12 | .. | 20 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | ..... | 3 | 10,000 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | 1 | .. | 148 | 24 | 135 | .. | .. | 18 | .. | ..... | 9 | 185,000 |
| Grass Valley | .. | 1 | 31 | 5 | 35 | 70 | .. | 4 | 6 | 500 | 3 | 14 000 |
| Monterey and Los Angeles | .. | 1 | 39 | 7 | 48 | 36 | .. | 8 | 9 | ..... | 7 | 24,000 |
| SANTA FE | 1 | .. | 52 | .. | 205 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | ..... | 2 | 111,000 |
| Arizona (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 13 | .. | 20 | 45 | .. | 4 | 7 | 382 | 1 | 60,000 |
| Colorado (V. A.) | .. | 1 | 25 | 2 | 38 | 25 | .. | 5 | 8 | 500 | 2 | 28,000 |
| Indian Territory (P. A.) | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..... | .. | 3,780 |
| Total | 12 | 55 | 5,989 | 1,136 | 6,407 | 1,726 | 24 | 663 | 2,246 | 405,234 | 373 | 6,143,222 |

It is thought by many intelligent Catholics that the total Catholic population far exceeds the number stated above, which we find in Sadlier's Catholic Almanac for 1880.

## PRESS COMMENTS ON ENGLAND'S COURSE.

THE "Statesman," the Anglo-Indian organ, says that the fund of the Duchess of Marlborough, "large as it may be and should be, can at best be only a stop-gap," and will carry immediate michief in its train "unless this special outburst of benevolence is accompanied by statesmanlike efforts to remove the causes instead of simply diverting the current of Irish distress," and it emphatically says that what Ireland wants is a thorough revision of its land laws.

"Mayfair," a society journal, remarks, "It seems monstrous to subscribe to funds for the relief of foreigners, when people who speak our language, who fight our battles, who are our own flesh and blood — the kindest, the simplest, the most genial race on the face of the world — are perishing with hunger and cold."

The "Universe," the newspaper of the Irish Catholics in England, recommends the application of a million of the Church Surplus Funds for reproductive works as a public right of Ireland to have its own money expended on itself.

The "Weekly Register" observes that no pardon and no excuse can be extended to inaction which may end in irretrievable disaster.

The "Echo's" comment is, "Because we happen to have essentially incompetent rulers, that is an insufficient reason for drying up the springs of kindness in the British heart."

The Paris "Univers" winds up an article on affairs in Central Asia by the remark, "While in Afghanistan, as recently in South Africa, England lavishes gold and the blood of her children to assert her power in the face of the world and to take the wind out of the sails of the Russian Colossus in the conquest of Central Asia, she has at home an Ireland, the blood of whose sons flows in torrents under her flag to the glorification of English honor, and whose reward is a refusal of all justice and open heart to their nation."

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## THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

### TO BE CELEBRATED AT COOPER INSTITUTE ON MARCH 4, 1880.

ABOUT one year ago this time "The New York Union" advocated strongly the celebration of Emmet's birth on the 4th of March following. The Irish Language Societies took the hint, and the consequence was one of the most creditable Irish celebrations which had been seen for years in New York. It is gratifying to know that the Irish Language Society is determined to follow up the grand success which crowned its efforts last year. The Irish American Philo-Celtic Society has engaged Cooper Institute for the coming 4th of March, and it is the intention of the committee to surpass, if possible, the grand demonstration made there last year. The society certainly deserves success. To honor the memory of Ireland's truest hero is in itself a most laudable undertaking; but to add to the worthiness of the occasion, the society has particularly decided to devote the proceeds to the relief of Ireland. Rev. Father McAleer is the worthy president of the society, and Messrs. Rowe and Halvey are, as in last year's entertainment, the managers of the entire affair, which in itself is sufficient guarantee of the entire success of the coming celebration.

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HE purchased his sweetheart a pair of ten-button gloves and handed them in at the door himself. The servant-girl took them to the head of the stairs and bawled out, "Miss, 'ere's a young man az has brought you a pair of leggings."

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"DARLING, isn't this an excellent photograph of me?" "Why, no, wife; there is too much repose about the mouth."

# Useful Knowledge.

Potato Fritters. — Parboil a few potatoes, dip them (sliced) in egg, bread-crumbs, and asped ham, fry in plenty of dripping, and serve with any steak or chop, or alone as a supper dish.

In winter every sleeping-room had better be a little cool than not be abundantly supplied with pure air. One should see to this on going to bed, and so adjust the window-sash that there will be a proper supply of good air through the night.

Simple Cure for Rheumatism. — Boil a small potful of potatoes, and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied, immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed, or at least alleviated, by the next morning. Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy.

Comparatively few people know what really good toast is. A hasty singe on one or both sides does not make toast; nor do thin slices of bread dried through. Cut slices of uniform thickness, a plump half inch or five eighths inch; move around over a brisk fire, to have all parts toasted alike; keep only so near the coal that the pieces will be heated through when both sides are well browned. If the slightest point is blackened or charred, scrape it off, or it will spoil the flavor of the whole. If covered in an earthen bowl, it will keep both warm and moist. A clean towel or napkin will answer if it is to go at once to the table. But nobody can make good toast out of poor bread. Stale bread may be used for milk toast, sour bread may be improved by toasting it through; but heavy bread makes poor toast. Sweet, light bread, only a day old, or less, makes the best toast.

Poor Man's Pudding. — A quart of milk, half teacup rice, salt to taste, and one teacup sugar; place in the oven while cold, stirring occasionally while the rice is swelling. It is better to bake quite slowly about two hours. It should be cream-like when done. To vary this, a small cup of raisins and a teaspoon of lemon or vanilla may be added.

Cure for Neuralgia. — A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb, then strain off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread it over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold till the pain is all gone; then cover the places with soft dry covering till prespiration is over, so as to prevent taking cold.

The Use of Lemons. — I do not think there is a hundredth part of the lemon-juice used generally that its valuable qualities would seem to commend. I know nothing better as a stomach corrective as well as a strengthener of the nervous system. We all know that it is used for rheumatism, and I have no doubt is also good for gout, if taken regularly three times a day, and at least half a gill at a time. It can be taken in much or little water, or no water at all. It is not unpleasant; one soon becomes accustomed to it, and would rather drink it than the pure water. For headache, it is the best cure I have ever used. It will relieve it in from ten to fifteen minutes by a single dose. I would not advise less than half a gill at a time. I know people who take it three times a day as a preventitive of disease, and as a refreshener in hot weather. It quenches thirst, also, better than anything else. No sugar. — *Germantown Telegraph.*

# The Humorist.

THE grocer offered him a frozen ham, but he said he 'd rather not take the cold shoulder from any one.

THE keeper of a "sample room" calls his prime old brandy "Comfort," because everybody likes to take it.

WHY are bells the most sensible of inanimate things? Because they make a noise only when they 're toll'd.

WHY is the woman adjusting her false braids like the one whipping her son? She is applying a switch to her hair.

ALTHOUGH a lady's husband should neglect to give her a good dress, she should not seek revenge by giving him a good dressing.

"PAT," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too long for a man." "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened; they are too short for an ass."

LAURA (with novel). — Oh, if this tale were only true and I were the heroine! *Kate.* — What! with her persecutions, her misery? *Laura.* — Ah, but then, dear, remember she does get a husband, after all.

A NEWLY married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters!" "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I 've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

A CERTAIN beadle in the North of Scotland was asked to take the occupation of gravedigger along with his other duties. "Na, na," says he, "I winna tak' it at all unless ye 'll guarantee to give me constant employment at it."

A MAN adorned with a blue rosette went into an apothecary's shop, and said to the assistant, "If ye plaze, sir, I 'm a timperance man; but if ye have any soda-water of the strength and quaiity of whiskey, I 'll trouble ye for a little."

IT being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indigant beauty how long he remained lord of creation? "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

"TELL your mamma, Rosie, I said you were a very good girl for bringing the letter round so carefully." *Rosie:* "Yes, Aunt Tabitha, and I'll tell her I did n't ask you for a shilling, because she told me not to, Aunt Tabitha."

"SIRE," said Madame de Staël to the great Emperor Napoleon, "can you tell me what is the most curious thing in the world?" The Emperor hated the celebrated blue-stocking, and he said, "Yes, madame, it is a woman who is not curious."

HE was from Nebraska. He was passing by White Street fish market when he saw a lobster on the bench. The sight was so unexpected that he lost his presence of mind, and before he could recover himself had openly confessed, "By jinks, that 's the biggest grasshopper I ever seen."

A RULING elder of a country parish in the West of Scotland was well known in the district as a shrewd and ready-witted man. He got many a visit by persons who liked a banter, or to hear a good joke. Three young students gave him a call in order to have a little amusement at the elder's expense. On approaching him, one of them saluted him, "Well, Father Abraham, how are you to-day?" "You are wrong," said the other, "this is old Father Isaac." "Tut," said the third, "you are both mistaken, this is old Father Jacob." David looked at the young men, and in his dry way replied, "I 'm neither old Father Abraham, nor old Father Isaac, nor old Father Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Kish, seeking his father's asses, and lo! I 've found three of them."

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## LAMBKIN, LITTLE LAMBKIN, COME TO ME.

One day, something more than fifteen hundred years ago, a devout pilgrim was wending his weary way towards Jerusalem, whither he was hastening in order to fulfil in Solomon's temple a vow which he had made many years previously, to offer a long-promised sacrifice. As he was making his way through a dense forest, just within the confines of the Holy Land, he heard a distant voice, evidently of a young person, calling repeatedly and in a plaintive tone, "Lambkin, little lambkin, come to me!" The pilgrim listened to the youthful voice, whose tones were so exceedingly tender and sweet that he surely thought it must be the voice of an angel. Hearing the sound coming towards him, he stood still, and at last discovered a beautiful boy emerging from the thicket, a shepherd's crook in one hand, a pouch at his side, and with bare feet and uncovered head. As the blooming youth stood still for a moment, the pilgrim became fully convinced that so fair a form must belong to heaven. His bright blue eyes, his clustering golden hair, his ruby lips, his glowing cheeks, his graceful form, were all too lovely to belong to earth. In a word, his beauty was so fascinating that the heart must be a stony one indeed which would not love him. And yet the boy was in deep affliction and shed tears profusely.

The good pilgrim, very much astonished both at the youth's beauty and his very deep distress, said to him, "My child, how comes it that you are here all alone in the wilderness? Why do you weep so bitterly?" The boy replied through his tears, "Ah, I have reason to weep and be very unhappy, for I cannot find what I am eagerly looking for." "And what are you in search of, pray?" inquired the wondering pilgrim. "My Father," rejoined the youth, "owns a hundred sheep. Ninety-nine of them are well cared for at home, but the hundredth, which is our favorite, and indeed the fairest of the flock, has wandered away from home and got lost in these dismal woods. I am now in search of him, and am very tired, for I have been searching for many years Not being able to find him, I am very sad, and indeed have nearly wept my eyes away in fatigue and disappointment." Then the pilgrim asked, "And who are you, my child, and what is your Father's name?" The youth replied, "My Father is a great Lord and King, with thousands, aye, tens of thousands of dependants; indeed, of his kingdom there is no end." Then the good pilgrim, very much puzzled, rejoined, "But if your Father is so grand and rich a King, how can he or you be so very solicitous about one paltry sheep?" "True," replied the youth, "the loss of the sheep ought to be a very unimportant loss, but oh, my Father loved this one so dearly that its long absence rends his very heart! He cannot and will not forget it. Therefore he ordered me to go in search of it, commanding sternly that I must not return to his presence till I have found it, and shall bring it back safe and sound."

The good pilgrim, wondering more and more at this strange story, ventured to ask again, "And had your Father no one else to send out on this long and exhausting search but a young and delicate lad like you?" "Yes, my Father has servants enough at his command, but he chose me, his only son, to go in search of the lost sheep, in order to show how dearly he loves the wayward wanderer from his flock." Again the pilgrim suggested, "And

why did not your Father at least give you a servant to help you to find this stray sheep?" "I did not wish to have any assistant, lest perhaps the poor, frightened creature might be afraid to come: to me alone he would not fear to come. For I thought, When the sheep shall perceive that I am alone, that I, the only son of my Father, tender and delicate as I am, have come out alone, without attendants and in torn garb, to wander with bleeding feet and aching heart over hill and dale, through the storm and in the scorching heat, in order to bring him home, he will be moved to pity and will let me save him."

The pilgrim inquired further, "My child, how long have you been on this very weary search for your long-lost sheep?" His tears started afresh, as the comely youth mournfully answered, "Alas! my Father sent me out when I was but a mere child, just able to walk; and, sadder yet, he has not given me even a piece of bread for my journey nor offered me a place to rest my aching head. I am compelled, therefore, to take care of myself and seek a scanty subsistence among the kind and charitable. Never, since I left my Father's house, have I had more than barely sufficient to support life, although I have to travel early and late, and to pass many a cold and dreary night with the hard ground for my bed, and the canopy of heaven for my shelter."

On the pilgrim's further inquiry, whether, during all this long lapse of time, he had not discovered any trace of his lost sheep, the youth replied, "I think I have often seen him in the distance, but I could never get near him. For as soon as the poor deluded creature would see me, he would not wait, but spring away from me and soon get out of my sight and hearing. This want of confidence on his part affects me so painfully that my very heart seems to be torn and crushed with disappointment; for I see plainly that my lost sheep does not care about me, and drags me on in this long and fruitless search out of sheer malice. And yet I will not give him up, nor cease from my pursuit till the deluded creature shall enter into himself and turn away from his evil wanderings."

The pilgrim being now puzzled beyond measure, said, "My child, how can you be so deeply interested in this one stray sheep as to impose upon yourself this extraordinary amount of fatigue, anxiety, and exposure? The creature does not deserve to have one half-day wasted upon him." The young man replied, "I have nothing to gain by the recovery of this sheep, for he is, in one sense, really undeserving of all my painful efforts. But my reason for persisting in his recovery is this: I have the greatest compassion for him and am filled with fear lest he should perish; for he is now lost, and will be forever lost and past beyond recovery, if I do not find him soon. And as I understand better than he does what it is to be forever lost, I will not desist from my pursuit till I shall have found him and brought him home, even if I have to lose my life in the effort."

The good pilgrim again inquired, "And if this wayward creature should at last fall into your hands, would you not punish him severely for all the trouble he has caused you?" "Punish him!" replied the youth, "on the contrary, I would run towards him with open arms; I would throw myself upon his neck; I would embrace him affectionately; I would lay him on my shoulder; I would bring him back to my Father, exclaiming to our whole household, Rejoice and make merry with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost!"

The wondering pilgrim could not but admire the tender and disinterested affection of this young stranger, and replied, with tears starting from his eyes, "O you dear and amiable child! How unbounded your love is for this wandering sheep of your

Father's flock! If a dog had searched for his master as long and as faithfully as you have pursued this erring sheep, his master would love him, even if he had a heart as hard as iron. How much more is this sheep bound to love you, who have been so long in search of him!" "Ah, indeed," rejoined the youth, with great vehemence, "I love that wandering sheep so dearly, that if I saw him amid a herd of furious wolves, I would rush into their midst and rescue him. Ay, if I had a hundred lives, I would give them all up to rescue my sheep and save him from never-ending perdition." Saying these words, he began to weep so piteously that the kind-hearted pilgrim could not restrain his own tears, and with much compassion for the strange youth, bade him adieu and resumed his journey towards Jerusalem.

The youth now plunged again into the depths of the forest, hastening as best as he could from one point to another, still weeping piteously, moaning and sighing, and crying out, "Lambkin, my own long-lost sheep, come to me!" But the wandering creature was nowhere to be found. Then he left the woods, roamed over the open fields, climbed to the tops of the highest mountains, and with anxious eyes looked over the surrounding country, from one point to another, continuing to call out with plaintive, winning voice and amid blinding tears, "Lambkin, poor wandering, silly creature, come to me!" But yet the lost sheep was nowhere in view. Finally, the anxious youth, though troubled and way-worn, directed his weary steps towards the cities and towns, through village and hamlet, into farm-yards and sheepfolds, inquiring of citizens and rustics, "Have you not seen my long-lost sheep, have you not heard his bleating voice?" But, alas, God help the troubled youth! no one seemed to care about him or his lost sheep

And thus the persevering boy continued in untiring pursuit of his lost sheep, till he became a man, and was now entering upon the thirty-fourth year of his age, when at last one day he discovered the object of his love surrounded by a pack of ravening wolves. There was no other means of rescuing his favorite from imminent danger, but to rush in himself amid the wolves and snatch him away by main force. In his struggle with the wolves, the youthful shepherd was torn so dreadfully that his fair and graceful form was all one wound from head to foot. The furious and disappointed animals were not satisfied with this bloody work, but charged the bleeding, innocent shepherd with wanting to steal his own sheep, and so influenced the iniquitous judge and court that the gentle shepherd was condemned to die upon a cross.

Just as the executioners were in the act of carrying out this unjust sentence, it happened that our pilgrim was again on his way to Jerusalem. Passing near Mount Calvary and seeing a great number of people gathered together and very much excited, the venerable pilgrim pushed his way with some difficulty through the crowd, in order to see what was going on. On reaching the summit of the hill, he was horrified to behold his old acquaintance, the youthful shepherd whom he had met in the woods years ago, now hanging nailed to a rough cross, and just alive. The once fair and beauteous form was so disfigured as to be hardly recognizable. The sorrowing pilgrim, drawing nearer, inquired in sad accents, "Alas! are you not the same comely shepherd-boy whom I met many years ago in search of a lost sheep?" And the crucified sufferer replied, "Alas! I am the same." "Then," said the astonished pilgrim, "how did you come to such a dreadful end? Who has thus torn and disfigured your beautiful body?" The dying shepherd answered, "It was my own stray sheep that brought me to this." "Impossible!" exclaimed th indig-

nant pilgrim, "for these are the marks and wounds, not of a sheep, but of wolves, dogs, and lions." The shepherd again replied, "Indeed they are the wounds inflicted upon me by my own wayward sheep." The pilgrim inquired with astonishment, "How can this be possible? No sheep will bite his shepherd, nor any man; for they are naturally mild and gentle"

"And yet," persisted the suffering and dying shepherd, "my own lost sheep tore me more cruelly than any lion could lacerate me. When, after a weary search of three-and-thirty years, I found him at last amid ravening wolves, and in my delight was about to rush into the very teeth of these ferocious animals, in order to save my favorite creature, he preferred his enemies to me, chose to remain in their company, and even set the wolves upon me. Ay, and he himself ran at me, threw me on the ground, trampled me under his feet, lacerated me with his teeth, and joined the wolves in such a violent attack upon me that no member of my body escaped unhurt. I bore all this ill-treatment without a word of reproach. Although my Father would have sent twelve legions of soldiers to my assistance, I would not accept them, always hoping that my lost sheep would still relent, especially when he saw how patiently I suffered for his sake.

"But, alas! the headstrong animal, instead of relenting, hounded on all the other wild animals, till at last they nailed me to this cross to die; and here I hang in unspeakable agony of soul and body. And yet I continue to cry out through every wound in my body, Ah, thou deluded creature, erring sheep of my Father, come to me! I will forgive thee all the pain thou hast caused me; I will not give thee even an angry look, but will act towards thee as if thou hadst done me no wrong. Alas! poor creature, I cannot die in peace till thou shalt come back to me. I love thee so tenderly that I would willingly hang in agony upon this cross for a whole year, rather than die without seeing thee return to our Father. And if I must die without thee, then I shall die in bitterness of heart. I conjure thee once more, for thy salvation's sake, leave the company of the wolves, and return to me, thy faithful, loving shepherd!"

And in this piteous strain the dying shepherd continued to talk till the breath left his body. And when, after all, the lost sheep had not come back, the expiring shepherd cried out with such a heart-rending exclamation of disappointment that the heavens and the earth trembled. Then the good shepherd, bowing down his head, yielded up his spirit in deep anguish."

Such is the story of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep. From this simple allegory we may see more clearly how eagerly Christ desired to save the lost sheep of Israel.

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## ABOUT NEST-BUILDING.

In the beautiful springtime, when our little feathered friends, recovering from the effects of the unusually long and severe winter, raise their singing voices, filling the air with melody as they prepare their nests with such wonderful skill and ingenuity, the accompanying engraving will have a peculiar interest for our young friends.

The instinct for nest-building is not confined to birds alone. Fishes, reptiles, insects, and other classes are known to form nests for the reception of their young, but of course they differ much from the nests of birds. The squirrel builds his nest on the topmost branches of a high tree. It is composed of twigs and lined with moss and dead leaves.

Among fishes, the stickleback is the most remarkable for nest-building.

In the insect tribe, a certain little bee is especially remarkable for the way in which she completes her nest,

hanging it round with tapestry of bright scarlet, which she procures from the petals of the wild poppy, and ingeniously cuts into the proper form. The wide difference in the nests of water-birds is an interesting study.

The oyster-catcher, finding a hollow in a rock, deposits the eggs therein, without lining of any sort.

The eider-duck prepares a bed of lime, grass, dry sea-weed, etc., and thereon spreads a blanket of down plucked from her own breast. She arranges this in such a way that when leaving the eggs she can cover them with it, and so preserve their warmth. The water-hen builds her nest of flags and rushes in the osiers, close by the water. The rock-dove chooses a hole in an old wall, arranges there bits of twigs and straw to receive the eggs. The rook's nest is a coarse structure of twigs. Some birds build on the ground, as the lark; some in evergreens, as the blackbird. The missel-thrush seeks for safety the topmost branches. The kingfisher chooses a hole in a bank of clay or sand, and surrounds her eggs with the bones of small fishes. The woodpecker makes a hole in the decayed trunk of a tree, and deposits her eggs. The yellow wagtail loves black hairs to line his nest, the chaffinch white feathers. The nests of birds of prey are generally rudely built, sometimes on trees, sometimes on ledges of rocks. The nests of the esculent swallow, which are called edible nests, are used by the wealthy Chinese in making a rich soup. These nests are found in deep caves in Borneo, Java, etc. The precise nature of the original material used in their formation is not known. It presents an appearance similar to that of isinglass. In Africa and India, where the snakes climb the trees, the birds build pensile or hanging nests of great variety. Some of these are formed of interwoven fibres of grass, consequently the makers are called weaver-birds. Others, called tailor-birds, take two or three large leaves, and stitch them together at the edges with coarse cotton, evidently

The Tailor-Bird's Nest.

spun by the bird, whose bill serves as a needle. The ends of the threads are knotted to prevent them slipping through the leaf. The inside is lined with feathers, cotton, and silky grass. The narrow points of the leaves meet below, and the stalk is bent, so as to form a hood over the opening of the nest, protecting it from sun and rain.

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GEORGIE is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said, "Now, mamma, I 'm a kid." "Yes, dear," said she. "You know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?" "No, darling" "Well, na-kid!" His mother thinks it good for a kid of his age.

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THE first horse-railway was built in 1826–27.

# GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

[We purpose to give extracts from some standard prose writings in the Irish language in every issue of the magazine for the future, so that those of our readers interested in the study and cultivation of the national language of Ireland — that venerable old relic of the past — can become thoroughly acquainted with the language in its proper and idiomatic construction; and as Dr Jeoffrey Keating is considered one of the best authorities to imitate, we begin with extracts from his preface to his "History of Ireland."

We also give in the adjoining columns the English translation, rendered by William Halliday in the early part of the present century.]

## Rannа ó Dhollаċ Fоrus Feаrа Éireаnn, Dоċtúirа Céitiġ.

Aċeаrаim аir olcus ar teаrtаiġ do beiṫ Stаiṅhuirt аir Éirioṅċаiḃ, gur b'ioṅċuiṫċа ó ṫeiṫi é, do briġ gur aḃ d'aoṅtoiriġ аir fuiṁleаṁ dhoiṅġe eile do bí fuaiṫṁаr d'Éirioṅċаiḃ, do rġríoḃ go maṫluiġṫeаċ аir fuiriоṅ na h-Éireаnn; agus raoilim gur aḃ é fuaiṫ na n-Éirioṅaċ céаd ballаṁ do ṫаiṁiṅ iаr n-dul i Sacraiḃ аir d-tús do ṫéаnаṁ léiġinn do, agus go naiḃe 'na ṫoiriċior bruiṅ aiġe, no gur rceiṫ le n-a rġríḃinn é, iаr d-teаċt i n-Éirinn do.

Aġus ní beаg lioṁ maṁ ċóṁаrṫа fuaiṫа do beiṫ d'Éirioṅċаiḃ aiġe, maṁ do ġeiḃ loċt i g-cuiliṁ fine ġall, tre náṁ díbreаḋ leo an Ġaeḋilġ ar an d-tír, an tan do-ruaġаḋ leo an fuiriоṅ do bí aġ áitiúġаḋ na tíre roṁpa, agus a deir da feаḃаr do ṫeаṅġаiḋ an Ġaeḋilġ, an té do bliaiṙeаḋ í, go m-bliaiṙeаḋ maṁ aoṅ na doiḃéаra na dhoiṅġe daṁ ṫeаṅġа í. Creаd ir ioṅtuiġṫe ar ro, aċt go naiḃ an uiriоḋ rin d' fuaiṫ aġ

*Extracts from the preface to Dr. Keating's "History of Ireland."*

I think that from the injustice of the account which Stanihurst gives of the Irish, his testimony should be rejected; because it was at the instance of persons who abhorred the Irish that he represented the people of Ireland so ignominiously; and I do believe that he immediately imbibed an aversion to the Irish on his arrival in England, where he went to study, and that he was big with it until, after his return to Ireland, he fully vented it in his writings.

As a notorious instance of the hatred he bore to the Irish, he finds fault with the English colonists for not expelling the Irish language from the country when they drove out its ancient inhabitants; and he says that notwithstanding the encomiums bestowed on the Irish, whosoever makes himself acquainted with it will soon acquire the uncultivated manners of those who speak it. What must we infer from this but that such was the malice that Stanihurst bore the Irish

Stanihurst d'Éirinnchaibh, gur b'olc leis gur ab gabáltur crisortaṁail do rineadar Gaill air Gaoidhealaibh, agus náċ gabáltur Págánta. Ar dé, uimhir, do ghní gabáltur crisortaṁail, is leór leis úṁalaċt agus disle d'fágail ó'n b-fuirinn a claoidhteas leis, agus fuirinn uaidh féin do ċur ag cóṁaitiúgaḋ na cinnċe mar aon leo. Ar dé, uimhir, do ghní gabáltur Págánta, is é is nóir do, léirmhinighior do ċabairt air an b-fuirinn a claoidhteas leis, agus fuirinn nuaḋ eile do ċur uaidh féin d'áitiúgaḋ na tíre, air a d-téidh a neart. Ar dé, uimhir, do ghní gabáltur crisortaṁail, ní ṁúċan an teanga bhior roimhe 'r an ċrisdeaċt ċuireas fé n-a fmaċt, agus is mar sin do rinn Uilliam gabáltur air na Sacraibh, nisor ṁúċ teanga na Sacronaċ, do briġ gur léigeaḋ do'n fuirinn an teanga do ċoimheáḋ 'r an ċrisdeaċt, agus go d-táinic de sin an teanga do beidh air buin 'r an ċrisdeaċt ó shoin i leith ag Sacronaibh.

Gidheaḋ is gabáltur Págánta do rine Hengirt, .l. taoiseaċ na Sacronaċ, air na Breathnaċaibh, mar gur sgrios sé á h-uilidh na Breathnaiġe iad, agus gur ċuir fuirinn uaidh féin i n-a n-áitiḋ; is ann n-disbirt ċáidh go h-iomlán do dísbirt an teanga leo. 'S an t-faṁail ċéadna sin ba ṁian le Stanihurst do ċéanaṁ air Éirinnchaibh, oir ní feidir an teanga do dísbirt, gan an fuirinn, d'ar ċeanga sí, do dísbirt, agus do briġ go raiḃ mian na teangan do dísbirt air, do bí mar an g-céadna mian disbarda na foirne, d'ar ċeanga sí, air, agus

he regretted that the English in their conquest of Ireland acted rather as Christians than as pagans? For whosoever makes himself master of a country in a Christian manner is content with the submission of the vanquished, and with planting colonies of his own country among the natives; but it is the practice of him who subdues a nation after the manner of a pagan to extirpate the conquered inhabitants, and send new colonies to possess the country which yielded to his oppression. He, however, who makes a conquest like a Christian never suppresses the ancient language of the country he reduces to obedience; and so William, when he conquered the English, did not abolish the use of the English dialect, but permitted the people to retain their language, by which means it is preserved by the inhabitants of the country to this day.

But Hengist, the Saxon chief, conquered the Britons in a pagan manner, for he banished them from the very face of Britain, and planted colonies of his followers in their places, by which means, having expelled the natives, he also completely eradicated their language. This is the manner in which Stanihurst was desirous that the Irish should be treated, for it is impossible to extirpate any language without at the same time expelling those whose language it is; and as we find how anxious he was to efface the language, so he also desired the expulsion of the inhabitants, and consequently must be

ᴅ'a ɾéɟɾ ɾɟɳ ᴅo ᴅʃ ғuaċɳaɾ ᴅ'-Éɟɾɟoɳċaiḃ, agus ɳaɾ ɾɟɳ ɳʃoɾ ʒaḃċa a ċeɟɾᴅ aɟɾ Éɟɾɟoɳɳċaiḃ.

Do ʒeiḃ ғóɾ Staɳɟhuɾɾᴅ loċᴅ aɟɾ ḃɾeɟċeaṁɳaiḃ ᴅuaɟċe, agus aɟɾ leaʒaiḃ ɳa h-Éɟɾɟoɳɳ; ʒɟḋeaḋ ɟɾ ɟoɳʒɳaḋ ɫɟom ɳaɾ ғuaɟɾ aɳɳ féɳɳ loċᴅ ᴅ'fáʒaɟl ɟoɳᴅa, agus ɳáċaɾ ċuɟʒ ceaċᴅaɾ ᴅʃoḃ, ɳá aɳ ᴅeaɳʒa ʃ ɳ.a ɳaiḃ ealaḋa ʒaċ ᴅɾoɳʒe ᴅʃoḃ, aɟɾ ɳ-beɟċ ᴅo féɳɳ aɟɳḃfɟoɾaċ 'ɾ aɳ ɳ-Ʒaeḋilʒ, ḃa ċeaɳʒa ᴅóḃ-ɾɟoɳ, agus ɟ ɳ-a ɳaiḃ aɳ ḃɾeɟċeaṁɳaɾ ᴅuaɟċe, agus aɳ leɟʒɟoɾ ɾcɾɟḃᴅa. Oɟɾ ɳʃ ɳaiḃ aɟɾ ċuɳɟɾ ƀo-ɾaɳ aɳ ḃɾeɟċeaṁɳaɾ, ɳo aɳ leɟʒɟoɾ ᴅo léɟʒeaḋ 'ɾaɳ ᴅaɳʒaɟɳ ɟ ɳ-a ɳaiḃaᴅaɾ, agus ᴅá léɟʒᴅʃᴅe ᴅo ɟaᴅ, ɳʃ ɳaiḃ ᴅuɟʒɾe aɟʒe oɾɳa; agus ɳeaɾaɟɳ ᴅá ɳéɟɾ ɾɟɳ, ʒuɾ aḃ ɟoɳaɳɳ ᴅáɟl ᴅo aʒ ᴅɟoɳolaḋ, aɳ ᴅá ealaḋaɟɳ ᴅo luaḋaɳaɾ, agus ᴅáɟl aɳ ᴅaʃll ᴅo ᴅɟoɳolfaḋ ᴅaċ éaᴅaɟʒ ɾeaċ a ċeɟle; oɟɾ, ɳaɾ ɳaċ féɟᴅɟɾ leɟɾ aɳ ɳ-ᴅall ḃɾeaċɳúʒaḋ ᴅo ᴅéɳaṁ ɟᴅɟɾ aɳ ᴅá ᴅaċ, ᴅo ḃɾʃʒ ɳaċ fɟeɟᴄɟoɳɳ ceaċᴅaɾ ᴅʃoḃ, ɳaɾ aɳ ʒ-céaᴅɳa ɳʃoɾ ḃ'féɟᴅɟɾ leɟɾɾoɳ, ḃɾeɟċeaṁɳaɾ ᴅo ᴅéaɳaṁ aɟɾ aɳ ᴅá ealaḋaɟɳ ɳeaṁɳáɟᴅᴅa, ᴅo ḃɾʃʒ ɳáɾ ċuɟʒ ɳaṁ ɳa leaḃaɾɾ ɟ ɳ-a ɳaḃaᴅaɾ ɾcɾɟobᴅa, agus fóɾ ɳáɾ ċuɟʒ ɳa h-ollaṁaɳ ᴅ'aɾ ḃ' 'alaḋaɟɳ ɟaᴅ, ᴅo ḃɾʃʒ ʒuɾ aḃ ʃ aɳ Ʒaeḋilʒ aṁáɟɳ ḃa ċeaɳʒa ᴅʃlɟɾ ᴅóḃ, agus ʒo ɳaiḃ ɾeɟɾɟoɳ, ċɾʃᴅ ɟɾ ċɾʃᴅ, aɟɳ-eolaċ ɟɳɳᴅe.

an enemy to the Irish, for which reason, when he speaks of Ireland, his testimony is not to be admitted.

Stanihurst likewise finds fault with the justices of districts, and with the physicians of Ireland. It is, however, a matter of surprise to me, how he could presume to censure either, since he was acquainted neither with them nor with the language in which their works were written, being entirely ignorant of the Irish, in which tongue they wrote their municipal law and treatises of physic. Therefore, it was not in his power to read those laws or books of physic in the original dialect in which they were written; nor would he understand them if they were read for him, for which reason, I think that when he abuses these two professions, his case is exactly similar to that of a blind man, who would find fault with the color of one cloth more than with that of another; for since it is impossible for a blind person to make any distinction between two colors, not being able to see them, so in like manner he could not possibly form any opinion concerning these two before-mentioned professions, inasmuch as he never understood a syllable of their books, and could not converse with the learned professors of these arts, because their native Irish was the only language which they used in common, and with it he was utterly unacquainted.

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"The Cows-Milking Pretty Girl," the literal translation of the title of the Irish song on the next page, is a political ballad, composed by Owen Roe O'Sullivan, a Munster bard of great celebrity, who flourished in the last century. It is one of the most popular songs amongst the Irish-speaking peasantry in Ireland.

## "CAILIN DEAS CRÚIDHE NA mBÓ."*

Aill mairg corr learg ailt triuch dom,
'S each dearcar-sa cúil-fhonn dear óg,
Ba ghairgniomhach maireamhuil múinte,
'S a leaca mar lonnradh an ród.
Ba chamarrach bachallach búclach,
Dairgthe a h-úr-fholt mar ór,
'Na slamaidh go shamaisthe púncach,
'Na m-beartaibh as cúilin go feór.

Ir beul blarda léir ghartha sgrúdach sí,
Aill faochair na g-cúige ir na d-treón,
Le na caol chrob ailt daor-bhrat go g-cúmhfach,
Bruic, naorgaigh, loin, clúin, agus ród,
Bídeann éirg mheara as pléireach 's ag rúsgach,
'S ag sgéith amach le flúirse tar meódach;
Na faol-choin aill daob-chroic go lúthmar,
Agus treun mharcaigh riomha 's 'na n-deoigh.

Ir dá g-cheardsdeach an chearnuide sin dúin-ne,
'S go n-aibeódach an plúr annsa' b-fódhmar,
Ir go leagfaoi gach shaodh cíor do'n dúthaigh,
Ablaide ir búinn gan aon threóigh;
Do beidheadh marcuigheacht a g-cairtidhibh gan chúncar
Agus bainnse dá dabairt chúgainn ó'n mórn,
'S gurab é an fearc-sgrísin do sgaraidhe mear lúthmar,
A geóbaidh, "Cailín Dear Crúidhe na mBó."

'S na déanaidh mar Séamus úd d'iompaidh,
Le na gaol ceart, gur úmhlaidh 'na bhrógh,
'S gur faobhrach gearrta cléibh ailt fhoich Lúthair,
'Nuair ghlaodhmaoid-na úr ar a g-cló;
Léimidh go h-éadrom mear lúthmar,
Agus thraochaidh na búinn gan aon threoin,
'S beidh Éire again féin gan aon chúntar,
Agus méith-bhuic gan rúgchar faoi bhrón.

'S é do beatha féin chúgainn-ne le cúntar,
Chum an tréad atá a g-cúmhaingiol faoi bhrón,
Ailt fuaid Éirionn fá géar-smaoth aig búrnaibh,
'S gan a m-béile aca ailt fúnn-cheart na threóigh;
Acht faochair a n-géag n-geal dá úr-sceach,
Aigh béarnaibh ailt boinnionaibh leagan,
Agus téadh dá ngeur-chéangal dlúth,
Ir da n-daoine gan chúir aig sionóinn.

* An allegorical title made use of by the poet in addressing Ireland, in order to escape prosecution by the English government.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1880.


## A Talk with our Readers.

GLADSTONE, the great English statesman, is now in his seventy-first year.

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THE Reception Committee of the Parnell demonstration in Philadelphia wore orange and green badges.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for this month has a very interesting table of contents; there is not a dull thing between its covers. — *Lowell, Mass., Courier.*

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WE regret that the "Monitor," a Dublin magazine, expired with the old year. Our readers are well acquainted with the "Monitor," from which we got many of our best articles.

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Do these go-as-you-please Catholics believe they possess the only true and saving faith? If yes, why not live up to it? If no, why do they call themselves Catholics? It would be easier to be a Protestant. — *Catholic Columbian.*

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THE leading Catholic paper of England, "The London Weekly Register," says of our magazine: "This American Irish publication provides its readers with an astonishing variety of instructive and interesting matter, original and select."

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THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE, a monthly publication, commenced its career in January. It is well filled with interesting matter for the family. $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents Address, Fireside Publishing Company, New York.

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"THE condition of Ireland is a shame and reproach and dishonor to the government of Great Britain. . . . Whatever Ireland is now, is the work of her land-owners and of the government." So says George W. Child's Philadelphia paper, and this is of greater value than his $1,000.

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THE PRACTICAL AMERICAN is the name of a new publication just started in New York. It is devoted to engineering, manufacturing, and building. It is edited by P. H. Vander Weyde, M.D., formerly editor of the "Manufacturer" and "Builder." It is published monthly; subscription price, $1.50 per annum; single copies, 15 cents.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC AMERICAN made its appearance on the 14th of January. The make-up is decidedly grand and imposing. The illustrations are superb and the letter-press unexceptionable. We welcome our friend into the broad Catholic field of journalism, and wish the new enterprise every success. If our friend HICKEY goes on in this way, we cannot see why the Holy Father will not confer still greater favors upon the chevalier. As for us poor mortals down here, we never expect to get higher than a high private. Address P. V. Hickey & Co., New York.

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*Letter from the Bishop of Marysville, California.*

*Dear Mr. Donahoe,* — Accept my enclosed tribute towards your admirable monthly magazine, and my congratulation on its great success. The demand for such useful information as your magazine is the means of diffusing furnishes a good proof and guarantee of a sound moral tone amongst your numerous readers.

Yours sincerely,

+ E. O'CONNELL.

P. DONAHOE, Esq.

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WHERE is the Skirmishing Fund? Why not turn it over to the Land League? It is better to buy bread and butter with it than vitriol and nitro-glycerine. The Land League Committee in its pronunciamento of Sunday last, pronounced that movement the holiest and best that could be devised for the people of Ireland. Then by all means devote to it the $90.000 now in the hands of the treasurer of the Skirmishing Fund. We propose this in all candor and sincerity. If your brother is hungry and asks you for bread, trustees, will you give him bullets? — *Western Watchman.*

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ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,
LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 29, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, Esq., *Dear Sir:* — Enclosed please find a post-office order for ($2.25) two dollars and twenty-five cents, the subscription of St Joseph Catholic Literary Association, to your magazine and the "Harp" for the ensuing year. It affords me no little satisfaction to inform you that your *new publication* makes a very favorable impression here. May it continue to shed lustre on your declining years, and to reflect credit on and advance the interests of the race to whom it is devoted. Yours truly,

D. O'CROWLEY, *Priest.*

When the aged mother of Michael Davitt was invited to accept the offer of a carriage to and from the Parnell Reception in Philadelphia, she declined, saying, "Send the cost to the boys at home."

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The Parnell Meeting at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 12th of January, was a great success. A finer audience was never assembled in Boston than on that occasion. Some $5 000 is the result of the receipts on the occasion and since, subscribed by many charitable citizens. The committee deserve much credit for their excellent management of the meeting.

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The "Skirmishing Fund." — Miss Fannie Parnell, sister of the Irish leader, was recently interviewed by a Philadelphia "News" reporter. Being asked about the Skirmishing Fund raised through the "Irish World," Miss Parnell is reported to have answered thus: —

"Well, instead of being used as it was originally intended, it is already employed to defray the expenses of the constitutional movement, and in the trials of those who are persecuted by the government for their political opinions. Mr. Parnell and the more conservative Irish do not believe in 'dynamite' absurdities"

This fund amounted at last account to some $60,000 or $79,000 we believe. — *New York Weekly Union.*

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Public Bequests. — The will of the late Mary Kelly, which has just been proved in the Suffolk County Probate Court, contains the following public bequests: Little Sisters of the Poor, $500; Home for Desitute Roman Catholic Children, $500; Home of the Good Shepherd, $300; Home of the Guardian Angel, $500; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, $300; the Carney Hospital, $300; Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, for the benefit of the poor of the Cathedral parish, $300; for the poor of the parish of St. Joseph's Church, $300; to the parish priest of Thomaston, county Kilkenny, Ireland, for the benefit of the poor, $500. In addition to these bequests the testatrix bequeaths the three largest paintings or pictures, and the clock in her house, to the Home for Desitutute Roman Catholic Children, while the remainder of the furniture, pictures, etc., is to be equally divided between the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and the Little Sisters of the Poor. The sum of $1,000 is left, with a provision that it shall be used for placing in the new Cathedral, under the direction of Archbishop Williams, a memorial window for the late Bernard Kelly, husband of the testatrix.

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Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Bishop of Marysville, Cal., and one of the ablest Biblical scholars in the Church, has no confidence in the accuracy of the promised revision of the Scriptures, undertaken by a Board of Protestant ministers, who do not even pretend to unanimity of opinion on even the most obvious translations of the sacred text. The bishop points out the fatal mistake of taking the present King James version of the Bible, as the basis for exegetical experimenting. — a version notoriously inaccurate, and shamelessly manipulated for the pettiest controversial purposes. Scriptural scholarship, whose true home has ever been in the Catholic Church, the true guardian and interpreter of the Divine Word, ceases to be of any weight when it is prostituted to the basest uses of private interpretation. It is gratifying to know that our fine old Douay English translation has gained ground among all Protestant Biblical scholars worthy of the name; and men like Tischendorff and the German school of modern Scriptural study have come back to the vulgate of St Jerome, as, other things being equal, the most perfect exemplar of the ancient Scriptures extant, and the only one, in fact, which represents the oldest and most important manuscripts.

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Cayuga, Ont., Jan. 5, 1880.

*My Dear Mr. Donahoe,* — I saw in a late number of your magazine a paragraph quoted from the "Western Watchman," and as you inserted it without any comment I presume you approve of it. The paragraph in question asserts that priests have no authority to refuse the sacraments, save in a case mentioned in the ritual, and that such a refusal is equivalent to excommunication. These statements in their full signification are certainly false, and might do harm amongst Catholics. The Catholic priest in the confessional holds the place of Jesus Christ, and as a good administrator can and should refuse the sacraments to all those whom he deems unworthy. Now although certain cases are mentioned in the ritual, the majority of such cases must be decided by the judgment and discretion of the confessor. He in that capacity is supreme, for he has received the power of binding or loosing. No doubt he cannot exceed the limit of the jurisdiction he has received, and he must conform to the principles of his theology. Denying the sacraments is not the same as excommunication. The latter implies a cutting off from the body of the faithful whilst the former does not deprive a person of communion with the faithful except under that one respect Any one can see that a very important principle is involved. I know that you would not willingly insert anything detrimental to the priesthood or to the interests of the Catholic Church, and therefore I take the liberty of making these remarks.

In conjunction with another priest I subscribe for your magazine, and I think it is all it claims to be, — a journal devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad and also thoroughly Catholic. Each number is well worth perusing for the sake of valuable information it contains on various subjects. Wishing it every success during the coming year,

I remain, my dear Mr. Donahoe,
Yours sincerely,

J. F. Lennon,
*Catholic Priest.*

The paper from which we copied is edited by one of the most learned of our clerical friends. We thought we were theologically safe in copying from "The Western Watchman"

"SOME Religious Aspects of New England" is again crowded out. It will certainly appear in our next issue.

WE have again to thank the press, particularly our Catholic contemporaries, for the generous and cordial manner in which they have noticed our magazine.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish societies of Boston, arrangements were completed for the delivery of a lecture by Wendell Phillips on "The Present State of the Irish Question," at Music Hall, on the evening of St. Patrick's day, the proceeds to be given to the fund for relieving the distress in Ireland.

THE SEMINARY. — In a recent address in England, Cardinal Manning said he saw the seminary (of Leeds) perfect. not only as a material building, but full of life, of mind, of intelligence, and of piety. He believed of all the works a bishop had to do, the work of his seminary is the chiefest. . . . The Council of Trent had especially legislated on this. He was glad to say that nine of the dioceses of England had, or soon would have, a seminary each. He hoped that the time was not far distant when not even the smallest diocese would be without at least a lesser seminary.

COL. C. H. TAYLOR. — The New York "Graphic" of a recent date contained a full-length portrait of the manager of the "Boston Daily Globe," the leading Democratic paper of Massachusetts. The colonel is represented in an oratorical posture, in the act of addressing a club dinner after indulging in the good things which generally enthuse the audience. There are few members of the press more popular than Mr. Taylor with the community His skill in the management of the "Globe" has made the paper popular with all classes of the community. Long may he wave!

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for February is early at hand, bright, fresh, and newsy as ever. To enumerate all the interesting miscellaneous matter would occupy more time than we have at our disposal now, but in our next will do it justice. In glancing through its pages, a paragraph headed "The Large Amount of Money sent Home by Irish Girls" attracted especial attention. Mr. Donahoe in a card to the "Boston Herald" states that he sent, during the few weeks ending Dec. 20, 2,250 drafts, in sums of £1 and upward, $28,680. This amount is sent by poor serving girls, almost exclusively. They may have their faults, Mr. Donahoe states, but their virtues are above price. They will receive Heaven's blessings. — *Catholic Columbian.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The February number of this popular monthly is fully up to the high character of previous numbers for excellence. The table of contents is quite varied, and the subjects of general interest. We commend it to our readers. — *The Catholic, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE question of a renewal of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Mexico is revived. Though the Mexican government is opposed to the system of mutual diplomatic representation, it does not object to a delegate being sent out by the Pope. The Vatican is desirous of re establishing the relations which existed before the downfall of the Emperor Maximillian.

LOOKING AFTER PARNELL. — It is stated that there are, at present, following the great "agitator" about the country two English detectives — shorthand writers — who attend all meetings which Mr Parnell is to address. According to English law, "seditious" language is none the less illegal, when spoken by a British subject and Member of Parliament, because the meetings are held in America. Indeed, it is probable the government will be all the more jealous about what is said by Mr. Parnell in America than in Dublin or Sligo. But it would not be healthy for the "peelers" to get themselves discovered at their dirty spy work here.

THE Archbishop of Cashel, in a letter to the Dublin "Freeman," earnestly deprecates emigration as a remedy. "I have seen," he writes, "the scattered children of our race in almost every land that the sun shines upon; and after a fair experience in the great republic of the west, and in the numerous dependencies of Great Britain, I have no hesitation in saying that an Irishman's fittest and happiest home is in Ireland. Religion is essential to the happiness of the Irish Catholic, and nowhere is he so sure of finding it as in Ireland. We must resist any proposal of this kind — an extensive emigration scheme — as an outrage on the country."

REV. ROBERT FULTON, S. J. — The Catholics of Boston will be sorry to lose Father Fulton, who will leave us early the coming summer. We had hoped that he would end his days in Boston, where he had done so much to elevate the standard of the Church and Catholic society Under his administration the debt on the Church of the Immaculate Conception was cancelled, Boston College thoroughly organized, and now in successful operation; associations, confraternities, etc., established, until the Immaculate Conception congregation is second to none in the country. Father Fulton leaves a splendid record behind him. The literary and other associations attached to the church are to pay him fitting tokens of respect before he leaves.

## PERSONAL.

A WORTHY APPOINTMENT — Rev. T. J Conaty, formerly of St. John's Church, Worcester, Mass., has been appointed pastor of the new Church of the Sacred Heart in that city.

MRS. PRESIDENT HAYES still declines to have wine served at table in the White House, and she disapproves, only less decidedly, of low dresses. The Marine Band always plays during the dinners and evening receptions, but there has been no dancing there since Mrs. Lincoln gave a ball.

THE "New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger" says:—

"There are two great Catholic poets now in the United States — we say it without fear of contradiction — Father Ryan, of the South, and Eleanor C. Donnelly, of the North One is a priest and a patriot, the other a gentlewoman who believes that all things should be done 'for the honor and glory of God alone.'"

MR. JAMES MCNALLY, who has been elected a trustee of the Reform School of Providence, R. I., is a man eminently fitted for the position. His long experience in city affairs, his sterling honesty in all transactions, and his strict integrity of character, together with his undisputed ability, qualify him for any office within the gift of the municipality. He was trustee of St. John's R. C. Church, Atwell's Avenue, for a number of years, and his experience and shrewdness saved the church many thousand dollars. He was so valuable in his position that it was with the extremest reluctance he was allowed to resign. Mr. McNally is a native of Providence, but of Irish extraction.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP P. A. FEEHAN, of the Nashville diocese, has been selected by the Vatican to fill the place made vacant by the death of Bishop Foley in Chicago. Bishop Feehan was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and is now about fifty years of age. He is a graduate of Maynooth College, in the county of Kildare. After becoming a priest he left immediately for America. Arriving in St Louis in the fall of 1852 he was assigned to duty as superior of the ecclesiastical seminary for boys at Carondelet; from that institution he was transferred to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in St Louis, in which position he remained for several years, in the fall of 1865 he was consecrated, at St. Louis, Bishop of Nashville, with jurisdiction over the Roman Catholic churches and other Catholic institutions in Tennessee. In Tennessee he succeeded Bishop Whelan, the successor of Bishop Miles, the first bishop appointed for Tennessee. In personal appearance Bishop Feehan is unusually striking. He is over six feet in height, with black hair and pleasing, intellectual countenance, that would attract attention in any assembly His voice and delivery are good. His language is chaste, graceful, and easy, marked by a natural avoidance of complicated or involved utterances. His sermons are short, pointed, and of a kind that will always attract and hold the attention of his auditors. He is approachable to all, and frequently assists the clergy in their various duties.

THE appointment of Right Rev. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, Bishop of Natchez, as Coadjutor of Archbishop Purcell, with right of succession to the Archbishopric of Cincinnati, and to be Administrator of the Archdiocese, has been announced. The news was received with satisfaction at the archiepiscopal residence, where it was thought the appointment would have a beneficial effect upon the deplorable financial situation of the diocese. Legal proceedings are now pending which may result in forcing a sale of nearly all the church property in Cincinnati to satisfy the creditors of the Archbishop. The new Coadjutor has a reputation for executive ability and sound business sense, and the eyes of the Church are directed to him to avert the crisis. Archbishop Purcell is failing rapidly under the weight of years and the great calamity which has overtaken his diocese He has given up all attempts to administer the affairs of the Church, and is in retirement at the convent in Brown County. According to recent reports, he has grown so feeble that he has to be helped from one room to another. He is now in his eighty-first year. The prospect of a forced sale of the scores of churches which it has been the work of his life to build up has borne very heavily upon him.

COM. CHARLES STEWART, of the American Navy, was the maternal grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell, M P. Commodore Stewart himself was born of Irish parents in Philadelphia, in 1778. About forty years ago his daughter (now Mrs. Parnell) met her future husband, Charles Henry Parnell, in Washington. He was travelling with his cousin, Lord Powerscourt, and the marriage took place in New York City. Mrs. Parnell sailed with her husband to Ireland, and at the old homestead in Avondale, County Wicklow, Charles Stewart Parnell was born in the month of June, 1845. He received a thorough education at Cambridge University. His father wished him to be a lawyer, but the young man had no taste for the law. He took little interest in politics early in life, to which he only turned attention after the murder of the Manchester Martyrs. In 1874 he presented himself as a Parliamentary candidate for the County of Dublin, on the National and Catholic ticket, but was defeated by the Conservative and Protestant candidate. The next year he was elected for the County of Meath and succeeded John Martin, the sometime colleague of John Mitchell. Mr. Parnell's father died a few years ago and his mother returned to this country to live. She was visited by her son in 1873, and also in 1876, when Mr. Parnell and O'Connor Power came to America to present an address of the Irish people to the people of the United States, but which President Grant refused to accept. In 1873 he remained in this country six months, but his second visit was continued only two months. In 1873 Mr. Parnell was in Providence and Newport, and made the acquaintance of many of the leading families, some of whom afterwards visited him in Europe.

# Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

## PRIESTS.

Rev Joseph Reiserer died at White Bluff, Savannah, Ga., on the eve of the Epiphany

The death is announced of Rev. Jos. Anton Hubly, of Champion, Diocese of Marquette. He was found dead in his bed.

Rev. Father Stack, one of the early pioneer priests of the diocese of Wheeling, Va., died in that city recently.

Very Rev. Robert French Whitehead, Ex-Vice-President St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, died 31st December, 1879, aged seventy-two.

Mgr. Feron. Bishop of Clermont, the oldest French Bishop, died in the eighty-sixth year of his age and the forty-seventh of his episcopate.

Rev. Jas. A. O'Reilly, late of Holyoke, Mass., died on Christmas eve, at the residence of his father, Mullagh, County Cavan, at the early age of twenty-five years, and in the fourth of his sacred ministry.

Rev. Peter P. Carlin, assistant priest at the Providence Cathedral, died in Fall River, Mass., on the evening of the 30th January, of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was about town in the afternoon in his usual health. Deceased was making a visit to his parents.

Rev. Edward I. Lilly, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, Indiana, died recently at that institution. Fr. Lilly entered the college in 1860 as a student, and in 1872 he was ordained priest, having for five years previous to that filled the position of professor of music in the university.

Rev. Mr. Murphy, chaplain to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Cabra, Dublin, died Jan. 8. The deceased clergyman was ordained only a short time since, and had held his appointment as chaplain at Cabra for only a few months. He was attacked whilst in the discharge of his duties amongst the deaf-mutes with malignant small-pox, Jan. 4.

The Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Mathews, D. D., P. P., St. Mary's, Drogheda, died Dec. 21, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and fiftieth of his sacred profession. Dr. Mathews was ordained in Maynooth on the Feast of Pentecost, 1830. As parish priest of his native parish of St. Mary's, Drogheda, for the last thirty-two years, he faithfully and zealously guided the flock committed to his charge.

Rev. Henry S. McMurdie died of consumption at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., Jan. 20. He was for thirty years connected with Mount St. Mary's College and Seminary. He was born in London, England, on the 28th of May, 1822, and was consequently in his fifty-seventh year. Brought up in Episcopalianism, he came under the influence of the movement that brought so many persons into the Church about thirty years ago, and became a Catholic in 1848.

The demise of the Very Rev. Father McGee, O. C. C., of Dublin, is announced. But a few months ago he was, to all appearance, in vigorous health, considering his age, and was day after day found at his post of duty in the dear old church where he first learned to pray, and where for the past thirty-three years he so faithfully ministered. In 1840 he went to Rome, where, as also at Louvain, he made his ecclesiastical studies. Returning to Ireland in 1846, he became attached to the chief convent of his Order, where he has ever since ministered with zeal, and where on Saturday evening, Dec. 20, he breathed his last, to the great regret of his reverend brethren and numerous friends.

Rev. Edward P. McCort, pastor of St. Charles Church, of Adams, Mass.. died at 12.30 o'clock Sunday morning, Jan. 25. Father McCort was born in Ireland, and came to this country a child. He was a student of Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he graduated in 1868. He made his theological studies in Montreal and Baltimore, at which latter place he was ordained in 1872. He was appointed to St. Paul's Church, Worcester, thence transferred to St. John's, in the same city, where he remained till he was named first pastor of South Adams, a short time since. We knew Fr. McCort well. A kinder or better friend never administered at the altar of God. Let every one who reads this say a *De Profundis* for the repose of his soul.

Rev. P. J Leddy, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Hingham, Mass., died at his residence on the 15th of January. He was born in the town of Drumlumon, county of Cavan, Ireland, in 1844, and was the sixth of a family of eight children. He received his early education in his native town, and in 1861 he entered college at Cavan, where he remained six years, when he graduated. Soon after he sailed for America, and entered the St. Joseph Provincial Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he completed the theological course preparatory to his entering the ministry. After his ordination, in 1871, he was appointed by Archbishop Williams as assistant to Rev. H. P. Smyth, who had charge of the churches at Weymouth, also the ones at Hingham, Cohasset, and Scituate, which position he held about five years, when the parish was divided, and the congregations of Hingham, Cohasset, and Scituate were made into one parish, and he was appointed to their charge. He has been in failing health for some time, and last September was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, which threw him into consumption and culminated in his death. He was thirty-six years of age, quiet and unostentatious in his

manners, and was universally respected. The funeral took place on the 19th of January. A solemn Requiem was celebrated in the church at Hingham, at 10 A. M., Rev. H. P. Smyth acting as celebrant, Rev. James Masterson, of Peabody, as deacon, and Rev. Michael Clark, of East Boston, as subdeacon. The archbishop and a large number of priests of the archdiocese were present. The remains of Father Leddy were interred in the afternoon at St. Mary's Cemetery, Taunton, Mass., which city is the home of Father Leddy's family.

### LAYWOMEN.

THE Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, long famous all over Europe as a novelist and a traveller, breathed her last peacefully on Monday after receiving all the rites of Holy Church. The Countess years ago left Protestantism for Catholicism. She was born in 1805, married in 1826, and was divorced in 1829. It was when she began her career as an authoress, in 1850, that she became a Catholic, since then wholly dedicating herself and her abilities to the Church of which it was her proudest title to be a member.

### LAYMEN.

RICHARD SULLIVAN, a well-known writer and journalist and brother of T. D. Sullivan, editor of the "Dublin Nation," died at San Francisco, Cal., on Jan. 17.

SIR DOMINIC JOHN CORRIGAN, Bart., an eminent physician of Dublin, member of Parliament for that city from 1870 to 1874, and Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, is dead. He was born in Dublin, Dec. 1, 1802.

MR. TERENCE LAPPEN, an old and respected citizen of South Boston, died at the residence of his brother, Mr. Owen Lappen, Worcester Square, Boston, on the 11th January. His remains were taken to SS. Peter and Paul's Church, where a High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul.

MR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, late assistant engineer in the Department of Public Works, Pelham, New York, died in that city, Jan. 12. His death calls to mind two of the most distinguished names in Irish history, his grandfather, after whom he was named, and his grand-uncle, Robert Emmet, who paid the penalty of his patriotism with his life. Mr. Emmet for years occupied positions of trust and importance.

DIED at Drumsna County, Lietrim, Ireland, on the twenty-seventh day of December last, John McNamara, aged sixty-five years. Mr. McNamara was well known in that part of the country as a quiet, unassuming man of exemplary habits and character. A kind husband, loving father, and much respected by his neighbors and acquaintance for his honesty and guileless life. Deceased was for forty years a National School teacher and no doubt that some of his old scholars in this country will regret his demise when they read this notice. He was a brother of Owen McNamara, an old resident of Lowell, Mass. *Requiescat in pace.*

## Events of the Month.

THE losses of the English at Afghanistan are estimated at nearly 3,000.

OUR Holy Father, the pope, has contributed 10,000 francs for the relief of Irish sufferers.

KING ALFONSO possesses a charmed life. He has been married twice and shot at twice, and yet he lives.

A FEW days before the Feast of the Nativity his Holiness was good enough to place in the hands of the Pontifical Almoner the sum of 15,000 francs to be distributed to the poor of Rome.

TWO official journalists at Berne and Basle have been fined 200f. and 50f. respectively for slandering the Old Catholic Bishop Herzog, whom they denounced as a comedian and as an "alcoholic" bishop.

IT is believed that the Russian Bear cannot and will not sit down quietly under the blow given him by England in the occupation of Cabul. When the Bear meets the Bull then comes the hug of war, says the "Irish Patriot."

LORD BEACONSFIELD has lately been so repeatedly worried by threatening letters that he has felt it his duty to place them in the hands of the chief constable of his county, who has deemed it advisable to place almost a cordon of police round Hughenden.

COLLECTIONS for the poor of Ireland have and are taking place in all the Catholic churches of the United States.

THE dioceses of Detroit, Cleveland, and Vincennes have done nobly for Ireland. Detroit has sent nearly $8,000, while the diocese of Cleveland, up to Dec. 30, had sent $7,602.42, the diocese of Vincennes coming next, with $3,300.

MR. J. C. FLOOD, the California bonanza millionnaire, has just bestowed a pleasant little amount of pin-money on his daughter, Miss Jennie Flood; he has registered $2,500,000 in United States bonds in her name. This gift provides for her an income of $100,000 a year.

THE Catholic population of Canada (1,846,800) is provided for by 23 bishops, 1,599 priests, and 1,617 churches. There are also 18 seminaries, 40 colleges, 85 academies, 247 convents, 92 religious communities, 43 asylums, 34 hospitals, and 3,544 elementary schools.

THE official returns of the Board of Trade show that during the nine months ending the 30th September, 1879, as compared with the same period in 1878, Ireland consumed 493,000 gallons less of whiskey and 83,587 barrels less of beer, each barrel containing thirty-six gallons.

THE Empress of Austria is again on a hunting tour in Ireland.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S first Christmas day as a Cardinal was embittered by a heavy sorrow, — the death of his sister, who was the youngest daughter of Mr. John Newman of Lombard Street, and the widow of Mr. John Mozley of Derby. Mrs. Mozley was in her seventy-third year.

A CORRESPONDENT states that at a parish in Dorset, England, of which the population is nearly 700, the congregations at the church have dwindled to a truly startling extent. On the 7th only one person besides the officiating clergyman was present, and on the 14th the reverend gentleman read the service to himself. A Protestant church, of course.

A HORRIBLE charge of cruelty to a child has been brought against one of the monitors at the Duffryn School, Mountain Ash, England. It is stated that the monitor caused four boys to hold a child, eight years of age, while he tied a cord round its tongue. This done, the child was dragged by the cord until a portion of the flesh of his tongue gave away.

THE ENGLISH ARMY. — The annual report of the Recruiting Department of the British Army shows that 27,000 recruits joined the regular force last year. Even with this addition only a sufficient number were obtained to keep up the established strength of the army. But many more might have been easily enlisted had they been required.

THE attempted regicides of 1878 and 1879 have included two attacks on the Emperor William, one against King Humbert, one against King Alfonso, and two against the Czar. Sovereigns, it is cynically remarked, will soon be reckoning their years of rule by these outrages, the Czar having experienced four, and the Emperor William five. Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III. have had seven.

AFTER a very animated discussion in the City Council at Montreal, it was resolved by the casting vote of the mayor, that the mayor and corporation should receive Parnell on his arrival and present him with an address of welcome. Loyal Britishers are indignant over the vote, and claim that it is a direct insult to the Queen. It is thought, however, that Mr. Parnell will not visit the city.

ATTACHED to a call for the consideration of a public reception to Mr. Parnell in Brooklyn, N. Y., were the names of prominent men, including Patrick Ford, of the "Irish World," and Henry Ward Beecher, of this world. Mr. Ford is out in a card denouncing the appending of his name to a paper in connection with such a man as Henry. He explains to the public that his associates are not of that class. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE Empress Eugenie has intimated to the Union Steamship Company her intention to embark in their mail steamer German on the 26th of March next, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen and a retinue of servants, for the purpose of visiting Zululand, and the spot where her son was killed. In order to allow her Majesty to reach her destination by June 1st, the vessel, after calling at Cape Town, will proceed direct to Natal.

ON resolution offered by Mr. Cox of New York (Democrat), the United States House of Representatives agreed (Jan. 19), by a vote of ninety-six to forty-two, to tender the hall of the House to Mr. Parnell for an address. Representative Young (Rep.) of Ohio had moved that Mr. Parnell's invitation to the House to attend his lecture be accepted. The motion was carried.

THE number of landlords in Ireland is stated at seven thousand, and of tenants at six hundred and fifty thousand. In the number of landlords here given is included all the landowners, many of whom do not rent their lands but occupy them themselves. The number of landlords, strictly speaking, is only a few hundred; and less than a hundred of them hold more than half of all the land in Ireland.

THE Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, directing the opening of parish schools wherever there are enough Catholic children to fill one, went into effect on the 1st inst. All Catholic parents must send their children who are less than nine years old to the parish school, or else they will be deprived of the sacraments. There are said to be seven thousand Catholic children in the Louisville public schools.

IN Rome on the Feast of Christmas, the relic of the Sacred Manger, in which our Blessed Lord was laid at His birth, was exposed to the faithful in Santa Maria Maggiore. For several years this precious relic has not been seen in this Basilica. At the procession, which terminated the ceremonies on Thursday evening, this relic was carried through the church. Archbishop Rinaldini and his Eminence Cardinal Hohenlohe, Archpriest of the Basilica, assisted at the ceremonies.

THE MCCARTHY who is reported by the cable as having resigned his seat in Parliament because "he has resolved to have no connection with Mr. Parnell's policy," is not Justin McCarthy, but John George McCarthy. It is a singular fact that the worst traitors to Ireland are the Celts, and especially the representatives of the old Celtic families, while nearly all the straightforward champions of Irish rights are of the Norman and Saxon stock. — *Catholic Telegraph.* [Mr. McC. says he has not resigned.]

A LADY M. D. — Among the successful candidates at the recent examination held at the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, was Miss Eliza Foster Macdonogh, daughter of Dr. Macdonogh, Clapham, London, an Irishman practising many years in England. Miss Macdonogh is a graduate of Zurich, having obtained the degree of M. D. at the university there in 1877 after five years' study, and has since held the post of house physician to the Woman's Hospital, London.

A SERIOUS attack was made on the Dowager Queen of Bavaria on New Year's day as she was about to take her seat in the cathedral of Notre Dame at Munich. A poor woman who had suddenly become mad rushed at her Majesty, and would have injured her severely but for the prompt interposition of the people in the church. Notwithstanding the excitement of the untoward event, the Queen did not leave the cathedral, and remained till the end of the Pontifical Mass.

THE banker of the Vatican, who managed all His Holiness' financial business in Rome, has according to the daily papers taken flight, and has left behind debts amounting to more than $150,000. Several high ecclesiastical officials, who had intrusted all their fortune to the specious swindler, are suddenly plunged into the greatest distress. One of the last cardinals created by Pius IX is said to have been hit so hard by the defaulter that he has not a centime left.

THE Catholics in Great Britain number amongst them 21 archbishops and bishops 2,211 priests, 1,436 churches and publi chapels. In addition to the latter there are domestic and private chapels in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen to which the public have not access. There are 38 Catholic peers and 48 baronets. The total number of Catholics in Great Britain is estimated at 2,000,000. In Ireland there are five archbishop-, 26 bishops, 3,186 priests, and upwards of 4,000,000 adherents.

PUBLIC BEQUESTS. — By will of the late Michael H. Gleason of South Boston, which has been proved in the Suffolk County Probate Court, the property, after the payment of sundry bequests amounting to about $30,000, is left to his wife in trust. At her decease the will provides that the sum of $5,000 shall be given to the Archbishop of Boston, and that the remainder of the estate shall be divided in equal shares between the House of the Good Shepherd and the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children.

UNDER a resolution proposed by Hon. S. S. COX, Mr. Parnell is to enjoy the unusual privilege of explaining his mission to the United States Congress in the Hall of Representatives. The "New York Herald" is bitter at this national rebuke of its attacks on a member of the British Parliament and its want of sympathy for Irish distress. The suggestion of Mr. Cox is "demagogism," but says the "New York Star," better any demagogism with heart in it, than the cool and criminal indifference which proclaims that Ireland's sufferings have not the smallest claims on our legislative consideration.

THE Benedictine Order is making preparations for celebrating in the year 1880 the fourteen hundredth anniversary of the birth of their founder, St. Benedict. Art and science are lending their aid to honor him, whose sons were for centuries almost the only ones who cultivated either. In Monte Cassino, the old tower and crypt of the original monastery are nearly restored and completed, the work having been begun two years ago. Frescos are painted by monks of the order. New editions of valuable, some of them ornamental works, by Benedictine authors, are also prepared for the same occasion.

PROFESSOR GRANDI of Rome has just finished a large painting representing the Holy Father Leo XIII. giving First Communion to Miss Isabella and Miss Francesca Murphy, of San Francisco, California. The father and mother of these children and two elder sisters, as well as Father Armellini, of the Society of Jesus; Mgr. Macchi, Maestro di Camera of his Holiness; and Mgr. Cataldi, Pontifical Master of Ceremonies, who assisted on the happy occasion, are also represented in the picture. It is almost needless to say that each figure is a portrait, and that the grouping and coloring are admirable, and worthy of the high reputation of Professor Grandi.

THE Golden Rose which the Pope has just given to the young and devout Queen of Spain has been incorrectly spoken of as "a decoration," if that term is used in the ordinary sense as applicable to a ribbon or a medal worn on the person. The general impression about the Golden Rose is that of a representation of a cut flower of small size in the precious metal,—an impression which we confess to having shared until we saw the rose of a former year carried in procession round St. Peter's. As a matter of fact, with the golden flower are golden leaves and twigs, and it grows from a golden pot, to the height, at a guess, of at least a foot.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND. — A most piteous appeal is made by the Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Bishop of Killala, and vice-president of the Ballina Relief Fund, in aid of the starving poor of those poverty-stricken districts on the confines of Sligo and Mayo. It would seem that the crops have everywhere failed; that the supply of food, even of the coarsest description, is exhausted; that local benevolence is powerless, and that the place will again be visited with all the horrors it witnessed in the years 1846 and 1847, when over five thousand persons died of starvation, unless a prompt and liberal response is made to the appeal of the most Rev. Dr. Conway.

HON. W. L. SCOTT, of Erie, Pa., has donated one hundred shares of the Erie and Pennsylvania Railroad Company stock, guaranteed at seven per cent for nine hundred and ninety-nine years by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the principal to be held in trust, and the income to be applied towards the support of the orphans in the Catholic Orphan Asylum of that city. He has also given a similar amount to the Home of the Friendless, of Erie. The par value of the shares is $5,000.

[We wish brother Scott could be induced to share his charities with the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston.]

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, desirous to promote Catholic education and as far as possible to put within the reach of Scottish Catholics the benefits of university teaching of the first order, has generously subsidized St. Benedict's College with £500 a year to enable it to secure the assistance of two professors from our national universities, who will assist the present staff in teaching respectively classics and the different branches of science. This act of generosity on the part of the noble Marquis will be duly appreciated by the Catholic body. To be able to offer to Catholic students the advantages of university tutorship, whilst securing for them the advantages arrived from living in a Catholic atmosphere and under the constant and careful training of the Benedictine Fathers, is an event of considerable importance to the alumni of the College, and cannot fail to give a fresh impetus to the cause of Catholic learning in Scotland.

MR J. G. M'CARTHY, M. P. for Mallow, at the turn of the week stated at once by telegram that he had no intention of resigning his seat, and that the published statement to the contrary was the invention of a "not very brilliant humorist."

A PROTESTANT BISHOP'S WILL. — The will of the Right Rev Charles Baring, formerly Lord Bishop of Dunham, Eng., was proved on the 5th instant, the personal estate being sworn under £120,000 ($600,000), these being the savings of that "Right Reverend Father in God."

MR. BRIGHT, speaking at Birmingham recently, put forth the suggestion that the British government should send a commission to Ireland, empowered to sell the farms of landlords to tenants willing to purchase them; and that three fourths of the purchase money should be advanced by the government, to be repaid in thirty-five years, principal and interest. It is difficult to believe that such a proposition could find favor in the present House of Commons, where the Conservatives have about fifty majority, and where the Hartington Liberals probably would go with the government. The matter, if entertained, would go to the people, who would, though perhaps indirectly, give their decision on it at the next Parliamentary elections, which must, at the very latest, be held in little more than a twelvemonth, as the present Parliament is very near the beginning of its seventh year, the last year of its possible life.

ON a recent occasion a considerable number of English-speaking persons and others assembled in the Church of St. Agatha in Suburra, attached to the Irish College in Rome, to assist at the taking possession of this church as his title by Cardinal Pecci, brother of his Holiness Leo XIII. On his entrance he was received by the venerable Rector of the Irish College, Monsignor Tobias Kirby. The Rector delivered an address in Italian, and his Eminence replied in an excellent discourse on the history of the Irish Church, which, he said, had been one of the studies he turned to with great fondness, as it showed an unfailing faith during a persecution which could be compared only with that of Diocletian. He referred in eloquent terms to the work of O'Connell, whose heart was buried within the walls of this church, and to the labors effected by him. In fact, the whole of the discourse was remarkable in several ways, as showing a keen appreciation of Irish history and an intimate acquaintance with the tyrannical persecutions to which Ireland has been so long subjected.

MR. KAVANAGH, the Irish Member of Parliament, whose lack of arms and legs is accompanied by a plentiful supply of brains, had in his youth a very sorrowful life. After the early death of his father and mother, he was under the control of his two elder brothers, who, mortified by his strange deformity, are said to have secluded him in the country from the sight of mankind. The boy, full of intellectual zeal and manly spirit, would not allow his mind to rust or grow morbid, and when after several years his brothers died, leaving a very large estate to his guidance, he emerged from his library a rarely cultivated and brilliant man, with a brain and will so trained that it was a very easy matter to him to grasp practical life and affairs. So delightful are Mr. Kavanagh's intellectual and spiritual graces, that he won for his wife a very beautiful and charming woman. His children are all bright and handsome, and he is greatly beloved both by them and by his tenantry. In spite of his bodily misfortune, Mr. Kavanagh is a noted Nimrod, riding after hounds in a saddle which he himself invented, with the greatest energy and daring.

MR. VERE FOSTER publishes an appeal, addressed to Mr Parnell, in the columns of the "Northern Whig," which we do not think likely to meet with a very cordial response from the member for Meath. He invites that gentleman to devote his energy, his youth, and his acknowledged talents to the promotion of an enterprise which, in Mr. Vere Foster's opinion, is a far more likely one to be realized than any scheme for the establishment of peasant proprietary. This enterprise is the getting up of an emigration scheme, which, in Mr. Foster's opinion, is a good remedy for the existing state of things. Mr. Foster proves his sincerity and his *bona fide* by offering to pay out of his own pocket at the rate of £2 per head for every able-bodied young man or woman helped to the United States, and expresses his willingness to give as much as £15,000 towards this object. The offer is a handsome one, but it will not, we believe, be received with much gratitude just now. It is needless to go over the arguments which weigh in favor of keeping the people at home. Depopulating the country of its young blood, and leaving only the feeble and incapable behind, is surely a poor way of advancing its progress. Let Mr Foster give his £2 a head to the relief of the suffering poor, and he will do better service. — *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NEW DOMINION. — Messrs. Parnell and Dillon have prepared the following appeal to the people of the Dominion of Canada, dated at the Central Office, Irish Famine Relief, Room 59, No. 32 Park Place, New York, Jan. 26:—

The extreme urgency of the distress in Irenald has induced us to appeal to the people of Canada. The famine is already upon the people of the West of Ireland. Thousands are at this moment starving, and up to this the British government has taken no step to save the people from this awful fate. We appeal, then, to the people of the Dominion to assist us in saving the lives of the peasantry, until we shall have succeeded in arousing the government to a sense of its duty. The necessity is pressing, even if the government were to move at once, which they show no sign of doing. The machinery employed by them is so cumbersome that no relief could reach the people for about six weeks. In the interval, thousands must perish. Let a relief committee be formed in every city and town in the Dominion, and all subscriptions be forwarded immediately to the credit of the Irish Famine Relief Fund to the National Bank of Montreal. We undertake that all money lodged to their account will be, within a week, used in saving the life of the peasantry of Connaught.

(Signed) CHARLES S. PARNELL.
JOHN DILLON.

THE collections in the churches in the archdiocese of New York will realize $40,000 for the distress in Ireland.

THE one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett will be celebrated in Boston on the 4th of March

AN eminent Irish statistician estimates the loss sustained by the failure of the last year's potato crop in Ireland at £4,626,000

IT is understood that the English government intends to give a grant for the purpose of providing seed for small Irish farmers

THE archdiocese of Boston will send at least $20,000 to the relief of the poor in Ireland. This is the collection of the churches.

THE Pope has not only given $2,000 to the relief of Ireland, but has ordered a collection in all the churches of Rome for the same laudable purpose.

COLLECTIONS for the poor of Ireland were taken up in the churches of the Archdiocese of Boston on the first Sunday in February. Also in the dioceses of Providence and Springfield. The result was grand.

A MUNIFICENT SUBSCRIPTION. — The "New York Herald" gives $100,000 for the relief of Ireland, besides holding itself in readiness to receive and strictly account for all that may flow from other's charity.

MR. LEWIS T. WINN, son of Lieut. Owen T. Winn, stationed at City Hall, Boston, died Feb 2, of consumption. He was a young man of much promise and was beloved by all who knew him. Lieut. Winn has our sympathies fo his sad bereavement.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, attached to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, gave Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., a grand ovation on Thursday evening, Jan. 5. Speeches were made by Father Fulton, Gov. Long, Father O'Connor, and Mayor Prince.

THE "Monde," organ of the papal nuncio in Paris, referring to the mission of Charles S. Parnell to the United States, says, "By the mouth of a Protestant, Catholic Ireland calls Protestant England to account. Whoever outrages justice paves the way for terrible expiations."

THE COLLECTION FOR THE POOR OF IRELAND. — Returns from forty-three Catholic churches in Boston and its vicinity foot up $20,000, as contributed on Sunday, Feb. 1, for the poor of Ireland. The Church of the Immaculate Conception and the Cathedral in this city gave $1,700 and $1,882 respectively.

Mr. Parnell says, including the amount forwarded by Drexel, Morgan & Co., about $30,000 has been sent to Ireland, and $30 000 more is in the hands of various committees, and will be sent immediately.

FRANCE AND IRELAND. — The Paris "Evenement" publishes a strongly worded letter from Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, M. P., denouncing the state of affairs in the West of Ireland, and pointing out that the farmers of Carraroe do not pay their rents for the simple reason that they cannot, while the hateful landlord class is evidently determined to exact its full pound of flesh. He says, "There is no example of hypocrisy in modern times similar to that of the government which pretends to insist on Turkish reforms, and acts worse than the Turks toward its own subjects in Ireland." The editor of the "Evenement," in a comment on the letter, remarks that the information he has received from Ireland justifies in every way this energetic protest, and hopes that France will remember Irish sympathy in former days, and will nobly respond to the appeal of the Dublin committee.

TENANTS BECOME OWNERS. — A very important and interesting operation was carried out in the office of the examiner to Judge Ormsby, namely, changing forty tenant-farmers on the Conyingham estate, near Kilrush, Ireland, into absolute owners of their holdings. The tenants had made offers of purchase under the Bright Clauses, and Mr. Marcus Keane, agent of the estate, attending and agreeing, the examiner accepted the offers subject to the sanction of the court, which is a merely formal matter. The price given by the tenants for their land averages twenty-two years' purchase of the annual rent, and the total sum which they will pay reaches £30,000 It will be seen that by this operation forty tenant-farmers have, by the working of the Bright Clauses, been converted into owners in fee simple.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. — The British Parliament assembled on the 5th of January. In the queen's speech is the following allusion to Ireland: "A serious deficiency in the usual crops in some parts of Ireland has rendered necessary special precautions on the part of my government to guard against calamities with which those districts are threatened. With this view they have called upon the authorities charged with the duty of administering relief, to make ample preparations for the distribution of food and fuel should such a step become necessary, and they have also stimulated employment of labor by advances on terms more liberal than those prescribed by the existing law. I feel assured you will give your sanction to the course adopted where it may have exceeded the power intrusted by Parliament to the executive of the government. A proposal will be submitted to you for providing the funds required for these exceptional advances on security for property administered by church temporalities commissioners."

In the House of Commons in the evening the Shaw-O'Donnell amendments to the address in reply to the queen's speech, regretting the meagre reference to Irish affairs, occasioned an animated debate, during which the Marquis of Hartington, the liberal leader, said he attributed the success of Irish obstruction to the government's pusillanimous attitude Sir Stafford Northcote, chancellor of the exchequer, retorted by saying the Liberals virtually supported obstruction. The Home Rulers finally compelled an early adjournment of the debate.

In the House of Lords the Duke of Argyll fiercely attacked the entire policy of the government.

Lord Beaconsfield in reply denounced the Liberal sympathy with Irish sedition, and said that the abettors of Home Rule were traitors to their sovereign and their country.

THE Liverpool election has resulted in the return to Parliament of the Tory candidate.

A LARGE body of tenantry in the town of Athenry, Ireland, headed by Father McWhillein, beat off a number of process-servers, who were under the protection of a small detachment of constabulary.

DEATH OF A RELIGIEUSE.—There died in Cork, Ireland, during the octave of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Mother Josephine Warde, Superioress of the Convent of the Isle. A remarkable woman was Mother. She was nearly forty years Superior of the Convent of Mercy at Skibbereen, and established two hospitals, one in the city and another at some distance from it. How faithfully she served God and how zealously she labored for His glory! St. Mary's of the Isle, that fine Gothic structure, is a monument to her active piety and energetic zeal. She labored perseveringly for years until she saw it completed and out of debt. She saw the holy and zealous daughters that she trained in the free schools and orphanage. She had room for one hundred orphans, select schools, workhouses, etc., and she sent out many foundations; all continued to do God's work faithfully. She established a House of Mercy for the instruction and protection of young women of good character. They say that she truly inherited the spirit of her foundress,—charity in word and work. There were fifty priests with the venerated bishop, at her funeral. Father Bradly, of Portland, Me., was present, and on his return from Rome was present at her mouth's memory and also Father O'Callaghan, of Portsmouth, N. H. Far and wide throughout the Emerald Isle will the name of "Dear Mother Josephine" be remembered with affection and esteem. She always manifested a lively interest in the Order of Mercy in this country, and it is owing in a great measure to her influence in providing subjects, that Rev. Mother Francis Xavier Warde, her sister, and foundress of the Order in the United States, has been so successful in establishing over fifty convents.

## THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE STARVING!

THE most vivid picture of the calamity which has overtaken the people of Ireland is that which the "New York Herald" presents in its tabulated reports from the sixteen counties in which distress exists. These cold figures carry greater force than the warmest rhetoric. We have before this had only general statements or details of destitution in a few separated places. The view of the whole field discloses a condition of things so terrible and so threatening as to cause the gravest apprehension.

The middle of January the official statement was sent out from Dublin, that, unless relief was obtained at once in greater amount than then seemed probable, tens of thousands of people would die of starvation. It is now seen by the reports of local committees that more than 300,000 people are destitute and slowly starving, that cold and hunger have already claimed their victims, and that the march of starvation is hastened throughout the land.

At Ruan, county Clare, where one hundred families are destitute, the report states, "No employment for the able-bodied, they are starving." At Corofin, in the same county, a family of eleven persons is living on one shilling a day. At Roscarberry, in county Cork, where all the parish is reported as in destitution, the people are eating their seed potatoes to avoid starvation. The same significant report comes from many other places. The means of planting next year's crop is sacrificed to the need of preserving existence from day to day; and this means famine in the future as well as present distress.

Following through the long list, we find the report from Aughrim, county of Galway, that "many will be dead and buried before help can arrive." from Ballyfornan, where five hundred families are in want, the clergyman writes, "Two of my people died last week from starvation." From Dysart, Westmeath, comes the cry: "Send help, or it will be too late." From Kilroosky, Roscommon: "For God's sake, send us help." One meal a day, nothing but turnips to eat; for months nothing but Indian meal to support life,—such are the reports from other towns. Virulent fevers have broken out in many places among the starving people. Children without clothing lie at home and cry for food. "I am a prisoner in my own home," writes one from Atlymass, county Mayo, "be ause I cannot bear to hear the stories of the hundreds who surround it, and I am powerless to give." From Kilmorn another writes of the one thousand destitute in that place, "If not relieved soon their sufferings will soon terminate."

This is a ghastly sketch. No one can understand or appreciate the horrors of a starving community who has not once seen it. Those whose memories extend back to the famine of 1847 well know what sufferings this state of things involves, and how necessary now it is that aid should be prompt as well as liberal. Every day adds to the numbers of those who are doomed to death by starvation in the absence of relief from outside. Every week renders charity less able to cope with the situation.

The table we give below shows the spread of destitution and the ratio of distress to the population of the smitten counties:—

RETURN BY COUNTIES.

| | Number Destitute. | Population. |
|---|---|---|
| Mayo | 64,509 | 245,855 |
| Galway | 43,260 | 248,257 |
| Sligo | 42,930 | 115,311 |
| Kerry | 33,100 | 196,014 |
| Donegal | 28,000 | 277,775 |
| Roscommon | 26,150 | 141,246 |
| Cork | 23,896 | 516,046 |
| Clare | 19,360 | 147,994 |
| Limerick | 7,600 | 191,313 |
| Tipperary | 6,300 | 216,210 |
| Leitrim | 5,800 | 95,324 |
| Wicklow | 3,600 | 78,509 |
| Monaghan | 2,300 | 112,785 |
| Westmeath | 1,900 | 78,416 |
| Longford | 1,875 | 64,408 |
| Kilkenny | 1,790 | 109,305 |
| Total | 312,370 | 2,834,762 |

When a Catholic couple get married by a 'squire or a preacher, and then want to have the ceremony repeated in the presence of a priest, they prove how easily they would sell their souls to the devil. Nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of one thousand they will live careless, profligate lives, and die outside the Church. God cannot be trifled with. — *Catholic Columbian.*

Sausages and pork-pies should be always looked upon with suspicion. This is the safest view to take of such mysterious dainties. A large firm, carrying on business at Leicester, England, and having "a very respectable reputation as manufacturers of pork-pies," have been sentenced to pay a fine of £100 each — in all £300 — for having in their possession twenty-five pieces of beef unfit for human food. The meat was described as being very bad. In the words of one witness, no dog-owner would have allowed it into his kennel. And such stuff as this narrowly escaped being converted into the celebrated and popular Leicester pork-pies. Awful! The fact is, pork-pies and sausages — the best of them — are nothing better than they ought to be, and they are generally worse than they should be.

The Religious Orders. — The pope received a deputation of one hundred heads of religious orders who presented their congratulations to him on the advent of the new year. In his reply, his Holiness said that the religious orders were the fortresses of the Church, that everywhere they were a great source of help and scattered benefits and consolations on the faithful, while they constituted a great power of social strength. Aware of this notable fact, he added, revolutionaries had in many instances taken possession of the monasteries and monastic properties and driven out their holy inmates. The tempest had been formidable, but after its cessation the members of the confraternities would reunite, marshal their ranks, and, recovering their convents, would recommence their labors. In giving his apostolic benediction, the pope exhorted the deputation to persevere in the good work.

## Notices of Recent Publications.

*Benziger Brothers, New York.*

Parts 25 and 26 of the "Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of his Blessed Mother" have been received. The letter-press and embellishments are fully up to previous issues The work is approaching to the conclusion. It is decidedly the best work on the subject yet issued. We question if it can be surpassed.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

With the exception of two new serials, the Catholic publishers of the United States have not taken any important step in the way of new books the past month.

The Sadliers, New York, the early pioneers of Catholic literature in this country, are daily issuing new editions of their various books. The "Catholic Directory" for 1880 is up to all its former issues in indispensable information to the Catholic reader. No Catholic family of any pretensions should be without this annual. We are indebted to the publishers for a copy; we give an important page in another place. Our old friend Denis (excuse the familiarity) is holding out splendidly. Long may he wave!

Hood's Great Book of the War. — This book, which will contain prepared experiences in the United States and Confederate States armies, will soon be out. The proceeds of sales are to be devoted to the support of ten orphans left by the general. A further notice on receipt of book.

The "London Athenæum" understands that the Kilkenny Association is to publish very shortly the difficult and interesting tale of "Bruillen Da Derga," contained among others still unedited in the Book of the Dun Cow. The editor and translator is Mr. Hennessy, so that the work will be thoroughly well done both as regards the original text and the English.

The arrangements for the issue of a new and carefully compiled edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was announced by Cardinal De Luca some weeks ago, are now in active progress. Special commissions have been nominated by the pope, both in Rome and in various other cities, charged with the preliminary preparations for the pontifical issue of the writings of the great master of philosophy. Cardinal Zigliara has been intrusted with the care of directing the researches in the Imperial City itself, and when the prelates appointed elsewhere have sent in the result of their inquiries, which will include the examination of some of the original manuscripts which are still extant, Cardinal De Luca will furnish his Holiness with a detailed report before the authorized publication is commenced.

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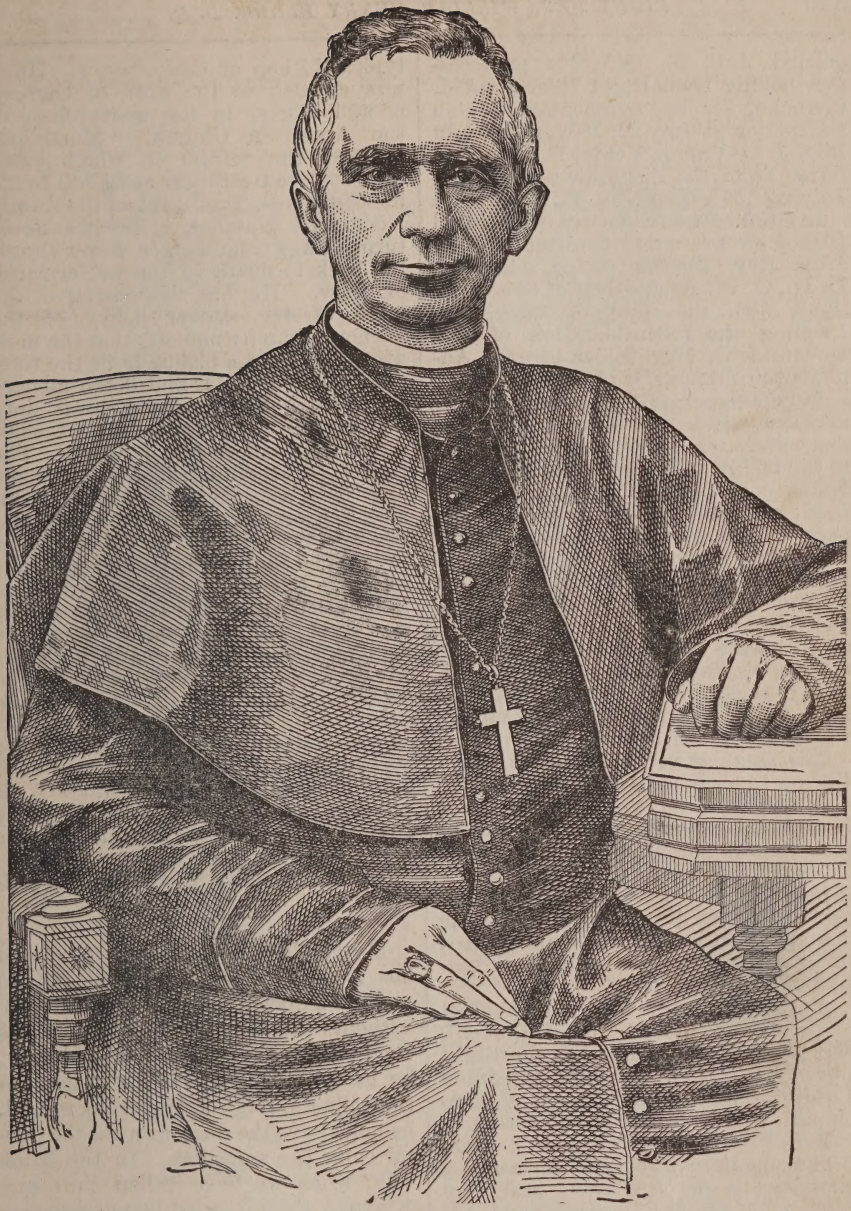
MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "The Reformed Blacksmith," song, words by John Piper, music by W. Apmadoc. "Other Rufuge Have I None," quartette, by G. Elmer Jones. "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," song, by Eaton Fanning. "Darling Isabel," song and chorus, by Wally West.

*Instrumental:* "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Ch. Gounod. "Laurel and the Rose," by Gustav Lange. "La Santillante," Polka Elegante, by François Behr. "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Stars," schottische, arranged for violin and piano, by John Carlton. Selections from "The Sorcerer," arranged by Wm. Gooch. "A Maiden's Dream," Nocturne, by Gustav Lange. "America," Grande Fantasie de Concert, by T. P. Ryder. "Theme and Variations," for violin and piano, by Julius Eichberg. "Electric Light Galop," by A. E. Warren. "Turkish Reveille," arranged for violin, cornet, and piano, by J. Bond. "Galota," Morceau à la Gavotte, by L. Arditi "Corinne Waltzes," by Alfred Sweet. "La Cascade de Rubis," Morceau Elegante, by Sydney Smith.



RIGHT REV. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, D. D.,

WAS born in Baltimore, Md., in the year 1818, and received his education in that city. His parents desiring that he should become a priest, he was sent to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, where he studied until he received subdeaconship. After this he pursued his studies for three years in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1846. On returning to the United States, he was appointed professor of theology in Mount St. Mary's College, and was made director of that institution. Jan. 9, 1857, he was appointed Bishop of Natchez, and was consecrated May 3, 1857. He was the third in the list of the prelates of that diocese, which was

erected July 28, 1837, his predecessors having been Right Rev. John J. Chanche, D. D., consecrated March 14, 1841, died July 22, 1852, and Right Rev. J. O. Van de Velde, D. D., transferred from the Bishopric of Chicago, July 29, 1853, died Nov. 13, 1855.

In 1879, Mgr. Elder was appointed Bishop of Avara and Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Joseph Sadec Alemany, D. D., O. P., Archbishop of San Francisco, with the right of succession. Pending the reconsideration of this appointment, Mgr. Elder became Administrator Apostolic of Natchez.

In September, 1878, Bishop Elder was attacked with yellow fever, after a long and self-denying service in ministering to the bodily and spiritual wants of the Natchez sufferers. He was reported dead, and the sorrow evinced in all parts of the country when the rumor was spread by the press shows in what high regard this eminent prelate is held by people of all denominations. The encomiums which the news drew from all lips were not undeserved, and the tidings of his recovery were glad tidings to those who reverence sincerity, holiness of life, and all those virtues which distinguish this revered prelate.

The singular veneration with which Bishop Elder is regarded by the clergy and laity of Natchez is well known. Non-Catholics speak of him with reverence and admiration. The New Orleans "Propagateur Catholique" says of him: "Yes, Mgr. Elder appears truly as the man of God, the man of the Church, the man devoted in an absolute manner to the sanctification of his brethren!"

An official letter from the Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Simeoni, brings the information that the Right Rev. W. H. Elder has been appointed Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, with the right of succession.

The "Western Watchman" says: "The appointment of this eminent ecclesiastic to the important and very responsible office of Coadjutor and Administrator of Cincinnati, is a most gracious acknowledgment by Rome of splendid talents most unostentatiously exercised by one of the most faithful servants of God, of whom our country is proud. The appointment of Bishop Elder to Cincinnati stamps the pontificate of Leo XIII. as one of progress and careful discrimination. Bishop Elder will be known in history as the typical bishop of this century. He is now entitled to the rank of confessor and martyr in the martyrology of the American Church. 'Morti destinatus,' the refrain in which every episcopal consecration ends, has found its completest fulfilment in the saintly Bishop of Natchez. He has never turned away from danger, never shown his back to death in the performance of duty. He has demonstrated the truth of the martyr policy of the ancient Church; namely, that the most proper place of a bishop is in the forefront where disaster and death menace the flock. Bishop Elder loves duty better than life, the good of souls far more than personal safety. The trouble of Cincinnati can be overcome only by a sacrifice, and a sacrifice inspired by supernatural motives; and there is no man in the episcopate of the United States who better represents unselfish devotion to the supernatural than Bishop Elder. He goes to his new post with the spirit of a true shepherd, ever ready to lay down his life for his sheep. We hope the people of that vast diocese will appreciate the great sacrifice their new bishop is making, a sacrifice which has obedience for its only solace, and the glory of God for its only encouragement. With patience and Christian unselfishness the redemption of that great church is assured."

A further notice in our editorial columns.

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My children, it is like a person who has a slight illness: he need not go and see a doctor; he may cure himself without. If he has a headache, he need only go to bed; if he is hungry, he has only to eat. But if it is a serious illness, if it is a dangerous wound, he must have the doctor; after the doctor come the remedies. In the same way, when we have fallen into any grievous sin we must have recourse to the doctor — that is, the priest; and to the remedy— that is, confession. — *Curé of Ars.*

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A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. BOSTON, APRIL, 1880. No. 4.

"WE must," said the Pope, "have good, holy, and learned priests, and good schools. Priests must be able to refute all the heresies and strange opinions that arise."—*Leo XIII.*

"WE may make a great many mistakes in giving our money, but we can make no mistake in helping to educate children. That is a work which can never fail so far as we are concerned. After we have educated children in the knowledge of our Divine Lord, if they go astray from Him that is their fault, not ours; we have done our work; and nothing that is ever given for the education of a Christian child is lost, and nothing is laid up in that treasury but will be found in eternity with its reward. It would be better for us to leave behind us a complete system of education extending adequately over the whole Catholic population of London, providing for the children of the poor and the children of the middle class, than to leave behind the most splendid cathedral that the hand of man could design, or the power of man could build."—*Cardinal Manning.*

## IS CATHOLICITY SPREADING IN THE UNITED STATES?

REV. JOSEPH VINCENT O'CONOR.

FOR many a year, the Catholic people of this country have been flattered to the top of their bent by glowing accounts of the miraculous progress of the faith in all parts of the land. With pardonable ardor, orators have descanted upon the unparalleled growth of a church which, at the Revolution, counted only one archbishop (Carroll, of Baltimore), and a Catholic population of 25,000. "Now," they exclaim, "behold the magnificent growth within a century!" Just look at "Sadlier's Almanac for 1880." Consider the number of bishops, archbishops, and priests that we have, and, at the lowest computation, reflect upon the number of the Catholic laity, set down at 6,500,000.

Far be it from the writer of this essay to decry in the least the really providential success which has attended the propagation of the faith in this country, in the face of difficulties, obstacles, and untoward causes which only a priest can understand. We object only to that false self-glorification, which does not look at facts, and which too quickly believes that the evidence of material property is a token of that "reign of Christ," which does not consist in the noise of trumpets, but in the steadfast growth of his children in holiness and justice.

Viewing the position of the Catholic Church here, calmly and without prejudice, the first fact that strikes an unprejudiced observer is the comparative slight impress that her doctrines and practices have made upon the country at

large. It may be true that Catholic fashionable society constitutes the *crême de la crême* in all the leading cities of the Union. It may be true that such a lady as Mrs. Sherman rules a society in Washington, into which no one is admitted, of even the highest social and worldly standing, on whom the slightest moral stain rests; and it is everywhere known, that to secure the *entrée* to the delightful Catholic society which exists in every city, something more is necessary than blazing jewels, or the amatory conquests of distinguished gentlemen. Yet it must be said that the people in high places, despite the temptations of earthly wealth, grandeur, and the round of so-called pleasures, frequently lead a good, and even devout life. The first Catholic ladies of Washington rarely miss mass of a week-day morning; and the late dear old Father White, of Washington, told the writer that at his six-o'clock mass he often saw the belles of Washington, with a cloak covering their magnificent ball-dress, reverently assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, even if they *did* dance until the "wee sma' hours." If wealth has its temptations, it has, like every other station of life, its abundant graces. The sweetest characters for purity, generosity, gentleness, and thorough womanliness come out of convent schools (those nurseries of every virtue), and a girl, Protestant or Catholic, that is graduated from them, has a character bound to influence deeply the future of the country.

I have always taken the profoundest interest in the subject of the education, training, and general conduct of woman, following, in this line, the example of the greatest and most far-seeing of the fathers of the Church. St. Augustine, who is by far the greatest intellect with which God has blessed his Church, not excepting even St. Thomas, who, in his *Summa*, invariably refers to Augustine as his master, constantly refers to woman, in her varied relations, as the "hope of the Church." Men can be easily regulated, reformed, and changed. Engaged in business, in politics, in the rough and tumble of the world, they cannot lead that quiet, internal, and spiritual life which is woman's lot and portion, assigned her by the Church, enunciated to her by Nature herself, and most consonant with her own aspirations and aptitudes. All the great men of the world have had good mothers. They may not have been superior to their sons intellectually; but they it was that trained, guided, and finally perfected the bent that gave to the world the illustrious benefactors of mankind. The same truth holds of ambitious women, who act as a spur upon their husbands. Beaconsfield, the present Premier of England, is naturally a lazy, indolent man, though a man of fine education. His first speech was coughed down in the House of Commons. He had the luck however to marry the Countess of Beaconsfield, from whom he takes his title, for Disraeli himself is only a commoner. She was a woman of boundless ambition, and of the most intense energy of character. With womanly penetration she knew that he possessed admirable diplomatic qualities, although in *Vivian Grey* he desponded of a statesman's career. It is related of her, that one evening she accompanied him to Parliament House, where, smarting under

a recent oratorical failure, he was exceedingly nervous with regard to the effect of a carefully written speech which he had prepared. Like all great popular assemblies. the Commons cannot bear a speaker who uses his manuscript; and Disraeli had committed his speech to memory, and was carefully conning it as he and his wife entered their carriage; the footman too hastily closed the door, which caught the lady's finger between the door of the carriage and its body. She never uttered a scream, and though suffering intense agony, never had her finger released until the door was opened at the steps of the Parliament House, lest her agitation might disturb her great husband's parliamentary preparation. And this was the woman who made Beaconsfield. Women may not possess that profundity of thought, that admirable executive ability, and that power of mental and of physical endurance which men, as a sex, enjoy; but they are blessed with quicker perceptions, with a more patient and affectionate disposition, and with purer aims than men; and when these excellent powers are enlisted in the cause of religion, they work wonders.

I am anything but a croaker. When I examine the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, during the past fifty years, I am filled with wonder and a deep sense of thanksgiving to Almighty God that we have made out so well. But it would be idle to deny that some tremendous blunders have been made; and, what is worse, the people do not know the cause of these blunders. The Young Americans particularly are not acquainted with the curse of the olden church, known as the "trustee system," not in its modern, modified form, but in that form which such thoroughly unselfish men as Archbishops Kenrick and Hughes fought against. There had grown up a false spirit among the people, that if a priest was not so eloquent a speaker as Father Burke, and so polished a gentleman as Cardinal Richelieu, they would have nothing to do with him, though the poor man, in the mean time, might have attended every small-pox case within thirty miles, and given every dollar he had from his scanty income to relieve distress. Kenrick and Hughes were simply putting in force the disciplinary decrees of the Council of Trent upon the *Status* of the priesthood. We are too apt, in a non-Catholic country, to look upon a priest somewhat in the light of a Protestant minister, forgetting that a minister may engage in the thoroughly honorable occupation of lawyer or of butcher to-morrow, and still carry on his evangelical work; whereas, the priest can live "only by the altar," as St. Paul declares; and, if he should engage in the before-mentioned excellent occupations, he should become "irregular" by the express laws of the Church (*D. L. vitate, cap. Irr.*). Now, fifty years ago, Father Hogan, of Philadelphia, whose notoriety is a sufficient justification, should our remarks savor of uncharitableness, opposed the bishops on the ground that he was an "orator, a man of fine presence, and highly esteemed by the Protestant community." It is true he *was* all this, though, judging from his sermons, he was very weak rhetorically, not to say grammatically. The wretched consequence of his unpriestly course is felt in

St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, to this day. The late Secretary of the Navy, Adolph E. Borie, *ought* to have been a Catholic, and some of his nearest relatives lie buried in old St. Mary's Cemetery at this day.

The fact is, we Catholics lose many more than we gain. The drift of this essay is sufficiently apparent from the stress which we have laid upon woman's work in the Church. The husband is generally all in for making his boys smart, quick, industrious, first-class bookkeepers, lawyers, doctors; but it is only the tender mother that looks out for the boy who is to become a priest. There are few or no vocations to the priesthood from Irish-American boys. And yet, if this country is ever to become Catholic, as we all are boasting, this is precisely the class to effect it. After a hundred years' Catholicizing, is it not a reproach that the Church has yet to depend upon Europe for her priesthood, upon men who are naturally unacquainted with the language, the ways, the customs, the peculiar condition of our people, the remarkable intelligence of the nation,—an intelligence which has been trained in the most careful manner to be opposed to the Church? What can a French, a Spanish, a German, an Italian priest do to stem this torrent? The only great aid, muniment, and help which the Church has is the Catholic press, and yet parents are so dull-witted to their own eternal responsibilities, that they are indifferent about subscribing to the very papers and magazines that will keep alive the living truths of God in the minds of their children. The priest may preach the gospel of a Sunday to only a few hundred people. But, lo! the types of the printer seem to renew the Pentecostal gift, because, printed, his words may reach to the ends of the world. The priest's written words are taken up by Catholic paper after paper, and he may rest with the assurance that his words may be read in Australia, when his own immediate flock, while apparently listening, are actually criticising the spring style of fashionable bonnets.

Bishop Becker, in the January "Catholic Quarterly," speaks learnedly about vocations to the priesthood, but he fails to notice the mighty influence of the mother upon the future priest. The prelate admirably points out the supreme necessity of study to the priesthood, but we think in this matter he is somewhat exacting. I do not fear contradiction in the statement, that priests, except in remote country districts, have not time for study. After mass and breakfast, in large city parishes, there is a constant stream of visitors on one plea or another, that fully occupy a priest's attention, excepting that which he devotes to the reading of his office. Then, there is almost always the necessity of helping a neighboring priest, in the confessional, the Devotion of the Forty Hours, or a kindred pious exercise. Taking the large cities of a Catholic population, running up to three or six hundred thousand people, and with an average working force of about two hundred and fifty priests, and there is not much time among them for study. Bishop Becker's idea of a university, merits our complete and enthusiastic praise, for we hold that it is from the higher education of our people that, humanly speaking, the great progress of the Church will take its rise. No one laughs more heartily than the educated Catholic at the

calumny that the Church depends for her life upon the "ignorance and stupid superstition of her deluded votaries." The fact is, the more intelligent a man is, the better Catholic he is; and our readers, particularly in Boston, cannot fail to have noticed, that the most learned of men are precisely those that take the largest and most liberal views of the Catholic Church. That such men do not become Catholics, should not surprise us, as conversion is a miracle of God's grace, and, as the Church defined in the question of the Semi-Pelagians, not even the first movement to faith springs from any natural cause, but is essentially the gratuitous gift of God. This should make us lenient in our judgment upon men, who, we are accustomed to say, "*should* be Catholics; they know enough; they see the right way," etc. The truth is, however, that faith itself is the pure gift of God, who can either bestow or withhold it. St. Ambrose says that it (the faith) is generally the traditional gift of the martyrs, — a belief of the ancient Church, which explains theologically the enduring faith of the Irish people.

The mention of this noble race of men awakens a host of the noblest Catholic memories. They have given to America the greatest of her priests and her bishops, men of powerful mentality and of sturdy physique. Bishop John England, of Charleston, evangelized the South, who hold his memory in benediction to this day. Francis Patrick Kenrick, amid the cares of all the diocese of Pennsylvania, found time to pursue his beloved studies in the great Quaker City, and to edify the Church with a learning which even such an intellectual centre as Rome bowed to and reverenced. Bishop Michael O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, whose magnificent intellect, to the loss of the Church, left few traces of its power in writing, built up the church in Western Pennsylvania, and such was his zeal for his people that many a Sunday, before the era of Sunday trains had set in, honest Irish railroaders wheeled the bishop upon the laborers' truck, to enable him to offer the Lamb without spot, in the humble shanty of the workmen, who, as Wendell Phillips said in his speech at the Parnell reception in Boston, have marked the great railroad lines of the continent with their toil-worn bones.

I regard *half education* as the deadliest foe of the Catholic Church in America. One need never be afraid of a thoroughly educated man or woman. It is only the superficially instructed people that one must dread. When I read a piece about the Spanish Inquisition, or the Romish clergy charging pay for the absolution of sin, or the horrible vices of convents, I always feel sorry for the people that will read the falsehoods and the nonsense. It is worse to be half educated than not educated at all; just as a poor workman does infinitely more mischief than a perfect *ignoramus*. And this superficiality of education I take to be the crying curse of our country, I should not be afraid of the public schools, if they trained up pupils in the broadest principles of religion, morality, and education. This is the great objection of the Church to the public school, that it is a fraud, people paying more money for it than it is worth. The graduates of a boys' high school, in a large city

which yearly spends $1,850,000 for public education, cannot keep a set of books in single entry, but must go to a business college, after graduation, to learn a branch for which the city pays so extravagantly. If the public-school boards had brains enough to introduce text-books which are not written by dunderheads, in a *Harper* garret, and who labor under the delusion that the more they lie about the Catholic Church the more acceptable their work will be, the public-school system itself might be made advantageous. But let Catholics wait.

What the Catholic Church wants in this country is, more priests, and a thorough patronage of the Catholic press. If we were to compute our just increase by geometrical or by even arithmetical proportion, the number of Catholics in the United States should far exceed the six millions put down in the census. For this vast number of souls, there are only on duty five thousand priests, the remaining six hundred, chiefly of the religious orders, being occupied in business which half the time takes them to Europe. As we have remarked, every Protestant cobbler is, *ipso facto*, a Protestant minister. Sometimes, when in a hurry, I go to a barber, who shaves all the week, and sings Moody and Sankey hymns on Sunday, then passes round the hat, and so manages to raise enough money to advertise himself in the local papers as a D. D., who will expound the meaning of a chapter of "Paul to the Corinthians," though the poor fellow can hardly spell the English of the texts.

The training of the future priest is, primarily and chiefly, thrown in the mother's hands, and so true is this, that Napoleon, at St. Helena, said that his first love of military glory sprang from his mother's reading in the family circle "Plutarch's Lives," with their record of the illustrious achievements of the warriors of Greece and Rome. There is not the slightest doubt that the strong non-Catholic feeling of the American people is perpetuated by those periodicals which, by picture and story, represent the old church as the nursery of ignorance, vice, and hatred, although the unknown fact is, that day by day her priests hold in their hands the Lamb which washeth away the sins of the world. Severe as I have been in my last article * on the degeneracy of Europe, in her treatment of the Church, I cannot feel it in my heart to reproach America. I have seen too much of the abounding faith, which literally removes mountains. As a priest, stationed at one time in the wildest regions of the coal-producing sections of Pennsylvania, — that fabled region of Molly Maguires, upon whom a just judge has since passed sentence, — I have been edified, consoled, and enlightened by a faith, a morality, and a sublimity of heroism which the "curled darlings of fashion" would give their all to have and to hold. Wellington said of the young lords that fought at Waterloo, and that had disgusted him with their dandified airs, "The puppies fight well." Yet it is not the cheer of the onset, nor the dash of the cavalry charge, that marks the true man of courage. It is rather the calm endurance of evils which

* Donahoe's Magazine, March, 1880.

he feels. for the time, to be inevitable. It is the daily and dreary toil, to which he submits, in the saintly feeling that this is the will of God. And this feeling, or faith, rather, I have witnessed, and every American priest has witnessed, and it is in the knowledge of this steadfastness, that we place our trust for the future. The great shadow which rests over Ireland to-day, will be pierced by the sunshine of America; but in that bitterness, springing from religious persecution and political misrule, as Bishop McCormack says, what Irishman can help feeling that much of this trouble which afflicts his unhappy land comes from his adherence to the faith of his forefathers? This thought, in a moment of desperation, may make him desirous of deserting his religion. He may not be intellectually able to take in the wide thought, acknowledged by all philosophers, that the Omnipotent Being, the creator and conservator of the universe, acknowledged to exist by the very free-thinkers who reject his revelation, has made use of nations, in all the ages of history, to work out his beneficent designs. The individual perishes, but the race remains. But does the individual member of the race think that he is forgotten, or of no account, abandoned, forsaken? He is the very one whom the Everlasting Father receives into his bosom as his rational creature, fulfilling his divine purposes. And when the Christian, particularly the Catholic Christian, thinks of Jesus Christ in the manifestation of the Sacred Heart, all adversity is of the sweetest use to him.

The spread of Catholicity in the United States will, in our judgment, depend, as a principal cause, aside from the divine helping, upon the increase of woman's usefulness in the Church, particularly in the family circle, the special training of girls, the future mothers of the Church. Happily, the vast majority of Catholics are ignorant of the pernicious effects attendant upon the abuse of even the marital life, nor are they in a position to become acquainted with the grave warnings of physicians upon such subjects. And all things considered, the Catholic press is one of the most powerful auxiliaries of the Church. In fine, as this essay of mine, written in no other spirit than that of genuine love for Holy Church and her mission for the salvation of souls, will reach the eyes of the priesthood of America, I assure them that a good Catholic paper or magazine among their flock will enhance their usefulness and add to that personal respect, affection, and honor which so powerfully aid their ministry.

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A GERMAN Protestant professor of philosophy recently uttered words so significant that they have made a profound sensation alike among Catholics and Protestants: "Let us throw a glance at the recent past. The youngest and one of the most powerful empires of the world saw fit to declare war against the Church; and to-day we see her desiring to make peace with the Church This empire came out of all its battles crowned with victory; against it is arrayed only the Catholic Church, shining more glorious than ever The armies of false science have often been brought to bear against the Papacy; she has each time come off the victor, radiant and stronger than ever. The armies of politics have been tried against her; only the temporal power of the Pope has fallen. The spiritual throne has been strengthened; it is firmer, more solid than ever. The Catholic Church can say of herself with pride, — with just pride, — 'When I am persecuted, I triumph.' How does this come? I am about to tell you that in these conferences. I will give you at once a brief answer: The Catholic Church has behind her a career of 1800 years; she has become a power strongly anchored in human hearts, and we are not evil enough to wish to destroy a power which has struck such deep roots into the hearts of men."

# LINGUISTIC CURIOSITIES OF AMERICA.

T. O. RUSSELL.

THERE is no country in the world that offers such facilities for the study of the modern languages as America. There is hardly a city or large town in the Union, where at least half a dozen languages are not spoken; and in the great centres of population, such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, one may find newspapers in most of the European languages.

Notwithstanding the many facilities afforded by America for the study of languages, it is notorious that Americans are about the worst linguists in the world. America has never produced an eminent philological scholar; and as long as the present contempt with regard to the modern languages exists in America, she must be content to be classed in respect to philological studies as one of the most backward of nations. Benjamin Franklin was probably the last American that spoke decent French; even the German scholars of America, not of German extraction, might be counted nearly on the fingers of one hand. There are possibly some good French and German scholars of what is commonly known as old American stock,—that is, descendants of the early English-speaking settlers; but they must be rather scarce, because in a residence of over twenty years in the United States the writer has met with only *one*.

Americans are too much in the habit of boasting about the decay of what they call "foreign languages" in America, just as if English was not as much a foreign language on this continent as any other. It is a lamentable fact that most of these so-called foreign languages are slowly but surely dying a natural death. I say a lamentable fact, because the necessity of acquiring more than one language affords a mental exercise to young persons, the importance of which cannot easily be exaggerated. When two or more languages are learned in youth, grammar is generally mastered without much trouble; and what is still more important, habits of analyzing and comparing words and phrases are formed which greatly tend to enlarge the mind, strengthen the memory, and fit young persons to grasp more easily and master more thoroughly whatever profession or calling they may choose to adopt. Bilingual nations will therefore be generally found to be the most intelligent and progressive, and Belgium and Switzerland furnish notable examples. Those two nations are certainly the most intelligent, progressive, best educated and wealthy of the small nations of Europe, and at least seventy-five per cent of their inhabitants speak two languages. Another great benefit which bilingual nations enjoy is the absence of slang. Wherever two or more languages are currently spoken, they are sure to be spoken well, and slang is generally discarded. It is for that reason that English is better spoken in Galway and Inverness than in London or Glasgow. Slang is nothing but language run to seed through ignorance and carelessness. English in America is degenerating so rapidly, becoming so corrupted and so slangy, that if the decay be not soon arrested, the pigeon English of Chinese coolies will be a more respectable medium of thought than the jargon one will soon hear on the thoroughfares of New York and Boston. The best educated Americans talk slang in spite of themselves, and are laughed at in Europe. This is all on account of the contempt with which, as a rule, they regard what they are pleased to call 'foreign languages." When the United States, aided by France, succeeded in throw-

ing off the English yoke, they should in gratitude have made France a recompense; and the best they could have made for themselves, and the one most acceptable to France, would have been the naturalization of the French language in America. Had that been done, the United States would to-day be a bilingual nation; its masses would be much better educated; the literature of France would have been as intelligible as that of England, and have had with it an equal share in shaping the destinies of the nation; the educational resources of the country would have been doubled; both English and French would have been spoken and written with purity; and Americans would not be laughed at when they go to Europe.

Of late years, German has become by far the most important of all the "foreign languages" of America, and is making a lusty fight to retain its place as the current medium of thought amongst Germans; but, whether from the natural defects of the language or from want of sufficient energy amongst those who speak it, it is slowly but surely losing ground, and it seems hardly too much to say that in the event of emigration to this country from Germany ceasing for a couple of generations, the German language would be dead. The best chance it ever had on this continent, — such a chance as it nor any other language outside of English can ever have in America again, — it had in Pennsylvania in the last century. When the forefathers of the people known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch" settled the eastern part of the State, they had it all to themselves. There was hardly an English-speaking family nearer to them than New York or Philadelphia; and had they established German schools, and started even one correctly printed Germen newspaper, their language would probably be to-day so firmly established that it would never succumb to English. To the great shame of the early German settlers in Pennsylvania, it must be said that they never took any steps towards the preservation of their language. They established neither schools nor newspapers in their mother tongue; they did not even try to speak it correctly, but let it degenerate into a mere dialect, a sort of mixture of High German, Low German, and English, which neither High Germans, Low Germans, nor English can understand. The consequence is that the German dialect of Pennsylvania is on its last legs; another generation will probably see the last of it.

Another ancient European language has died in America during the present generation; that is the Holland Dutch. So late as twenty years ago the farmers on the west bank of the Hudson, between Rondout and Albany, used to speak hardly anything else to one another. Like the Pennsylvania German, it was fearfully corrupted, and became so imbued with English words and idioms that an attentive listener could, by the help of English alone, understand almost every word that would pass between two old farmers when talking Knickerbocker Dutch. It is possible that some vestiges of it may yet linger with old people amongthe Catskill Mountains, in Green and Ulster Counties.

No language different from English seems able to maintain itself for any length of time in America, unless the people that speak it live in the same locality, unmixed with English-speaking people. The early German settlers of Pennsylvania were isolated, consequently their language did not die out; the Holland Dutch were scattered over the valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk, with other nationalities mixed up with them, and it is hardly to be wondered at that their language died out so early. There is quite a large Welsh-speaking population in the Union, and the Welsh maintain three respectable weekly papers, printed entirely in Welsh: one in Pittsburg, one in Utica, and one in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. What Irishman can read this without a

blush for his country and race? To think that not quite a hundred thousand Welsh-speaking people in America have three newspapers in Welsh, while the million and a half or two millions who can speak Irish have no newspaper or serial of any kind in their language, is one of the most sad and disgraceful facts that Froude or any other enemy of the Irish people can fling in their faces.

Chicago seems to be richer in polyglot curiosities than any other city in America; not only are there French, German, Norwegian, and Swedish newspapers in it, there are also Polish, Bohemian, and Low Dutch. The latter is a real curiosity, and is probably the only journal in existence in Low German; for it would seem that the authorities in Germany are doing their best to destroy that ancient dialect, notwithstanding that it is the native language of a very large area of the present German Empire, and the learned maintain that it is the real German language, and that the language known as High Dutch is quite modern, being in fact nothing more than an artificial language originated by Martin Luther, and into which he translated the Scriptures. By degrees it superseded the other German dialects, and became the language of the learned, and after a time the only one in which books were printed.

The only language that is holding its ground on the American Continent north of Mexico is French. It has had quite as hard a battle to maintain against English as the Pennsylvania German has had, and it not only shows no signs of defeat, but seems on the contrary to be getting the upper hand of English. Those that have not lived in Lower Canada can hardly form an idea of the hold French has in that part of the Dominion. No trader, no matter what his line of business may be, can get on satisfactorily, or be friendly with his customers, unless he knows French; consequently the English-speaking people have had to learn it, in most instances sorely against their will. It is certain that no conquered people that history mentions have succeeded so well in maintaining their language so long and so triumphantly against a hostile majority, as the Canadian French have. Their whole energy seems to be directed to the preservation of their mother tongue. The progress they have made in education and literature within the present generation is simply wonderful. From having been, thirty years ago, the most illiterate people in America, they are now amongst the least so; and if they make the same progress during the next thirty years that they made in the past, they will be the best educated people on this continent. The reader is not asked to take these assertions for granted without proof. They can be easily proved by referring to any observant person who has lived for thirty years in Lower Canada; and if the literacy of a people can be judged by the number of their books, periodicals, and newspapers, and it invariably can, then the French Canadians are even now ahead of any people of equal numbers in America. Montreal, with a French population of not more than seventy-five thousand, has four French daily and two or three French weekly journals, besides three or four monthly publications. This makes a larger amount of printed matter than is issued from the press in any city in the Union to supply an equal number of readers. The other towns of Lower Canada compare favorably with Montreal in this respect; almost every town throughout the province, of a few thousand inhabitants, has its weekly or semi-weekly newspaper.

It must not be thought that there is a public-school system in the Dominion exactly similar to that in the States. There are very good public schools in Canada, but the denominational plan prevails to a considerable extent; and in the Lower Province, or French part, the majority of the

teachers belong to some of the many religious orders. The wonderful advance in education made by the Canadian French within the last twenty years contradicts the oft-repeated statements of the American press and public, that instruction is better administered by laymen than by persons belonging to religious orders.

The intense love of their language is one of the strongest characteristics of the French Canadians. If you want to be friendly with a *habitant* you must speak his language. In some instances they seem to carry their love for their language rather too far, for they put it before everything. A quite common motto on their newspapers is "Nôtre langue, nôtre religion, et nos lois." It is quite certain that the French Canadians would be annexationists almost to a man if it were not for the fear that by casting their lot with the States, they might in time lose their language. Their fears on this point seem well founded, for they are fully aware of the contempt Americans in general entertain for any form of speech except that with which they are familiar. The popularity of Lord Dufferin, the late governor of the Dominion, with the French Canadians, was largely owing to the fact that he could deliver an excellent speech in excellent French.

There is an idea prevalent, not only with Americans but with Irish, that Canadian French is not French at all. This is a great mistake. The merchants, lawyers, and traders of Montreal, Quebec, and Trois Rivières, speak excellent French. There are some words, however, which they pronounce in a rather unorthodox manner, — such, for instance, as end in *ais*, as *Anglais*, *Français;* these even the best educated classes pronounce as if written *Angla*, *França*. Generally speaking, however, the most fastidious Frenchman could hardly find fault with the French spoken by the trading classes of Lower Canada. As in every other country, those without education speak badly; but the Canadian peasantry speak French quite as well as those of Auvergne or Burgundy.

The French language is dead, or next door to it, in St. Louis. That city never had a large French population, and it soon became absorbed in the English-speaking element. It is different in New Orleans, — the French-speaking population of that city are still about forty per cent of the whole; but the Louisiana French do not seem to progress in any way as well as their brethren in Canada: they have but few books or newspapers in their national language, and if they do not bestir themselves it will be dead within half a century. There is, however, a small emigration from France to New Orleans, and that may help to sustain the French language in Louisiana. It is curious that there has been absolutely no emigration from France to Canada since it was conquered by the English. A native of France is almost a curiosity in Canada. This fact makes the flourishing condition of the French language in that country still more extraordinary, and speaks volumes for the patriotism and perseverance of its people. In America the Canadians, and in Europe the Welsh, have made the best sustained and longest fights to preserve their languages, that are recorded in modern times. All honor to them for the same!

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MORMONS NOT WANTED IN MEXICO. — A Mormon leader made a recent trip to the city of Mexico to ascertain the views of the Mexican government relative to the treatment to be expected if the Mormons fled to that country. He was assured that, while there was plenty of land in the northern states of Mexico which the Mormons could occupy, the government would, under no circumstances, permit the practice of polygamy on Mexican soil, but would punish with the utmost rigor any attempt to introduce it there.

# SOME RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Z. A. THADDEUS, A NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC.

It is a fact well known to the student of American history that it was in New England that religious persecution was first inaugurated, within the limits of the region now known as the United States. It is at the same time a curious fact that it is in New England also that religious persecution has lived the longest, that it lives indeed at the present day. Not the persecution of physical force, it is true, for the days of coercion, of hounding the body to the death, are forever over even in New England; but there still remains a form of persecution which is at times no less galling than a persecution of force, since throughout the greater portion of the Eastern States, Catholics and the Catholic Church are to-day both socially and politically ostracized. The tyranny of sentiment is often far more intolerable than the tyranny of force, and it is to a tyranny of sentiment that Catholics in New England are nearly everywhere compelled to submit.

It is not here claimed or admitted, that Catholics in all the rest of the United States are socially and politically as well off as their Protestant neighbors of equal attainments and abilities. Far from it. While there undoubtedly are other portions of the country where the Catholic is on anything but an equal footing with the Protestant, where the ebullitions of religious bigotry and intolerance are frequent and almost too great to be borne, nevertheless it is in New England alone, in all this great country, that such things are an every-day matter of fact; that the Catholic is despised *because* he is a Catholic, and for no other reason. There are, I am well aware, certain States in the West which may some day attempt to emulate the States of New England in this particular; but as yet — in spite of a recent famous campaign in Ohio, in which, as it will be remembered, the Pope's toe was made a collateral political issue — they are wholly unable to do so. The observant man who has travelled the country over knows that in most parts of it outside of New England, brains count for something in a Catholic as well as in other men; while in the Eastern States it is not so. Except in some of the cities and larger towns, where the vote of the Catholics is a powerful political factor, brains and culture are utterly useless to a Catholic, as an aid in mounting to the higher rounds of the social and political ladder. Whatever other States may do, this may be set down as a certainty: that you will never see a Senator or a Representative of the Catholic faith in the United States Congress until the Catholics become numerically powerful enough to carry such elections in spite of all opponents of all parties. It is possible, however, that such a time will come.

In touching thus lightly upon the topic of politics, let me not be understood to advocate or desire the election of Catholics *as* Catholics to any political office or offices whatsoever. But at the same time we cannot do otherwise than look with great disfavor upon a system or a sentiment which deprives every man of the Catholic faith of all chance to secure the honors and preferments of politics, simply for the reason and only for the reason that his opinions on matters of religion do not chime in with those of his neighbors. I ask for nothing for Catholics to which their abilities, their character, and their virtues do not entitle them; but in New England, ability, character, and virtue in a Catholic count, not indeed for nothing, but as a positive dead weight to hold him down at the bottom of the social scale. Evidently, then, there is something radically wrong and unjust in the make-up

of society in the six New England States.

It is easy enough to fix the nature and extent of this positive injustice. The trouble has its origin in the fact that the preachers of the various Protestant sects are themselves more bigoted and intolerant in New England than they average throughout the rest of the States, though the average, Heaven knows, is bad enough. There is something of the cold and rigid Puritan character still remaining in the New England theology, though it nowadays asserts itself only or mainly against Catholicity. It is somewhat amusing to consider the extent to which this spirit yet prevails, and the lengths to which it will sometimes go. In the first place, the Protestant theologians are all tolerant of each other to a greater or less degree, and are all intensely intolerant of the doctrines and doctors of the Catholic Church. This is true of them all: from the highest to the lowest of the New England Protestant preachers, hatred of Catholicity and all who adhere to it seems to be the one bond of union among the whole order of Protestant divines, from the Boston Culture-School of Messrs Cook, Brooks & Co., down to the dealers in the mists and fogs of Chadbandism, who have a habitation and a name no less in the New England than they have in the England beyond the seas This feeling of hatred and contempt, common to all the ministers of all the sects, from the greatest actually down to the very least, is so strong and so bitter that it pervades and permeates all of their ordinary ministerial work. Hence, when the fountain is poisoned it is impossible for the stream to be clear, and it is not. The poison of the New England Protestant theologians has lodged in the minds of the Protestant laymen; and in proportion as the laymen are more ignorant, their bigotry is more bitter and active. I am aware that the intelligence of the masses of the population of the New England States is a favorite subject for boasting in the newspapers, periodicals, and pulpits of the whole country, and I am also aware that much of this boasted superior intelligence is mere humbug. You will meet with people in many parts of New England to-day who claim descent from the crew of the "Mayflower," who cannot tell you when that good ship reached these shores, or within fifty years of it; who are Protestants, of course, of some denomination or other, and deem it their first theological duty to hate Catholicity with a pious hatred, and yet cannot tell you in what respects it differs from the various shades of Protestantism. A denser, more profound, and more surprising ignorance concerning theological history and the differences of religious tenets than the writer has himself observed among the rural inhabitants of New England is scarcely to be imagined; and yet these are the people whose great intelligence and extraordinary common-sense are the boast of Protestant pulpits all over the land. In the cities and towns of larger size, matters, of course, are not so bad; but one does not have to travel far in the back-woods and rural regions to have his faith in the much lauded enlightenment of New England, not shocked merely, but wellnigh eradicated.

If this hatred of and intolerance towards Catholics were only passive it would not so much matter; but it is not passive, it is active and vigorous. It is wont to show itself in many ways. For instance, only a few weeks ago it was announced in the newspapers of Vermont that an intelligent and accomplished young lady who had been engaged to teach a school for two terms in a Rutland County town in that State, and who had taught one of her terms with excellent success, found her school-house tightly closed against her upon going to it on the morning of the day appointed for the commencement of the second term. It had, of course, been ascertained during her first term of school that she was a Catholic; and this is the reason why she found the

door shut in her face, and why she was not permitted to teach the second term according to the agreement made months before. In another town in the same State, a school committeeman not long since hired a young man to teach a winter term; but before the time arrived for beginning school it was discovered that this young man was a Catholic, and he was not allowed to open school at all. The writer himself, when a Sophomore in a New England college, was employed to teach a country school during the winter; and he will remember to his dying day the surprise and dismay occasioned by the discovery, on the first Friday of the term, that the "new teacher" was actually and beyond all doubt a Catholic of the Catholics. The committeeman, never seeming to have supposed it possible that a college student could be a Catholic, had made no inquiries during our negotiations concerning my religious inclinations, and I had wisely offered him no unsolicited information on the subject. I must, however, do the people of that old school district in Bridport, Vt., the justice to say that after they became better acquainted with the *bête noir*, they did not seem to consider it quite so black as they had imagined; and I think that most of them would acknowledge that they are now convinced that a Catholic is not necessarily a descendant or a relative of the father of lies. The foregoing instances, and many others of the kind which might be enumerated, tend plainly to show the character of the New England bigotry and intolerance. An infidel, an atheist, a Spiritualist, or a Jew may hope to procure employment at brain-work among the successors of the early Puritans; but a Catholic never, or at least but very rarely.

The picture so far is not a very pleasant one, but those who are well informed in regard to New England matters know that it is absolutely correct. But while the lot of the educated portion of the Catholic population is no enviable one, it is still far in advance, in one respect at least, of the position of the Catholic working-men and working-women. The former have in most cases a remedy,—they can emigrate to less bigoted and more congenial regions; while the latter are usually bound to the spot by ties of family or by sheer poverty, since they live in a way which may be called a perpetual "from-hand-to-mouth" struggle for existence. One day's wants absorb the income of the day before, and too frequently the day's wages are pledged before they are earned. As objects of the intolerant and intolerable bigotry of New England, however, I suppose that the Catholic girls who belong to the class known as "hired help," and who do household work in order to secure a maintenance, are usually the most to be pitied. The hardships of servant girls are usually severe enough all over the world, but in some parts of New England they are greater and often much more severe than is ordinarily the case elsewhere. They are to a great degree at the mercy of their mistresses, and are not infrequently regarded by those mistresses as a sort of necessary evil, — something which must be had around the house, but which it is not at all necessary to treat with civility and respect. That the Catholic girls are so much employed as household servants is due almost entirely to the exigencies of the case; help must be had, the demand for it exists and must be supplied, and it is from the Catholic population that the supply must mainly come. Hence the Catholic girls can always find "places"; but they are not always well used, and they are often obliged to work for miserably low wages. Oftentimes gross and cruel indignities are heaped upon them, to which their position and their circumstances in life compel them to submit. Pressure of all kinds is brought to bear on them to induce them to change their faith; or, if not to reject, at least to neglect it. Coaxing, bribery, and ridicule are the means

most often employed, but there have been and are persons vile enough to resort to coercion ard force. I lately heard a story, from the lips of one of the participants, which will bear repeating as an illustration, and the case is by no means exceptional or phenomenal. The person who told me the story was employed, when quite a young girl, as a servant in a Protestant family, and every sort of persuasion was made use of to induce her to go to church with her mistress. Money and fine clothes were offered, but without avail, till finally the mistress flatly declared that she *should* attend meeting with her, willing or unwilling. But the girl had a mind of her own, and withal a small bit of temper. The declaration of her mistress raised a storm at once, and the girl came out victorious. For several weeks thereafter the girl would at odd times find small sums of money in curious places about the house; and one day, when the import of the thing, which had never happened until that time, burst upon her mind, she informed her mistress that if she found any more money about the house she would throw it into the stove, and she never found any afterwards. The money had been deliberately left lying around that she might be tempted to steal it, so that her mistress could then have revenge for the girl's stubborn adherence to her own religious faith! Such things may still sometimes be done in Christian communities, though usually, it is pleasant to say, without success. Some weak knees there are which bend to the load; but let it be said to the honor of our poor Catholic girls that they are few indeed As a rule our Catholic servant girls resist all pressure and temptation and stand up firmly for the faith; the greatest, the grandest, and often the only inheritance that has come down to them from their fathers.

However, bad as things are, they have been worse and are getting better. Thirty years ago Catholics were *rari av s* in New England; now they are many and their numbers are increasing. At that time the Protestants of the region knew nothing of the significance of such great festivals of the Church as Christmas and Easter; now you will not find a Protestant Church of any denomination in any of our larger cities and towns which is not profusely and lavishly decorated on Christmas night and Easter morn. The people of New England have travelled some and learned much. They are rapidly growing more enlightened and more liberal, although, as has been seen, much yet remains to be accomplished in this direction. They are obliged to respect the numbers in their midst who belong to the faith, for they cannot but admit that the Church is now respectable in point of numbers even in New England. The churches in all the principal cities and towns are crowded week after week, in a way that can scarcely be equalled by the churches of any of the sects. The great influx of Irish immigrants and of French Canadians, the latter being especially numerous in the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, has done much to metamorphose the original Puritan character of the country. So numerously are the Irish settlers coming in, and so rapidly are they acquiring possession of the soil, that there was indeed no little of truth in the regretful remark recently made, that "New England" would soon be more appropriately denominated "New Ireland"! The light of the Catholic faith shines brighter and brighter year by year, but few there were a quarter of a century ago who would have supposed that to-day she would have so firm a foot-hold upon the Puritan soil of New England. Finally, looking at things as they are, it needs no prophetic eye to foresee that the six New England States will some day yet be a stronghold of the faith.

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THE first almanac was printed by George von Purback in 1460.

# THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

## HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE CELEBRATED WILLIAM PINKNEY.

It was the fortune of Mr. Emmet to be the opponent of the celebrated William Pinkney in the great case of the "Nereides," argued before the United States Supreme Court This case presented a new and subtile question of international law. The importance of it attracted the attention of jurist and statesman in Europe and America. It presented the question whether a neutral could, in time of war, lawfully lade his goods on board an armed belligerent cruiser, provided the neutral did not aid in such armament or resistance. In the arguments of this case Mr. Emmet's mental powers were severely taxed by rivalry. Mr. Pinkney had attained a national reputation as a lawyer, orator, and diplomatist. As was said of Dr. Johnson, "he was born a logician; one of those to whom books of logic are said to be of no use. In consequence of his skill in that art he loved argument. No man thought more profoundly or with such acute discernment. A fallacy could not stand before him; it was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning and decision, both in idea and expression, almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think ridicule the test of truth." It was a disputed point who was the stronger in logic, Webster or Pinkney; he certainly was Webster's superior in rhetoric, and it is said he possessed all of Choate's elegance of language and much more elegance of delivery. But his mental powers were, in a measure, impaired by inordinate vanity, for he was the vainest man of his time; "he was even vain of his vanity."

Such was Mr. Emmet's opponent in the case of the "Nereides." Pinkney was wholly absorbed in the case. The questions in it were raised by him, and he was stimulated by inordinate self-esteem and professional pride therefore he could not brook the thought of defeat. He went to the bar, freshly descended, as it were, from the high lineage of London and the Court of St. James, — the greatest, if not the only American master of prize law, — with astonishing powers of forensic rhetoric, beauty of diction, legal learning, wit, sarcasm, and overbearing fascination. He had never met Emmet at the bar as a contestant, but the fame of the great Irish lawyer had reached him; he dreaded his masterly intellect, his deep learning, his long experience, and his penetrating reasoning powers.

At the Court of St. James he had imbibed the same prejudice against Mr. Emmet that had poisoned the mind of Rufus King, rendering him an implacable enemy of the exiled lawyer.

The argument was opened by Pinkney. Judge Marshall presided, assisted by that accomplished lawyer, jurist, and gentleman, Brockholst Livingston, the best informed marine judge on the American bench. The universal attention which the case engaged was indicated by the size and unsual composition of the audience which thronged the court-room. Statesmen, orators, cabinet ministers, — the beauty, the talent, the learning of Washington, — were present to listen to the great lawyers as they discussed the great case.

The task of Mr. Pinkney had difficulties which could only be surmounted by a rare degree of ability. He was to establish a new doctrine of prize law, — a doctrine which the English courts had already decided against him; and to succeed he was compelled to overcome opinions and assumptions

which had become fixed by undisturbed assent. He was assisted by A. J. Dallas, one of the ablest lawyers of the day, who afterwards remarked that "Pinkney dealt with this great case in a way so masterly, presenting it to the court with such a provoking fulness of illustration and learning that I could scarcely set my foot upon a single point of it without trespassing upon some of those arguments which, with admirable profusion, I had almost said prodigality of learning, he spread over the whole subject."

But, in the course of his argument, he committ d a great error in departing from his subject to make a personal and bitter attack upon Mr. Emmet with open invective, ridicule, and even contempt, alluding in sarcastic language to what he termed Emmet's rebellious course in Ireland, to his long imprisonment in Scotland, and to his banishment as a felon from his native land to America. No one in all that vast audience listened to the bitter language of the accomplished but misguided orator with more apparent unconcern than the person to whom it was directed. He sat with his face turned to the speaker, calmly watching him. When the words "escaped felon" fell from his lips, those who watched Emmet closely detected a slight flush that played for a moment over his features, and a quick compression of his lips; but this was all the emotion exhibited while Pinkney's burning words were falling upon him. At length he closed, and Emmet arose to reply. The style of his eloquence and the structure of his sentences were entirely different from those of his opponent. He felt that this was almost the supreme hour of his professional life. Every eye in the audience was fastened upon him; even John Marshall, with all his imperturbable coolness, seemed to partake of the deep feeling that pervaded the scene. As Emmet arose, the Chief Justice leaned forward, with an expression on his countenance indicating the question, How will he treat the attack that has been made upon him? while Judge Livingston appeared as though he were about to listen to a fiery, indignant reply, full of burning, fervid eloquence. But in this he was mistaken. Emmet, after a brief, dignified, and calm exordium, entered upon an argument at once comprehensive, acute, learned, and vigorous. He embraced the largest range of thought, set off by rapid and pleasing combinations of oratory; he grasped his subject with great mental strength, and held it with a firmness rarely equalled. If, as has been said, the leading characteristic of eloquence is force, and that force in an orator depends mainly on the action of strongly excited feelings on a powerful intellect, then, on this occasion, Thomas Addis Emmet equalled, if he did not excel, his antagonist. He was excited, it is true, by the intense feeling which the bitter attack of Pinkney had engendered; but his self-control enabled him to render that feeling a subservient power, striking directly at its object, freeing him from all secondary ideas, — all mere accessories, — and bearing him directly forward to the results of his argument, which he affirmed earnestly, positively: not as mere assertions, but on the ground of their intrinsic strength. "He struck on the results of reasoning as a cannon-ball strikes the mark." In no instance did he allude to Mr. Pinkney's attack until he had closed his argument; then, with infinite dignity, he referred to it in the following language: —

"It is due to my distinguished opponent, this honorable court, this brilliant foe, and this vast audience, and to myself, that I should, before sitting down, at least refer to this singular, and, I must say, unwarranted attack on me. This is a kind of warfare in which it is my good fortune to have had little experience, — one in which I never deal. I am, therefore, perfectly willing that my learned and eloquent opponent shall have all the advantage he promised

himself from a display of his peculiar talents in waging it.

"When I came to this country I was a stranger, and as the gentleman says, was an exile, driven from my native land. I had, it is true, lifted my voice and exerted my influence against the oppressors of my country, and had for years been immured within the walls of a prison. Does the gentleman attach disgrace to this? I do not; history will not; and I believe my adopted countrymen will not. I have come here as thousands of the oppressed of all nations have, and it is indeed my own; and if not my native land, I am one of its citizens, who loves and upholds its laws, venerates its glorious history, and would, if need be, die in its defence.

"Here I am happy to say that the bar, the courts, and the people have generously treated me; and I believe this venerable court will do me the justice to say that I have done nothing in this cause to merit a different treatment. I have always been accustomed to admire, even reverence the eloquence of my opponent; and he is the last man from whom I expected the severe personal attack we have just witnessed. I have learned that he has occupied high, responsible, and dignified official positions; that he has represented his country at the Court of St. James and other European courts. I am quite sure he has not learned his breeding in those schools."

The Court and the bar strongly sympathizied with Mr. Emmet. His dignified reproof to Pinkney was warmly applauded. It drew from that gentleman a generous apology, couched in that pleasing diction he knew so well. "The manner," said he, "in which Mr. Emmet has replied, reproaches me for its forbearance and urbanity. I therefore offer him a gratuitous and cheerful atonement, cheerful because it puts me right with myself: because it is tendered, not to ignorance and presumption, conceit and vainglory, but to the highest worth of intellect and morals, enhanced by such eloquence as few may hope to equal; to an interesting stranger, whom adversity has tried and affliction has severely struck; to an exile whom our country is proud to receive, and every man of generous temper ashamed to offend."

The magnanimity of this reply is a pleasing commentary upon the character of Mr. Pinkney, and a beautiful tribute to the talents and character of Mr. Emmet. The Court, after due deliberation, decided the case against Mr. Pinkney, holding with Emmet "that the principles of immunity of neutral property on board an enemy's vessel permit it to be laden on board an armed belligerent cruiser; that the goods did not lose their neutral character, even in consequence of resistance made by the armed vessel, provided the neutral did not aid in such armament or resistance; that the act of arming was the act of the belligerent party, and the neutral goods did not contribute to the armament further than the freight, which would be paid if the vessel was unarmed, and neither the goods nor the neutral owner were chargeable for the hostile acts of the belligerent vessel, if the neutral took no part in the resistance."

The opinion in this case, written by Judge Marshall and concurred by Judge Livingston, is full of that profound common-sense, that practical equity which characterize all the opinions of that illustrious judge. The case resulted in one of the most brilliant professional victories ever won by Thomas Addis Emmet at the American bar.

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THE market superintendent of Cleveland, Ohio, made a raid on about fifty coal wagons, and weighed them. There was only one of full weight, and curiously enough, it belonged to the only Catholic in the group. Only a coincidence, perhaps, but a strange one.

# HIGH TREASON.

## A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### ROOKESBY GOES A-HUNTING.

It may be considered an abuse of the term to designate the intimacy that subsisted between Rookesby and Cuffe by the sacred name of friendship. Yet it did duty for that sentiment, as it usually does with men drawn together by no better motive than mutual profit; motive that touches the pocket only, not the heart.

The quarrel that ensued between the pair after their misadventure at St. Giles' resulted in more than a suspension of their friendship. To Rookesby, deprived of his occupation, it was little less than destitution. And strange to say, money matters, the most severe test of friendship, had never occasioned the least dispute. To live from day to day was the spy's only object; and he made no remonstrance while Cuffe appropriated to himself the lion's share of the spoils of their wretched trade, but contentedly gathered up his jackal's portion of the leavings of the lordly brute.

Cuffe felt the loss of his companion acutely; it was like depriving him of an eye, or cutting off his right hand; and although he had always affected to sneer, there was something in Rookesby's demeanor strangely at variance with his degraded position, — faint evidences of gentle birth and nurture that asserted themselves at times, — which compelled the coarse ruffian to acknowledge, almost unconsciously, his own measureless inferiority to the humbled, downcast spy.

Among the very limited circle of Rookesby's acquaintances was the gaoler of the Compter in Wood Street, — one of the three city prisons bearing that name; and this functionary, finding that the spy was seeking employment, offered him the vacant post of turnkey; an office less infamous than the one he had recently filled, but scarcely more inviting.

"You are pretty full, then," remarked Rookesby, "and there is plenty to do?"

"And plenty of money to be made," added the gaoler, rubbing his hands.

"Which goes into your pocket, not mine."

"You think so!" said the gaoler. "Only come here for a week, — I give no wages, mind; in fact, I get none myself, — and if my prisoners do not pay well enough, why, you can leave when you please And but for your friendship with Master Cuffe, — a truly valuable man! — beshrew me, but I would not put such a good thing in your way. It pays better, let me tell you, than playing hide-and-seek with your Popish priests."

"Ah, well; I think I will wait a few days," said Rookesby. "I may hear of something better."

"As you will," returned the other; "as you will. But a word in your ear. I fancy I can put you in the way of turning an honest penny, and that with ease, if you will promise to share the fees with me."

"What fees?" asked Rookesby.

"Nay, promise me fair snacks first, and I will tell you."

"Well, well, agreed," said Rookesby. "I must hear what it is first."

"It is just this: I have done it myself before I got this post, — bought it, rather, I should say, for it cost me forty good pounds, — and I gained a very fair living by it. You must know plenty of recusants; go and make a search at their houses for suspected priests. They will have to pay the costs of the search, and you can charge pretty well as you choose; that is, with moderation, of course."

"I should get a lodging with you, and be clapped in irons, if I played that game," said Rookesby, shaking his head. "It would never do. The citizens guard their privileges with too much jealousy to allow of any poaching on their manors."

"Did I say in the city?" asked the

gaoler in an injured tone. "Are recusants to be found nowhere else? Why, within ten miles or less of where we stand, there are several Popish householders who will be only too glad to pay anything you ask, so that you show them a clean pair of heels. I can tell you of one for certain. Come; what say you? Is it a bargain? Fair division of profits, and honor among—among gentlemen, of course," he said, checking himself, and giving the proverb a slight twist.

"Well, it is not doing much harm," said Rookesby. "I am, indeed, at my wits' end just now, and in no humor to starve outright. Where lies the quarry?"

"Come up-stairs with me, and you shall learn for yourself. I have a fellow caged up, who was taken the other day in Golden Lane. He is a Protestant, he says, and came from a Popish lady at Harrow, charged with a letter to a priest. You can put some questions to him; he is sure to tell the truth, for he is nearly half dead with fright."

In a small, unwholesome room, totally destitute of furniture, they found the prisoner with irons on his wrists, sitting on some filthy straw; and even that was soaked with the rain that had come through the unglazed aperture which gave light to the place.

"Now, friend," said the gaoler, "here is a gentleman come straight from the Council to examine you touching your treasonable practices. So be mindful of what you say, or this may end at Tyburn."

He winked at Rookesby, who, taking his cue, proceeded to question the unhappy man. His story was that he had been sent by his mistress, a lady of the name of Line, with a letter to deliver to a gentleman in Golden Lane; and that coming to the place, he was seized by some officers who were lying there in quest of the very person to whom the letter was addressed. He solemnly protested that he was ignorant of its contents; further stating that the gentleman was said to be a priest of the name of Foster.

Rookesby considered for some moments, and remarked that he had not heard of a priest bearing that name, although he knew most of the priests in London. But the man persisted that the name was correct; and Rookesby, persuaded that he had spoken the truth, left him, saying that it should be reported to the Council, and if his information should be found to be correct, he might look for speedy release.

"Now," said the gaoler with a chuckle, "are you satisfied? All you have to do now is to go to the Popish lady, say boldly that you want Master Foster, tell her what her servant has just told you, pretend to make a search, and return in a day or two with my share of the money. But you will need some assistance. I will lend you a horse, and you can have two of my fellows; they know something about these matters. And so do you, I warrant, without any hints from me."

With as much speed as their hacks were capable of making, the three proceeded on the way to Harrow. The day was lowering and overcast; rain began to fall; and encouraging his companions with the prospect of good cheer and comfortable quarters, Rookesby spurred his horse up the steep hill on which the town of Harrow stands, and halted at a small inn to make inquiries.

The house of Mistress Line lay about a mile distant from the town; and the direction having been pointed out to Rookesby, he was about to remount, when he noticed a horse standing in the yard, and carelessly inquired to whom it belonged. To a traveller, he was told, who was then above stairs. Rookesby nodded his head, and rode on; but one of his fellows, overhearing the conversation, loitered at the inn until the stranger appeared, and hastened after Rookesby with the news that the

traveller was an elderly man, clad in a murrey-colored doublet, seemed in no apparent hurry, and had proceeded at a gentle trot in the direction of London.

The country was beginning to look sombre and desolate, and the path was thickly strewn with fallen leaves that rustled with a ghostly sound beneath the horses' feet. Chill October was coming on apace; and Rookesby shivered with discomfort as the rain pattered through the almost leafless branches. He impatiently urged his wearied steed by the application of whip and spur, and in a short time the welcome finger-post that indicated the road to the "Casements" came in view.

They pushed open the gate, and were approaching the house, when they observed a boy at some distance ahead, who looked round from time to time, and seemed desirous of avoiding them. As they came nearer, he disappeared among the trees.

Emerging from the avenue, they found themselves before a broad open space, in the midst of which stood the White House, or the "Casements," as it was popularly termed, from the number of windows it possessed, where they halted.

They had passed the boy, who could be seen from where they stood, furtively peeping out from his shelter, evidently unwilling to approach. Rookesby called to him, but he darted off; and the spy, dismounting, followed, and after a smart chase captured him.

"Now, you devil's imp," said Rookesby, "what are you running away for? What have you got here?" And he snatched from the boy's hand a letter that he was trying to conceal.

It was addressed to "Mistress Line, at the Casements"; and turning it over in his hand, Rookesby demanded to know from whom it came.

The boy began to whimper, saying that a gentleman at Harrow had given him a groat to carry it, and that he was doing no harm; and begged to be let go.

"Was it a gentleman in a murrey-colored doublet? Did he ride a bay horse, and stop at the 'Compasses' at Harrow?"

"Yes," the boy said, "that was the same. He wrote the letter at the inn, and charged me to deliver it to no one but the lady herself."

"And he gave you a groat? So: you are well paid. I will deliver it myself without fee; and if I catch you here again—"

The boy waited no longer; and fearful that his groat might be demanded as well as the letter, ran off at full speed.

The appearance of the three companions was anything but prepossessing. They were travel-stained and bespattered with mud; the rain dripped slowly from their hats, and there was about them such an unmistakable gaol-bird air, increased rather than diminished by the damp, mildewy look of their dejected steeds, that the servant who opened the door might well be excused for shutting it again in their faces, for a very brief glance at the odd-looking visitors was enough to satisfy him that they meant no good. But his intention was frustrated by one of the party, who, with a sudden push, sent him reeling into the midst of the hall.

Rookesby, affecting to be highly incensed at the man's discourtesy, demanded to see his mistress forthwith; and in obedience to the summons, the lady appeared, with every sign of surprise and alarm.

"I have a letter for you, madam," he said; "but before I deliver it, let all your servants assemble here. I bear a warrant for the arrest of a priest named Foster, who, I learn, is concealed here."

The household consisted of only five or six persons, one of whom, a tall, sturdy-looking man, seemed disposed to offer some resistance; but yielding to an imploring whisper from the lady, he shrugged his shoulders and

looked on. Rookesby desired them to enter a small room, and threatening them with instant death if they attempted to escape, he opened the letter, and holding it at arm's length, requested the lady to read it aloud.

It contained but a few lines, couched in the usual enigmatical terms: —

"To Mistress LINE, greeting.

"A sad calamity has befallen one of my customers, whereby he has suffered great loss. I am departing in all haste to render what assistance I am able. There is news also that some contraband goods have been seized by the officers at the lodgings of one of my acquaintances; and, likewise, that an agent has been arrested, who was lately the bearer of a letter to him.

"PAUL GOWER, *Merchant.*"

With a sudden exclamation the spy crushed the letter in his hand, and without making any remark, left the room and turned the key.

As there was no one to watch their proceedings, the two men made no pretence of looking for a priest, but contented themselves by appropriating such money and small articles of value as fell in their way. Leaving them to their own devices, Rookesby wandered gloomily about the house, and entering one of the rooms, threw himself into a chair, sighing wearily.

A slight noise attracted his attention; and looking round, he observed at the farther end an altar, ready decked for mass, and ornamented with massive candlesticks and a crucifix of curious workmanship. Rising suddenly, he went towards the broad fireplace that stood on one side of the room, and gently rapped on the wainscoting, asking if any one was concealed there. There was a profound silence; and after listening attentively for some moments, he turned away. As he did so, he faced the altar, and moved by an involuntary impulse, he knelt before it.

"Oh, would to God," he said, "that I could retrace my steps, — that I could once more suffer for the faith that I betray!"

His lips quivered; and as he clasped his hands, the letter fell to the floor. He picked it up, and rising, muttered, "Too late! Too late! Yet, who is this Paul Gower? What dead memories does his face recall? I have tried to avoid him. I shrink from his very look; yet again and again some cursed fate thrusts me into his presence. One of his customers!" he said, with his eyes on the letter; "one of his flock, doubtless, to whom he is on his way to console for his 'loss.' I would not willingly be the means of his death; let him then stand out of my path. He may not always find me in so soft a mood."

It was getting dark, and he heard his companions approaching, talking and laughing as they came. He tore down the hangings of the altar, wrapped in them the crucifix and candle-sticks, and hurriedly passed out with the remark that it was some goods that he would leave in the hall for them to carry away next morning. Instead of doing so, however, he thrust the parcel into the room where Mistress Line and her servants were detained, warning her to take more care of her superstitious trumpery.

A cheerful fire, and creature comforts in plenty, formed a happy contrast to the heavy rain pattering at the casement, and the howling of the wind without, and gave a zest to the enjoyment of his companions. Nor did they for a moment lose sight of the fact that they were unauthorized intruders in the place; poachers, indeed, upon ground specially reserved for pursuivants and other duly qualified tormentors of Papists. But pursuivants were very busy just then; and the fear of any retaliation on the part of Papists was a notion too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

Rookesby had instinctively recoiled from the desecration of the room, which evidently formed the domestic chapel; but finding his remonstrances disregarded by his friends, he reluctantly gave way.

But now that, overcome with drink,

the two ruffians snored peacefully on the floor, his apprehensions returned; and, nervously awake to the slightest sound, he again fancied that he heard a cough or a groan, and trembling with fear, he knelt down and cautiously peered up the chimney. Glancing at the fire for a moment, he started up in surprise, and vigorously stamped out the decaying embers. For the hearth upon which the fire had been kindled was of wood, and deeply charred; and the circumstance confirmed his suspicion that it was a hiding-place, such as was to be met with in the house of almost every wealthy Catholic at the time. Convinced now that the slight noises had proceeded from some one concealed there, he said, in a loud whisper: "Is any priest here? Have no fear. I solemnly declare you shall come to no harm. My companions are sleeping. You may escape if you will. Speak — quickly!"

The mournful sighing of the wind was the only sound that broke the profound stillness; and observing that the light was burning low, he drew towards him some articles of bedding that had been brought in from an adjoining room, and laid himself down beside his companions.

His sleep was broken and disturbed. Once or twice he started up in an agony of fear, with the cold perspiration streaming down his face, dreaming that some one had entered the room, and was standing near him; and as soon as the first streak of dawn was visible, he roused the others, and urged them to quit the place at once.

After exacting double fees on account of the distance they had to travel, they released their prisoners, and rode away. Had they been armed with the least authority for their proceedings, they would not have scrupled to take the best horses to be found in the recusants' stables in exchange for their own sorry hacks; but horses, unlike coin, could be traced and identified, and, horse-stealing being a capital offence, some unwillingness to put their valuable necks in jeopardy before the proper time may have deterred them from the committal of that trifling crime.

Upon their arrival at the Compter, the gaoler was much chagrined to find that Rookesby had come away almost empty-handed, and railed at the spy for his neglect. Rookesby, however, did not reply; and the gaoler, somewhat mollified by his share of the fees, which was much larger than he had anticipated, set some food before his friend, and regaled him further with the gossip of the day.

Mistress Line's servant had been examined before the Council, and released upon some conditions unknown to the gaoler, who had not failed to impress on the mind of his prisoner that he owed his good fortune to the intercession of Master Rookesby.

"By the way," he continued, "your late companion has got himself into trouble. He says 't was an accident; but he is detained in prison, as a matter of form, on the charge of murder."

"My companion! murder?" said Rookesby amazed. "Do you mean Cuffe?"

"That is the man," said the gaoler. "No doubt he will be able to clear himself, for he voluntarily made the statement to my lord mayor. A boy at some saddler's, I think it was, spoke impudently to him, and he boxed the young springal's ears without meaning to harm him; and the lad fell down and hurt his head, and is since dead."

"His blood be upon his own head!" the spy muttered to himself as he left the prison. "Again he crosses my path; but for the last time."

Late that evening, when Father Gower was leaving the broken-hearted Shefford, he found sitting on the threshold a person apparently asleep, and desiring him to move, the man rose slowly and stood aside, rubbing his eyes; but the moment the door was closed, and Father Gower stood

without, the man laid his hand on his shoulder, arresting him in the king's name. At the same instant three or four others sprang forward; and one who, he thought, bore a strange likeness to Rookesby, crossed suddenly from a doorway opposite, and looking sharply at him, pointed, and said, "That is Paul Gower, the Jesuit priest. He is your prisoner."

*To be continued.*

[This story was commenced in our magazine in September. Those who desire the first chapters can have the four numbers for sixty cents in postage stamps.]

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Cardinal Newman suffered a severe bereavement on Christmas day by the death of his sister, Mrs. Jemima Mozley, the widow of Mr. John Mozley of Derby. A daughter of Mr. John Newman (of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., Lombard Street), she was nearly six years younger than her distinguished brother, to whom, though she did not share his religious convictions, she was deeply attached.

His Eminence was one of six children, and in a set of verses addressed to his brother, Francis William Newman, on the occasion of the latter's twenty-first birthday, he alludes touchingly to his mother, and to the special affection she had for himself and his brother. He says: —

"In her affection all had share,
All six, she loved them all;
Yet on her early chosen pair,
Did her full favor fall,
And we became her dearest theme,
Her waking thought, her nightly dream."

It was well said of the late Father Faber when he was a boy, that he would be sure to turn out well "because he was the child of his mother's prayers"; and Cardinal Newman, speaking to his brother of their mother in the poem already cited, says that

"through her earnestness were shed
Prayer-purchased blessings on our head."

When these lines were written the mother already "trod the viewless mansion of her God," again to quote the poem; and of the two sons, the elder had already taken orders in the Anglican Church, and the younger was about to follow in his steps. That was more than half a century ago; and time has changed many things since then, among the rest the fate of the two Newmans. By a mysterious providence one is now a cardinal of the holy Roman Church, a very apostle in the fervor of his faith, and the other is a deist, — a leader among those who imagine themselves to be in the exercise of "free thought." — *London Universe.*

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## BUTTER DUG OUT OF BOGS.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, not be aware that specimens of the butter that was made by our ancestors ages ago have occasionally been dug out of bogs. The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy contains some examples of this manufacture produced at a period when the Celtic people of the country were, at all events, probably not much disturbed by foreign competition in the butter line. There has been recently added to the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society a very perfect keg of bog butter. It was turned up out of the last spot of a cut-away bog at Kinaneny, Foxford, in the county of Mayo, and has been presented to the society by Dr. L. M'Dermott. The keg or tub is a little over a foot long, and appears to have been cut out of a block of wood. It has a handle at the base like that of a jug. It is quite full of butter, which rises up in a mass at the top, which is covered with the leaves of some plant. The keg and its contents are now in a dried condition. The outer portion of the material has undergone considerable change, but the inner retains many of the characteristics of the original butter.

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Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

# SPLENDID ADDRESS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE following address was delivered before the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Catholics of Birmingham, on the 27th of January, by his Eminence Cardinal Newman: —

It was natural, my dear friends, when I found myself honored by your request to preside at this great annual meeting of Catholics, being aware that, according to custom, I should have to address them, that I should be anxious to find some subject which was both seasonable in itself and interesting to my hearers. But how could I hope to hit upon any topic which had not been anticipated by those who have preceded me in this chair? It has for more than twenty years been filled successively by men conspicuous in various lines of eminence, — by great ecclesiastics, by noblemen and statesmen, by men of high position and distinguished name, by country gentlemen, by men of high talent or wide experience, who have made this one of the most remarkable Catholic gatherings in the country. And these former presidents have had the pick of all subjects, and the judgment and tact to select those which were most suitable to the occasion. This reflection came to me with great force, and I felt that it would serve as my apology if I failed in finding a subject equal to the duty which lay upon me. However, I am not so badly off as it may appear at first sight. The lapse of time is itself a subject, and I shall find one to-night far larger than I need, — nay, one which is rather embarrassing from its very largeness, — if I remind you of the circumstances under which you began these social meetings, and

THE GREAT CHANGE WHICH HAS TAKEN PLACE IN OUR CONDITION

as Catholics since then.

Not long before these annual gatherings commenced, and close upon thirty years ago, Catholics had suddenly become very unpopular both in Birmingham and through the whole country. I am not proposing to enter into the history of an unhappy time. The misfortune to us arose from a singular misunderstanding, which Catholics would have hindered by anticipation could they have conjectured that it would take place. It was generally fancied that in some way or other our authorities at Rome were conspiring together against the religious liberties of England, and that by appointing an English cardinal and English bishops they intended or hoped, in some unjustifiable way or other, to propagate in this country the Catholic religion. It was thought also to be a great insult to the religion of the country not to recognize that there was established here already a Christian hierarchy, and that to set up another, as if in its stead, was a great offence. And when the government of the day, or at least some very distinguished statesmen, took the same view, the excitement became extreme. We were thought very ill of, and very unmindful of the tolerance already extended to us; and then, as it will happen at such a time, all the old stories against us were brought out anew and put into circulation; and as

WE HAVE LASTED EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS, AND THE PROTESTANT SECTS AROUND US ONLY THREE HUNDRED,

it need not surprise any one if more could be said by our enemies against us — truths or falsehoods, exaggerations or misstatements — than could be said against them, even if we tried: especially since, from our very greatness, we have had vastly more temptations and opportunities to act wrongly than they had. And since (bad luck for us) we had never kept a register of Protestant scandals, as our enemies had kept of ours, and in consequence were in no condition to show that what there had been evil or faulty in times past in our body was to be laid to the charge, not of our religion, but of depraved human nature, we were at a great disadvantage; and even good and well-meaning Protestants got to entertain a bad opinion of us, and a great prejudice, distrust, and dislike of us was diffused through the country, and an animosity leading in many cases both to cruel and to violent acts. Things are very different now with us, and we have cause to be grateful to the inhabitants of this great town that so it is. Not that the ill opinion of those among whom one lives is the worst of trials: there are others far worse than it.

HARD WORDS BREAK NO BONES,

and calumny is generally short-lived: but though popular disfavor, if it does not go further, is not an extraordinary trial, the good opinion of others — their respect, their good wishes, their sympathy, their kindness — is a very great pleasure, a very great gain; and therefore I think it quite a point to be remembered and re-

corded, a matter for congratulating each other upon and rejoicing in, so far as we have it. And certainly there is a very striking contrast in the sort of welcome given by Englishmen to the late Cardinal Wiseman when he came as cardinal to England in Michaelmas, 1850, and their conduct towards us at the present time. The contrast is striking, and I may be allowed, perhaps, to set before you one or two causes of the change of which that contrast is the evidence; and in the remarks which I am about to make, and especially in any criticism I may incidentally pass on some acts of my countrymen, I hope I may say nothing which can be taken as inconsistent with the true affection and esteem I feel for them, or with my gratitude to that great aggregate of ranks and classes which constitute what is called the public, from whom, though sometimes unfair to me, I have of late years and now again recently received such abounding marks of good-will. First, the adverse sentiment was too violent, too unjust, sometimes too extravagant to last. No wonder there was so wide-spread an alarm, and no wonder again it was of such short continuance, when we recollect what it was that was said about us. For instance, in a village which I happened to know, it had been prophesied, even at an earlier date, that

IF THE PAPISTS GOT THE UPPER HAND, THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE WOULD FLOW WITH BLOOD.

A statement of less prodigious character, but one far more cruel in its action on an unoffending and defenceless class, came from a high ecclesiastical quarter in the Establishment, and was to the effect that Protestant families would do well to be on their guard against Catholic servants, for these were spies on their masters and mistresses, and told all that happened indoors to their priests. Such extreme sayings — and they were not few — would necessarily lead to a reaction, and thereby do us a service, though not so intended; and, in fact, in a little time the public did begin to be ashamed of saying them and believing them. Englishmen are a kind-hearted people at bottom, when they have not gone mad; which, alas! they do every now and then. Accordingly, in a little time, after passing an Act of Parliament against us and against the Catholics of Ireland, — who had nothing to do with the cause of the quarrel, for they had no need of a hierarchy of bishops, having had one from time immemorial, — after the Act of Parliament, I say, they felt a satisfaction and relief and calmed down. And then a generous feeling came over them, that perhaps they had been hard upon us. This is the first cause how

WE COME TO BE IN HAPPIER RELATIONS WITH OUR COUNTRYMEN NOW THAN WE WERE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

It is an instance of the operation of the psychological law that reaction of mind follows on great excitement. There was a second reason for a change, which followed close upon the first; and that was the experience which came to the nation, as time went on, that, after all, their alarm somehow had been unnecessary. Their Act of Parliament did not hinder us having diocesan bishops and chapters, cardinals and orders of religious men. How could it? It could only hinder us using certain names, calling our bishops bishops, and carrying out the duties of our religion with certain solemnities. But Holy Church is intangible; nor could they touch her children, unless, indeed, they meant to proceed to actual persecution. This they did not dream of: and soon they made the second discovery that, as they could not touch us, neither could we touch them; that we and they belonged to different spheres of life; that their objects were secular and ours religious. I don't mean to say that there could not be usurpations on our side or on theirs; but while what might be called a concordat was observed between temporals and spirituals, there might, indeed, be small collisions between the regale and the Pontificate, they might injure us indirectly, as by now and then troubling us by their legislation, and we might employ our civil rights in a way they did not like, in the interest of the rights of conscience, as other religious bodies do, — but this was all. There was no reason for the grave prophecies of danger, and the panic fright, and the stringent measures on the part of the executive and the country, of which we had been the subjects and the victims.

WE WISHED TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH OUR COUNTRYMEN,

and there was no reason why they, too, should not be friendly, and cherish good-will, and act charitably toward us. As time went on, this was felt more and more by candid minds; and even those who had been prejudiced against us began to see that there was no reason why the Church of Rome should not have clergy for its people in England, any more than that the Protestant missionary bodies of England should refrain from sending their clergy and ministers to Africa or New Zealand, which is sometimes a great offence to the English Establishment in foreign parts, and causes great quarrels, as in Ceylon now. But you may say that in thus speak-

ing I am not mending matters, because this was just one of our greatest offences in the eyes of our countrymen thirty years ago, — viz., the insult of proposing to convert Englishmen, as if they were heathen; and such intention was a great source of irritation. This was, I need hardly say, a great misunderstanding; and thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favor which has taken place of late years among Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place: the conversions, which have not been few. Of course it would be very absurd in us, and, I may say, very wicked, if we said that this was a heathen country, and needed conversion as a heathen country needs it. There is a wide-spread knowledge of Christianity among us, a love of its main truths, a zeal in their behalf, and an admirable prodigality, as I may call it, of contributions in furthering them. There are a great many religions,

A GREAT MANY ACTIVELY BENEVOLENT MEN AMONG PROTESTANTS.

This is not inconsistent with our holding that they only know half the gospel; and as we are sure that we have the whole, not merely the half, this is a good reason why we should wish to make them Catholics, even though they be not heathen. We never conceal that we would make them Catholics, if we could, by fair and honest means. On the other hand, it is but natural that they should oppose us, be angry with us, and be afraid of us. True; but what I wish to show, and what I believe to be the remarkable fact, is that, whereas there have been many conversions to the Catholic Church during the last thirty years, and a great deal of ill-will felt towards us in consequence, — nevertheless, that ill-wind has been overcome, and a feeling of positive good-will has been created instead in the minds of our very enemies, by means of those conversions which they feared from their hatred to us: and I will say how. The Catholics in England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island. And such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow, indeed, but therefore the more sure, about

INDIVIDUAL CATHOLICS AND WHAT THEY REALLY ARE

in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment, have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and to love quite as much as their fellow-Protestants might be, — as human beings in whom they could be interested and sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior; and then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced on them that that hated creed at least had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. Perhaps the particular specimen of a Catholic which I have supposed might only go half way in possessing this sort of ethical appeal to the good-will of others, or a quarter way; but he would have enough to destroy their imaginary notions of what a Catholic, and much more a priest, must be, and to make short work, and once for all, of that Guy Fawkes or Duke of Alva sort of Papist who hitherto stood in their minds for the normal representative of a Roman Catholic. I have been speaking of those ordinary and visible traits of character, of what is human merely, what is social in impersonal bearing, which, as a moral magnetism, unites men to each other; of those qualities which are the basis, the *sine qua non* of a political community; of those qualities which may be expressed by the word "neighborly": and I say that

CATHOLICS, AS A BODY, ARE, TO SAY THE LEAST, QUITE AS NEIGHBORLY AS PROTESTANTS,

as attractive, as capable of uniting in civil society; and I say that in consequence, their multiplication in England, by making them visible tangible, sensible, must, as an inevitable consequence, create a more kindly feeling to them than has existed hitherto; and it has. I have not spoken of social virtues such as make a man respected and honored, for that was not necessary for my purpose; though, whatever our failings may be as sons of Adam, I trust that at least we do not fall below that standard which is received in

our country as the condition of a good name. And I might have enlarged on this: that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer, and feel tender towards the slandered, from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it. And now, had time admitted, I might have gone on to other distinct causes of the change which I have taken for my subject; but since this cannot be, I will content myself with referring to another kind of knowledge of Catholics which has operated in their favor: a knowledge not to any great extent experimental and personal, but public, coming to the population at large from special witnesses, — perhaps few and only on special occasions, — and by means of the periodical press and the trustworthy informants of whose testimony it is the vehicle. And as an instance of what I mean, I will notice the great figure presented in this way to the whole world by the late Pope Pius IX., and its effect in favor of Catholics. This surely is a fair and striking instance of knowledge of Catholics telling in their favor. If there is any representative of the Roman Church from whom Protestants ought to shrink, it is her head. In their theory, in their controversial publications, in their traditions, the Pope is all that is bad. You know the atrocious name they give him: he is the embodiment of evil, and the worst foe of the Gospel. Then, as to Pope Pius, no one could, both by his words and deeds, offend them more. He claimed, he exercised larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which would put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the beginning of his reign, was the author of the very measure which raised such a commotion among us: yet his personal presence was of a kind which no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of tableaux, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers, of his reception of visitors in the Vatican. His misfortunes, indeed, had something to do with his popularity.

THE WHOLE WORLD FELT THAT HE WAS SHAMEFULLY USED

as regards his temporal possessions. No foreign power had a right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions; and the injustice shown him created a wide interest in him. But the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humor, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me, to my surprise, that at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican, he was so touched by the discourse made by his Holiness to his visitors that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds. How could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive? Yet I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion,

WE HAVE NOT LOST BY HIS BEING TAKEN AWAY.

It is not decorous to praise the living; it is not modest to panegyrize those whom rather one should obey: but in the successor of Pius I recognize a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here. But I must cut short what has been already too long, though I have not reached the end. I will only say, in conclusion, that though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think that they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe, as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the

religion would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendliness towards its followers would insure goodwill towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future.

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The London "Times," in commenting upon this address, says: "The truth of much in Cardinal Newman's explanation of the amended relations between English Protestants and English (Roman) Catholics cannot be denied. No Englishman would wish to deny it." The popular wrath against the papal aggression it speaks of as unreasoning and unreasonable, and adds: "No procedure short of actual persecution could have prevented the use by (Roman) Catholics of territorial titles." It further remarks, "It must be acknowledged also, that Protestants confronted with (Roman) Catholics in the communication of daily life were unable to continue to think the religion they professed immoral and debasing."

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## ST. JOSEPH, THE FOSTER-FATHER OF OUR SAVIOUR.

St .Joseph's day follows that of St. Patrick, only two days intervening. The feast of the foster-father of Christ, the Son of God, is every year growing in interest to the faithful. Everywhere devotion to him is on the increase. Numbers of priests everywhere are devoting themselves to an apostolate in his honor, and not unnaturally; for, though no priest himself, he was permitted, as they are, to carry and minister to the Incarnate World. A man of singular chastity, he is the patron of the married. The guardian of the Virgin Mother, he is the heavenly protector of virgins. A hard-working artisan, he is the example of the laboring man; and a man of royal lineage, he is a lesson to the exalted. He sustains the poor and gives courage to the struggling. A type of the Christian life, he is the patron of a Christian death, his own having been in the arms of his Immaculate and Virgin bride and her Divine Son, the three constituting the Holy Family, and forming the highest types of humanity. St. Joseph is the patron of the Universal Church.

## THE FUTURE PRESIDENT.

Jas. A. McMaster, N. Y. "Freeman's Journal."

As a "looker-on," convinced that things are not as they were, and never having had any sordid interest in any party, nor wanting, nor weak enough to accept "patronage," we *think* that the only man the Democratic party can name, that can give it the ghost of a chance of success, is Allen G. Thurman. Like Horatio Seymour in New York, he is, in Ohio, much stronger than his party. Powerful and influential men, not tied to politics in Ohio, *know him*, and say *he* is the kind of man they want. And their "Buckeye" calculation is right. He will be felt a loss, deeply, when he goes out of the United States Senate, in which body he is *facile princeps*. Mr. Thurman was commended as a judge, and has been most distinguished as senator. But his true and highest talent is that, so rare among our men in political life, as an executive

He is, beyond all other men in the United States, the one to put a hand on either side, to compose the next great civil conflict that is certainly pending. He has no "bar'is" of money, won from wrecked railroads, and ready to be *offered*.

He is the only Democratic candidate that has the ghost of a chance of election. New York is certainly lost. Tilden has secured that. Thurman is the man that, carrying Ohio, as we think he can, may waken up Western States that are not settled down on their haunches. There is a complete disruption of parties.

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Significant! — The Russian government has already expended *thirteen millions* of money in relieving Silesian distress. Irish distress, equally great, has been met by charity funds aggregating, say £40,000, and an offer of a quarter of a million from the treasury on loan, to be obtained after much circumlocution and display of red tape. The pictures vary.

## IRELAND.

HERE is a German ballad on the sufferings of Ireland. It is from the pen of Ferdinand Freiligrath, who is not inspired so much by the beauties of the German Fatherland as by the sorrows of Erin. Alone in his study, his vision is not purpled with the gorgeous light of a sunset on the Rhine, but with the life-blood which English law and landlord tyranny have drawn from the Irish heart. It is, indeed, a well-drawn picture of Ireland at the present day: —

The boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer:
The fisher's boy died yester e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish, —
These are the fisher's only payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind;
With kine the roads are thronged, — oh, pity!
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to the seaport city.
Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims;
The food which Paddy's soul desireth,
That which would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty,
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town,
His gold makes gambling-tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lay down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!
Paddy, rush in, — be not a dreamer.
In vain! for thee there is no hope:
The game goes with the earliest steamer.
For Ireland's game is landlord's game;
The landlord is a large encroacher:
God speed the peasant's righteous claim!
He is too feeble for a poacher.

The landlord cares for ox and hound;
Their worth the peasant's worth surpasses.
Instead of draining marshy ground,
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses,
He leaves the land a boggy fen,
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it for the water hen,
The rabbits, and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of heaven! of waste
And wilderness, four million acres!
To you, corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber-breakers.
Oh! Irish land is landlord's land!
And therefore, by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their babes to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland thorough;
The west wind which my casement passed
Brought to my mind that wail of sorrow.
Faint as the dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves, my heart strings searing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death cry of poor weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonized, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hills' foundations:
Her, more than Byron's Rome, beseems
The title "Niobe of Nations."

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THE Jesuits spare no expense in their colleges, and Stoneyhurst is going to be rebuilt from the foundations at the cost of about £100,000. The architects are Messrs. Dunn & Hanson, and the architectural features of the old baronial mansion of the Sherburnes, with its picturesque towers and mullion, will be reproduced in the new building. Stoneyhurst has been the chief seat of Catholic education in England since 1794, when the Jesuit Fathers were driven from their college at Liège by the French Revolution, and were settled at Stoneyhurst by the late Mr. Weld, of Lulworth, who was the heir of the Sherburnes. They were for a time his tenants at a nominal rental, but eventually became the purchasers of the whole estate. It comprises above 200,000 acres, the whole of which is farmed by the Jesuits themselves with the assistance of bailiffs, and the administration is so successful that the enormous establishment in the college has hitherto been maintained from the produce of the estate, and the bulk of the pensions paid by the students has been allowed to accumulate. Compared with other public schools the pension is low, for it is fixed at sixty guineas a year, whilst the diet is exceptionally liberal and generous. Stoneyhurst claims to be an ancient foundation, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it represents the famous College of St. Omer, founded in 1593, of which the academy at Liège was an offshoot. — *London World.*

# THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

## CHAPTER XXI.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. STEPHEN WOULFE, CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Conviction despite of O'Connell. — Mr. Woulfe. — Memoir. — Family of Woulfe. — Stephen born in Belgium in 1786. — Educated at Stoneyhurst. — Friendship with Mr. William Henry Curran, Mr Ball, and others. — Social qualities. — Called to the bar in 1814. — Tour on the Continent. — Settles in Dublin. — Laborious study of his profession. — Appearance. — The canine comparison. — Writes a pamphlet on the Catholic Question. — Differs from O'Connell on the subject of the Veto. — O'Connell's reply at the Limerick meeting. — Legal compilations. — Appointed crown prosecutor on the Munster circuit. — Assistant barrister for Galway. — His feeling description of Irish peasants. — Made king's counsel and sergeant-at-law. — Solicitor-general in 1836. — Returned M. P. for Cashel. — The Litchfield House compact. — Attorney-general in 1837. — His parliamentary manner. — The motto of the "Nation" newspaper. — The phrase, "Property has its duties as well as its rights" — Becomes Chief Baron in 1838. — Death.

It was some time ere the social system of Ireland, disturbed by the anti-tithe agitation, settled into law and order. There was great difficulty in making the opponents of the "blood-stained impost," as it was termed, amenable to justice; and while witnesses were reluctant to give evidence, jurors were slow to convict. Considerable attention was attracted to a case tried on the Munster circuit, in which a person engaged in a tithe affray was prosecuted. The leading counsel for the crown was Mr. Woulfe, a barrister of great eminence, while the prisoner was defended by O'Connell. The ability of Mr. Woulfe was fully displayed; and to the great delight of the then Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Anglesea, the crown was successful. As Mr. Woulfe was one of O'Connell's distinguished contemporaries, we give a brief memoir.

The name of Woulfe, with some variations of spelling, is traced in Ireland to a far back date. Families with this appellation resided in the counties of Clare, Tipperary, Limerick, and Kildare. Several are distinguished in the history of Ireland. One, at least, added lustre to the deeds of arms of England, — Gen. Wolfe, who fell in the hour of victory before Quebec in 1759. He was lineally descended from Capt. George Wolfe, of Limerick, who was one of the victims proscribed by Ireton in 1651 for his devotion to the royal cause. The Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the exquisite ode on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," was born in 1791, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, of Blackhall, county of Kildare. The member of the family whose career we proceed to trace was Stephen Woulfe, descended from a branch who flourished, despite the persecution of the penal laws, in the county of Clare. Stephen's father, however, preferred living in the free enjoyment of the religion of his ancestors abroad, to the dangerous insecurity which the atrocious penal laws obliged Roman Catholics to endure in their native land; and he dwelt at Chaud-Fontaine, near Liege, where Stephen, the future Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, was born in 1786.

This young "Exile of Erin" resided under the parental roof, near Liege, until sufficiently grown to be sent from home. A school where religion and learning formed the united education was chosen, and Stephen set sail for Stoneyhurst in Lancashire. The solemn and stately entrance inspired the young pupil with considerable awe. He passed through the gates surmounted by tall towers, and proceeded along the avenue with its ornamental waters, until the mansion was reached. Here, in former years, resided the Sherbornes. Afterwards it was the property of the Duke of Norfolk. To the Howards succeeded the Welds of Lulworth. Mr. Weld, who had been educated by the Jesuits, had the strongest feelings of respect for that eminent order; and when evil tongues and evil times forced them from the Continent, they found refuge

in England, and their old pupil rewarded the care they bestowed on him in his youth by giving them shelter in the time of need. He allowed them to occupy Stoneyhurst, requiring but small rent for a considerable tract of land; and, having become a clergyman, he devised the place to the renowned society founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola.

It is very probable young Stephen Woulfe was known to many of the preeeptors of Stoneyhurst College, as several of them held similar offices in the Jesuit seminary at Liege. The classes were composed of the scions of most respectable Catholic families in England and Ireland, — the Cliffords, Welds, Stourtons, Talbots, Withams, Wyses, Plunketts, etc. A spirit of rivalry between the two nations occasionally manifested itself among the boys during games and in the examinations, when the Irish contended with the English for the prizes. Having been well instructed in the classics and various other branches of learning at Stoneyhurst, young Woulfe completed his education at the lay college of Maynooth, where he found a number of the youth of Ireland associated in all the spirited emulation of schoolboy rivalry. He was intended for the bar, became a student at the King's Inns, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; there not then existing a Catholic University, such as now offers all those advantages which the rare intellect of its professors unfolds to the youth of Ireland.

While pursuing his legal studies in London, Mr. Woulfe made many valuable acquaintances which soon ripened into friendship. One of those friends, whose society he loved to enjoy, a fellow-countryman and fellow-student, has recorded his intimacy with his departed friend in such graceful terms that I readily extract the passage, alike honorable to these departed judges: "It was in the previous year (1813)," writes Mr. Curran in his pleasing "Sketches of the Irish Bar," * "that, being one of his fellow-students at the Middle Temple, I first knew him; and I cannot refrain from stating, with, I hope, excusable pride, that our acquaintanceship was no sooner formed, than he not so much selected as seized upon me as his friend, and that the cordial grasp, once given, was never relaxed until his hold upon all things in this life was gone from him forever." Had Mr. Woulfe been endowed with the faculty of looking into the future, he would, most probably, have made the same selection; for during the whole of his career at the bar, in the senate, and on the bench, he ever found, in the chosen friend of his student days, a sage adviser when he sought counsel, a kind and sympathizing visitor during his hours of sickness, a cheerful and accomplished companion when enjoying society, and when he sank into the tomb, a careful and accurate biographer. All his contemporaries regarded Woulfe with the respect due to his great natural endowments. Among them was the late Judge Ball, who, after a distinguished career at the bar and in Parliament, and filling the higher law offices with great ability, became one of the judges of the Irish Common Pleas; the late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel; Mr. Wallace, the writer of the "History of England" commenced by Sir James Mackintosh; and Sir Thomas Wyse, late ambassador of Greece, etc. He had many social and endearing qualities: a joyous, cordial manner, evincing a generous nature, a tone of mind abhorring selfishness and detesting meanness. His sentiments were liberal and enlightened, his bearing manly and self-reliant. Ever recollecting what was due to the feelings of others, and tolerant of all who differed from the opinions he formed, it would be strange, indeed, had not these qualities combined to make him at once sincerely esteemed and universally respected.

* Vol. I. p. 6.

Having kept the requisite number of terms, Mr. Woulfe was called to the Irish bar in Trinity Term, 1814.

The peace following the dethronement of Napoleon I. opened the Continent to the tourists who had previously been excluded from the Gallic land, and among the earliest to take advantage of the opportunity of witnessing the wonders of nature and art which a tour of the chief kingdoms of Europe afford, was Mr. Woulfe. He joined his friends, Messrs. Ball and Wyse, and we cannot imagine a more agreeable trio. All were highly informed; possessed of kindred tastes, and accustomed to the best society, they brought with them those intellectual stores which are indispensable for the due appreciation of excellence, whether of nature or art. They visited Paris; and the olfactory organs of Woulfe were sensibly shocked by the state in which that capital then was placed. The writer visited it twenty years later, and though there had been great improvement effected during that period, he found enough to disgust him, and often wished his visit had been preceded by a Hercules to clean out the Augean stable; and lo! Hercules has commenced his labors in good earnest: the fiat of Napoleon III. has gone forth, and Paris bids fair to become as remarkable for cleanliness as she undoubtedly is for the elegance of her streets, squares, and buildings, which are unrivalled. The antipathy then loudly manifested against the English has not yet entirely passed away, but the knowledge which proximity and alliance engender has done much to soften asperities and lessen hostility; and the good sense of the present emperor, we trust, will ever be shown in preserving his early promise of an empire at peace. From Paris the travellers journeyed south to the glacier land; then into the North of Italy, visiting Milan, Brescia, Verona, Mantua, Vicenza, and the city of canals, "Beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea." This last town appears the only place that awakened an interest in the mind of Woulfe. All the other places so closely resembled the towns of Great Britain as to present few features of novelty; but though Tasso's echoes were no more in Venice, the quaint old palazzas, the gliding gondolas, the Rialto, and Bridge of Sighs, the dreary aspect of the place, its ancient renown, and present tendency to decline, made his enthusiastic nature alive to the impressions each vestige of past greatness awakened in his breast. Turning his steps homeward, while his companions continued to journey to the Eternal City, the capital of the dominions of the august head of the Catholic Church, Mr. Woulfe entered the Tyrol, and having thoroughly enjoyed the fine scenery of that romantic region, re-entered Switzerland, to visit the Lake of Constance. He followed the course of the Rhine, viewed the magnificent falls at Schaffhausen, and admired the blending beauties which the scenery presents: —

"Hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls beyond them shine."

The tourist closed his wanderings by settling down to his profession in the Irish capital. Mr. Curran does not hesitate to speak of the rather limited legal knowledge with which Mr. Woulfe commenced his legal career: "He had come to his profession, according to the custom of the time, without much previous insight into its minute practical details; but as to some most essential particulars, he was far from being unprepared." It is worthy of remark that the onward progress of intelligence is rapidly removing from the bar the stigma of having no test for competence in those admitted to its practice. The call to the bar in future will be no empty name, but insure a high degree of ability and learning in the candidate for public favor, either at the bars of England or Ireland. Mr. Woulfe had not been a negligent stu-

dent. He read the elementary books published on law and equity, and the new editions of the older text writers. He was of that inquiring mind which could not bear to skim over the surface, but preferred to dive into the depths. He made it a rule never to rest satisfied with a superficial acquaintance when, by dint of labor and research, he might acquire the fullest and most comprehensive information; and thus, if not skilled in detail, he was learned in principles, and soon his comprehensive mind enabled him to bring these principles to bear upon his practice, and he began to take pleasure in his profession.

His appearance was indicative of gracefulness rather than power, his frame slight, and his gestures flexible and pleasing. His countenance was very peculiar: it was long, and the features thin and sharp in outline, especially the nose, which was prominent and of more than ordinary length. The expression, Mr. Curran mentions as "usually animated, often joyous, occasionally grave and thoughtful, but never depressed." The writer had no opportunity of seeing him in his younger days,— not until the time when the delicacy of his constitution was beginning to sap the vital powers; and then he thought the expression wore that pained look which is indicative of bodily infirmity. An anecdote is mentioned by Mr. Curran which is singularly illustrative of his appearance: "A small party of his friends (he not being present) amused themselves by going through some of the varieties of the canine species, and discovering a fanciful resemblance between each of them and some member of the bar. Matches of the bulldog, spaniel, and cur were easily found. When the greyhound was named, and Shiel on the instant cried out 'Woulfe!' the likeness of the kind they were searching for, even to something curious in the details, was at once admitted. In both there was the tall and slender frame, the keen eye, the pleasing elongated face; both were so calm and gentle when at rest, both so quick and bounding when excited." Woulfe was a fluent speaker, with a choice store of words, but his voice was not easily managed; he could not pronounce the letter *r*, and his tones were more guttural than was pleasing. He spoke loud, and when he became animated the voice rose to a kind of scream, so as to be almost shrill. A witty circuit companion, to whom he remarked that when he addressed a jury in an important case, "I spoke to them trumpet-tongued," replied, "Yes, you did, my dear Stephen, but it was a *penny trumpet*."

Woulfe did not get into practice suddenly, but made way slowly, yet surely. Ever prepared with his cases, and well made up in his arguments, he obtained the reputation of being a sound man, and always received that attention from the bench with which the judges reward diligent counsel. He early selected the Munster circuit, and was a contemporary with the great men whose fame is still fresh in the recollection of the Munster bar,— O'Connell, O'Loghlen, Goold, Wagget, George Bennett, Jackson, Jonathan Henn, and Pigott.

He felt strongly the position in which he and his coreligionists were placed by the law against Roman Catholics, and in 1819 published a very able pamphlet on the Catholic Question, which deservedly met with great success. He and O'Connell differed on the question of the Veto, or allowing the British government to interfere in the nomination of Catholic bishops. O'Connell resolutely refused to sanction such a step, while Woulfe, and a great many other sincere Roman Catholics, thought so much might be safely conceded. At a large meeting held in Limerick during the days of agitation for emancipation, Woulfe had the boldness to encounter the great agitator. He spoke from the front of the gallery, and made a most powerful speech in favor of the Veto. The fact of O'Connell being

notoriously against the measure, of course prevented any one taking a different view being regarded with favor by the masses; and a disposition to interrupt the speaker was speedily manifested. O'Connell at once suppressed this token of popular dissent, and Woulfe was heard, though somewhat impatiently. When O'Connell rose to reply, he said "he would not trouble the meeting with a speech, as his friend had done, but would tell them a story. Once upon a time, a number of sheep were living together peaceably, under the protection of their watch-dogs, when an attempt was made to induce them to get rid of their dogs. And who made this attempt? The wolves. A meeting of the sheep took place. The leading *Wolf* came forward and persuaded the sheep to give up their dogs. They obeyed the wolf, and were soon devoured; and he warned the Catholics of Ireland to avoid the fate of the sheep, and not follow the advice of a *Woulfe*." This was a most successful hit. The meeting cheered to the echo; and Woulfe, turning to Dean Coll. said, "How useless it is to contend with O'Connell! Here I have made an oration that I have been elaborating for three weeks, and Dan entirely demolishes the effect of all my rhetoric by a flash of humor, and a pun upon my name!"

The literary efforts of Mr. Woulfe were not confined to his pamphlet. During the year 1822 he compiled a treatise on the "Amendment of the Laws of Real Property in England," which he intended to publish, but he deferred printing it; and in 1826, Mr. Humphrey forestalled him by the production of a work of a similar nature, called "Observations on the Actual State of the English Laws of Real Property, with the Outlines of a Code."

The professional career of Mr. Woulfe was now prospering, and when Mr., afterwards Lord Plunket became attorney-general, he selected the writer of the pamphlet on the Catholic Question as a proper object of his official patronage. A crown prosecutorship on the Munster circuit falling vacant, he nominated Mr. Woulfe to the place, which was of very considerable emolument and responsibility. This event, following his marriage with an heiress, made him independent in fortune. The office of crown prosecutor did not in these days interfere with the ordinary circuit business, and the income averaged about £1,000 per annum. It is one of the dispensations of Divine Providence that we are not to have everything as we wish in this life, and there is no state of man's being without its trials. While Woulfe was climbing the ladder of professional success and accumulating wealth, he was deprived of the means of enjoying either by the loss of his health, which, in 1827, was in so lamentable a state as to shock and alarm his friends. A rally, however, ensued, and he was able to resume his labors. In 1829, another office was conferred upon him, — the assistant-barristership of Galway, worth £900 a year. This was the spontaneous gift of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, who succeeded a warm friend of Mr. Woulfe's, Mr. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), as chief secretary for Ireland. The conjoint holding of two offices, the duties of which entailed a great amount of personal fatigue in travelling, proved too much for Mr. Woulfe, and the state of his health soon compelled him to elect which he should resign. He preferred giving up the chairmanship, having held it barely three years.

He was much distinguished on his circuit for his fluency in addressing juries and his able dissection of evidence; but he required a good case, and was not able to hold forth on commonplace topics, as many experienced *nisi prius* advocates can. But when Mr. Woulfe's feelings were enlisted, then his bold and manly eloquence poured forth. He had that natural power which is almost essen-

tial to give force and expression, — the faculty of identifying himself with the client, placing himself in the position of the party he represented, and giving the most suitable expressions which the position of the case seemed to require. The thoughts and feelings thus finding vent always went to the heart of the listeners. When the condition of the poor Irish peasantry was characterized as mainly attributable to their lazy submission to the discomforts of their homes, Woulfe urged that there was much to account for and to excuse their inertness. He drew a faithful sketch of the cabin and its inmates: "the damp walls, pervious roof, half-fed family, insufficient fuel, insufficient clothing, no means of bettering their condition, no hope that such means will ever come"; and then asked, "if a poor being, reduced through no vices of his own to such a state of physical and mental prostration, was to be harshly judged, if he did not bestir himself to remove inconveniences to which long endurance had probably rendered him and his miserable household callous." *

During the anti-tithe agitation in 1833, Mr. Woulfe, as we have already seen, greatly distinguished himself as crown counsel in conducting a prosecution against a prisoner defended by the powerful advocacy of O'Connell. Woulfe so effectually destroyed the impression O'Connell made on the minds of the jury that a conviction was obtained. The Lord Lieutenant (the Marquis of Anglesea) was so gratified at this success, that he inquired from Lord Plunket, then Lord Chancellor, what compliment the government could pay Mr. Woulfe; and the Lord Chancellor advised making him one of the king's counsel, which was done accordingly. In 1835, he was made a sergeant, and soon the higher honors of the profession became his. The office of solicitor-general being vacant by the promotion of Mr. Richards, on the elevation of Mr. O'Loghlen, attorney-general, to the Exchequer bench, Mr. Woulfe was appointed solicitor-general on the 10th of November, 1836.

In order to carry on the legislature of the country, it is necessary one or the other of the law offices of the crown in Ireland should have a seat in the House of Commons; and Mr. Woulfe was returned for the borough of Cashel. It was a time when great party questions were debated; parties in Parliament were very evenly balanced. Sir Robert Peel was at the head of the great Conservative phalanx; Lord John Russell (now Earl Russell) was the recognized leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons; Lord Melbourne, a clever tactician, had his seat among the peers. When the Whig party succeeded to power, the Earl of Mulgrave was sent to Dublin, and became greatly beloved as the Irish Viceroy. The chief secretary was Lord Morpeth, the late Lord Lieutenant, Earl of Carlisle. In England the cry was in favor of the vote by ballot, for the obtaining of which Mr. Grote had secured the co-operation of nearly one hundred and fifty members of the Commons. In Ireland and Scotland the demand was for municipal reform. It was about this time the meeting took place of the leading members of the different sections of Liberals at the mansion of Lord Lichfield, in St. James' Square. Shiel attended, and in commenting upon the necessity of combined action, used the phrase that he "hoped no personal jealousies would interrupt their compact alliance." This was the origin of the nickname, "the Lichfield House Compact," which formed a party taunt for many years.

The struggle for Irish municipal reform was a severe one. The Irish corporations were entirely, or nearly so, in the hands of the ultra-Protestant party. Rather than surrender them to the hands of the Liberal reformers, they fought to the very last. In the case of the corporation of Dublin, the

* Curran's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," Vol. I. p. 67.

Lord Mayor and a deputation of the aldermen and council presented a petition against the bill at the bar of the House of Commons. Richard Lalor Shiel was then the eloquent asserter of the Irish popular claims, and, together with O'Connell and his strong band of followers, urged the just rights of the Irish people upon the Commons of England. When Baron O'Loghlen became Master of the Rolls, in which judicial office he established a fame worthy to be classed with that of the most eminent judge that ever sat upon the judgment seat, and Mr. Richards, then attorney-general, succeeded him as baron of the Exchequer, Mr. Woulfe became attorney-general in 1837. He had, for some time previously, represented the borough of Cashel in Parliament, and the following account of his *début* in the House of Commons was printed in the "Metropolitan Magazine," Vol. XVIII.: "The second reading of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill coming under the consideration of the house, Mr. Woulfe said he could not, as the attorney-general for Ireland, omit making a speech on the occasion. For some time, say ten minutes after he commenced, he acquitted himself in a more than creditable manner, and the presumption for that length of time was, that he would improve in his eloquence, and in the animation of his manner, as he got further into his subject. Instead of that, however, he became much heavier in his matter and more languid in his manner. He consequently lost, to a corresponding extent, the attention of the House, and many members rose and went out. In about a quarter of an hour after this he rallied, and made what is called a number of good points. He also became much more lively in his manner and repeatedly elicited loud cheers. He continued to speak for a full hour more, making at least an hour and a half altogether during which he addressed the House."

We find from the same article that the speech was considered a very able one, full of excellent matter, but the argument was too close for effect; the diction plain and vigorous. Mr. Woulfe was considered to bear a great resemblance in his style of speaking to Mr. Shiel, but he certainly never equalled that splendid rhetorician in his great oratorical efforts. There was much in his voice — the rapid, vehement tones, as if words were struggling for precedence in the throat — to remind the listener of Shiel's singular articulation. While a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Woulfe always took part in the debates, and was invariably heard with attention. His intellectual countenance and peculiar voice riveted the attention of the members, and this obtained, he was sure to make an effective speech. He used a good deal of gesticulation when he was roused; in his calmer mood he stooped a good deal, sometimes leaning on the table, and keeping his eye fixed on Mr. Shaw, or some other Irish member opposed to him. He was so clear in his statement, so logical in his reasoning, and so just in his deductions, that all felt the reasonableness of his arguments, and he would have won a high parliamentary reputation if his health at this period was not sadly impared. Disease, which seemed to defy the doctors' skill, was preying upon him, and he felt that incapacity for exertion which renders any great effort impossible. It was fortunate he had not much official duty to discharge at this period, as he would have been quite unequal to the attempt. It was during one of the discussions on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill that Mr. Woulfe made use of a phrase which has been adopted by the "Nation" newspaper as its motto. Having been asked by one of the members who opposed the bill, "of what value to Ireland was the continuance of such institutions," his reply was, "They will go far to create and foster public opinion, and to make it racy of the soil."

Also, in the year 1838, while Mr. Woulfe was attorney-general, in a

letter from the under-secretary, Mr. Drummond, to the magistrates of the county of Tipperary, a sentence occurs which is said to have originated with Mr. Woulfe, and has become a proverb: "Property has its duties as well as its rights."

The death of Chief Baron Joy relieved Mr. Woulfe from the duties of attorney-general and the labors of Parliament. He became chief baron of the Exchequer on the 20th of July, 1838; but this was not *otium cum dignitate*. For some years, a vast amount of business flowed into the Exchequer, while the Common Pleas was almost deserted. A great mass of work had to be gone through, and when the labors of term were over, the chief baron had to try the *nisi prius* cases, of which his list was sure to be a long one. Chief Baron Woulfe gave great satisfaction on the bench. He was much esteemed by the members of the court, and greatly respected by the practitioners, both by the members of the bar and the attorneys. He showed considerable judicial talent, and his judgments in many very important cases are referred to as able expositions of the law. His health, however, was now deplorable. The duties of his station were too much for his feeble frame, and he could not venture to go circuit. Towards the close of 1839 he resolved to yield to the advice of his physicians, and go abroad for a year. He went to Baden-Baden; here he consulted a surgeon, who advised an operation, giving hopes of success. The will of Divine Providence, however, ordained that here his trials and sufferings should terminate; and early in 1840, before he had been two years on the bench, Chief Baron Woulfe was no more.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MEMOIR OF RIGHT HON. JUDGE BALL.

Born in Dublin in 1791. — Educated at Stoneyhurst. — Fellow-students in Trinity College, Dublin. — Called to the bar in 1811. — Went the Connaught Circuit. — Great practice in the Rolls. — A favorite with Sir William MacMahon. — Avoided politics. — Elected a bencher in 1835, sergeant in 1836, attorney-general in 1838, and M. P. for Clonmel. — Dislikes Parliament. — His convivial soubriquet, Ball and Supper. — Raised to the bench in 1839. — Conduct as a judge. — His demeanor in private life. — His pious sisters. — Mr. Thomas Ball. — Death.

Following close on the track of Stephen Woulfe, I feel bound to give a brief notice of another eminent Catholic lawyer, who also obtained a seat upon the Irish bench, — the late Right Hon. Nicholas Ball.

Mr. Ball was a native of Dublin, in which city his father, John Ball, Esq., held a high mercantile position. In the penal days every avenue to social distinction was barred against members of the Roman Catholic faith. Nicholas was an only son, born in 1791; and soon as his dawning intellect was capable of apprehending instruction, he was intrusted to the care of those eminent teachers, the Jesuit fathers at Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. Having profited by the course of study prescribed in that renowned seminary, he returned to the paternal roof, and shortly after became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, where, as we are already aware, he became associated with those great Irishmen whose fame I have endeavored to account for in these pages by narrating their histories. Woulfe, Shiel, and O'Loghlen gladly welcomed the pleasant and talented Nicholas Ball, and to these we may add the distinguished names of Sir Thomas Wyse and William Henry Curran. Ball soon entered the King's Inns as a law student, and with the brilliant names I have mentioned studied for the Irish bar.

O'Connell was becoming one of the most popular advocates of the day, and the emoluments, if not the honors, of the profession were rewarding talented Catholic lawyers, when, in 1811, Nicholas Ball, son of John Ball, merchant, was called to the Irish bar.

Mr. Ball had many high qualifications for his profession. He was acute in perception, clear in his state-

ments, and ready in argument. He had to pass his probationary time before he got into considerable practice; but his progress, if slow, was sure. He selected the Connaught circuit, and went it for some years, until his lucrative practice in the equity courts caused him to confine himself chiefly to the Rolls. The business of this court requires a thorough knowledge of the facts of each case, with the power of stating them shortly and applying the principles of equity to the view counsel is instructed to support. When a practising barrister, Mr. Henry George Hughes, now one of the barons of the Court of Exchequer, was perhaps the most successful practitioner of the Rolls, and before him ranked Mr. Ball in point of date, but not in greater or better merited repute.

Sir William MacMahon, Master of the Rolls, was an impatient, irritable judge, hard to please and very testy. He took a liking to Mr. Ball, and this increased his practice. He was not, however, dependent upon judicial caprice: the ability was there, and whether the ear of the court was attentive or not, words of learned meaning flowed from the lawyer's lips; his argument was

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon."

He gained, however, by the sun of court favor shining upon his efforts; for in deciding upon questions of cost (no trifling or inconsiderable matter in solicitors' eyes), Sir William was liberal to Mr. Ball. He, therefore, had great practice in the Rolls; and when I state that O'Loghlen, Richards, and Warren were contemporaries, I state enough for every Irish barrister to measure what his capacity for business must have been.

While Ball was acquiring fame and fortune by attending sedulously to his profession, O'Connell and Shiel were tossed on the stormy sea of Irish politics. The question of the Veto, as I have stated, ranked Woulfe and O'Connell at antagonistic sides; but Ball avoided both platforms, and kept aloof from the conflict of opinions. He was attending to his professional avocations during the busy days of the Catholic Association; and while the fame of the eloquent orator was wooing many a youthful barrister from the atmosphere of the courts, Ball was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and abstained from joining prominently in the assemblies of the popular party. It must not for a moment be supposed that this want of outward manifestation of approval, on the part of Mr. Ball, arose from his disagreeing in the course taken by O'Connell and his fellow agitators. It arose solely from the tone of his mind being more fitted for the quiet study or the forensic tribunal, than the noise and tumult of the thronged meeting or crowded hall of association. His opinion was of great value in all Catholic cases; the doctrine of trusts had to be constantly referred to, and the clear and logical mind of Mr. Ball was in exercise on many a heavy Chancery suit involving properties of Catholics. When Sergeant O'Loghlen became one of the law officers and went into Parliament, a large increase in the business of Mr. Ball showed how strong was the opinion entertained of his legal abilities. He was elected a bencher of the King's Inns in 1835; and when his dear friend, Sergeant Woulfe, was made solicitor-general, the vacant coif rested on the shoulders of Mr. Ball. The new sergeant was now on the ladder of promotion, and mounted rapidly. Woulfe became chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1838, and Sergeant Ball succeeded him as attorney-general for Ireland. Of course the first law officer should have a seat in Parliament, and the busy town on the banks of the Suir — sweet Clonmel — elected her Majesty's attorney-general as its representative.

Mr. Ball did not make a great parliamentary reputation. He was never fond of politics, and did not *warm* to St. Stephen's; he spoke rarely, but

his speeches were always marked by great ability and as brief as the subject allowed. The Irish attorney-general was a great favorite with his brother members; his easy, agreeable manners, gentlemanlike address, conversational talents, and convivial disposition procured him so many invitations that he went by the soubriquet of "*Ball and Supper.*" Mr. Ball was a member of the Reform Club, and many pleasant reminiscences of his visits to that place of social reunion have been related to me The government was well satisfied with his conduct, and considered him the best Irish attorney-general who ever appeared in Parliament.

He was soon to be relieved from the cares of office, and the, to him, irksome attendance in Westminster. The Hon. Arthur Moore, one of the judges of the Common Pleas, retired in 1839, and the attorney-general was raised to the bench of the Common Pleas, then a post bordering on a sinecure; there was in fact so little business in that court in these days, that Mr. Holmes remarked in his dry, sarcastic way, referring to the new judge's habits of late sitting and corresponding rising, "Why, the Common Pleas will be *up* before Ball." The witty and accomplished Chief Justice Doherty found, no doubt, his brother Ball a more genial yoke-fellow than the morose Judge Johnson, or the serious Judge Torrens.

When business came before the court, and it did in time, Judge Ball greatly distinguished himself. In charging juries he was very successful; and though his manner was apparently confused and vacillating during the progress of a *nisi prius* trial, no sooner did this duty commence than all doubt or hesitation vanished, and he placed the prominent points clearly and in lucid order before the gentlemen in the box. On circuit he was often amusingly at fault, or appeared to be so. Idioms or phrases peculiar to country districts puzzled him, and occasionally caused much merriment. I remember on the Munster circuit, at the Cork assizes, a number of countrymen were indicted for a riot and assault. They waylaid and beat some men drawing turf from a bog; they met the rioters, who were employed in making a fence by the roadside. The witness stated, "The party assailing were fencing when they came up."

"Were what?" asked Judge Ball.

"Fencing, my lord," replied the witness.

"What! fencing?" repeated the judge. "With what?"

"Spades, my lord."

The judge looked surprised.

"Mr. Bennett," he said, addressing the crown counsel, "can you explain this? Surely it cannot be possible that peasants in this country fence on the high-road, using spades for foils! What could the men have been doing?"

"Making a ditch is called 'fencing' here, my lord," was George Bennett's satisfactory elucidation of the mystery.

For full a quarter of a century, for nearly twenty-six years, Judge Ball sat upon the Common Pleas bench. He has been blamed for want of consideration towards juniors, but this may not have been intentional. In private life he was as kind-hearted and amiable a man as ever lived; hospitable, courteous, and affable. He had a happy home circle. In 1817, he married a daughter of Thomas Sherlock, Esq., of Butlerstown, county Waterford, and had several children, sons and daughters. One of his sons became a priest of the Oratory at Brompton, and one of his daughters a nun. She had the example of her aunts, Judge Ball's sisters, in adopting the life of a *religieuse*. One sister was famed, while superioress of the Loretto convent at Rathfarnham, for her untiring efforts in extending the blessings of a religious education to young ladies in every quarter of the globe; another was superioress of the Ursuline con-

vent of Cork, also an educational establishment of the first class. A son of Judge Ball's, Mr. Thomas Ball, became distinguished for his patriotic zeal in promoting and encouraging the introduction of superior breeds of cattle into Ireland.

The lot of man on earth is varied; grief follows joy, as surely as rain comes after sunshine. And the web of Judge Ball's life had its dark threads. Death struck the manly form of Mr. Thomas Ball, and grief preyed upon the venerable judge. He expired at his house in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, on the 15th of January, 1865, having attained his seventy-third year. May he rest in peace.

*To be continued.*

## CHURCH PROPERTY.

Western Watchman.

THE wisdom of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis in ordering that all church property in this diocese be transferred to local boards of trustees, to be held by them for the use and benefit of the respective parishes, is likely to be vindicated by facts of very unpleasant consequence. The late Bishop of Monterey, Thaddeus Amat, died, leaving all the property of which he was seized, as a corporation sole, to his successor, the present Bishop Mora. Bishop Amat was poor when he arrived in Monterey, and died as poor as he came. The property he held was church property. His nephew, Joaquin Amat, now sues in the courts of California for the entire property, real and personal, of his deceased uncle. This Joaquin Amat is a youth whom the generosity of his uncle permitted the luxuries of education and position. He now claims that his uncle was insane at the time he made his last will, and charges Bishop Mora with undue influence exercised for selfish purposes. A big lawsuit is in prospect. If in California, why not elsewhere? Scapegrace nephews are to be met with everywhere.

## HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

AMONG the new statutes which come for the first time into operation this year in England, one of the most important is the Habitual Drunkards Act. The object of the measure is to bring about a change of treatment in the cases of unhappy people who are the helpless victims of their fatal propensity for strong drink. The present mode is periodical visits to the station-house and the police-office, and the infliction of cumulative penalties; the one about to be tried — seclusion in a properly appointed "retreat" until the malady under which the patient suffers is, like any other malady, overcome by proper treatment. The "retreats" under this Act are regularly licensed houses, and no one who is already the keeper of a lunatic asylum will be empowered to keep one. Under the Act justices of the peace in Ireland will have power to order under the Summary Jurisdiction Act — a piece of legislation which also comes into practice for the first time this year — any habitual drunkard, on whose behalf an application shall have been made to him by his nearest relatives or by himself or herself, into one of those licensed "retreats," out of which, however, he or she cannot get until the term for which the order has been filled up has been run out. Due provision is made for the inspection of the "retreats" at least twice a year, and care is taken that proper medical treatment shall be provided in each case. The experiment is a novel one, and must be watched with much curiosity. Sanguine hopes of its efficacy are entertained, and we have a belief that they are not likely to prove illusory.

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A GERMAN has invented an "indestructible" boot-sole; it is made out of waterproof glue and quartz He states that the wearer can walk safely in slippery ways. This clearly shows the different effects of an outward or inward application of quartz.

# CARDINAL MANNING AND THE WORKINGMEN.

A DEPUTATION of sixteen men, representing 12,000 unemployed laboring men of London, lately waited upon his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, to consult with him in relation to the distressed condition of the working classes.

After listening to the accounts of distress given by delegates from St. Luke's, St. George's in the East, Drury Lane, Chelsea, Norwood, Penge, and Notting Hill districts, his Eminence said to one of the delegates: —

Well, Mr. Kenny, when you began the Laborers' Association you came to me, and I remember hearing your case and saying that I thought it necessary for you; because if the skilled artisans have their associations, it is quite clear that you, as laborers, must have yours too; because when anything happens to the skilled artisans, — the bricklayers, for instance, — it immediately affects all of you; and if you have not got some union of your own to fall back upon, every time they strike you are thrown out. Therefore, I fully approved of your forming your society, and though it is now many years since you first spoke to me about it, I have the same interest in you, and the same opinion about it; and I am very glad to hear that it has increased in numbers, and that it is still steady in its operation, because I think it is quite necessary for you. I have watched the papers about the strikes which have taken place; and I quite admit that every man has a right to say whether or no he will work at a certain rate of wages. I don't deny that, because a man's labor and a man's skill is his own property, and he has a right to say whether he will or will not work for a certain amount of wages; but I must say that my firm conviction is, that no greater misfortune has happened to this country than the prevalence of strikes. I do not know what you think about it; but my conviction is that the strikes in every trade — mining, iron, and building — have always tended to make the condition of the laborer and the skilled artisan doubtful, and in a worse position. That is my belief; and, looking at the statement which Mr. Bevan has prepared respecting strikes, the number of instances in which the laborers have succeeded is very small. I myself am of opinion, indeed, that strikes have been doing us harm; though I do not, of course, deny that a man has a perfect right to decide whether or not he will work for a certain price. But there is another thing which I must say openly I very much regret; and that is, that men who are willing to work are hindered from working by combination. Because if I am right in what I say, that a man should be allowed to work or not at a given price, I do not think any one ought to come to him and say, You must not do it, because that is taking his liberty from him. I fear that we have got into some difficulty through this. I do not know whether you have seen a report prepared by the American consuls in England, comparing the relative value of the factory labor in England with that of the United States; because I think it is worth while for you to consider it. The American consuls here have reported to their government, and the American government have published the report, which has now come over here. It shows that the value of the factory labor in the United States is greater by one sixth than the factory labor in England, and the two reasons given for this result are, (1) prevalence of drink, which makes one day's labor out of six useless; and (2) that the prevalence of strikes has so disturbed labor in England, and has so frightened capitalists and driven them away, that employment in consequence is considerably disturbed. Well, I give this as the opinion of competent men, which has been examined by the American government and considered to be a reasonable report. My own belief is that there is a great deal of truth in it. There was a town in France which was once thriving as a manufacturing town until the factory hands began to be disorderly; and that so frightened the capitalists that they left and established themselves elsewhere, and the industry of the town departed; and in the account which is written of it the writer said, The truth is, capital is like a fish: if you are quiet you will catch it; but if you frighten the fish, like capital, it will go away. I mention this because I think we must look close into our labor, and see what there is that hinders this provision which you are endeavoring to make for yourselves. Well, now you have come to me to-night, tell me what I can do. I will not make any promises; because I do not like promising what I may not afterwards do. But tell me anything which it is in my power to do, and I will think it over, and if it is possible for me to do it, I shall be most happy to help you.

### SAVE THE PENNIES.

His Eminence then, in urging upon the delegates the advantages of thrift, said: I had a conversation the other day with Mr. Bartley, who is the manager of the penny banks. I do not know whether you know anything about them, or have put anything into them; but I would say, do so. If you begin by opening an account, and put in a penny, you will go on with it, and by doing so you will provide for yourselves without feeling what you are doing. This can be done by drinking sparingly, although he did not for a moment mean to say that any present were addicted to drinking too much; but if the spare pence were only put by, both you and your families in the course of a year or two would have something to fall back upon in case of need. The other day, when I was at Birkenhead, one of our priests told me that a workingman came to him and put £100 on his table, saying, "That is yours"; explaining that he had been induced by the priest to take the pledge, and that as he had saved that amount, it properly belonged to the priest. The priest said, however, "I cannot do that, but I will tell you what I will do"; and he put it into a bank and sent the poor man the banker's pass-book for the amount. So you see what a man can do if he puts a strong hand on himself. I do not think any of you take too much; I will suppose that you act as sober men and only take that which is necessary for you. I believe men really think beer is necessary for them, but I am of opinion that if you were to try and do without it, you would find as the navies on the Great Western Railway did: the best hands — the men that did double the work in the same time — were the men that never touched anything; and I am sure of this from my own experience, that when you have once got into the habit of doing without it, you will find that you do not need it, and that it has been a mistake on your part all the time to think you did. Therefore, if any man has the manhood to say, I will not touch it, and I will put into the penny bank everything I would otherwise spend that way, he will find that he is doing a great deal of good, and find more to his credit at the end of the year than he would have supposed; because it bears interest which goes on swelling the amount. You know you have come here to tell me a great many things, and I think it only right and fair for me to tell you one. I have seen so many men happy, poor wives happy, and poor children made happy by this, that I cannot help advising you all to adopt the same course. It is a mistake to suppose that drink is necessary either for warming or for cooling purposes, because there are men who have been to the north pole, in the extreme cold, and also to India, in the intense heat, who have been total abstainers; and many iron puddlers, working at the most horrible of all work, do the same. But to you men who work hard from morning to night, who wear out your strength by labor, and who have got the opportunity of drink within your arms' reach, and are tempted and taunted, any one of you who stands up against it is heroic, and has the strength and mind of a man, and, I am sure, will experience a great deal of happiness by it in the end. Self-control is even before self-reliance, and a man that can control himself can rely on himself. I must not, however, say any more, or else you will think that I am preaching you a sermon. All I will say, however, in conclusion, is that if at any time in the future you have anything to say to me, pray come again.

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### STRIKE AMONG LAWYERS.

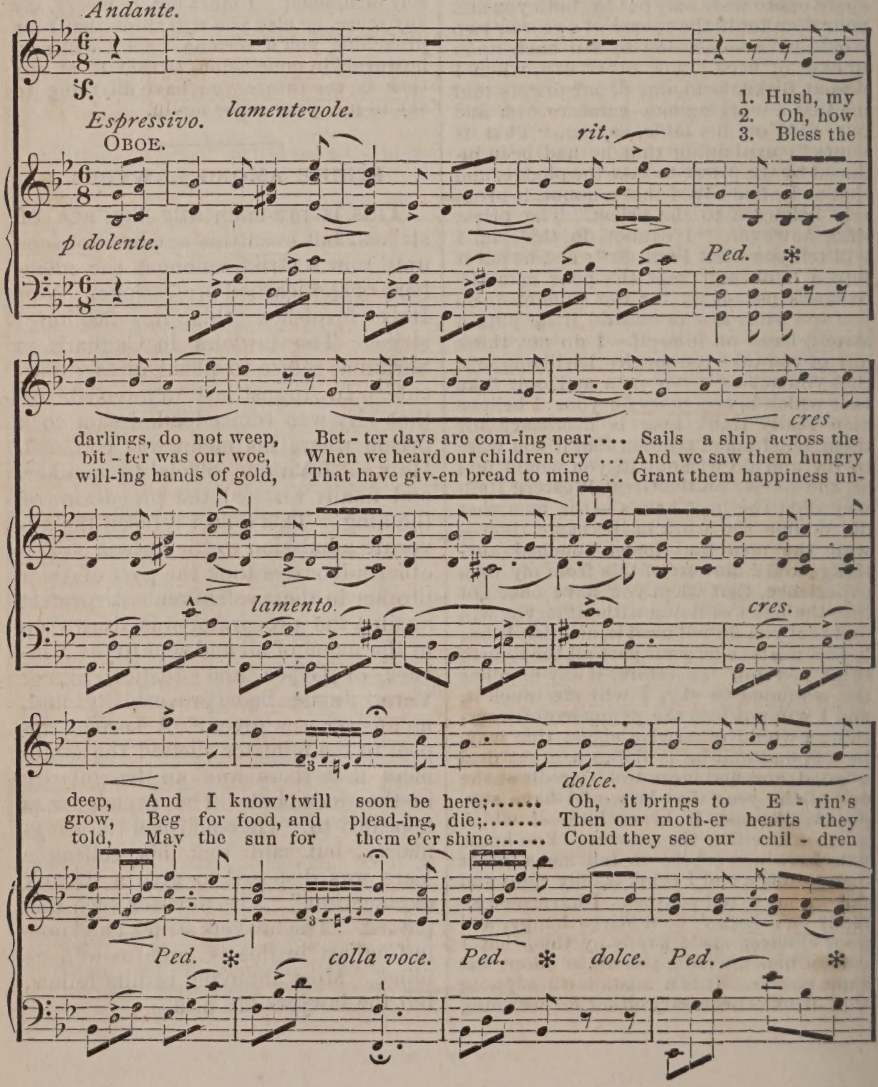
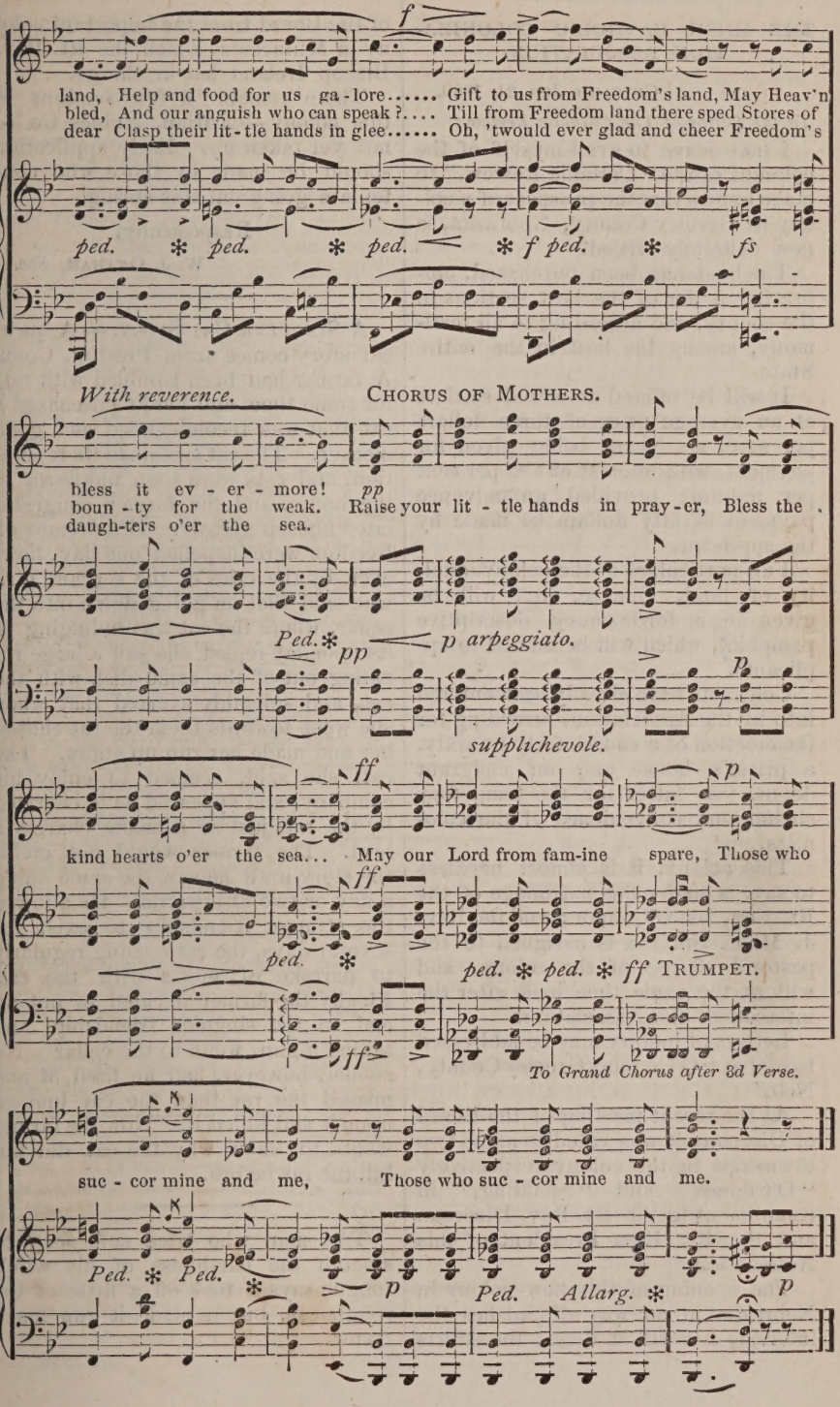
This is pre-eminently the age of strikes, but even this age has not seen until now a strike amongst the members of the learned professions. New Italy furnishes this new-fashioned strike. The lawyers in Cagliari, in Sardinia, refuse to plead or to prosecute. In August last an advocate of that city was refused admission to a prison where his client was confined. He went from one official to another, and finally reached the procurator of the king. This officer refused the advocate admission to the prison. The other advocates took the part of their brother in the profession. A protest against the procurator was drawn up in the name of all and sent to the Minister of Grace and Justice, Signor Vare. Justice being proverbially blind, no answer was given. A second appeal to the minister elicited the statement that there was an irregularity in the document. The premier was appealed to. He confirmed the irregularity, but said that his colleague Vare was disposed to give a "frank explanation." The time for such was passed. The lawyers struck; and now in Cagliari justice is lame as well as blind. Most annoying results follow, but the lawyers are firm.

# "HUSH, MY DARLINGS, DO NOT WEEP."

Poetry is very near to the Irish nature, and the poet who, viewing the efforts of America to relieve Irish distress, composes a song of gratitude from Irish lips does not miscalculate in making it fervent and pathetic. The pangs of the mother at sight of her children's agony is by common consent the type of human suffering the most acute. She dissembles her grief to cheer them, even though the outlook to her vision is of the gloomiest. But when she hears that in a far, free land over the sea—the home and refuge of her kindred—a great and pitying people have seen into the bottom of her grief, and are hurrying help to her, a song of gratitude would rise to her lips from her very heart. It is this heart song of an Irish mother which Mr. John Keynton has translated into words, and to which two composers have fitted graceful music. The first arrangement, by Mr. Charles Pratt, is published by Spear & Dehnhoff, No. 717 Broadway, and has already realized $10 for the starving. The composition which we print below is by Signor Operti, and is published at Saalfield's music store, No. 839 Broadway. The proceeds of both are to go to the "Herald" fund, and both are dedicated to the editor of the "Herald." Copies of each arrangement can be had from the respective publishers at the rate of three copies for $1. The names of all parties purchasing one dollar's worth or over of either of these compositions will be published in the "Herald."

Words by JOHN KEYNTON, Esq. Music by GIUSEPPE OPERTI.

As sung by Mr. GEO. S. WEEKS.


Andante.
f.
Espressivo.
OBOE.
lamentevole.
rit.
1. Hush, my
2. Oh, how
3. Bless the
p dolente.
Ped. *
darlings, do not weep, Bet - ter days are com-ing near.... Sails a ship across the
bit - ter was our woe, When we heard our children cry ... And we saw them hungry
will-ing hands of gold, That have giv-en bread to mine ... Grant them happiness un-
cres
lamento.
cres.
dolce.
deep, And I know 'twill soon be here;..... Oh, it brings to E - rin's
grow, Beg for food, and plead-ing, die;..... Then our moth-er hearts they
told, May the sun for them e'er shine..... Could they see our chil - dren
Ped. * colla voce. Ped. * dolce. Ped. *

f
land, Help and food for us ga - lore..... Gift to us from Freedom's land, May Heav'n
bled, And our anguish who can speak?.... Till from Freedom land there sped Stores of
dear Clasp their lit - tle hands in glee..... Oh, 'twould ever glad and cheer Freedom's
ped. * ped. * ped. * f ped. * fs
With reverence.
CHORUS OF MOTHERS.
bless it ev - er - more!
boun - ty for the weak.
daugh-ters o'er the sea.
pp
Raise your lit - tle hands in pray - er, Bless the
Ped. * pp
p arpeggiato.
supplichevole.
ff
p
kind hearts o'er the sea... May our Lord from fam-ine spare, Those who
ped. *
ped. * ped. * ff TRUMPET.
To Grand Chorus after 3d Verse.
suc - cor mine and me,
Those who suc - cor mine and me.
Ped. * Ped. *
p
Ped.
Allarg. *
p

## THE IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21, 1880.

*To the Editor of The Catholic Review:*

I take leave to avail myself of the columns of the "Catholic Review," to make known that the prospect of a colony in Greeley County, Nebraska, is now definitely settled.

The land has been purchased, embracing a tier of the best sections in the county, and according to all testimony, among the best in the entire State.

It will be offered to actual settlers at an average price of three dollars per acre, six years being given for payment, with interest at six per cent per annum; provided an advance payment of fifty dollars be made by the applicant.

Full particulars of the colony, quality of land, climate, etc., will be given in a forthcoming descriptive pamphlet, which will be mailed to applicants.

Contracts have already been entered into by the Association, providing for the erection of a church forty by sixty, a priest's house and an emigrant depot, this latter for the temporary shelter and convenience of the colonists.

This colony, it is almost needless to say, is under the patronage of the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor; and the Rev. J. M. J. Smythe is assigned to the pastoral charge of the colony, and will at the same time look after the interests of the Association.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to him at "O'Connor, Greeley County, Neb."

At the recent meeting of the Board of Directors it was voted to name two townships in the colony respectively "O'Connor" and "Spalding," in compliment to the Rt. Rev. Diocesan and the Rt. Rev. President of this Association.

The opening of this new colony in Nebraska in no way diminishes the interest, nor will it divert the efforts of the Board from the important colony in Minnesota, which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland has in charge.

There remain a few sections in this colony — Adrian, Nobles Co. — not yet taken up. Early application should be made by those who conteplate going out this spring.

Respectfully,

W. J. ONAHAN, *Sec.*

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A SINGULAR CAT STORY. — A queer cat story comes from Preston, Conn. A farmer had been troubled with rats for some time, and finally purchased a cat that was recommended as a good mouser. The cat sustained its reputation, and rats were soon unknown in the house, and the farmer congratulated himself greatly. His dreams of freedom were dispelled one day, however, by the cries of the servant girl, who said that on going down into the cellar, where the cat was indulging in its noonday repast, she saw a large rat eating out of the same dish with the cat, and solemnly averred that when she went towards them the rat chased her and made her run up stairs. The cat, she said, seemed to enjoy his company, and appeared as if charmed by the rat, just as a snake charms a bird. The farmer would not credit the story until he saw the same thing a day or two afterwards. He allowed the strange friendship to exist for several days, the rat coming regularly to partake of meals with the cat. Finally the farmer decided to put an end to the singular friendship, and taking a gun, went to the cellar. No sooner, however, had he fired at and missed the rat than the cat jumped upon it and killed it. Now the farmer wants to know why the cat did not kill the rat before.

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THE man who tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue says it took off a little of the roughness, but it made it run much faster.

# LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

## CHAPTER VII.

TERMON-DABHEOC — SUCCESSORS OF ST. DABHEOC — ST. BRIGID — ANCIENT ROADWAY TO LOUGH DERG.

THE patrimony devoted by our pious ancestors towards the use and support of the religious foundation on Lough Derg was known for many ages under the name of Termon-Dabheoc. In time this name extended itself to the entire parish in which Lough Derg is situated; hence in a list of parishes of the diocese of Clogher, together with their taxation, received into the Exchequer in the sixteenth year of Edward II. (1323), Termondaveog is set down as one of the churches in the decanate of *Logherny* (*i. e.*, Lough Erne), now the deanery of Enniskillen. For the last four centuries, however, these church lands are called Termon-Magrath, after the family that became hereditary termoners, or guardians, of this sanctuary and its possessions.

These termon-lands are very extensive, and their rental at the present day is said to reach the sum of £5,000. The limits of this ecclesiastical property were originally marked by termon crosses; and vestiges of these crosses and other termon marks are still discernible. Relative to termon crosses, Dr. Lanigan writes (Vol. IV., p. 386): "We find some canons relative to ecclesiastical lands, or tracts, called *Terminus*, and their boundaries or marks. 'Let the *terminus* of a holy place have marks about it. Wherever you find the sign of the Cross of Christ, do not do any injury.' Three persons consecrate a *terminus* of a holy place, a king, a bishop, and the people.' It appears that crosses might be erected in such holy places, and that this might have been done by either a king, a bishop, or the people."

Though these termon-lands did not possess the right of sanctuary, strictly so called, the same as churches and religious houses, yet they were favored with different immunities and privileges, such as freedom from impost of taxes by the civil authorities, etc.

Of Termon-Dabheoc the following entries are to be found in the "Annals of the Four Masters": "A. D. 1196. The son of Blosky O'Currin plundered Termon-Daveog; but in a month afterwards he himself was slain, and his people were dreadfully slaughtered, through the miracles of God and St. Daveog."

"1345. Nicholas Magrath, coarb of Termon-Daveog, died."

"1395. Donnell, *i. e.* O'Muldoon of Lurg, was treacherously taken prisoner by the sons of Art Maguire at Termon-Daveog, and delivered up as a captive to O'Donnell."

"1440. Magrath, Mathew, son of Marcus, coarb of Termon-Daveog, died; and John Boy was elected in his stead."

"1469. John Boy, the son of John More Magrath, coarb of Termon-Daveog, died; and Dermott, the son of Marcus, son of Maurice Magrath, was made coarb in his place."

"1496. Con O'Donnell, with the forces of Tyrconnell, Inishowen, and Dartry-MacClancy, turned in pursuit of Hugh and Maguire, and followed them to Termon-Daveog. Magrath, *i. e.*, Rory, the son of Dermott, son of Marcus, coarb of that termon, came to them and warned Con and the Kinel-Connell not to violate his protection, or the protection of the termon, by attacking Maguire."

"1562. Magrath, of Termon-Daveog, died."

According to the Rev John O'Hanlon, in his "Life of St. Malachy O'Morgair," the "Coarb was the vicar, a legal representative of the patron saint or founder of the church; but the word *comorbha* is not exclusively ecclesiastical, for in the ancient laws of Erin it meant the heir or conservator of the inheritance, and it is in the latter sense it is always used in our ecclesiastical writings. There was an understood original compact, recognized

by the Brehon laws, which vested the coarbship of the church and its lands in two families; namely, in that of the patron saint or founder, and in that of the person who gave the original site and endowment" From this it is clear that the Magraths, so long coarbs of this termon, were quite distinct from the prior and community of Lough Derg; and that it was not even necessary, by virtue of their office, that they should be ecclesiastics.

Whether St. Molaisre of Devenish had lived for any period at Lough Derg we have no means of finding out. At any rate, it is most probable that he paid frequent visits to it; and in the supposition that he followed the rule of St. Dabheoc, and that both houses were sister communities, he may have actually resided for some time at Lough Derg, for the purpose of following the course of penance there practised by St. Patrick, and after him by St. Dabheoc. St. Molaisre is yet the titular saint of one of the seven cells or little oratories on Station Island. Two of these cells or "beds" are so closely connected together as to give the appearance of forming but the same "bed." They are known to the pilgrims as the "big bed"; and they are dedicated to SS. Dabheoc and Molaisre, very forcibly suggesting the fraternity and close relationship which existed between these two saints and their respective foundations.

In the southern gable of St. Patrick's Church may be seen four inscribed stones, which were previously lying about Station Island, till the Revs. James and John M'Kenna, during the summer of 1860, had them carefully placed in their present position. Three of these inscribed stones belong to the last century; one of them being the date-stone of a little church erected here by Friar Anthony O'Doherty, of the order of St. Francis, the other two having been placed at oratories or "beds" of titular saints of the place. To the fourth inscribed stone, as also an inscription on a corbel-shaped holy-water font still preserved on the island, I shall refer at some length hereafter.

Now, one of the inscribed stones referred to goes to show the veneration in which St. Molaisre was held at Lough Derg. The inscription is as follows: —

"I. H. S.
St. Patrick and St. Blosses,*
Pray for us.
P. F. Mc'GRATH."

It is difficult to say, with any degree of certainty, who was the immediate successor of St. Dabheoc over the community on Saints' Island. Indeed the records regarding Lough Derg for about five centuries after St. Dabheoc are exceedingly meagre; an entry in the "Annals of the Four Masters," a few notices in our Martyrologies, with some dim traditions, being almost all we have to aid us (if we except some ancient inscriptions and other objects of archeological interest, to which we attach the greatest historical importance) in unravelling the mystery which surrounds Lough Derg during the early centuries of Christian Ireland.

That our early writers have not made frequent and fuller reference to Lough Derg is not to be wondered at, for it was regarded to some extent as a place of private devotion and penance; and since this practice was only in keeping with the general spirit and discipline of the early Irish Church, it appeared in no way uncommon or extraordinary, and hence it failed to attract the notice of our annalists and historians, except in a very passing way.

In the "Annals of the Four Masters," under the year 721, we find reference to another abbot of Lough Derg in the following concise entry: —

"A. D. 721. Cillene of Lough Derg died."

Now in the "Martyrology of Tallagh" we find no less than thirteen saints of that name mentioned; some of them having their names merely re-

* Blosses is evidently a corrupt form of Molaisre.

corded, others with their dignity, rank, and place of residence annexed; one of the latter, by the way, being no less a dignitary than "Bishop of Tehallen." I consider it extremely probable that the St. Cillene who died at Lough Derg in 721, is the same as St. Cillene recorded in the "Martyrology of Tallagh" under January the 8th, as "Cillene, Abbot."

Another of the inscribed stones in the gable of St. Patrick's Church, commonly called the "Prison Chapel," on Station Island, has the following inscription:—

"I. H. S.
St. Avil, pray for us.
P. F. Mc'GRATH.
*Hic fieri fecit.*
1753."

I think we may fairly conjecture that St. Avil was abbot on Lough Derg, and one of St. Dabheoc's successors. In the "Martyrology of Tallagh," under the 22d of April, we meet with the following entry: "Abel Mac'Aedha, *potius* Adam."

Now it seems highly probable that this Abel Mac'Hugh and St. Avil designated one and the same individual. Besides, Aedh, or Hugh, is the same name as Dabheoc, when divested of its adjuncts *do* and *oc;* so that in this way the entry in the Martyrology may be taken to mean,—Abel Mac'Hugh, *i. e.*, Avil the spiritual child, the dear disciple and successor of Hugh, *alias* Dabheoc. St. Avil is still held in veneration at Lough Derg; and to him was dedicated one of the penitential circles, or beds, on Station Island, according to the authority of a little handbook, which for many years past was almost the only guide to the devotional exercises of this pilgrimage, but which was so imperfect and faulty as to excite our wonder that it was not long since superseded.

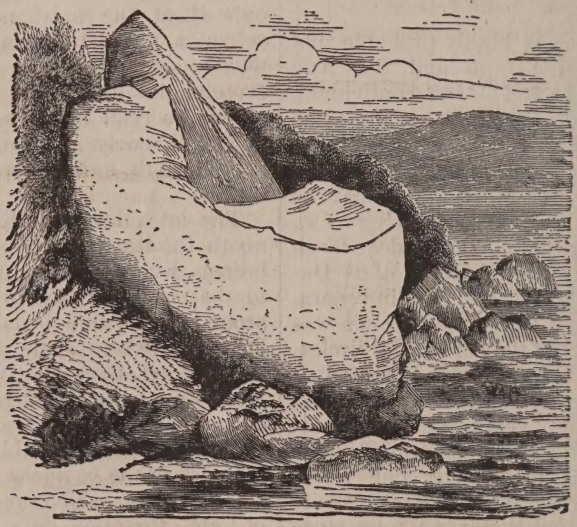
A St. Fintan would appear to have been numbered among the saints of Lough Derg. One of its islands (which of them we have no means of finding out) had been dedicated to him, and commonly passed under the cognomen of St. Fintan's Island. Whether this was the same as St. Fintan of Clonenagh we cannot determine. By looking into the festilogies of Irish saints, we find that St. Fintan is a very common name, there being no fewer than seventeen saints of that name recorded in the "Martyrology of Tallagh." We know that St. Fintan of Clonenagh passed his novitiate under St. Columba, son of Crimthan, who had a school at Tyrdoglass, near Lough Derg on the Shannon. It may have been, indeed, that the similarity in the names of these lakes may have given rise to a mistake. Here at St. Fintan's monastery at Clonenagh were "seven churches," which were first brought under notice by the Rev. John O'Hanlon. At Lough Derg in Donegal were also "seven churches," and they are represented at the present day by seven oratories, or penal beds, dedicated to seven of the tutelary saints of the pilgrimage. This mysterious heptarchate of churches appears to have existed at the most notable of the religious foundations in Ireland, and would seem to have been a very favorite institution in our country. Hence we read of the seven churches of Clonmacnoise, of Torry Island, of Glendalough, not to speak of many others.

The late Rev. Dr. Kelly, of Maynooth, the learned annotator of "Cambrensis Eversus," tells us in his notes to that work: "As to the stations around the penal beds" (at Lough Derg), "where little churches formerly stood, the reader will find much interesting in formation regarding analogous institutions in the Bollandists, namely, stations established by St. Gregory in the basilicas and cemeteries of Rome, which were frequented in Lent, Rogation days, and the four great festivals of our Lord."

As to when the number of cells or oratories at Lough Derg was increased to seven, I cannot say. It is probable they were not established until after the Augustinian Canons had taken possession of the place in the

twelfth century; perhaps not, indeed, till the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In the "Martyrology of Donegal" (edited by Drs. Todd and Reeves), we find the following statement, which has reference to the question under consideration, under the heading of *Purgatorium Sti. Patricii:* "There are *five* beds of hard penance there, round which the pilgrims go,—the Bed of Patrick, of Columcille, of Brigid, of Adamnan, and of Dabeog. This is the testimony of Ferghal. But the $b^{e}$ $m^{l}$ *says that he saw *two* beds there, viz., Patrick's and Colum's—forty-eight [hours] without food, without drink—nine days there altogether. A pilgrimage during the day and prayers. The baking of bread must be without salt. Loch-Gerc is its name."

That special devotion was always paid to St. Brigid at Lough Derg no one can doubt. Her cross, her bed of penance, and her chair are lasting mementos of this devotion. At the southeastern corner of St. Patrick's Church on Station Island, on a large freestone block inserted in the wall, a cross of the Roman model is deeply inscribed. This is known as "St. Brigid's Cross." At what date this cross was cut it is impossible to say; but from its style, and close resemblance to similar inscribed crosses at Clomacnoise, we may infer that it is a work of the twelfth century, if not of an earlier period. At this cross the pilgrims go through a very solemn and impressive ceremony. After repeating certain prayers on bended knees before it they arise, and with outstretched arms in front of it, but looking towards the lake, they thrice repeat, "I renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh." One of the seven circles or beds on the island is also dedicated to the "Veiled Nun of Kildare," and is called "St. Brigid's Bed."



St. Brigid's Chair.

At the southern shore of the lake, just at the water's edge, a massive detached block of stone will attract the notice of the visitor. Here can be had a good view both of Saints' Island and Station Island, together with the expansive sheet of water of Lower Lough Derg. A more solitary

* Some writer whose name I have not been able to make out.

spot, and withal more suggestive of soothing thoughts and devout meditation, could hardly be found. This large stone presents beyond question the outline and appearance of a high-backed chair. The surface of the seat, and also of the back of the chair, is pretty smooth. The seat is slightly concave and reclining backwards. The best view of the "chair" presents itself as you approach within a few oars' distance of it. It is called by the people of the neighborhood "St. Brigid's Chair" to this day.

In that full and circumstantial account of her life written by Father O'Hanlon, in the second volume of his "Lives of the Irish Saints," we find that St. Brigid visited many of the holy places throughout Ireland. And though we have no authoritative evidence as to her visit to this locality, on the other hand we have no reason to deny that, attracted by the austere life practised here by St. Dabheoc, she paid a visit to his retreat; and, after the fatigues of her journey, rested her weary limbs on this stone seat, and from it took a survey of the island hermitage of St. Dabheoc.

As St. Brigid died about the year 52[illegible], it must have been during the time the Cambrian St. Dabheoc presided over the religious establishment on Lough Derg, that she visited the place. The place selected by this holy virgin to view this penitential retreat was singularly favorable. The death-like solitude and stillness on all sides, interrupted only by the occasional whir of the moorfowl through the heath on the adjoining mountain, the fitful gust of the breezes over the lake, or the beating of the waves against the "Chair" and along the rocky shore in its vicinity, are calculated to impress on the mind deep and abiding recollections of the "Lake of Penance."

A little to the east of the chair, and bordering on the shore of the lake, may be seen a spa well largely impregnated with iron. This well is marked on the Ordnance Map of the place.

To the west of St. Brigid's Chair, and about two furlongs from the shore of the lake, but somewhat farther from the chair, is situated, on the very summit of a mountain, a carn-shaped eminence, on the summit of which is St. Dabheoc's Seat, which has been already described in this work.

Writing on Templecarn churchyard we have already seen that the ancient roadway to Lough Derg passed by this old churchyard. And so it did. This ancient road, called by O'Donovan a *via strata*, is given on the Ordnance Survey Map of the place. At the present day it is very difficult to trace the course of this road, owing to the fact that it has been disused for at least between two and three hundred years; during this time heath and bog having accumulated over it where it led through the mountains, and, where it wound its course along the western shore of the lake, the waves having more effectually destroyed every trace of it. Traces of this roadway may yet be descried over the summit of Portneillinwore hill (which is convenient to Saints' Island), also in a few places along the shore of the lake, particularly at Portereevy Bay, where it quitted the lake and led on through a mountain valley towards Templecarn and Pettigoe. I have been told that at certain parts of this roadway, where the overlying bog has been cut away, large stepping-stones, arranged in regular order, have been brought to light, which leaves us to conjecture that these were hollow parts of the roads that may have been partly flooded.

I have also learned that where this roadway led through the tortuous defiles of the mountains between Pettigoe and Portereevy, the pedestal of an ancient wayside cross may yet be seen; and that the ground immediately surrounding this pedestal is closely paved with stones which are worn smooth; the supposition being that the pilgrims here knelt and offered up a votive prayer either on approaching or quitting the island.

Towards the southwestern extremity of Saints' Island, a narrow neck of water separates the island from the mainland; and here, during the time the monastery stood on Saints' Island, a bridge formed of oaken beams, and resting on stone piers, connected the island with the mainland. Of this bridge, Dr. O'Donovan writes in his "Donegal Letters": "The neck of Seeavoc was anciently connected with Saints' Island by a wooded bridge, supported by stone pillars, a part of which may yet be seen when the water is clear. This bridge served the purpose of the present money-making ferry-boat, and was crossed *gratis*." An embankment of stones extended out into the shallow water on either side, while a bridge of beams spanned the deep stream that flows in the centre of this channel, and that here connects the upper with the lower lake. Remains of these piers and of the *tochar* or causeway leading from them are still to be seen; but of the bridge of beams there is not a vestige left.

Mr. Wakeman, in his "Antiquities of Devenish," says that Devenish was in former times connected with the mainland by a similar *tochar* or causeway; some remains of the stone piers which extended into the water at the eastern shore of the island, and the place of landing opposite, being yet apparent. And the same learned writer says that some remains of the oaken piles which supported a bridge of this sort are still discernible between Inishmacsaint and the mainland.

It is clear, as we have seen, that a paved way or *bothar* led in former times across Portneillinwore hill, along the shore of the lake through Seeavoc, and on to the southern bay of the lake, called Portcreevy.

After the destruction of the establishment on Saints' Island in the seventeenth century, and the removal of the pilgrimage to Station Island, it seems most probable that Portcreevy (*i. e.*, the bushy harbor, a name which it still merits by reason of the number of trees and bushes to be seen growing there) was used as the place of embarkation for Station Island. It would seem that the modern roadway was soon after established; for it not only is the more convenient, direct and shorter route from Pettigoe, but also the lake passage from the present ferry-house is fully but half the distance as that from Portcreevy to Station Island. On these grounds we may surmise that Portcreevy was not long used as a point of embarkation, and, in consequence, when Portcreevy was given up, the ancient roadway itself became disused.

To return to the point at which I diverted: this ancient roadway, after leaving Portcreevy, proceeded through the rugged defiles of the mountains past Templecarn on to the wooded and fertile banks of Lough Erne. From this road, we may suppose, a branch path turned off to Inishmacsaint; while the main way led on to Devenish, "Devenish of the Assemblies" having been then the chief centre and emporium, so to say, of Fermanagh. Lough Erne having been then and for many ages the highroad and thoroughfare of a great portion of the Northwest of Ireland, the monks and pilgrims sailed over its waters by cot or currach towards Devenish, on their destination for the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Purgatory: —

"With footsteps strong, and bosom brave,
Looking for that mysterious cave,
Where the pitying heavens will show
How my salvation I may gain,
By bearing in this life the purgatorial pain."*

*To be continued.*

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FLOUR, like milk, though not so much so, is affected by bad odors of any kind, which it readily absorbs. Hence it should never be kept where vegetables, onions, etc., or fish, and such odorous things are stored. Flour should always be kept in a sweet, dry, cool, and airy room.

* From Denis Florence MacCarthy's translation of Calderon's *Purgatorio de San Patricio.*

# IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

## THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASSWORDS.

### CHAPTER V.

#### IRRELIGION OF FREEMASONRY.

"Freemasonry should be condemned," said O'Connell, "for its irreligious use of holy things as symbols, and for its frequent and blasphemous oaths, if for nothing else."

THE system of Freemasonry we shall treat as a whole in the coming chapter The basis of Freemasonry is the principle of doing away with the "worm-eaten" fabrics of priestly and kingly rule, and of forming of the world one vast human family, — one vast Masonic Lodge, — one vast temple of reform, erected by the sons of Solomon. Defined religion is the first object of its antipathy. Strike at the altar first, as the Knight Kadosh strikes at the Papal tiara, and the throne will soon follow. Some of the remarks and declarations of Freemasons, to which I am about to draw your attention, are taken from the sayings and doings of foreign Masons, some from those at home. Our chapter on Connection will have proved that they are, as the Scottish Ritual says, "One body, one in origin, and one in aim." The foreign Freemasons use opportunities of being boldly and publicly irreligious, which they dare not use in these countries; and British Freemasons uphold and indorse their sentiments. Every Christian believes, or should believe, that true religion is the essential and absolute foundation of every man's welfare, and consequently of society in general. He who strikes at the roots of religion strikes at the roots of order and social well-being, and is an enemy to the welfare of man and of society. The Freemason does so. He is, therefore, as a Freemason, the enemy of man and of society. Any organization or association which is fundamentally hostile to religion is undoubtedly opposed to the true interests and happiness of mankind, and the order and well-being of society. In this chapter I shall prove Freemasonry to be such a society and of such an organization. Let the Masonic Lord Chief Governor of Ireland, then, and the Masonic Lord Judges of Ireland, and the Masonic Magistrates, and the Masonic Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and Town Councillors, and Poor Law Guardians, and paid official guardians of Irish society and Irish welfare, disprove my proposition, or abandon a society and organization which is, from its very nature and existence, sapping the foundations of our social edifice. I shall prove the irreligious character of Freemasonry from its oaths and ceremonies, from its practices, and from its principles, as expressed by Masons in their own official documents and deeds; and from their public Masonic demonstrations.

We shall begin with the irreligious character of their oaths and ceremonies, especially their use of the Bible in those ceremonies.

All Christians will admit that the Bible is the true, real, and lasting foundation of all religion. In the Bible we have God's photograph of God. In it He gives us, through inspired writers, an account, suited to our blind and limited human understanding, of Himself, His nature, and His attributes. He gives us an account of our own origin, our own nature, our destiny, our fall, our redemption. The contending and opposing elements of our once noble but now fallen nature puzzled the philosophers of antiquity; and the greatest Columbus of pagan philosophy said that it so mystified him that the only solution to the problem that he could find was that our nature had at some time, somehow, and somewhere, come to a great fall. The very third chapter of the Bible might have told him so in a few verses.

Through the Bible, God Himself speaks to us, — in the Garden of Paradise, amidst the waters of the Deluge,

from the window of the Ark, and in the rainbow of Noah. He speaks to us from the Tower of Babel, and through the fire and brimstone of Sodom and Gomorrah. He speaks to us in the plagues of Egypt, by the rod of Moses, from the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire, above the roar of the waters of the Red Sea, and the thunders and lightning of Mount Sinai. He teaches us in that Bible, by the mouth of the patriarchs, judges, lawgivers, and prophets of the Old Law. In the New Law, Christ, the Eternal Son of God, the Incarnate wisdom of the Eternal Father, teaches us through that same Bible, from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to the banks of the Jordan, from the Jordan to the Mount, from the Mount to the sea of Galilee, from the sea of Galilee through the towns of Judæa, from the supper-room to the Garden of Gethsemane, from Gethsemane to Calvary, from Calvary to Olivet, and from Olivet to heaven, whence He teaches us through the Bible, in the divinely inspired and authentic record of His life, His death, His love, His justice, His law, and His doctrine. And this Holy Book, this sacred record of God and man from Creation to Apocalypse, is made a symbol and a toy in the Bacchanalian Lodges of the Free and Accepted Masons. It is put on an equality with the Mason's square and compass, as will be seen from the following facts: —

The Entered Apprentice declares that he has taken the Masonic oath kneeling on his naked left knee, his left hand supporting the Bible, square, and compass; that he demanded light, which he received by the order of the Worshipful Master, and the assistance of the brethren, when he discovered the three great lights of Masonry, the Bible, square, and compass, by the aid of the three lesser lights, three burning tapers, representing the Sun, Moon, and Master of the Lodge. I ask any honest or religiously inclined Mason, could such language as this inspire any young man with respect for the Bible? It is but one of the three great lights of Masonry. It is, according to Masonic ideas, a great light, but so likewise is the compass and square of the working Mason. It may have been some such Masonic alliance and association of the Bible, square, and compass, which suggested to the Imperial Masonic brother of Sedan, the late Napoleon III., the religious idea which he developed in his two-volume work; namely, that Julius Cæsar, his uncle Napoleon Bonaparte, and Christ were the three great characters who had left their mark upon society.

Is this lowering of the Bible to the value of a square or a compass, the view which Masonic Protestant bishops and ministers take of the Holy Book, their sole rule of faith? And, then, it is only by the aid of the three lesser lights of Masonry — the Sun, Moon, and Master of the Lodge — that the Apprentice Mason discovers that Holy Bible.

Let us further consider the use, or rather the abuse and profanation, which Masons of every clime and country throughout the world have made of the Bible. They swear oaths upon it, — unjust oaths, rash and sinful oaths, irreligious oaths, revolutionary oaths, blood-thirsty communistic oaths. Irish and English Freemasons take these oaths once, twice, thrice, three-and-thirty times, according to the number of degrees they have taken, and the light they have received, and the secrets they have learned, in their secret, oath-bound, benevolent, and charitable society. Three-and-thirty secret and sacred oaths on God's Holy Bible to help a brother, or a widow, or an orphan; or to join in eating and drinking a brotherly dinner or supper. Masonic hypocrisy suggests the use of the Bible as the first tool, or rather the footstool or stepping-stone of its spirit of irreligion, just as the Devil quoted and used it to tempt the Redeemer of mankind.

A deadly hatred of Christianity in any definite form, especially the Catholic, as best organized and best calculated to maintain Christian teaching and Christian morals, is the very creed of Freemasonry. The moral code of Freemasonry, as I will prove in this and the following chapters, is liberty for every passion, fraternity for all the goods of nature, common property, and brotherhood in all things, equality, no priests, no kings. We are one in origin, one in descent, one in nature, and therefore we should be one in religion, one in rights, one in social caste and position; in a word, it is the moral code of communism. As the foundation of this Masonic doctrine is, that all men should be one in religion and social rank and property, and all the world become a vast Masonic Lodge, hence, in all their oaths, ceremonies, Lodge lectures, speeches, and writings, they forward their end by striving to uproot Christianity, and foster revolution.

We next come to see how this spirit of irreligion is manifested in their oaths.

An oath is a solemn act of religion by which the creature invokes his Creator to witness from heaven the truth of his assertion or promise. He calls upon that Creator to assist him to keep his promise, and to punish him if his present assertion be untrue, or if in future he violates his promise. It is clear, then, that, in respect to God, an oath should never be taken except for the gravest reasons, and under the most solemn circumstances. The Bible, or God speaking from the Bible, teaches us the sanctity and the solemnity of an oath, and how rarely, and with what respect it should be taken. Christ Himself solemnly warns us about taking false, rash, or frivolous oaths. Now, what are the oaths of Freemasonry? There are thirty-three degrees of Masonry, and each of these thirty-three degrees has a separate and special oath. Each oath is a secret oath, and therefore prohibited by the laws of God and of society.

On the initiation to each degree, Masonry exacts from the candidate admitted an oath to keep secret all the proceedings, plans, aims, and teachings of that degree, not only from those who are not Masons, but even from Masons who belong to an inferior degree. If the secrets, proceedings, aims, and plans of these different degrees are innocent and benevolent, the oath is useless and unnecessary, and hence wrong. If those secrets are not innocent, it is a sacrilegious profanation of the sacred name of God. But can we believe that they are innocent? If Masonry is purely a benevolent society, or a convivial society, where is the necessity for a secret and terrible oath, in order to practise charity and benevolence, or to eat and get respectably drunk together?

Again, if works of benevolence and conviviality are the only objects and occupation of Freemasons, where is the necessity or utility of thirty-three degrees of brethren, each degree having its separate different oath of secrecy, binding them to keep secret, not only from all outsiders, but even from their Masonic brethren of inferior degrees, their works of charity, and their eating and drinking, and this, too, under such penalties as having the throat cut from ear to ear, and the tongue torn out, or having the heart torn out and carried to Jehoshaphat, to become a prey to vultures, or the body severed in two and the bowels burned to ashes and scattered to the winds of heaven; or worse still, that the sins of the dead, out of whose skull the candidate drinks after his blasphemous oath, may fall upon his head? What necessity, for instance, had some of our citizens, whose names are entered in the list in the appendix of this work, for taking three-and-thirty of these irreligious oaths to enable them to help their fellow creatures, or do works of charity, or to eat and drink a good dinner?

Moreover, the acts to which the Mason binds himself by oath are in-

trinsically bad. He swears, under those terrible penalties of which we have already spoken, to obey all superior officers, their orders, passwords, and signs, not knowing who may command him, or what he may be commanded to perform. He swears to prefer a brother Mason in all business contracts and employments, though this may be, and too often is, an act of gross injustice. Many a contractor or candidate for a situation, or old, well-tried bank or railway clerk, knows and feels to his cost the injustice of the Masonic oath, when he sees some young and incompetent man promoted over his head, and that simply and purely because he is a Freemason. Masons likewise swear to give notice to and assist and protect a brother Mason, and extricate him from his difficulties, even should those difficulties be brought on by his own injustice or crimes. If each Freemason is bound by this oath, then every Masonic alderman, or town councillor, or poor-law guardian, or bank governor, railway or public company director, would be obliged to screen, protect, and defend a defaulting Mason who might have made away with public funds intrusted to his care. (Perhaps these facts may explain to the plundered rate-payers of Dublin some late proceedings in public bodies.) Yet, such public officials, by their appointment, election, or salaries, are bound in honor, in conscience, and in justice to defend the public interest and property, which they could not and cannot do without a violation of their Masonic oath. A short time ago I was arguing with a Master Mason against Freemasonry. He could see no wrong in it. I asked him if he had taken such and such oaths. He admitted that he had taken those oaths. "Then," I said, "suppose you were a member of some governing body, — the corporation, for instance, or a poor-law board, or a mendicity fund, — and you learned privately, from some source, that an investigation was threatening a defaulting official who was a Mason, do you not believe that you would be bound by your oath to give him notice, and to help him to escape?" He answered me at once that he did consider he would be bound by his oath to do all in his power to help that defaulting brother Mason. The Masonic oath, therefore, is unjust.

Freemasonry, I hold, is irreligious in the oaths which it imposes on its candidates, — oaths which all must admit are, no matter how innocently taken, at least unnecessary oaths, which, when properly understood, all must admit to be unjust and opposed to the welfare of society.

Freemasonry is irreligious in its symbols and ceremonies.

An altar, from its own nature, is sacred and consecrated to God for prayer and for sacrifice, the highest and most solemn act of religion. In mockery of all true religion, Freemasons in every Lodge use in their midnight orgies an altar, on which they administer their infamous, sacrilegious, and blasphemous oaths, with skulls, and coffins, and cross-bones. A priest is one who is sacred to the Lord, to offer sacrifice for the people, and in the language of Joel the prophet, to stand between the porch and the altar, and cry out, "Spare, O Lord, spare thy people!" whose lips are to carry wisdom, who is the light and the salt of the earth; yet he, too, must be travestied in the Lodges of Masonry: for they have their High Priest to carry out their ceremonies. Is it to mock the priesthood of the Old Law, or the priesthood of the New, or both? Be that as it may, it cannot be done without injury to religion. They have the Ark of the Covenant too; that Ark, so dear to God that He struck Oza dead for daring to put his hand upon it, and fifty thousand Bethsamites for only gazing irreverently upon it. In it they have the rod of Aaron, and a pot of manna, — the bread which came down from heaven. Why make Masonic play-

things of such sacred symbols? Is it to teach religion, or to uproot it from the hearts of the young and the old, this treating such revered objects as mere fables and myths? The Holy Scriptures are quoted and travestied irreligiously and blasphemously in these ceremonies. They have a Burning Bush, and a Mason representing God. The most beautiful and solemn texts of Scripture are desecrated and bandied about in their mummeries; but in a few words I shall set before my readers some of the most striking of those given in a previous chapter,

In the ceremony of each degree, upon the candidate declaring that he desires more light in Masonry, they take the bandage from his eyes, irreligiously and blasphemously quoting the Scripture text, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."*

When the newly initiated Fellow-Craft Mason is about to take his seat in the Lodge, he is addressed in these words: "Brother, you have been admitted into the middle chamber of Solomon's Temple" (in Molesworth Street!) "for the sake of the letter G. It denotes Deity. It also denotes Geometry, the fifth science on which this degree is founded."†

In the Fourth Degree, that of Mark Master, while the Junior Deacon drags the candidate four times round the Lodge by the rope about his waist, the Worshipful Master reads the following Scripture text relating to Christ: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner." (Psalm cxviii. 22.) The degree ends with a ridiculous parody on the parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard. (Matt. xxi. 16.)

In the ceremony of initiation to the Sixth Degree, that of Most Excellent Master, the officers of the Lodge kneel around the Masonic altar whilst the Worshipful Master reads out the Scripture lesson, Psalm xxiii. 3: "Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart? (Only a Freemason, an immaculate Wellington, an honest patriot judge, a model prince.)" As he comes to the words, "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in!" he himself (what a king of glory!) steps into the space left for him by the kneeling brethren. Whilst the candidate is led six times round the Lodge, the Worshipful Master reads Psalm cxx. 11: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand in thy courts, O Jerusalem!" Afterwards the brethren form a procession, double file, and march six times round the Lodge, singing Masonic verses, four of the brethren carrying the Masonic Ark, which they finally deposit on the altar, placing a pot of incense on top of it.

In the Seventh Degree, that of the Royal Arch, the Chapter, or Lodge, is made to represent the Jewish Tabernacle, and a High Priest of their pious body sits in the Sanctum Sanctorum. St. Paul begged pardon for having treated with disrespect the High Priest, pleading that he did not know he was the High Priest, and then quoting God's command, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the Prince of my people." That revered High Priest of the Old Law could enter the Sanctum Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies, only once a year, and that after much prayer and fasting. The Masonic High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter may enter the Sanctuary, or Holy of Holies, in the Molesworth Street Temple of Solomon, at least four times a year.* What a parody of what God held so sacred!

In the Templar's Degree, long passages of the Passion of Christ are read; the candidate drinks wine from a skull, praying that the sins of the being to whom that skull belonged may be heaped upon his head, in addition to his own, as they were on that of the Saviour.

* Ritual. † Ritual, p. 44.

* Rit. p. 94; Cal. p. 126.

The irreligious character of the Degree of Rose Croix, or Knight of the White Eagle and Pelican, caused Frederick, Prince of Orange, second son of William I., king of the Netherlands, to resign his position of National Grand Master. "I am a Christian," said he, "and will ever remain one. Everybody will understand how extremely painful it is for me to be compelled to speak of the abuse made in the Masonic legend of the teaching of my Divine Master. How could I read the story of thy life, O Divine Jesus, and then call this story the Legend of the Degree of the Rosicrucian? Where is the Jew who will venture to deny the crucifixion? and can it be that the brethren of the craft meanwhile regard this death as a parable, and range it with the mass of fictions which are successively set before them?"

And the climax of irreligion is reached when the Knight Kadosh strikes down the Papal tiara with his Masonic war-cry of "Death to religious despotism!"

Under all their ceremonies there is a studied mimicry, a deep and intentional parody on the most solemn ceremonies and truths of religion, so thinly veiled that only a good-natured fool or a deep, designing hypocrite could fail to see and to acknowledge it, as tending to the one point, the uprooting of religion and order.

Is it any wonder that the great O'Connell should pass the censure quoted above? "Freemasonry should be condemned," said he, "for the irreligious use of holy things as symbols, and for its frequent and blasphemous oaths, if for nothing else." The transit from the irreligious buffoonery of the private Lodge to insulting travesty in the public theatre is very short indeed, as a recent fact has proved when Masons considered that they were secure of public opinion, and safe in ridiculing on a public stage Christ, his religion, and his ministry. The facts were as follows: —

On the 6th of last May (1876), the Bishop of Para, Brazil, wrote to Dr. Francisco Maria Correa de Sa e Benevides, the President of the Province, to prevent the performance in the city theatre of a drama entitled "*Os Mason e os Jesuitas*" (The Freemasons and the Jesuits). The president answered the bishop, saying that he had recommended the doctor, the chief of the police, to forbid the performance of the drama called "*The Masons*," should there be in it any allusion odious to the clergy and offensive to religion, according to law. As might be expected, the chief of police found none, and the drama entitled "*The Masons and the Jesuits*" was duly performed. The bishop then wrote to the president the following letter, which was published with the other official documents in No. 63 of a paper of Rio Janeiro, called *O Apostolo*, dated June 7, 1876: —

"ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCELLENT SIR, —I received yesterday from your Excellency, in addition to your despatch of the 7th instant, a report from the chief of police, Dr. Manoel Caldas Barreto, wherein this gentleman assures your Excellency that, having attended the general rehearsal of the drama entitled "*The Masons and the Jesuits*," he finds there no allusion odious to religion or to the clergy, or anything inconvenient which the police ought to forbid.

"Such information has, indeed, surprised me, as from every quarter I receive indications to the contrary. According to what is reported to me, and is deduced also from journals of the sect, the performance in question is most undoubtedly the greatest theatrical scandal that has ever taken place in this province. The chief idea of the drama, the scene of which is laid in Brazil, is to represent Freemasonry as a society quite holy, most moral, professing the true worship of God; and the priest as a barefaced corrupter, a hypocrite, a ruffian, a poisoner, a forger, a thief, an infamous, sacrilegious fellow, who abuses

the confessional for the purpose of seizing legacies, etc. This most wicked priest, who figures in the drama, is not corrected by the bishop, nor by the laws of the church; he is reviled, insulted, ridiculed, and punished by the Freemasons, who come forward, as the pillar of morality and of religion, against an infamous band of wicked men and assassins, organized within the Catholic Church for the purpose of promoting disorder and corruption in families, and the ruin of society, by perpetrating the most hideous crimes.

"This alone, it seems, ought to be sufficient to render this drama utterly insulting to our Church. Will it not, indeed, be doubly offensive to the Roman Catholic Church to proclaim that the Masonic societies, which she condemns and excommunicates, are the excellent defenders of the purest morals, of the most perfect religion, whilst this same Roman Church approves, praises, and maintains in her bosom a most numerous association of ministers devoted to the practice of the most horrible abominations?

"But this is not all. The priest appears in one scene draped in the sacred vestments before an altar, where is seen a sacred image of our crucified Lord Jesus Christ. The comedian, thus vested, parodies before the altar and the sacred image the administration of the sacrament of Matrimony, using the very words employed by our priests in this august act of our religion. The ceremony is interrupted under the pretext that the bridegroom is a Freemason.

"The Freemasons present avail themselves of the circumstance to overwhelm the priest with the most horrible insults, before the altar and the image of the crucified Lord, declaring that they will go and apply to priests that are Freemasons, who are the true ministers of Christ; that Freemasonry it is which teaches true religion and adores the true God, in opposition to these infamous priests, etc.

"One must shut his eyes not to see here a direct attack upon religion, and the justification of profanations and sacrileges which the whole empire has lately been lamenting.

"But it contains a still more horrible parody of the sacrament of Penance. The priest presents himself near the bed of a sick woman to confess her, and in the confession treats of nothing else but of obliging her to make a false will to his own advantage. He poisons her, and as soon as he has obtained possession of the will, he gives her a mocking absolution. A sacrament established by Jesus Christ is thus parodied and ridiculed in the theatre, and represented in a manner the most odious and repulsive, as a source of disorder and corruption to families.

"Is it to be tolerated that the sacraments which we, Catholics, believe to be of Divine institution, should be represented on the stage, even in the most respectful manner?

"Would not our holy religion be offended if the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Communion, Confirmation, etc., were represented or mimicked on the stage boards? Can these acts be parodied by comedians without violation of that profound respect which every civilized people devote to their religion? It is, therefore, astonishing that the gentleman doctor, the chief of the police, should not have seen that the sacraments of Matrimony and Penance are for Catholics as equally of Divine institution as the other sacraments I have just mentioned.

"At last a full Masonic Lodge appears, and is saluted with marks of profound respect by all the pit, which had not risen or shown any marks of reverence before the image of the Crucified! The priest then comes forth, against all rules of probability, merely for the purpose of witnessing all his infamous proceedings unveiled, to assist at the apotheosis of Freemasonry, and receive the vilest affronts from the congregated Masonic brethren.

"In the drama was found, besides, that the same priest was to be arrested, tied up, and flogged; but the worthy chief of the police (Dr. Manoel Caldas Barreto) felt some scruples on this last scene, and ordered the comedians to be content with hissing and expelling the Catholic priest from the Masonic *temple*.

"Such is, excellent sir, the drama, according to the description I have thereof. Your Excellency can ascertain whether I have been deceived, by sending for a copy of that infamous composition: I will then hasten to rectify any mistake that I may have made in this appreciation.

"Saying that a drama where Freemasonry is deified, where an altar and the sacred image of our Lord and Saviour are profaned, where the sacraments established by Jesus Christ are mimicked, where the Masons drag through the greatest ignominies a Catholic priest, has nothing offensive to religion or the clergy, seems to be an effort, as violent as vain, against the reality of facts.

"The 'Liberal do Para' newspaper says as follows: 'When the actors recited the magnificent passages, the words of which express the wishes and aspirations of the modern world, the plaudits were unisonous, vigorous, formidable. One would say that *such clapping had in it something hostile and decided.*'

"Fully justified, therefore, and well founded, are the remonstrances which, privately, as well as officially as a bishop, I had the honor to present to your Excellency. Having the charge to preserve among my flock the sacred deposit of our faith and good morals, it is my right to judge of the orthodox or unorthodox character of the compositions or writings in which religion and its ministers are dealt with.

"Please to accept, excellent sir, the expression of my high consideration.

"(Signed)

"✠ ANTHONY, *Bishop of Para.*"

Freemasons aim:* Firstly, at the destruction of the best organized religious power, namely, the Church of Rome. Secondly, they aim at the destruction of Christianity, and profess to bow only to the rule of the Supreme Spirit, the Grand Architect of the universe. Thirdly, they are atheistical, and throwing off the mask, declare that they do not believe in God, and that they are their "own gods."

Firstly, they hate and aim at the destruction of Catholicity. As a first fact, I may quote from England as home, Irish Masons being only "West Britain" brothers. At the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, in October, 1876, Brother J. C. Parkinson, Grand Deacon of the Lodge, and Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Middlesex, in responding to the toast of "The Rulers of the Craft," said that while he regretted the retirement of the Marquis of Ripon, he confessed he could not share in the *naive* astonishment of some at being told that a Roman Catholic might not continue to fill a leading position in the Craft. *The fact was that the two systems of Romanism and Masonry were not only incompatible, but were radically opposed.** How could this be if Masons, as they say, never meddle in religion? for here is the greatest light of British and Irish Masonry declaring the *radical opposition* of Masonry to a certain religion. Again, at a meeting of the "Great City" Lodge, held at the Cannon Street Terminus Hotel, the present Lord Mayor of London, in response to the toast, "Success to the Great City Lodge," proposed by the same Brother Parkinson, says: "The present time is a most eventful one, and not the less so for the contest raging between darkness and light. Popery and the *Pope himself* are determined to put down freedom and good-will; but this country and the

*Manchester "Guardian," Oct. 8, 1876.

Prince of Wales had determined that light should prevail, and all that was good and graceful and beneficial" (except his debts) "should be put forward, and stand before all mankind."

In 1869 the Freemasons held conventions at Brussels, Naples, and Paris, to prepare and vote a manifesto declaring and affirming the great principles of Freemasonry, in face of the Ecumenical Council, to be held at Rome. The Paris convention was announced by a circular of the Grand Master of the Order, General Millinet, who, under Napoleon III., was at the same time Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris, inviting a general convention of delegates of all the Lodges to prepare this manifesto; and Brother Michelet declared that the Freemason convention would be "the true council which would judge the false one." (And yet Masons, by rule, do not interfere in religion!!)

These words were indorsed by the expressions of the Freemason orator, Brother Hutton, at that meeting in the Cannon Street Hotel to which we have already referred. "It is well known," he said, "that the liberties of the world were threatened, when the Ultramontanes were taking council together, and the broad issue was between the darkness of priestcraft and the intelligence and progress of our nation." * (Yet Freemasonry is merely a benevolent and jovial society, and leaves religion and party spirit outside the Lodge door!) Mauro Macchi, a deputy and member of the Supreme Council of Freemasons, in the "Masonic Review" of February 16, 1874, had already in Italy declared the principle, re-echoed by Brother Hutton in England, when he said that "the keystone of the whole system opposed to Masonry was, and is, that sentiment which carries men beyond the present life, and makes them look on themselves as mere travellers on earth, leading them to sacrifice everything for a happiness to begin in the churchyard. As long as this system is not destroyed by the mallet of Masonry, we shall have society composed of poor, deluded creatures who will sacrifice all to obtain happiness in a future existence."

Freemasonry is opposed to every form of belief, but above all, to that of the Church of Rome; and my Protestant readers must pardon me if I quote from an article which appeared in the "Banhütte," a German Masonic paper, and which proves the truth of the above assertion, whilst it speaks with scorn and contempt of the Protestant religion: —

"Protestantism, unable to extricate itself from that slavish subjection to the letter, as opposed to the spirit, in which it remains hopelessly imbedded, as in a quicksand, and lacking completely all the motive power of a vigorous and progressive intellectual life, has of itself crumbled away into multitudinous sects, all utterly powerless against others, and divided amongst themselves, so that now it can be considered only as a corpse in dissolution. It is not an enemy to oppose us. Our adversary is the Roman Catholic, Papal, Infallible Church, with its compact and universal organization. This is our hereditary, implacable foe. If we are to be true and honest Freemasons and wish to promote our society, we must absolutely cry out with Strauss, 'We are no longer Christians,' we are Freemasons and nothing else. Amateur Freemasons are of no advantage to humanity, and no credit to our society. Christians or Freemasons! make your choice. The present time is not one of compromise. Let us refuse to carry a doubtful banner."

One more quotation on this point, from Brother Babaud Laubière, Grand Master of the French Freemasons, who declares all Catholic teaching dead, Rome, its capital, a dead town, and Freemasonry the irreconcilable adversary of Catholicism: "What is the fundamental doctrine of our adver-

* The "Times," March 22, 1875.

saries?—Infallible teaching. What is their capital?—A dead town." After this fraternal language, he goes on to proclaim Paris to be the capital of Freemasonry and the Vatican of the human race. "Paris," he says, "where ideas boil and purify themselves as in a furnace." These ideas were before proclaimed and applauded by that Grand Orient, established by England. (Probably it was with a view to boiling and purifying their ideas that the Communists set fire to Paris. It is to be hoped that our Molesworth Street friends will not feel called upon to set fire to Dublin for the same benevolent object.)

Secondly, Freemasonry is opposed to all forms of religion, and to Christianity itself.

Of the Masonic use of the Bible in the privacy of their Lodges, we have already spoken; we may now consider some of their declarations with regard to it. "As matters now stand," wrote Brother C. von Shaick, in the official Dutch Masonic Almanac for 1872, "the presence of the Bible on our altar is an empty form. . . . From whatever point of view we regard the Bible, we do not hesitate to declare openly that in our meetings it is out of place once and forever, since the doctrines of humanity are now more prominent, and teach the best way to improve the condition of man."

"However Masons may formerly have regarded the Bible," says another Mason, Brother Krause, "they now, at all events, know how to put it in its proper place. The Masons should be entirely free from all blind adhesion to any defined or definite belief, as Jesus appears to have been," etc. (What will the Bible Society and tract-distributing ladies think of these declarations? They have friends and relations among the Freemasons; and as charity begins at home, would it not be well to take Molesworth Street Hall under their pious wings, as well as the Coombe and Townsend Street Ragged Schools?)

Masonic views of Christianity in general are quite in keeping with Masonic views on the Bible, the foundation of all Christianity.

Bishop Dupanloup, in his pamphlet on Freemasonry, quotes their official declarations, repeated over and over again in their Lodges, by which they pronounce Christianity to be a "lying, bastard" religion, "repudiated by common-sense," "brutalizing," and which must be annihilated. It is "a heap of fables," "a worm-eaten fabric, which must fall for a Masonic Temple to rise" (such as we have the good luck to possess in Molesworth Street).

"It is not the lying religion of the false priests of a Christ which shall guide our footsteps!" * Thus spoke, at the installation of the "Lodge of Hope," the great orator of the Lodge, Brother Comble. According to this exponent of Masonic views, the ministers of the gospel are a body which has undertaken to enchain all progress, stifle all light, and destroy all liberty, in order to reign quietly over a brutalized population of ignorant slaves. (How like the judgment of the Galway Petition Case in 1872!) And I ask, is not this the substance of the usual slang of the Masonic club gentlemen of Dublin in their midnight club meetings? "Il diavolo insegna a far le pentole ma non i coperchi."

"Freemasonry," says Brother Mason Felix Pyat, "with her wonderful organization, may, if she will, replace the Christian Church." (What a help this holy brotherhood would have been to Mr. Gladstone in settling the Irish Church question without commutation or commissioners, who are now so worried by the London Audit Office of the Chancellor, on account of nameless thousands that have been religiously made away with under the craft passwords of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! Does Brother Lawson join in these views of Brother Pyat?)

Where is now the boasted toleration

* M. Neut. C. I. p. 143.

and respectful silence on religion which Freemasons in their white-washed hypocrisy inscribe on the frontispiece of their constitutions, declaring that they exclude all religion and all party spirit,— denying the very foundation of their creed? May they not say with Shakespeare's Richard,—

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil,
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

RICH. III., Act. I. Scene 1.

Was not Voltaire a Freemason, that archenemy of Christ and of social order? And has not Masonry identified itself with his efforts to crush and extinguish that Christ whom, in his Masonic language, he termed "the infamous one"? (Ecrasé l'infame!) Brother John Macé, one of the most eminent of the Masonic body, at a great Masonic dinner at Strasbourg, proposed the toast of Voltaire, in the following words: "To the memory of Brother Voltaire, that indefatigable soldier. All the battles that he fought he gained on our behalf, and for our benefit." And it is a well-known fact that all the Masonic workshops, save one, subscribed to the erection of Voltaire's statue.* "Freemasonry is superior to all articles of faith," says the Grand Master of the French Freemasons, "anterior and superior to all religion." Another Masonic brother writes that "Freemasonry is to give a new impulse to the world." (What a pity that that centre of all light, Molesworth Hall, could not devise a means of making the world go twice as often round the sun, in order to give to the "brutalized" Irish population of "ignorant slaves" a double spring and harvest, to help them to pay their Masonic landlords!)

Freemasonry is opposed not only to all forms of Christianity, but likewise to belief in God.

It has organized confraternities, the members of which formally bind themselves to have neither baptism, nor religious marriage, nor minister of religion by the bed of death. To every Christian the hour of death is a sacred and solemn moment. It is for him the last hour of time and the beginning of eternity. What greater cruelty, what greater climax of irreligion could there be than for the members of any society to interfere at that solemn hour betwen the creature and the Creator, the parting soul and the coming Judge? Is it disbelief in that Creator that prompts such a system, or is it demon malice against the redeemed soul, or demon hatred of God? The Masonic Lodges of Belgium were the first to organize their members into such confraternities. The French and Italian Freemason Lodges soon followed the example. The Tenth Article in the statutes of L'Avenir Lodge, of Paris, is as follows: "Lest the Freethinker" (every fast young man wishes to think "free") "should be prevented at the moment of death by strange influences" (those of his own family) "from fulfilling his obligations towards the Committee, he will give to three of the brothers" (to facilitate their mission in such a case) "a mandate, of which there shall be at least three official copies, giving full authority to these brothers to protest loudly if for any reason whatsoever" (suppose repentance) "his formal will and resolution should be disregarded, to be buried without any kind of religious rite."* This is called the right to die in freedom (le-libre-mourir). Yes, freedom from repentance; freedom from mercy; freedom to die, not as a man with an immortal soul, but as a brute beast. Thus, in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, authority is gained to drive from the Mason's death-bed, father,

* "Monde Maçonnique," p. 25, May, 1867.

* "Monde Maçonnique," t. 19.

mother, wife, sister, child, lest they should breathe in his ear hope, or the consolation of religion, which forgives and forgets the past, and calls the dying sinner to that paradise promised to the penitent of Calvary. By a formal mandate the body of the dying Mason and the corpse of the dead Mason belong to the Craft that he may die a true Mason and be buried a true Mason. This is summed up in the phrase, "dying without weakness." The form of the mandate is, "I wish to die and be buried civilly and Masonically." Such deaths are chronicled as, "He died without a minister of any religion." "He died faithful to his principles, and was buried without a priest." My readers will remember that it was this question of Masonic "Civil Burial" which has occasioned the downfall of the government of France in the greatest crisis of Europe. This single fact proves that the irreligion of Freemasonry in any country can never be harmless; that in any country it may not only cause the downfall of the government, but may be also the occasion of flooding it with torrents of the best blood of its children.

"Freemasonry is above all religions!" says the Venerable of La Fidelité Lodge; and soon he adds, "We are our own Gods!" About a month ago our papers chronicled the avowed declaration of the Grand Orient of France, that belief in God was not to form a part of Masonic belief. So that the Great Architect of the Universe was now to rank with Hiram Abiff, Hiram of Tyre, etc.

In the General Assembly of the Grand Orient, 13th June, 1867, including 269 delegates representing 183 Lodges, and presided over by General Mellinet, this question was discussed, as to whether they should retain the name of God in their formulas. Brother Gausar said, "Is it not true that Proudhon, one of the master minds of this century, has been received among the Freemasons? have not the young men of the Liège Congress been received?" And the answer was, "Yes, certainly; we have stretched out to them the hand of fellowship, and have said to them, Work with us." (*Applause.*) Proudhon was received a Freemason! a man who said, "God is the origin of evil!" and who, to the question, "What do we owe to God?" answered, "War!" Irish Christians, is it well to have our Irish notables of government, corporation, poor laws, and railway boards, binding themselves by oath to be brothers of such men, and boasting in their public meetings that they are so? And who, reader, were these young men of the Liège Congress, whose reception as Freemasons was greeted with applause? They were men who cried publicly, "Hatred to God!" "War to God!" "We will rend the heavens like a sheet of paper!"

("They who do not love religion," said Edmund Burke,* "hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. They hate Him 'with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength.' He never presents himself for their thoughts but to menace and alarm them, for He is the avenger of their vices.")

The above are but a few declarations selected from thousands, and yet I believe that the Christian reader must be wellnigh sickened by the blasphemy of this universally benevolent society which does not meddle in religion or religious differences. One more quotation, selected as being fitted to meet the hackneyed apology for Masonry which meets us on every side, "Freemasons in England and Ireland are not what they are on the Continent." When Leopold, the last king of the Belgians, died, the Belgian Freemasons celebrated a great funeral ceremony in his honor at the Grand Orient of Belgium. Amongst the mottoes and phrases adorning the walls of the Masonic Temple, the following declaration appeared, printed in large

* "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace."

characters: "The soul emanating from God is eternal." The Louvain Lodge, "The Constance," protested against *these words*, declaring them to deal a blow against the fundamental principles of Masonry. This protest of the Freemasons of Louvain was warmly applauded. Where? In *England* as well as France. The great English Masonic journal, published in London and called "The Chain of Union," wrote as follows: "Who can affirm that the soul emanating from God is eternal? Who has any proof of it? For centuries, Popes and Councils have sought for this evidence and have not found it; and they will not find it in heaven, because the human soul is self-created. We (English Freemasons) support, therefore, our brothers of Louvain. It is with such phrases, always empty and emanating from fancy and imagination, that one arrives sooner or later at enslaving a country. Brothers of Louvain! you were right to protest!"

One and the same everywhere! You do well, Freemasons of Ireland and England, to say, "Right you are!" to your brethren who are carrying on the work abroad. The very chronology of Freemasonry is a denial of Christianity; for instance, we have a Masonic address to our Lord Mayor, dated, not Anno Domini, 1876, but Anno Lucis 5876.

So Freemasonry passes over the birth of Christ, and dates the dawning of the true light from the creation of the world, in proof that Freemasonry is older than all positive religion. It is 4,000 years older than Christianity. It dates from the first man. It is all a system of natural religion, under which infidelity seeks to screen itself. This natural religion and chronology of light may suit such luminaries as the Masonic Lord Mayor, but it will never be acknowledged by Ireland and its Christian millions, who acknowledged Christ, not Masonry, to be the Light of the world.

No! To use their own language, "Let us refuse to carry a double banner. Christians or Freemasons, make your choice!" I hope our Dublin Christians will then make their choice, and drive from every public body every known member of it. For such, to use the words of Von Raclowitz, is the true state of affairs. "We plainly perceive that the minds of men are ranging themselves under two banners, upon one of which is inscribed the name of Christ the Son of God, and beneath the other are incorporated all to whom that Name is foolishness and a reproach." (Dollinger, p. 19.) Christians, make your choice!

*To be continued.*

[The exposé of Freemasonry commenced in the November issue of our magazine. New subscribers, who commenced in January of this year, can have the November and December numbers sent to them by remitting to us thirty cents in postage stamps.]

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## SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO YEARS BUILDING A CATHEDRAL.

THE largest cathedral in the world, that of Cologne, is fast approaching completion. Its first stone was laid on Aug. 15, 1248. The six hundred and thirty-first year of its building was completed on the 15th of August last, and it is hoped that the next anniversary will really see the finishing of the great minster. The two towers have now reached their last stage, and have only to be fitted with their massive caps of solid stonework. For this purpose two great scaffoldings have to be erected at a dizzy height; one of them, however, approaches completion. When the caps have been finished, then a still higher story will have to be added to the scaffoldings, in order to fix on the tops of the caps the gigantic foliated crosses, almost thirty feet high, which are to crown the towers. This operation will, it is expected, be performed next spring.

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"HAVE you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied, "but I've a father in jail."

## AN ENGLISHMAN ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

JOHN BRIGHT, in a noble speech delivered in Birmingham on Saturday evening, put the case of Ireland in a light so lucid that the weakest vision could see the true condition of the Irish peasantry. He admitted that something like a general social revolution is in progress in this country. Rents are refused, even by tenants who can afford to pay them. Those who serve processes on persons for non-payment of rent are met by crowds of men and women prepared to hoot, and in some cases, to resist them by force. The police are there in hundreds, marching over the island, with a commissariat, so that they may be able in the remotest districts in which they are placed. This revolt is against the proprietors. If a person take a farm from which another has been evicted, his peace, and even his life is endangered. Very differently do the Irish farmers behave (said Mr. Bright) when they settle in foreign countries. As farmers in the United States, or in the Colonies, they are orderly, peaceful, and very successful.

### ONE OR TWO FACTS.

It rather surprised his English audience to hear from Mr. Bright that two hundred and ninety-two individuals are the absolute owners of six and one half millions of acres in Ireland, while the tenant-farmers number 600,000. Besides these, there are two and a half millions of tenants-at-will, liable to have their rents raised, or be evicted. This is not all. A very large number of the proprietors are absentees, who do not live in Dublin, or in Ireland, and who spend their incomes in London or Paris. As the rent follows the owners, Ireland is deprived of several millions of money annually. The owners perform no part of their duties, and spend nothing on the spot where the wealth is created.

### SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

Along with the foregoing wrongs are the traditions of many and cruel confiscations, from the reign of James the First (he might have gone back to a more remote period) to the time of William the Third After the war waged by Cromwell, seven or eight millions of acres were transferred from the native owners to those who followed the Cromwellian arms After the battle of the Boyne another million were handed over to persons from England, who were supposed to be most faithful to the new government. Thus, nearly all the land of Ireland, and its real property, were taken from those to whom they legitimately belonged, and given to strangers. There were cries of "shame" from the Birmingham audience at the conclusion of these revelations, — revelations they are to many English people who know little or nothing of Irish history. Following these cruelties and injustices (he continued) were the penal laws, which inflicted untold and indescribable wrongs upon the Irish nation.

### WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

What John Bright proposes as the remedy for the present condition of agricultural Ireland is some measure by which occupiers of farms should be transformed into owners. "Go to France, go to Belgium, to Prussia, to Switzerland, and ask what is the remedy, and they will tell you to look about you, and what you see in those countries apply to Ireland." The speaker, discussing fixity of tenure at fair or fixed rents, asked how, in the first case, is the fair rent to be settled? The rent upon which one man would prosper might impoverish and ruin another. As to a permanently fixed rent, this result would follow: Instead of having half the rent going to England or France, you would have nearly the whole of it going away. In fact, the principle of permanently fixed rents, if established, would double absenteeism. There are two things which he (Mr. Bright) would do. He would prevent the growth of large es-

tates; and he would put an end to the system of entail, by which it would be rendered impossible to tie up land to the man lying quietly forever in the churchyard. He would not allow one generation to dictate to future generations who should own the land. He would have the compulsory registration of all landed property, so that it would be easy, at the expense of a few shillings or a few pounds, to transfer a farm or an estate to another by an absolutely legal and definite sale. The Commission of Inquiry, presided over by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and of which Mr. Bright was a member, came to the conclusion that it was necessary to establish a separate, independent, and powerful commission to carry out the purpose of creating a peasant proprietary in Ireland. We have thus succinctly stated Mr. Bright's views of the Irish land question. They are broad and statesmanlike, but we have to bear in mind that a Parliament of landlords will form their own opinion of them, if ever they are submitted to their judgment in a new bill.

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Silent Sufferings. — It is not that which is apparent, not that which may be known and told, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering, which plants the deepest furrow on the brow, and sprinkles the hair with its earliest gray. They are the griefs which lie fathoms deep in the soul, and never pass the lip. Those which devour the heart in secret, and send their victim into public with the wild laugh and the troubled eye; those which spring from crushed affections and annihilated hopes; from remembrance, and remorse, and despair; from the misconduct or neglect of those we love; from changes in others; from changes in ourselves.

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A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

## HOW THE PEOPLE DIED IN THE OLD FAMINE.

"Mr. Egan, who at the date of my visit was clerk of the union (of Westport), held the same office during the famine. The workhouse was built to accommodate 1,000 persons. There were two days a week for admissions. With the house crowded far beyond its capacity, he had repeatedly seen as many as 3,000 persons seeking admission in a single day. Knowing, as we do, the utter dislike the Irish peasantry had in those times to enter the workhouse, this is a terrible revelation of the famine; for it is a recorded fact that many of the people died of want in their cabins, and suffered their children to die, rather than go there. Those who were not admitted, — and they were, of course, the great majority, — having no homes to return to, lay down and died in Westport and its suburbs. Mr. Egan, pointing to the wall opposite the workhouse gate, said, 'There is where they sat down, never to rise again. I have seen there of a morning as many as eight corpses of those miserable beings, who had died during the night Father G. (then in Westport) used to be anointing them as they lay exhausted along the wall and streets, dying of hunger and fever.'" — *History of the Great Irish Famine of* 1847, *by Very Rev. Canon O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.*

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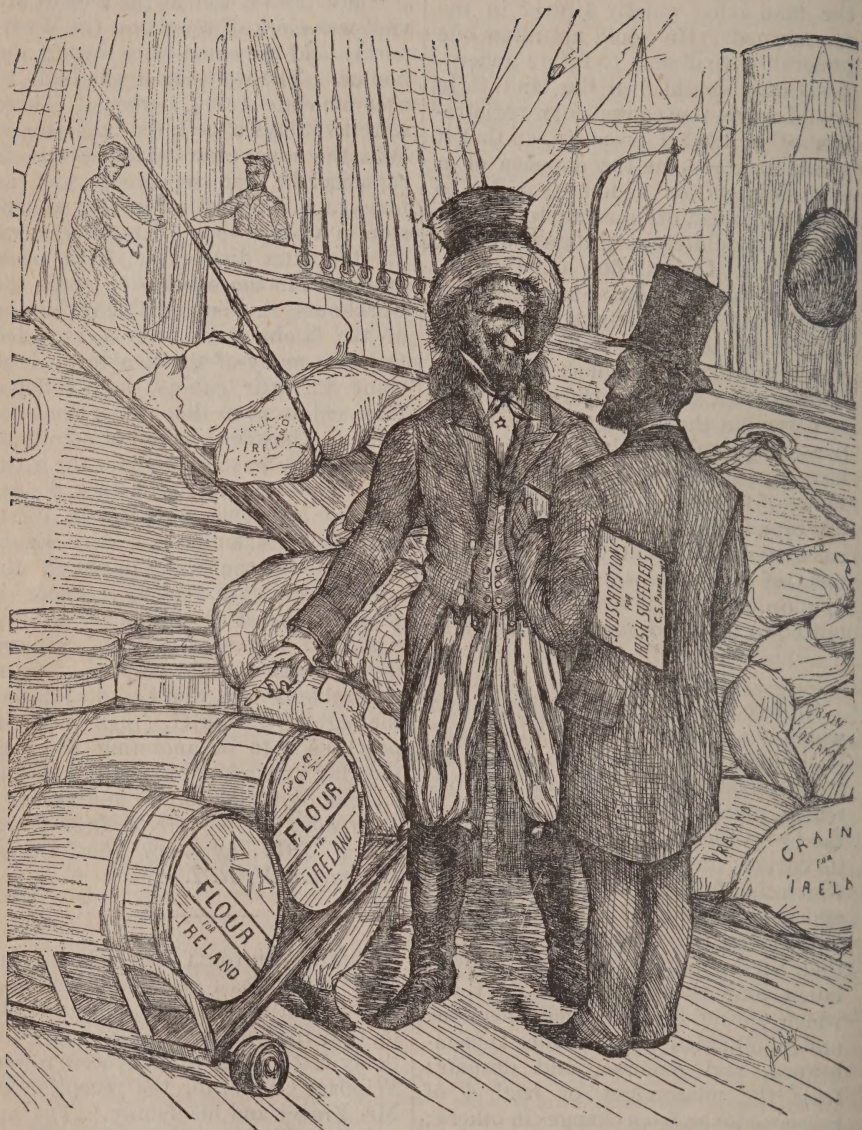
Queen Victoria has selected Inspector Charles Fraser to attend specially upon her Majesty, and to travel in the royal suite. Apartments are being fitted up in the northern tower, Windsor Castle, for the reception of Mr. Fraser and his family. The appointment is comparatively a new one, and there has been but one other instance of such a selection. The attempts which have been made on the lives of foreign potentates are said to have actuated her Majesty in making this appointment.




AMERICA'S SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

# AMERICA'S APPEAL TO IRELAND.

## A REVOLUTIONARY AMERICAN PRECEDENT FOR MR. PARNELL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask what grounds there are for Dr. Mulcahy's reference, in his reply to Lord Dunraven on the land tenure, to an appeal once made by rebellious America to Ireland. The very best of grounds, being the journals of Congress from 1774 to 1778. On Saturday, June 3, 1775, it appears from those journals that three committees were appointed, one of five members to draft an address to the King, one of three to draft an address to the people of Great Britain, and one of four members to draft an address to the people of Ireland. On Friday, July 21, 1775, an address prepared in accordance with the resolution of Congress was brought in, and after some discussion it was ordered that it do lie on the table. On the 28th of July, 1775. it was read by paragraphs and agreed to as follows: —

### TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

From the delegates appointed by the united colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the lower counties of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, in general congress at Philadelphia, on the tenth day of May, 1775.

*Friends and Fellow-Subjects,*—As the important contest into which we have been driven is now become interesting to every European state, and particularly affects the members of the British Empire, we think it our duty to address you on the subject. We are desirous, as is natural to injured innocence, of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with a true statement of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision.

However incredible it may appear that at this enlightened period, the leaders of a nation which in every age has sacrificed hecatombs of her bravest patriots on the altar of liberty should presume gravely to assert, and by force of arms attempt to establish, an arbitrary sway over the lives, liberties, and property of their fellow-subjects in America, it is, nevertheless, a most deplorable and indisputable truth.

These colonies have from the time of their first settlement, for near two centuries, peaceably enjoyed those very rights of which the ministry have for ten years past endeavored by fraud and by violence to deprive them. At the conclusion of the last war the genius of England and the spirit of wisdom, as if offended at the ungrateful treatment of their sons, withdrew from the British councils and left that nation a prey to a race of ministers with whom ancient English honesty and benevolence disdained to dwell. From that period, jealousy, discontent, oppression, and discord have raged against all his Majesty's subjects, and filled every part of his dominions with distress and complaint.

Not content with our purchasing of Britain, at her own price, clothing and a thousand other articles used by near three millions of people on this vast continent; not satisfied with the amazing profits arising from the monopoly of trade, without giving us either time to breathe after a long though glorious war, or the least credit for the blood and treasure we have expended in it; notwithstanding the zeal we have manifested for the service of our sovereign, and the warmest attachment to the Constitution of Britain and the people of England, — a black and horrid design was formed to convert us from freemen into slaves, from subjects into vassals, and from friends into enemies.

Taxes, for the first time since we landed on the American shores, were without our consent imposed upon us; an unconstitutional edict to compel us to furnish necessaries for a standing army, that we wished to see disbanded, was issued, and the Legislature of New York suspended for refusing to comply with it. Our ancient and inestimable right of trial by jury was, in many instances, abolished, and the common law of the land made to give place to admiralty jurisdiction. Judges were rendered, by the tenure of their commissions, entirely dependent on the will of a minister. New crimes were arbitrarily created, and new courts, unknown to the Constitution, instituted. Wicked and insidious governors have been set over us, and dutiful petitions for the removal of even the notoriously infamous Governor Hutchinson were branded with the opprobrious appellation of scandalous and defamatory. Hardy attempts have been made, under color of parliamentary authority, to seize Americans, and carry them to Great Britain to be tried for offences committed in the colonies. Ancient charters have no longer remained sacred; that of Massachusetts Bay was violated, and their form of government essentially mutilated and transformed. On pretence of punishing a violation of some private property, committed by a few disguised individuals, the populous and flourishing town of Boston was surrounded by fleets and armies,

its trade destroyed, its port blocked up, and 30,000 citizens subjected to all the miseries attending so sudden a convulsion in their commercial metropolis; and to remove every obstacle to the rigorous execution of this system of oppression, an act of Parliament was passed, evidently calculated to indemnify those who might, in the prosecution of it, even imbrue their hands in the blood of the inhabitants.

Though pressed by such an accumulation of undeserved injuries, America still remembered her duty to her sovereign. A congress of deputies from twelve united colonies assembled. They in the most respectful terms laid their grievances at the foot of the throne, and implored his Majesty's interposition on their behalf. They also agreed to suspend all trade with Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, hoping by this peaceable mode of opposition to obtain that justice from the British ministry which had been so long solicited in vain. And here permit us to assure you that it was with the utmost reluctance we could prevail upon ourselves to cease our commercial connection with your island. Your Parliament had done us no wrong. You had been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledged with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. On the other hand, we are not ignorant that the labor and manufactures of Ireland, like those of the silk-worm, were of little moment to herself, but served only to give luxury to those who neither toil nor spin. We perceived that if we continued our commerce with you, our agreement not to import from Britain would be fruitless, and were therefore compelled to adopt a measure to which nothing but absolute necessity would have reconciled us. It gave us, however, some consolation to reflect that should it occasion much distress, the fertile regions of America would afford you a safe asylum from poverty, and in time from oppression; also, an asylum in which many thousands of your countrymen have found hospitality, peace, and affluence, and become united to us by all the ties of consanguinity, mutual interest, and affection. Nor did Congress stop here. Flattered by a pleasing expectation that the justice and humanity which had so long characterized the English nation would, on proper application, afford us relief, they represented their grievances in an affectionate address to their brethren in Britain, and entreated their aid and interposition in behalf of these colonies.

With an anxious expectation did all America await the event of their petition; all America laments its fate. Their prince was deaf to their complaints, and vain were all attempts to impress him with a sense of the suffering of his American subjects, of the cruelty of their taskmasters, and of the many plagues which impended over his domains. Instead of directions for a candid inquiry into our grievances, insult was added to oppression, and our long forbearance rewarded with the imputation of cowardice. Our trade with foreign states was prohibited, and an act of Parliament passed to prevent our even fishing on our own coast. Our peaceful assemblies for the purpose of consulting the common good were declared seditious, and our asserting the very rights which placed the crown of Great Britain on the heads of three successive princes of the house of Hanover styled rebellious. Orders were given to reinforce the troops in America. The wild and barbarous savages of the wilderness have been solicited by gifts to take up the hatchet against us, and instigated to deluge our settlements with the blood of innocent and defenceless women and children; the whole community was, moreover, alarmed with the horrors of domestic insurrections, — refinements in paternal cruelty at which the genius of Britain must blush; refinements which admit not of being even recited without horror and practised without infamy! We should be happy were these dark machinations the mere suggestions of suspicion. We are sorry to declare that we are possessed of the most authentic and indubitable evidence of their reality.

The ministry, bent on pulling down the pillars of the Constitution, endeavored to erect the standard of despotism in America; and if successful, Britain and Ireland may shudder at the consequences.

Three of the most experienced generals are sent to wage war with their fellow-subjects; and America is amazed to find the name of Howe in the catalogue of her enemies. She loved his brother.

Despairing of driving the colonists to resistance by any other means than actual hostility, a detachment of the army at Boston marched into the country in all the array of war, and, unprovoked, fired upon and killed several of the inhabitants. The neighboring farmers suddenly assembled and repelled the attack. From this all the communications between the town and country were intercepted. The citizens petitioned the general for permission to leave the town, and he promised on surrendering their arms to permit them to depart with their other effects. They accordingly surrendered their arms, and the general violated his faith. Under various pretences, passports were delayed and denied, and many thousands of the inhabitants are at this day confined in the town in the utmost wretchedness and want. The lame, the blind, and the sick have indeed been turned out into the neighboring fields, and some, eluding the vigilance of the sentries, have escaped from the town by swimming to the adjacent shore

The war having thus begun on the part of Gen. Gage's troops, the country armed and embodied. The reinforcements from Ireland soon after arrived; a vigorous attack was then made upon the provincials. In their march the troops surrounded the town of Charlestown, consisting of about four hundred houses, then recently abandoned to escape the fury of the relentless soldiery. Having plundered the houses, they set fire to the town and reduced it to ashes. To this wanton waste of property, unknown to civilized nations, they were prompted the better to conceal their approach under the cover of the smoke; a shocking mixture of cowardice and cruelty, which then first tarnished the lustre of the British arms when aimed at a brother's breast! But blessed be God, they were restrained from committing further ravages by the loss of a very considerable part of their army, including

many of their most experienced officers. The loss of the inhabitants was inconsiderable.

Compelled, therefore, to behold thousands of our countrymen imprisoned, and men, women, and children involved in promiscuous and unmerited misery, — when we find all faith at an end, and secret treaties turned into tricks of state; when we perceive our friends and kinsmen massacred, our habitations plundered, our houses in flames, and our once happy inhabitants fed only by the hand of charity, — who can blame us for endeavoring to restrain the progress of desolation? Who can censure our repelling the attacks of such a barbarous band? Who, in such circumstances, would not obey the great, the universal, the divine law of self-preservation?

Though vilified as wanting spirit, we are determined to behave like men; though insulted and abused, we wish for reconciliation; though defamed as seditious, we are ready to obey the laws; and though charged with rebellion, we will cheerfully bleed in defence of our sovereign in a righteous cause. What more can we say? What more can we offer?

But we forbear to trouble you with a tedious detail of the various and fruitless offers and applications we have repeatedly made, not for pensions, for wealth, or for honors, but for the humble boon of being permitted to possess the fruits of honest industry, and to enjoy that degree of liberty to which God and the Constitution have given us an undoubted right.

Blessed with an indissoluble union, with a variety of internal resources, and with a firm reliance on the justice of the Supreme Disposer of all human events, we have no doubt of rising superior to all the machinations of evil and abandoned ministers. We already anticipate the golden period when Liberty, with all the gentle arts of peace and humanity, shall establish her mild dominion in the western world, and erect eternal monuments to the memory of those virtuous patriots and martyrs who shall have fought and bled and suffered in her cause.

Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have already shown towards us. We know that you are not without your grievances. We sympathize with you in your distress, and are pleased to find that the design of subjugating us has persuaded the administration to dispense to Ireland some vagrant rays of ministerial sunshine. Even the tender mercies of government have long been cruel toward you. In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry parricides have fed and grown strong to labor in its destruction. We hope the patient abiding of the meek may not always be forgotten; and God grant that the iniquitous schemes of extirpating liberty from the British Empire may soon be defeated. But we should be wanting to ourselves, we should be perfidious to posterity, we should be unworthy that ancestry from which we derive our descent, should we submit with folded arms to military butchery and depredation to gratify the lordly ambition or sate the avarice of a British Ministry. In defence of our persons and properties, under actual violation, we have taken up arms; when that violence shall be removed and hostilities cease on the part of the aggressors, they shall cease on our part also. For the achievement of the happy event we confide in the good offices of our fellow-subjects beyond the Atlantic. Of their friendly disposition we do not yet despond, aware as they must be that they have nothing more to expect from the same enemy than the humble favor of being the last devoured.

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## IRELAND GIVES ALMS TO ENGLAND.

Dublin Irishman.

At this moment, when Ireland is about, once more, to be represented to the world as the recipient of alms from England, we pray general attention to one important fact.

Not only is a large proportion of the state revenues of Ireland spent in England, on English state factories, dock-yards, harbors, forts, fleets, and army, thus constituting an out-door relief obtained from Ireland by England, but also a large body of Irish land-owners are induced to spend the rents, drawn from the industry of their Irish tenants in London, so as to enrich England.

According to the estimate of the late Lord Cloncurry, stated by him in the House of Peers, and never contradicted, these absentee rents amounted to £6,500,000 annually.

*Remember this fact, when taunted with the few hundreds or thousands that are sent from England to those whom English laws make and keep poor.*

Remember that Ireland is forced to give, while her people starve, six and a half millions sterling every year — year after year — as alms to England!

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The marriage returns are a sure index of the depression that has prevailed for some years. In 1873 there were in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, 258,615 marriages, whereas in the year 1878 there were only 239,353, a decrease of 19,252, or over 50 per day. England and Wales fell off by 15,958, Scotland by 2,397, and Ireland by 907.

KNOCK CHAPEL, BALLYHAUNIS, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND, WHERE THE APPARITIONS APPEARED.

# THE APPARITIONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, ST. JOSEPH, AND ST. JOHN,

## IN THE PARISH OF KNOCK, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND.

A WONDERFUL centre of religious excitement and a great incentive to faith has suddenly started into form and favor in South Mayo. For the past twelve months the West of Ireland has been the trysting-place of all who have labored for the improvement of the condition of the small farmers living on Irish soil. The eyes of all in England, and of friends and foes to the cause of the people at home and abroad, have turned to the West of Ireland. It is there a flame of political and social excitement has been fanned, which is spreading at present all over the entire land, embracing, as may be said, the four provinces. The West at the present moment presents an extraordinary attraction of a higher kind to not alone natives of Ireland, but to all Catholics in these kingdoms, as well as to their brethren on the continents of Europe and America. The Catholic world has heard of

THE NAME AND FAME OF LOURDES,

once a wild spot, but now frequented by all the world, far away in the mountainous region to the south of France. A second Lourdes has arisen at Knock, a small village surrounded by little hills, from which, as expressive of the natural character of the locality, it is known to the natives as the "village of the hills." It is distant about four miles from Claremorris, which is favorably situated on the Great Northwestern Railway. All this it is useful to state, for the sake of those who are now coming in numbers to visit at Knock the scene of the various apparitions of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph and the Redeemer, which have been seen by the natives of that unpretending Nazareth. The multitudes who on Thursday last, and even on Monday last, have flocked to the chapel or Catholic church at Knock from the surrounding districts, are quite as numerous as those that formed the monster meetings which for the past nine months have been held in the counties of Mayo, Galway, and Sligo. As the people of the neighboring towns, and of districts and counties more remote, aye, and the Catholics of England and America, take a great interest in the events that have lately transpired, and which at present are spoken of by everybody in this country, — Protestant as well as Catholic, — relative to the supernatural apparitions seen at the chapel of Knock, it is right to tell the public all the well-authenticated facts regarding the multitudes, the miracles, and the many and repeated manifestations that appear now to be seen each successive week. And first as to the multitudes. A vast gathering of people from all the border towns within a circuit of twenty miles assembled on Thursday week at this unpretending little village. Some of the pilgrim travellers started before day, guided by the light of the stars alone, and urged onward by the fervor of their own faith. Some were seen wending their way on foot, others on horseback, while whole families of peasants proceeded on their pilgrimage, journeying on the ordinary country vehicle known as a cart; the better class indulging in the luxury of side cars, or as they are known in Dublin by the name "outsiders." Not a few families from the different towns cut a dash by a tandem drive with the highest available vehicle in these parts, known by the unpretending and not agreeably sounding name of "drag." A "hansom" would be quite a novel vehicle in that district. The gathering on Thursday had certainly been enormous, exhibiting, at the same time, an agreeable diversity in the mixed character of the crowd assembled. The variety of individual character was coextensive with the greatness of the numbers that composed the gathering. There, one could behold

THE BLIND, THE LAME, THE CRIPPLED,

the deformed, the deaf, the paralytic, and the epileptic; all seeking to be cured, like those whom the Redeemer found at the pool near Jerusalem. Accounts without number have come to our ears, of cures effected before Christmas last, and, above all, since that period; and on last Thursday week it is stated that two remarkable miracles were performed on two persons who for years had, from the result of accidental causes, been unable to walk. The man found himself so greatly cured that he left his crutches and bounded home, like the lame man cured before the golden gate of the temple of Jerusalem by St. Peter and St. John the Evangelist; walking and bounding along, and all the while giving thanks to God and blessing God's holy name. Thursday and Monday are the days now set apart for visiting this place. This conclusion has been

arrived at because the Blessed Mother of Our Lord appeared first on a Thursday, and again on the first day of the New Year, — a Thursday; and on Mondays not a few miracles have been performed on devotees who came to manifest their devotion to our Blessed Lady. The fame of these miracles, and the story of the various apparitions too, have gone abroad, and have created an immense amount of conjecture and discussion amongst the people relative to

THE NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL WORLD.

The children of the faith see nothing wonderful at all in these manifestations. It is to them something that they expected; or if they did not actually expect their coming at this time and place, they see nothing incongruous in the fact that they have occurred The spiritual world is to them like a land with which they are familiar from the knowledge which their holy faith supplies: pretty much as they are not put out of sorts with anything they hear or see from America, — to them a far-off land, — because in this instance American life and habits are something with which they are familiar, for their relatives in that country commune with their friends in Ireland and tell them all regarding themselves and American life and manners in that great republic to the west of the Atlantic. In this way our Catholic people are no way put about by the narration of miracles or of miraculous appparitions at Knock. They are by faith aware beforehand that such things happened before, happen now, and will take place as long as the Church of God is on earth. The angels appeared to Abraham, and walked with him, and talked to him, and directed "him in all his ways." They appeared and spoke to, and brought to a foreign country and back, the grandson of Abraham, Isaac, — the father of all the Israelites. The same is true of Tobias and Daniel, the prophets, and of St Peter, the head of the Apostles, and of numerous saints in the Catholic Church in Africa, in Rome, and in this island during the golden age of sanctity in Ireland. What happened once, why may it not happen again? It is the same God who ruled and governed mankind then as now; it is the same Church that points out to her children the way, the truth, and the life; the Irish faithful,

LIKE THOSE IN THE TIME OF ST. COLUMB-KILLE,

or at an after period, are the brothers of the Redeemer, purchased by His sacred blood. He loves us as He loved them, and sends His angels to take charge of us, as they took charge of them in days past. These points have been spoken of and canvassed in conversation amongst laity and amongst religious in Connaught for the last six months. It was only when the matter was described in a former issue of the "Tuam News" that the faithful began to attach any degree of credibility to the facts before that time incorrectly narrated. The "Tuam News" gave a summary of the events that had occurred up to that time stamped with the appearance of the supernatural. The apparition of the 21st of August last cannot well be understood without having some notion of the position and form of

THE LITTLE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF KNOCK.

The building has no pretension to architectural elegance of any kind, nor to the internal beauty such as one would wish to witness in God's house. The plan of the building, if plan it can be called, is in the shape of the letter T, the long limb being about seventy feet and the cross limbs in breadth about fifty feet. The chancel and altar are grouped at the head, where the arms project to the right and left. Standing at the altar and looking down the nave, one beholds at the end a loft or entrance that leads to a tower with belfry, both of which are of modern construction and date. The gold-colored pinnacle of this tower is the first part of the building that comes in view as one from a southerly direction approaches the village in which the church stands. To the rear of the chancel, and attached to the gable of the altar, a building less elevated than the walls of the church proper has been erected. This additional building, which is entered by a door from the chancel, is known as the sacristy; a house in which the sacred ornaments of the church, the sacred vessels, and every requisite for the altar are kept in safety by the priests or by their attendants. The gable of this sacristy, in a line parallel to the gable of the church, is the second stone erection between the chancel and the outside world, towards or at the southeastern gable. It is well, too, to point out the direction to which this plain wall faces. Its front looks straight into the approaching meridian sun at 11 o'clock A. M.; its right wing points to the southwest; its left wing, or branch, to the east by north. This is the gable hard by which the first miraculous apparition was beheld on the evening and night of the 21st of August last. It is thus seen that there are two gables between the altar of the church and the gable fronting the southeast, and that consequently, if lights appeared in the church, the reflection from them could

never beam on the outside at the foot of the wall of the second gable; above all, direct light could never convey, by any laws of optics, images when radiating from a centre, and not passing through any other translucent medium from which the rays of light might, at a certain fixed and measured distance, carry the image of the object or pellucid picture.

THE TIME AT WHICH THE APPARITION APPEARED

was some twenty minutes after sunset, so that by no law of radiation from reflected light could the images be thrown naturally or artificially from the clouds. Add to this the great fact that, at the time the Blessed Virgin appeared, it was pouring rain in torrents, and the drizzling rain continued the whole time and late onwards through the night. The whole of that day had been one dreary, dismal downpour, from early dawn to the dusky hours of sundown. We give the following quotation from what we have already written on the subject: "All that may be said in the following lines is an expression of the feelings of the people, and does not pretend to anticipate the judgment which the ecclesiastical superiors may express upon the facts of which they are already cognizant. The chapel of Knock, at which the apparitions have occurred, is about five miles from Claremorris, and its gilt cross, which surmounts the lofty tower, can be seen for miles around. The priest who so worthily presides over the parish is the venerable archdeacon of the diocese, the Very Rev. Bartholomew Cavanagh. The chapel is of cruciform shape. The sacristy occupies the upper and smaller shaft, and is immediately behind the high altar. In the gable of the sacristy there is a Gothic window about five feet high by two broad; its lowest part is about twelve feet from the ground. The remainder of the gable is plain, and was covered outside by a good, substantial coating of cement, to protect the walls from the rains, which beat with great violence, especially on that side. On this gable wall of the sacristy were seen the extraordinary lights, in the midst of which the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by St. Joseph and St. John the Evangelist, appeared. Thursday, the 21st of August last, the eve of the octave day of

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,

was accompanied by a blinding drizzle of rain, which continued till the next day. As some persons were hurriedly going along the road which leads by the chapel, at about 7.30, they perceived the wall beautifully illuminated by a white, flickering light, through which could be perceived brilliant stars, twinkling as on a fine frosty night. The first person who saw it passed on, but others soon came and remained, and these saw, covering a large portion of the gable end of the sacristy, an altar, and to its gospel side the figures of St. John the Evangelist, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph. On the altar, which stood eight feet from the ground, and immediately under the window, a lamb stood, and rising up behind the lamb was a crucifix with the figure of our Lord upon it. The altar was surrounded by a brilliant white light through which, up and down, angels seemed to be flitting. Near the altar, and immediately to its gospel side, but nearer to the ground, was

ST. JOHN, HAVING A MITRE ON HIS HEAD,

and holding the book of the gospel open in his left hand as if reading from it. He held his right hand raised, and in the act of blessing, the index and middle fingers being extended after the manner adopted by bishops. To St John's right stood the Blessed Virgin, having her hands extended and raised towards her shoulders, the palms of her hands turned towards the people, and her eyes raised up towards heaven. To the Blessed Virgin's right was St. Joseph, turned towards her and in an inclined posture. The figures remained visible from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock, witnessed during that time by about twenty persons, who forgot all about the heavy rain that was then falling and drenched them thoroughly. The light in the chapel was seen by people who lived near the place. She appeared a second time on New Year's day between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, just immediately after mass. On Monday evening last, the eve of the Epiphany, a bright light was again visible, and from 11 P. M. until 2 o'clock A. M. was seen by a very large number, of whom two were members of

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY,

who were on their patrol duty that evening. One of them said that up to that time he did not believe in it, but he was really startled by the brightness of the light which he saw. Many cures have been worked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and by the application of the cement taken from the chapel wall. We have heard from the mouths of most trustworthy witnesses an account of nearly a dozen cures of which the narrators themselves were eye-witnesses. In addition to what we have already written regarding the visions seen at the chapel of Knock, two remarkable

miracles, witnessed by hundreds of persons, were performed yesterday; namely, sight restored to two young girls, one of whom had, on the testimony of her mother, not seen from her birth. She had been several times with physicians in Dublin, but all to no purpose. Yesterday, in the presence of hundreds, she received the use of sight, having visited three times the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary is said to have appeared, and after praying three times in honor of the Mother of God." Even since these words just quoted have been written, other miracles, as we have stated in the first part of this article, have come under the testimony and cognizance of numbers who have frequented the hallowed spot; and on last Monday (20th), the roads leading to Knock were fairly supplied with more than the ordinary gathering of wayfarers. On good authority we have learned that by order of

HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM,

the depositions of the several witnesses have been taken by a commission of learned priests and dignitaries deputed for that purpose; and they have reported officially that the testimony of all, taken as a whole, is trustworthy and satisfactory. From fifteen to twenty witnesses have attested to the truth of the facts narrated in these columns. And as we close this article we hear a Mr. Ansbro, who lives near Crossboyne, and who for the past year has lost his eyesight, received the use of sight on Monday after visiting the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared. There were about four thousand people at Knock yesterday, and we have learned, as we go to press, that four cures have been effected: one of an evil, two of blindness, and one of deafness.

## WHAT THEY THINK IN MAYO OF THE APPARITIONS.

Mayo "Examiner" of Jan. 17.

On Tuesday last we paid a visit to the Catholic Church at Knock, that we might gain all the information possible about the wonderful apparitions which, first beheld on the 21st of August last (within the octave of the Assumption), have since been repeated, though in somewhat less remarkable degree, up to the present week. The parish priest of Knock is the venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, a clergyman remarkable for his great piety and the austerity of his life. The church itself is a commodious one, of cruciform shape, and its site being elevated, it can be seen from a great distance on all sides. Knock is situated equidistant from Claremorris and Ballyhaunis, and about fourteen miles from Castlebar. We shall now proceed to detail the facts just as we learned them from the people on the spot who had the great happiness of witnessing the beautiful apparition, —

RESPECTABLE, INTELLIGENT, PIOUS PEOPLE,

who have ever been known amongst their neighbors for their probity and truth. These people may be seen and spoken to by any persons visiting Knock, for they live convenient to the church. The apparition was seen for the first time on the evening of the 21st of August, the eve of the octave of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. At about 7.30 P. M. (the sun having set that evening at 7.18 P. M.) a white light was observed at the gate of the church, — or rather the gable of the sacristy (for the sacristy occupies the upper shaft and is separated from the church by a main wall), — by one of the parishioners, who had just been closing the chapel for the night. No notice was taken of the light then. In half an hour after, the attention of the same person was called to the occurrence by the voice of another parishioner, who called out that the Blessed Virgin and two saints were standing at the south gable of the chapel, — the same place that the light had been first manifested. There were several persons, men, women, and children, now gathered at the place, gazing rapturously on the heavenly sight which met their view.

THEY BEHELD THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

with a beautiful crown of dazzling brightness on her head, and wearing a white cloak, her hands uplifted and eyes raised to heaven as if in prayer. On her right hand, and with his head inclined towards the Virgin Mother, stood St. Joseph, and so distinct was the apparition of the holy saint that even his whiskers of gray were observed by the wondering and awe-stricken people. There also appeared an altar surrounded by a most brilliant light, and on the altar a snow-white lamb, a cross reclining on the back of the lamb. To the right of the altar, and on the Blessed Virgin's left, appeared St. John the Evangelist, a book in his left hand, his right hand raised as if reading or preaching from the book, and on his head a mitre which the people describe as being like that worn by the Archbishop. The altar and the figures were surrounded by a bright light, while over all there seemed like stars twinkling. The night was both dark and rainy, and notwithstanding that the people present got drenched with the rain that fell during the two hours the apparition was visible, the figures were not touched or affected by the rain or darkness, and the portion of the gable

before which the apparition was, remained perfectly dry, as if there had not been a drop of rain. It may be said,

HOW DID THE PEOPLE KNOW THE STATUES OF ST. JOSEPH AND ST. JOHN?

Catholics will easily understand as to St. Joseph, whose statue is to be seen in almost every Catholic church; and as to St. John, one of those present on the occasion, when asked as to how they knew it was St. John, said they had seen a statue of that saint in Lecanvy church. On the 8th of October three canons of the Chapter of Tuam, and seven other clergy of Claremorris deanery, held an investigation into the circumstances attending the apparition, and took the depositions of no less than fourteen persons who had witnessed it. These depositions were taken by Archdeacon Cavanagh, Very Rev. Canon Waldron, and Very Rev. Canon U. J. Bourke. The witnesses were examined and cross-examined most exactly, and the evidence was unshaken, all testifying to the same facts most accurately. More remarkable still, inasmuch as it was seen by four persons in the broad light of day, was that beheld on Friday, the 2d of January. On that day, at twelve o'clock noon, on the spot opposite that portion of the gable where the apparition of the Blessed Virgin stood, arose a graceful column of exquisite workmanship, having at its base two beautifully carved figures; at a height of about eighteen inches, or two feet from the ground, there was a rich cap or moulding from which the column tapered to a considerable height and all was surmounted by a statue. Beyond this, and at regular distances, were three smaller columns of equally beautiful workmansnip, and then an altar, while a continuation of the gable beyond the altar seemed as if variegated with light and shade.

AGAIN, ON THE EPIPHANY,

at 11 o'clock at night, was observed by a great number of persons a bright light; at the same portion of the gable where the apparition had already been witnessed, there appeared in the light like a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and around the spot appeared stars and moving bodies as of angels hovering above. All that we have written we have heard on the spot, and any one and every one has the same opportunity of seeing the people and hearing for themselves. When we arrived there on Tuesday, a number of people were at the church, and praying on the spot now rendered sacred by the apparitions. Already have the lame and blind made pilgrimages to Knock, and evidence of their presence and the effect of their visit may be seen in at least one crutch, a number of sticks, statues, and vases, as offerings of the pious faithful. One young man who had been

FOR NINE YEARS THE VICTIM OF HIP DISEASE,

who had lost the use of his leg from the hip down, and during that long time could only go along with the aid of a crutch and a stick, came, and his crutch may now be seen there, he having no longer any use for it. This poor fellow has written to Father Cavanagh, telling him of his miraculous cure, and stating that he is the wonder of his own neighborhood since he returned and walked among his friends. A little girl, ten years of age, who had been blind from her birth, was brought to Knock by her father and mother, and recovered her sight before she left, the dust of the cement of the gable having been rubbed to her eyes. Several other miraculous cures have been effected by the application of the cement, which has been taken away in great quantities by pilgrims. To a height of nearly ten feet the cement has been scraped off the gable by pious visitors, whose faith in its miraculous effects is most confident. Crowds of people from the surrounding country and the neighboring counties daily visit the spot, which has now become famous, and is certain to become more and more so every day. The evidence is before the authorities of the Church, who have not yet pronounced on the matter.

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WHAT A DUBLIN INTERVIEWER ASCERTAINED.

"What are we to think of those apparitions reported to have been seen at a place called Knock, in the county Mayo?"

"Do the accounts which have been given of them rest on really reliable evidence?"

"Supposing that some unusual appearances were seen there, can they be attributed to any known natural causes?"

"Is it possible that any malicious persons, gifted with a share of ingenuity, have been practising some tricks on the villagers in that remote locality?"

"Or does the evidence point to a supernatural event, to one of those mysterious revelations which have often occurred in Christian history, and which we have no reason for saying may not occur again?"

"What do the local clergy and the ecclesiastical authorities in that part of the country say on the subject?"

These questions and others of the same class have been passing through many minds since first the accounts of the alleged apparitions at the Catholic parish

church of Knock began to be bruited about through the West of Ireland, and especially since some references to them found their way into the press.

It is now some months since I first heard of them, but at that time I was asked to regard the information as private. I was told that the appearances were certainly remarkable and unusual; that they seem to be incapable of explanation on any known physical theory; that a close investigation of the evidence regarding them had been ordered by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam; that no decision had yet been come to concerning them; and that in this stage of the affair the desire of the clergy was that no widespread publicity should be given to the reported occurrences.

Since then this state of the case has been very much altered. The reports of the apparitions at Knock have spread amongst the people, and the little parish church has become a place of pilgrimage to thousands. Every day of the week, from an early hour until late at night, people of various classes and conditions are praying within the precincts of the sacred building, or performing penitential exercises outside it; on Mondays and Thursdays — the days on which the visions are alleged to have been seen — the recourse of people to the spot is very great; miraculous cures are said to have been effected there; and the fame of the place is growing, I may say, hourly. Accounts of the apparitions, derived from the statements of eye-witnesses, have been given by some of the Western newspapers, and out of the stage of privacy the affair has passed altogether.

Desirous of learning all I could of the facts of the case, and of placing the information before the readers of the "News," I resolved to visit the scene and converse with some of the witnesses. I proceeded from Dublin by the Midland Railway to the town of Claremorris, from whence the little church, or "chapel" as it is more popularly called, of Knock is some four or five miles distant. At Claremorris my first call was on the worthy parish priest, the Very Rev. Ulick Canon Bourke, the well-known Irish scholar and *littérateur*, who was one of the clergymen appointed by his Grace of Tuam to take down the depositions of witnesses to the apparitions, and generally to investigate the evidence relating thereto. His reverence kindly gave me every facility in his power for learning as much as could be known of the facts of the case. One of the witnesses — a little boy named Patrick Hill — lives in Claremorris, and Canon Bourke sent a messenger for him, that I might myself interrogate him on the subject.

Here I may observe that there are reported to have been three different visions, which became apparent on as many different dates. The first, which seems to have been the most elaborate and distinct, was visible on the night of Thursday, the 21st of August, and was seen by a dozen or more of the villagers, amongst whom was the little boy above mentioned.

The second was on the noonday of Friday, the 2d of January, and was seen by the priest of the parish, the Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, and two other persons.

The third was on the night of Monday, Jan. 5, the eve of the Epiphany, and like the first, was seen by a number of people, amongst whom were two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Of each of these visions I shall say more later on.

Patrick Hill is a frank, intelligent little boy of about thirteen years. He answers the questions put to him readily and with animation. The following is the chief portion of the conversation which passed between him and me: —

"Well, Pat, you live in Claremorris, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you to see the vision?"

"My aunt lives at Knock, sir, and I go there sometimes; on this night a man ran into my aunt's house and called us to come up to the chapel to see a miraculous sight that was there. The man's name was Dominick Byrne."

"Then you went out; did any one else go out with you?"

"Yes, sir; another man of the same name, Dominick Byrne, John Durkan, a servant boy, and a little boy named John Curry, about six years old"

"Were there any persons there before you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; there were people coming and going."

"Well, Pat, what did you see?"

Here the little boy proceeded to describe the vision, giving substantially the account of it which we published in our last number. He said he and the other persons who were with him saw a large space of soft white light on the gable of the church, the rest of the gable being quite dark at the time. In the midst of this light, which was not exactly in the centre, but towards the left-hand side of the gable (as he stood facing it), he saw three figures: to his left, in a bending attitude, with hands clasped, was a figure of St. Joseph; in the middle a figure of the Virgin, her eyes raised, her hands raised to about the level of her shoulders, and their palms turned outwards; to his (the witness's) right, a figure of a bishop, which the people said was St. John, hold-

ing in his left hand an open book, which he appeared to be reading, his right hand elevated, the thumb placed on the third and fourth fingers, the first and second standing erect. Farther on to his (the witness's) right appeared an altar with a lamb on it as represented in Catholic pictures, and a cross standing on the altar. All about the group were twinkling or flashing lights, like stars; they were not steady; they seemed as if they used to come nearer and then retire again, or to go in and out through the gable.

"Was the night dark at the time, Pat?"

"Yes, sir, and it was raining very hard; we were all getting wet, but we did n't mind it."

"Did there appear to be any light in the clouds overhead, or back of you anywhere?"

"No, sir, not a bit."

"Where were you standing at this time?"

"Part of the time I and some of the others stood behind the low little wall that bounds the chapel field; we rested our elbows on it and looked at the visions, and the little boy that was with me (Curry) asked me to lift him up to see the beautiful things that were on the gable of the church. Part of the time we were in the field and quite near to the gable."

"Did the figures appear quite distinct and round?"

"They did, sir."

"Could you have touched them?"

"Yes, sir; and an old woman that was there tried to put her hands round the Virgin's feet."

"Did you see the Virgin's feet?"

"Yes, sir, from the ankles down. She wore a white dress that reached to her ankles."

"How high from the ground were the feet of the figures?"

"About a foot and a half."

"How long did you remain there?"

"More than an hour. People were coming and going all the time. They all saw the vision."

"What were you talking about while you were there?"

"About nothing only what we saw."

"Did you say your prayers?"

"Oh, yes, sir; all the people went on their knees, and were saying the rosary and their prayers."

Most of the other witnesses of this and the subsequent apparitions reside in the village of Knock, and thither I resolved to proceed next morning to converse with some of them and to view the scene of these remarkable appearances. Canon Bourke was so kind as to accompany me to the place, and to obtain for me every facility for making the inquiries I intended. Our drive lay for about four and a half miles over a rough country road, which stretched over an undulating and by no means picturesque tract of country. The makers of those old roads seem never to have thought of such a thing as looking for any approach to a level. Any hills that lay in their way they "went for" in a most courageous style; to shirk them by slight deviations to the right or to the left was a thing they scorned to do. A little cutting of the heights and a little filling of the hollows would have made those roads much easier to travel, but no such engineering feat was attempted in those days; the road-makers merely skimmed the surface of the ground. This was certainly the most economical fashion in which our highways could have been constructed, but it was a fashion which imposed a heavy tax on the "wind and limb" of man and beast from that time to this. After having surmounted many of those elevations, my reverend friend told me that from the crest of that which was now before us we should get a view of the church we were about to visit. A few minutes more and its square steeple came into view. And then, having "the fall of the ground" with us, we sped rapidly along until we reached the little by-path on which stands the humble residence of the parish priest of Knock, where we halted, and our driver untackled and fed his horse.

A few words as to the situation of this house and the others that constitute the village of Knock. They are all small thatched houses, there are but few of them, they stand about in various directions, but none of them face the gable of the church on which the apparitions were seen. The church stands in a large field, which is bounded by a low stone wall. Within the enclosure and at opposite ends of it are two National Schools, one for girls and one for boys.

And now we enter the "chapel field"; we take a brief view of the scene of the apparition, and then pass into the sacred building to spend a little time before the altar. The interior arrangements are simplicity itself. The altar has but little adornment; a wooden railing curves round in front of the altar steps; a few rude seats are placed at each side; there are no galleries, and the floor is of clay. At each side of the altar is a small window of red glass; there is a stained glass window in the gable of each transept: that on the right-hand side as we look from the altar represents the Immaculate Conception; that on the left, the Sacred Heart. Back of the altar is the sacristy, the space for which is made by an interior wall, or gable, as we may say, standing between

the outer gable and the altar. Thus, between the interior of the church and the field outside there are at this end two stone walls. The extreme length of the church inside is about sixty feet; the width across the transept is about fifty-four.

Coming now to the exterior of the church, we see that the steeple or bell-tower is of comparatively recent erection; it has been added on to the old building, and gives it quite an architectural appearance. The date of the church is fixed by a slab, which is inserted in one of the walls, and which bears the following inscription: —

*Matho. 11 capt. — My House shall be called the House of Prayer to all Nations, Ps. 117. — This is the gate of the Lord; the just shall enter into it. Erected by Rev. P. O'Grady, P. P. 1828.*

The old portion of the house was "dashed" or "roughcast" with mortar, which is now dark with age; but the gable, of which we have said so much, was coated with Roman cement. This was done apparently to resist the effect of the weather, that portion of the building being most exposed to the heavy rains and winds that come on it from southerly directions. At present the wall, as high as the hand can reach, is denuded of its coating of cement, and even the mortar from between the stones has been scraped out by visitors to the scene, who wish to carry away with them some relic of that portion of the building. A number of sharp stones which had been used by the people in hammering off the mortar and cement were lying about the ground at the time of our visit. Against that part of the wall on which the vision of the Virgin was seen, a little wooden tablet has been set up, and a small shelf, on which are placed two candles in candlesticks, and two small statuettes; under these is a box with a slit for offerings, and around it a rough wooden paling, within which are placed the crutches and sticks of persons who have there been cured of their ailments. A number of sticks and one pair of crutches were within this enclosure at the time of our visit. On the tablet which I have just mentioned, the following inscription is painted: —

*It is important that any miraculous cures wrought here would be made known to the parish priest.*

While we viewed the place, about a score of persons, young and old, were at their devotions within the church; ten or twelve, including some well-dressed women, were outside, praying before the scene of the apparition; two or three, bareheaded in the cold winter wind, were walking round the church, praying as they went, some one having told them that three "rounds" of this sort ought to be performed; and one poor cripple, performing those penitential circuits, toiled his way painfully along on hands and knees.

I had resolved, before reaching the place at all, to look closely at all its surroundings and see what opportunity they might afford to ill-disposed persons for the playing of "practical jokes" on the simple villagers with lights of one sort or another. A glance at the place sufficed to prove that no facilities for any such performances existed. Turning my back towards the gable and looking on the bare country before me, devoid of house or shrub or tree, the ground sloping away from where I stood and then rising to an upland which gave a boundary line against the sky, I felt that any suggestion of trickery with spectacular apparatus could not stand for a moment. But another consideration disposes of every idea of that kind still more effectually. If the lights and other appearances on the wall had been thrown there from a distance, then when the spectators stood close by the wall their bodies would have intercepted the reflection; the lights and pictures would be thrown on the backs of the crowd and would disappear from the gable. But nothing of this kind occurred. On the gable were the lights, whether the people stood near them or far from them, and there they remained, not for a minute or two, but for hours, seen not by one or two persons but by dozens.

The question whether those extraordinary appearances were seen at all is hardly likely to be asked by any one who knows that more than twenty persons have solemnly deposed to their having viewed them. Several of those witnesses are respectable and intelligent men and women. The idea that they would all, for no imaginable reason, conspire to tell lies, and on a subject of a religious nature, is preposterous. Equally absurd is the notion that they could all have been the victims of a freak of the imagination. The organs of vision are liable to derangements, and that wonderful organism, the brain, is capable of harboring many delusions; but that the eyes and brains of so many persons could at once conjure up the same fantasy — that old people and young, little boys and little girls, peasants, schoolteachers, and policemen should all imagine that they saw certain appearances where there was nothing of the kind — is a thing that passes human belief The wonderful and beautiful lights *were there;* let the scientists account for them if they can.

From fifteen to twenty witnesses have attested to the truth of the facts narrated. And as we close this article we hear a Mr. Ansbro, who lives near Crossboyne, and who for the past year has lost his eyes, received the use of sight on Monday, after visiting the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared. Four other cures have been effected: one of an evil, two of blindness, and one of deafness.

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KNOCK, BALLYHAUNIS, Feb. 12.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Freeman:* —

*Sir*, — I will feel obliged if you will make known to my numerous correspondents that it is simply impossible for me to answer the vast number of letters that arrive here daily from every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland relative to the apparition of our blessed Immaculate Mother. I take this opportunity of stating that the reports given in the public journals are substantially correct, both as regards the apparitions and the numerous miracles wrought here since the 21st of last August.

Remain, yours faithfully,
BARTH. CAVANAGH, P. P., Arch'd.

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## SEQUENCE ON EASTER DAY.

UNTO the Paschal Victim raise,
Christians, your hymns of praise;
The Lamb to God has reconciled
The sheep by sin defiled;
Lo! Death and Life
Have met in wondrous strife;
The King of life though slain,
Lives yet and reigns again.
"What hast thou seen, O Mary, say,
This morning on thy way?"
"The open tomb, our Lord who died
Risen and glorified,
The angels bearing witness meet,
The napkin and the winding-sheet.
Our Hope is risen! you and He
Shall meet in Galilee."
Christ is truly risen, — this we know:
O Victor King, to us Thy mercy show.
Amen. Alleluia.

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## THOUGHT ON ST. PATRICK'S MORN.

How gladly throbs our Irish heart to-day!
How many dwellers o'er the ocean wide,
From southern swamp to great St. Lawrence tide,
Will kneel and for the little island pray,
And shed the tear, by Hope so often tried, —
Sweet token of the love that lives for aye.
Bright, holy flame, forever may it guide
And light the gloom of Erin's troubled way.
The shamrock that we proudly wear this morn
Will droop and fade away at even-time,
But ere it dies one hope of it is born,
One pray'r that Ireland yet may rise sublime;
That some St. Patrick's Day a nation's bliss
Forever may be sealed with Freedom's kiss.

## IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

Duncan: Irish MacDuinnchuan.
Dunlevy: Irish O'Duinnsleibhe.
Duvany: Irish O'Duibhduanaidh.
Egan, Higgins: Irish O'hAedhagain.
Farrell, Freel, O'Farrell: Irish O'Feargaoil.
Fayle, Falvy: Irish O'Failbhe.
Felan, Phelan, Whelan: Irish O'Faelain.
Ferrar: Irish Fhear-ard.
Field, Fielden, Fielding, Fihilly: Irish O'Fithcheallaidh.
Flaherty, O'Flaherty: Irish, O'Flaithbheartaigh.
Flanagan, O'Flanagan: Irish O'Flannagain.
Flinn, Flynn, Lynn: Irish O'Floinn.
Fogarty: Irish O'Fogartaigh.
Forbes: Irish MacFirbis.
Ford, Forde, Makinnaw, Makenna: Irish MacConsnamha.
Fox, Reynard, Reynardson: Irish O'Sionnaigh.
Gafney, Keveny: Irish O'Caibhaheanaigh.
Gallagher: Irish O'Gallchobhair.
Galligan, Gilligan, O'Galligan: Irish O'Gillagain.
Garvey: Irish O'Gairbhith,
Geoghagan, MacGeoghagan: Irish MacEoghagain.
Geraghty, Gerty, Garret: Irish Mac Oirachty.
Gilbride, Kilbride: Irish Giolla Brighid.
Gilchreest: Irish Giolla Chriosd.
Gilcolm: Irish Giollamocholmog.
Gilfinan, Leonard: Irish Mac Giolla Finein.
Gilfoyle: Irish Mac Giolla Phoil.
Giljames: Mac Giolla Seamhais.
Gilmichael, Michil, Mitchell: Irish Giolla Michil.
Gilmore: Irish Giolla Muire.
Gilpatrick, Fitzpatrick: Irish Giolla Padraig.
Gorman, O'Gormon: Irish O'Gormain.
Gormley, Grimley: Irish O'Gairmleadhaidh.
Guinness, MacGuinness, Magenis, Ennis, Innes: Irish, Aengusa.

# Useful Knowledge.

An experienced housekeeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions: Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can be made to look as well as new.

To stew Onions brown. — Strip off the skin, taking care not to cut the onions; place them in a stew-pan that will just hold them in one layer; cover them with some good beef gravy, and let them stew very gently for two hours, or until they are perfectly tender without breaking.

Warm Bread. — One pint of sweet milk, teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar, and sifted flour enough to make a stiff batter, — stiff enough to drop from spoon instead of running; beat well, then add two heaped teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, and bake slowly until it has risen very high and light; then let brown. Eat warm with butter. — Sade.

To wash a fine cambric handkerchief, embroidered in colored silks, so that the colors do not run, the secret is to wash in a soap lather very quickly, wring thoroughly, and then iron so that it dries at once. There should be no soaking, and the embroidered corner should be kept out of the water as much as possible. A little alum will make the process more sure.

Scotch Cake. — Stir to a cream a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, add the rind juice of a lemon; separate the whites and yolks of nine eggs and beat to a froth; stir into the cake, and a pound of sifted flour; stir fifteen minutes and just before putting into empty cake-pans, which must be lined with buttered paper, add a pound of seeded raisins; spice to suit the taste. Bake one hour.

The Onion. — In a late number of the Sanford "Journal," Mr. J. Wofford Tucker publishes the following "mode of culture as practised in Bermuda": Sow in drills ten inches apart, as thinly as practicable. Let the seed plants be thoroughly prepared and well fertilized. If the sun is very hot at the time the plants are springing, shade and water them. When the plant grows to the size of a goose-quill, or larger, it is ready to be transplanted. If sown by the 20th of October, the plants can be taken up and set in beds, say, by the 20th of December. The beds are four feet wide, with narrow foot-paths between, and the ground prepared in the best style. Set the plants in drills ten to twelve or fourteen inches apart and at least eight inches distance one from the other in the drill. Keep out the weeds and grass. Break only the surface of the ground in cultivating. Deep culture will cut or break the fine onion roots. As the onion grows to half size or more, remove the top soil immediately in contact with the bulb, and give it room to enlarge. The last direction may be omitted, but this is Bermuda style. When full grown, pull the onions up and let them lie in the sun a day or more, and it will absorb the substance from the top and become round and plump. Then cut off the shrivelled top with a sharp knife, and pack the onions dry without bruising, in suitable packages, say bushel packages or a little more, and ship to Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Augusta, Atlanta, or elsewhere. Sell as near home as possible, for many reasons. New York might be already in receipt of Bermuda shipments, and it will be better to avoid competition. Keep the onions for market dry. The more manure you apply, the earlier the crop and the larger the yield.

# The Humorist.

THE man who tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue says it took off a little of the roughness, but it made it run much faster.

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they are killed by being studied too hard."

YOUNG Farmer — Nice warm rain — bring things out o' the ground, won't it? Reprehensible old Widower — Don't mention it! I've got two wives there already.

PATRICK (after a sip) — An' which did you the first, the whiskey or the wather? Domestic — The whiskey, av coorse. Pat — Ah, thin maybe I'll be coming to 't by 'n' by!

"CAN there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps; but if the girl is awfully rich, there can be lots of fun.

SAID one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend, "This is leap year, and I suppose you'll be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "my finances won't permit me to support a husband."

A POOR old rheumatic lady said to her physician, "Oh, doctor! doctor! I suffer so much with my hands and feet!" "Be patient, dear madam," he soothingly responded; "you'd probably suffer a good deal more without them."

"PA," said a little boy who was looking at pictures of strange creatures, "an auk is a bird which one would be apt to shun, is n't it?" "I suppose so," tranquilly answered the father. "And if any one should shun an auk, then that would be an auk-shun, would n't it?" The unhappy parent has gone out.

FISHERMAN — "All 'umbug, not bein' able to find the North Pole. If they can't find it, let *me* ax the question, Who put it there?"

"FATHER, are you in favor of reading the Bible in the public schools?" The father replied that he was, most thoroughly. The youth continued: "Well, I thought so; for you never read it at home." This ended the discussion of it in that family for the day.

PHYSICIANS are a favorite target for the arrow of the wit. Here is an arrow which is still quivering where it struck: —

> "My dart," cried Death, "I cannot find,
> So now I 'm quite at sea."
> Quoth Dr. Bolus, "Never mind —
> There, take this recipe."

A FEW days ago a young Protestant mother called upon a Catholic lady, and told her that her baby had been christened the day after Christmas. "Well, did the child cry at the touch of the water?" "Oh, no," the mamma replied, "the minister only put the water on the frock." "What!" exclaimed the Catholic lady, "did he not pour the water on the head or face?" "No," she replied, "only on the frock; it was so kind and thoughtful of him" (mentioning the parson's name).

IN an old law-book printed in the year 1906, where it treats of "courtship, love, and matrimony," we find the following: "Albeit, it is now become a parte of the common laws in regard to the social relations of life, that so often as everie bessextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole priveleges during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they may doe with words or looks, as unto them seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of the clergy who dothe in any wise treat their proposals with slight or contumely."

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## MY STRUGGLE WITH A TIGER.

CHARLES JAMRACH.

It is now a good many years ago, when one morning a van-load of wild beasts, which I had bought the previous day from a captain in the London Docks, who brought them from the East Indies, arrived at my repository in Bett Street, St. George's-in-the-East. I myself superintended the unloading of the animals, and had given directions to my men to place a den containing a very ferocious full-grown Bengal tiger, with its iron-barred front close against the wall.

They were proceeding to take down a den with leopards, when all of a sudden I heard a crash, and to my horror found the big tiger had pushed out the back part of his den with his hind-quarters, and was walking down the yard into the street, which was then full of people watching the arrival of this curious merchandise. The tiger, in putting his fore paws against the iron bars in front of the den, had exerted his full strength to push with his back against the boards behind, and had thus succeeded in gaining his liberty.

As soon as he got into the street, a boy of about nine years of age put out his hand to stroke the beast's back, when the tiger seized him by the shoulder and ran down the street with the lad hanging in his jaws. This was done in less time than it takes me to relate; but when I saw the boy being carried off in this manner, and witnessed the panic that had seized hold of the people, without further thought I dashed after the

brute, and got hold of him by the loose skin on the back of his neck. I was then of a more vigorous frame than now, and had plenty of pluck and dash in me.

I tried thus to stop his further progress, but he was too strong for me, and dragged me, too, along with him. I then succeeded in putting my leg under his hind legs, tripping him up, so to say, and he fell in consequence on his knees. I now, with all my strength and weight, knelt on him, and releasing the loose skin I had hold of, I pushed my thumbs with all my strength behind his ears, trying to strangulate him thus. All this time the beast held fast to the boy.

My men had been seized with the same panic as the bystanders, but now I discovered one lurking round a corner, so I shouted to him to come with a crowbar; he fetched one, and hit the tiger three tremendous blows over the eyes.

It was only now he released the boy. His jaws opened and his tongue protruded about seven inches. I thought the brute was dead or dying, and let go of him, but no sooner had I done so than he jumped up again. In the same moment I seized the crowbar myself, and gave him, with all the strength I had left, a blow over his head. He seemed to be quite cowed, and, turning tail, went back towards the stables, which fortunately were open. I drove him into the yard, and closed the doors at once. Looking round for my tiger, I found he had sneaked into a large empty den that stood open at the bottom of the yard. Two of my men, who had jumped on to an elephant's box, now descended, and pushed down the iron-barred sliding-door of the den; and so my tiger was safe again under lock and key.

The boy was taken to the hospital, but with the exception of a fright and a scratch, was very little hurt. I lost no time in making inquiry about him, and finding where his father was, I offered him £50 as some compensation for the alarm he had sustained. Nevertheless, the father, a tailor, brought an action against me for damages, and I had to pay £300, of which he had £60, and the lawyers the remaining £240. Of two counsel I employed, only one appeared; the other, however, stuck to his fee right enough. At the trial the judge sympathized very much with me, saying that instead of being made to pay, I ought to be rewarded for saving the life of the boy, and perhaps that of a lot of other people. He, however, had to administer the law as he found it, and I was responsible for any dangerous consequences brought about in my business. He suggested, however, as there was not much hurt done to the boy, to put down the damages as low as possible. The jury named £50, the sum I had originally offered to the boy's father of my own good-will. The costs were four times that amount. I was fortunate, however, to find a purchaser for my tiger a few days after the accident; for Mr. Edmonds, proprietor of Wombwell's Menagerie, having read the report in the papers, came up to town post-haste, and paid me £300 for the tiger. He exhibited him as the tiger that swallowed the child, and by all accounts made a small fortune with him.

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### A GAME OF FORFEITS.

In the following game, whenever the dog is mentioned every one is to cry "bow, wow"; when duck, drake, cock, cat, etc., occur, each player is to reproduce the peculiar cry of each. Any one omitting the cry, or giving the wrong one, pays forfeit.

A CERTAIN little dog (bow, wow) named Di (bow, wow), formed a romantic attachment for a tiny gray kitten (mieu) called Fan (mieu), and together they made frequent visits to the hen-coop (cackle), much to the annoyance of the old dorking cock (crow), the mother hen (cackle), and her little chicks (chirp).

Di (bow, wow) possessing a rare quantity of animal spirits, took much pleasure in the discomfiture caused in

this family by the untimely and unwelcome visits of himself and companion. Fan (mieu) being of a meditative turn of mind, once settled herself comfortably on her paws to study the habits of the yellow little chicks (chirp). Master Di (bow, wow) was pirouetting around his feline playfellow, delivering a series of short barks, when an old drake (quack) who had been watching their proceedings with great disgust, suddenly opened his wings and flat yellow bill, and made a charge at Fan (mieu). This so enraged Di (bow, wow) that he sprang on the drake (quack), and the cock, (crow) finding his door ajar, advanced to the assistance of his friend the drake (quack). The duck (quack) and ducklings (weet, weet) now hastened to the scene, followed by the mother-hen (cackle) and her chicks (chirp), and in the confusion that ensued, Fan (mieu) and Di (bow, wow) with dirty coats and depressed, melancholy countenances, made their escape, followed by the threatening cries of the cock (crow), the hen (cackle), the drake (quack), the ducklings (weet, weet), the chickens (chirp), and the duck (quack), who all vowed vengeance against the dog (bow, wow) and cat (mieu), who had so disturbed their peace.

[A judicious leader can prolong the game and give it further interest by introducing the various other animals, such as the lion, the sheep, the goat, the horse, etc.]

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### A TRYING TIME.

To the ordinary lad, entrance into society is a fiery ordeal. It is a great trial either for a tender or a riper age, for an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in a few moments all eyes will be upon him; it is a severe test of courage to go before these girls and make the tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and to sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets is an achievement which few boys can boast. But even if he acquits himself tolerably well during the evening, his trials are not yet over. The time for breaking up arrives. The girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, so unimpressible and independent, as if they did not wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy who has the most pluck goes up to the prettiest girl in the room, with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking out his elbow, stammers out the words. "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers on his arm and they walk home, feeling as awkward as two goslings. Well, life has its trials.

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IRISHMAN VS YANKEE. — The other night at a London club some Americans were boasting about their inventions and the wonderful machines to be found in the States. One of them told of the well-known mincing machine, which, a live pig being introduced at one end, turns out the animal in sausages at the other. The Irishman, who was not going to have the Yankee riding rough-shod over every other nation, turned on them and said: "Bedad, we've got the the same machine in Ireland, only ours is more perfect, sure, for if you don't like the sausages, you can put them back into the machine, and by reversing the action, they'll come out a live pig again where he went in."

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A GENTLEMAN who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, says to a child in presence of its parents, "Well my child, what do you think of me, eh?" The little one makes no reply, and the gentleman continues, "Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me. Why won't you?" "'Cause I don't want to be licked."

# IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

[In this and in every succeeding number of the Magazine, we will present to our readers in this department, in addition to standard prose reading and poetry—as in our last number, Elementary Instructions in the Irish Language, for the benefit of those of our readers who are anxious to learn it, but who have not yet made the attempt, for the want of a teacher or self-instructor therein.]

## Elementary Instructions in the Irish Language.

### THE IRISH ALPHABET.

The Irish Alphabet* consists of seventeen letters, as follows:—

| Capital. | Small. | Corresponding English. | Sounds. | Irish Names.† | Translation of Names. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | a | a | aw | Ailm | Palm. |
| B | b | b | bay | Beith | Birch. |
| C | c | c | kay | Coll | Hazel. |
| D | d | d | dhay | Dair | Oak. |
| E | e | e | ay | Eadha | Aspen. |
| F | f | f | eff | Fearn | Alder. |
| G | g | g | gay | Gort | Ivy. |
| I | i | i | ee | Idha | Yew. |
| L | l | l | ell | Luis | Quicken tree. |
| M | m | m | emm | Muin | Vine tree. |
| N | n | n | enn | Nuin | Ash. |
| O | o | o | owe | Oir | Broom. |
| P | p | p | pay | Peith | Dwarf elder. |
| R | r | r | arr | Ruis | Elder. |
| S | s | s | ess | Suil | Willow. |
| T | t | t | thay | Teine | Furze. |
| U | u | u | oo | Ur | Heath shrub. |
| H‡ | h | h | | | |

* The learner will clearly see at a glance that a similarity exists between the Irish and English characters. By looking along the Irish Alphabet column, headed "Small," it will be noticed that only the letter s (s) is constructed entirely different from the English—or the Roman, as some are wont to call it; but they are no more Roman than English, technically speaking; they are the Phœnician or Cadmean letters, brought into Greece sixteen hundred years before the Christian era.

† The idea of the formation of the Irish characters was originally conceived from the trees and shrubs of the forest, as is shown in the above column, headed "Irish Names," where every letter in the alphabet has the name of some tree or shrub. The sounds of the Irish characters are entirely different from the names of the trees from which the idea was conceived and the characters named. It is not advisable for beginners to trouble themselves about learning the names of the Irish characters, because it is of no advantage to them in the study of the language; however, it is expected that every student of the language, after knowing the value of aspiration, will learn these names and their English translations.

‡ From the fact that h does not commence any word in the Irish language, it is not a letter of the Irish alphabet; it is used only as a mark of aspiration, and an asterisk, an obelisk, a dot, or any figure which may be recognized and decided upon as a mark of aspiration, would answer the purpose equally as well.

## Rannа ó Dhollаċ Fоrur Feаrа Eіrreаnn, Doċtúra Ċéіtіs.

Do ǧeіb mаr аn ǧ-céаdna loċt аіr аn aoіr reаnnа na ǧ-clárreаċ ı n-Éіrіnn, aǧur a deіr náċ ṗaіb ceól ionnta. Ir corṁaіl náṙ bheіċeаṁ éіrіoch аіr ċeól 'r an ṁ-bіṫ, aǧur ǧo h-áіrіǧṫe аіr an ǧ-ceól n-Ǧaodlаċ ro na h-Éіrreаnn, аіr ṁ-beіṫ aіreólаċ, ır na ṁaǧlaċaіb beаnur rіr do. Saoіlіm naċaṙ ċuіǧ Stanіhurst ǧur ab aṁlаḋ do bí Éіrre 'nn-a ṁoǧaċt fa deіṫ re féіn aṁaіl doṁaіn bіǧ, aǧur na h-uaіrle aǧur na h-ollaṁaіn do bí ınnte ı n-allód ǧur ċumaḋaṙ bheіċeаṁnur, leіǧіor, fılıḋeаċd, ceól, aǧur ṁaǧlaċa cınnte do bí aіr bun ı n-Éіrіnn, aǧur mаr rіn nіor ċheаrda do Stanihurst bheіċeаṁnaṙ meаṙḋána do ḋéanaṁ aіr ċeól na h-Éіrreаnn do loċtúǧaḋ, aǧur ır ionǧnaḋ lіom náṙ léіǧ Cambrenrіǧ 'r an náoṁaḋ caibіdil déaǧ, mаr a ṁolaіr ceól na n-Éіrreannaċ, aċt munaḃ é do ċuіr noіṁe céіm do bheіṫ aіr Cambrenrіr aǧ cáіneаḋ na n-Éіrreannaċ; óіr, nі ḟuil 'r an ṁ-bіṫ nі ır ṅó ı n-a ṁolaіr Cambrenrіr Éіrreannaiǧ, ionа ır an ċeól Ǧaodlаċ; aǧ ro mаr a deіr 'r an ċaibіdil ceadna: "I n-a ḋḃaiḃ ceoil aṁáіn do ǧeіḃm dіċ-ċioll an ċineаḋ ro roṁolta, mаr ǧo b-ḟuilіd tаr an uile ċineаḋ d'á b-ḟeacaṁaіr clіrte ǧo doṁeаrda." Aǧ ro, do réіr an ċabaidil céadna, an tuaіrǧábaіl do beіr aіr an ǧ-ceol n-Ǧaodlаċ da ṁolaḋ, "do ǧnіṫeаr," aіr ré, "an oіrfeаḋ ionlán oіreаṁnaċ re luaṙ taǧuіr, le

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR. KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

This writer (Stanihurst) censures in like manner the bards of Ireland, and says that they know nothing of music. But it is more than probable that he was not competent to judge of any music at all, and especially of the Gadelian music of Ireland, being a perfect stranger to its rules. I believe Stanihurst knew not that Ireland was a distinct kingdom, and, as it were, a little world in itself, and that its ancient nobles and literary professors formed, and had, peculiar to themselves, their laws, physic, poetry and music, with certain rules, which are always observed in Ireland; so that Stanihurst was not very modest in forming this rash opinion, and censuring the music of Ireland. I am very much surprised that he did not read the nineteenth chapter of Cambrensis, in which he praises the Irish music; unless it was his intention to outdo Cambrensis in misrepresenting and abusing the Irish, for there is nothing for which that writer more commends them than for the excellence of their native music; and in the same chapter he says: "In their musical instruments alone, I applaud the laudable diligence of this people, in which they are incomparably skilful above all other nations." And in his encomiums on Irish music, in the same chapter, he gives the following high character of it: "Its melody," says

coṁċṗom éazcoṙṁuıl, aguṙ le coſṁċeaċc aıṅ-ḟṙeazaṙċaċ le ċéıle." Aṙ ro ıṙ ıomcuıȝċe do ċeıṙo Cambṙeṅṙıṙ, ȝuṙ bṙéazaċ do Sṫaṅıhuṙṫ a ṙáḋ, ṅáċ ṙaıḃ ceol 'ṙ aṅ oıṙḟıdeaḋ Éıṙıoṅṅac. Nı ḟıoṙ do, maṙ aṅ ȝ-céaḋna, aṅ ṅſḋ a deıṙ, ȝuṙ ab dall do bſoſṙ úṙṁóṙ aoṙa ṙeaṅṁa ṅa h-Éıṙıoṅṅ; oıṙ, ıṙ ḟollur aṅ daṅ do ṙcṅſob ṙeıṙıoṅ a ṙdaıṙ, ȝuṙ ab ḷa ṅeaċ ṙúıleaċ do bſ ṅe ṙeıṅṁ ı ṅ-Éıṙıoṅṅ, ıoṅá duıṅe dall; aguṙ maṙ ṙıṅ ó ḟoıṅ a leıṫ aguṙ aṅoıṙ; bſoċeaḋ a ṙıaḋṅuıṙe ṙıṅ aıṙ aṅ luċt cóṁaıṁṙıṅe.

Tuıȝ, a léıȝċeoıṙ, ȝo ṅaḃaḋaṙ tſí h-eaṙbaḋa aıṙ Sṫaṅıhuṙṫ ṅe ṙȝıṅobaḋ ṙdaıṙe ṅa h-Éıṙıoṅṅ, aṙ ṅáṙ ċóıṙ cıoṅ ṙdaṅaſċe do ċaḃaıṙṫ aıṙ. Aıṙ d-túṙ do bſ ré ṅo óȝ, ıoṅṅuṙ ṅaċ ṅaıḃ uaıṅ aıȝe aıṙ ċuaṙtúȝaḋ do ċéaṅaṁ aıṙ ḟeaṅċuṙ, ṅa cṙſċeṙ, aıṙ aṙ ȝab do láṁ ṙȝıṙobaḋ. Aıṅ daṙa h-eaṙbaıḋ do bſ ré dall aṅeolaċ ı d-teaṅȝaıṅ ṅa cſṅe, ı ṅ-a ṅaıḃ ḟeaṅċuṙ aguṙ ȝaċ ḟeaṅdála ṅa cṙſċe, aguṙ ȝaċ ḟuṅṅe daṙ áıdȝ ſ; aguṙ maṙ ṙıṅ ṅſoṙ b'ḟéıdıṙ leıṙ ḟıoṙ ḟeaṅdála ṅa h-Éıṙıoṅṅ do beıṫ aıȝe. Aıṅ dṙeaṙ eaṙbaıḋ do bſ aṙṙṙoṅ, do bſ ré uaıllıṁṅaṅaċ, aguṙ da ṙéṙṙ ṙıṅ do bſ ṙúıl aıȝe ṁéadúȝaḋ d'ḟáȝaıl ó 'ṅ dṙoṅȝ lé'ṙ ȝṙſoṙaḋ é le ṙȝıṙoḋaḋ ȝo h-olc aṙṙ Éıṙıṅṅ.

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Thus a poet sang of the Irish language:

Ir mé an eala ó ċonn go conn,
Ir mé an long ain bruaċ a rsúr,
Ir mé an abal de'n rocaḋ a blát,
Gid d'aiṁdeoin ċaiċ atáim beo.

I'm like the swan that's tossed from wave to wave
The barque unguided, with rudder torn away;
Or, like the apple tree, with blossom blasted—
Yet, despite of all, I live!

he, "is completed and rendered agreeable by so sweet a swiftness, so unequal a purity of sound, and so discordant a concord." Hence we may infer, from the testimony of Cambrensis, that Stanihurst had no grounds for asserting that Irish music was devoid of harmony. Neither is he to be credited when he asserts that the musicians of Ireland were all blind; for it is manifest that at the time he wrote his history there were more musicians in Ireland who possessed their sight than who were blind, as has been the case ever since, and is at present, as all our contemporaries can testify.

The reader should here observe that Stanihurst labored under three defects when writing his history of Ireland, on which account he is not entitled to be esteemed an historian. In the first place, he was too young to have had time to examine the antiquities of the country whose history he undertook to write. Secondly, he was utterly ignorant of the language of the country, in which the records and ancient history of the nation and its inhabitants were preserved; so that it is not possible that he could know anything of the old accounts of Ireland. Thirdly, he was unqualified, because he was ambitious, and was puffed up with the hope of obtaining preferment through the means of those who incited him to calumniate the Irish nation in his writings.

## FINGIN UA N-AILLUIN, DO CAN,

### AIR BAS AISEIL UI LONGAIN, D'EAG AN SEACTMAD LA DEAG DE DEALLTAINE, 1837.

Mo ċiaċ, mo ċiomâd, mo ċruiteâinn cléib ir caoi,
An fial-fear follâin, ceann-airt, caoin gan tesneal;
Iaċta a nglar bân, lag, tlâċ, faon fâ lig,
Aiseal Ua Longâin, m'ocolân! é le muiseann.

D'ar nûin ré beartaib, dob'-fada mo faogal a' rgriob,
Air laoiteib, blarda, 'r a labairta geurna grinn;
Ni baoir no bladar a ċanaim, no fléaċtaim dib,
Anuil nâ mairion a b-fearanaib Éibir Finn.

Ir leunmar atâid laoċrad, ó léim go Laoi—
O Béarra, ir do'n réim rin go Rât-na Rig;
Nir dréaċta aig éigrib, no dânt' d'a rinsin,
Ó léigeað a g-cré ċuilt râib an grinn.

Féniċr na féile, ir na râċ nâr rig—
Raolta ċrid Éibir, na m-blaċ, 'r a m-buiteann—
Fém' éadaib-ri céadta agur tâin ag tigeaċt,
'S gan aon neaċ go n-déanfain gur dâ no triaoi.

* * * * * * * *

Mo ċiaċ! gan gó, air feogað, do ċnâma 'r a' cill—
Ir tû fâriag, hómer gid'n nói a ċâil 'r a ginsin—
Rug bârr ó Óbid, fleór na b-fâige b-fion,
Ir do ċâil a d-triaóg, go deo, do'n dâin d'a muiteann.

Mo ċreaċ narman, gaċ am, ir mo gaoċ â'm' ċroide,
Aiar d'imtig trean na nann, agur tréċta triaoi—
D'imtig an greann, nig'l ann fear léigeaðta laoi,
Ó imtig an neabair ar ceann na céila maoim.

A Aon Aise do céadað air bârr cnoic aird,—
Do triaoċað air ċaon ċroir ir tâirnigide trid;
Aiar léigir-re geur fleag a lâr do clí,
Ó baogal beir raor leat an râib fád' ċoin.

* * * * * * *

Aisle doċt 'r a h-oċt de ċéadaib,
Areaċt air trioċad de'n muinnir ċéadna,
Ó ċeaċt Aise Aurre le cumar d'ar raoriað,
Go tuitim, Aiseil Uí Longâin naoiða.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1880.


## A Talk with our Readers.

THE picture which we give this month, of BISHOP ELDER, is a "real" presentment of the man. Although clergymen, as a rule, are not "handsome," a judge of physiognomy can always detect the unmistakable marks of intellect, of kindheartedness, and of thorough manliness, which imprint themselves upon the form and the features. When Napoleon the First saw Pope Pius VII. celebrating Mass, he turned to his crowd of courtiers, and, in his short and brusque way, said, "This man is the first gentleman of Europe." And shall we not say that the present Coadjutor of Cincinnati is among the first gentlemen of America? for, thank God, we have many such.

Although Emerson claims for New England "a fine hospitality, and a strength of character which meets the helpless at once," still we must claim for the priest and the bishop of the Catholic Church a higher ideal, far superior to that "heroism" of which the New England thinker dreams. Bishop Elder is one of those men, consecrated to God, whose whole soul is devoted to his people. When his noble-hearted priests fell, one by one, in attending to the sick calls of his flock, and when, by the law of the church, the bishop, or, in the Greek language (επίσκοπος), the "overseer," was justified in protecting himself, for the purposes of future usefulness, as St. Athanasius says (*De Fuga*), Bishop Elder, like the man he is, threw himself at once into the midst of the fray. Nor is disease so formidable an antagonist as war. It requires a clearer head, a steadier nerve, a more resolute mind. Few of the North know what yellow fever is, — a disease which the ablest physicians are puzzled over, and which defies their most thoughtfully prepared remedies One of the ablest physicians in the United States (Gross, of Philadelphia) gave as his opinion, that we shall have to wait, at the latest, fifty years, before the South shall have wakened up to the absolute necessity of thorough draining and sewerage.

In several of the notices of Bishop Elder, which have appeared in the Northern press, we find many exceptions taken to his action in refusing, under military law, "to pray for the President of the United States"; a position which entailed upon the bishop several indignities, of which, we hope, Uncle Sam is now ashamed. Many of us (if we honestly avow our opinion) think that there has been no President of the United States, for a decade of years past. Bishop Elder, in this instance, acted like the thorough American that he is; and, whatever may be our own feelings, prejudices, and convictions, with regard to the Civil War and its results, no American can blame his brother for defending his altar and fireside.

To enable those of our readers that may not have seen Bishop Elder, — and, by the way, he is, by the law of the Church, entitled to the appellation of Archbishop (*vide* Reiffenstuhl *de Jure Canonico*), — he is, in personal appearance, a very quiet, gentlemanly looking man, — the furthest removed from those dashing-looking fellows that figure in the weekly story-papers. A noble brow, a long and rather emaciated face, a dignified and thoroughly gentlemanly deportment, characterize the great man whom Pope Leo has sent to help Archbishop Purcell in his financial difficulties. Archbishop Elder is the "coming man": and despite the pressing claim upon the "pocket" of the Church in her relief of Ireland, he will clear the church in Cincinnati of debt in five years.

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AN ORGAN FOR THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. — Quite a heavy debt still encumbers the House of the Good Shepherd, and the industrious sisters are endeavoring in every possible way to reduce it. They recently received for the institution a valuable gift of a handsome cabinet organ from Messrs. Scanlon & McLaughlin of the New England Organ Company. The institution is doing an excellent work, and, if its needs were more generally known, it would doubtless be better supported than it is.

THE Democratic National Convention is to assemble in Cincinnati on the 22d of June.

MESSRS. PARNELL and DILLON have collected nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars since their arrival in this country.

THE Charitable Irish Society of Boston have voted to send $1,000 to the Land League Rel ef Fund, and to dispense with the usual annual dinner on the 17th of March next.

DURING the months of January and February, Mr. Donahoe sent to Ireland, from friends in Boston, nearly thirty-one thousand dollars. This is exclusive of the collections in the churches and public subscriptions.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. — Subscribers who do not receive DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE regularly should forthwith notify this office of the fact, in order that the cause may be investigated and promptly removed.

GENERAL M. T. DONOHOE has been appointed as passenger agent in Boston of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, an appointment which will give to that corporation the services of an experienced and capable gentleman. Both parties to the affair are to be congratulated.

COLLECTIONS IN THE CHURCHES FOR IRELAND. — Archdiocese of Boston, $37,390.63; diocese of Springfield, Mass., $14.994.41; diocese of Hartford, $22,625.31; archdiocese of New York, $47,391.51. The dioceses throughout the country and in Canada are sending in the same proportion.

THE United States House of Representatives have instructed the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs to report favorably to the House the resolution making an appropriat on for the relief of the suffering people of Ireland. The resolution was amended by the committee increasing the appropriation from $100,000, the amount originally proposed, to $300,000.

THE public will be gratified by the announcement that the renowned order of teachers, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose academies at Manhattanville, Kenwood Eden Hall, Clifton, Elmhurst, and elsewhere in the United States, ranking with the best in Europe, are held in the highest esteem as educational institutions, have leased the Thorndike Mansion, No. 5 Chester Square, near Washington St., Boston, in which they will open an academy for girls and young ladies, as day scholars, the first Monday of April next. Applications for admission will be received at the academy after March 1st.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for March 1880, is at hand. It has a long table of interesting contents. It is sufficient commendation of the work to say that it is a journal devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad, and is edited by the veteran publisher, Patrick Donahoe. It has an engraving of Count Edward Taaffe, the distinguished Irish-Austrian nobleman, and commences a Gaelic department, the purpose of which is to give extracts from some standard prose writings in the Irish language in every issue of the magazine. Side by side with the Irish text is given an English translation. This feature of the magazine will, we think, prove an attraction to its patrons. It costs but $2.00 a year.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., Feb. 14, 1880.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ. :

*Dear Sir,* — Your excellent monthly magazine for March has come to hand. It is, as usual, filled with choice reading-matter, and all of very interesting character; in fact, it is so interesting that your subscribers eagerly await its monthly appearance. It is certainly destined to have a large circulation among our Catholic people, and will eventually be freely read by thousands of people of other denominations. I wish it every success and prosperity, and hope its proprietor may be spared very many years, to act as its Guide and *Pilot.*

Very truly yours,

L. E. CARROLL.

*Letter of Approbation from California.*

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
SONORA, Feb. 13, 1880.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:

*Dear Sir,* — I have just received the magazines. In glancing through the different numbers, I was surprised and delighted by the beautiful portraits, so artistic, and so, apparently, true to life. When I reached the last number, which was graced by a good picture of one whom I am proud to own as a classmate, Father Walsh, I felt sorry that the magazine did not have more of them, for they add considerably to the store of information so generously scattered over its pages.

Yours sincerely,

REV. T. PHILLIPS.

EVANSTON, ILL., Jan. 28, 1880.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE :

*My Dear Sir,* — Inclosed find a P. O. order for my subscription for 1880. And, as I have on a former occasion testified regarding your labors in diffusing pure reading by good magazines, when the country is flooded by the filthy, trashy periodical, that instead of improving the mind, is only filling it with ideas more suited for the irrational than the rational being.

Sincerely wishing you to succeed in your good and pious undertaking, and wishing you and your family all the blessings of this holy season,

Sincerely yours,

MICHAEL DONAHOE,
*Pastor of St. Mary's.*

CABINET OR PARLOR ORGANS. — A good cabinet or parlor organ is the best instrument for the family. It is adapted to music both secular and sacred; is the best instrument for home music generally, and especially for the sacred songs, which are most used among the people. It is easy to play upon, and affords satisfaction to one who has but little skill. It is not surprising, therefore that this instrument has gained such popularity, more than 40,000 being sold in the United States each year.

But this large demand has led to the making of many very poor organs. It seems to be a strife among makers, now, who shall make the lowest priced organ; and this amounts to a strife as to who shall make the poorest one. One company have fully kept up to the highest standard in making these instruments. Mason & Hamlin have always made the best, and still make them, as proved by the award to them of the gold medal, the highest distinction at the disposal of the juries, at the World's Exposition in Paris, in 1878. No other gold medal is awarded any maker of musical instruments in America Mason & Hamlin organs are only a little higher in price than very poor organs. It is certainly economy to get the best.

# Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

## PRIESTS.

REV. JOHN WALTON, parish priest of Castletown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, died on the 10th of February.

VERY REV. CHARLES RUSSELL, D. D., president of the Maynooth College, recently died at the age of sixty-eight years.

VERY REV. ARCHDEACON O'CONNOR, P. P. of St. John's, N. F., was instantly killed, on the 2d of February, by a falling tree in the woods at Merimachi River.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of one of the most beloved and respected of the clergy of the diocese of Kilmore, the Very Rev Patrick O'Reilly, P. P., V. F., of Belturbet, County Cavan.

THE Rev Father Geraghty, P. P., of St. Lawrence's, Birkenhead, died Jan. 28, at the early age of thirty-two years He was ordained at the age of twenty-three, and the Bishop of Shrewsbury, recognizing his great talent and ability, appointed him to St Lawrence's, a most important parish, whilst he was yet almost the youngest priest on the mission in the diocese. He was a native of Galway, and a student of St. Jarlath's, the seminary that has given to Ireland so many priests and laymen.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. John Mawe, P. P., V. G., dean of the diocese of Kerry. Dean Mawe was one of the ablest and most distinguished of the clergy of the South, and his death will be deeply regretted throughout Kerry, and especially in Tralee, the parish over which he had so long presided. The Dean held strong political opinions, and in the Fenian times he came into constant collision with the party of action. The memory of these trying times have, however, long been softened over, and only the many virtues of the Dean will now be recollected by his sorrowing flock.

THE Rev. Robert J. Maguire, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on the 2d of February, at the parochial residence, 223 Congress Street. Father Maguire was one of the best known and most beloved priests in the diocese of Brooklyn. He was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in the year 1819. He attended the parochial schools of his native place, and was afterwards educated for the priesthood at the celebrated Catholic seminary of All Hallows, where in 1846 he was ordained. He came at once to this country, and found his first field of labor under Bishop Loughlin, at the Jay Street Cathedral. He was installed as curate, and continued his labors there for about three years, during which time he was noted for great zeal in performing all his religious duties. He was afterwards transferred to Father Cassidy at the Star of the Sea, corner of Court and Luqueer Streets, where he remained some four years, until, in 1864, he was appointed as the pastor of St. Paul's Church, where he continued to remain up to the time of his death.

## SISTERS.

THE remains of Miss Condon, in religion Sister Mary Susa, were consigned to their last resting-place in the vaults of the Dominican Convent, Taylor's Hill, near Galway, on the 16th of February. The deceased, who was only twenty-eight years of age, was daughter of Mr. Patrick Condon, Newcastle West, County Limerick.

THE Presentation nuns in Dubuque, Iowa, have met with a great loss in the death of MOTHER MARY VINCENT HENNESSY, superioress of their convent, which took place on Feb. 19, in the fifty-ninth year of her age, after thirty years of devoted service to her religious community, she having made her profession on Aug. 15, 1852.

Mother Vincent was a native of Ireland, having been born at Three Castles, in the County Kilkenny. Before coming to this country she had acted in the capacity of superioress of a convent in her native land. Having ample resources of her own, she employed them for the development of the work of her community, both in Ireland and

in America, to which she came some five years ago, bringing with her five postulants, with whom she established the first Presentation convent in Iowa. In December last, the Novitiate and Mother House of this community was transferred from where they had been, some four miles from Dubuque, to the latter city, and Mother Vincent took charge of the new convent, to which is attached a very flourishing school, containing about one hundred and twenty pupils. The Dubuque "Telegraph" speaks of Mother Vincent as one of the most estimable women that ever lived; and adds that the "sisters loved her devotedly."

## LAYMEN AND LAYWOMEN.

DR. RAINSFORD, of Dublin, died on the 18th of February.

DR. WILLIAM H. O'LEARY, M. P. for the borough of Drogheda, died recently in London. His remains were conveyed to Glasneven for interment.

MAJOR MYLES WILLIAM PATRICK O'REILLY died Feb. 7, at his residence, 14 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin. At the time of Garibaldi's attack on the temporal power of the pope, Major O'Reilly, hastening to the Eternal City, placed his sword at the service of the Pontiff Pius, and was appointed to the command of the Irish Brigade in the pope's army. The history of the struggle it is needless to recount here. He was fifty-five years old.

BERNARD DEVLIN, ex-M. P. for Montreal, Can., died recently in Colorado, where he had gone a few weeks since for the benefit of his health. Mr. Devlin has long occupied a leading position as a lawyer and politician. He was born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1824, was a liberal in politics, and was brought out, in 1857, for the western division of Montreal, as an opponent of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who had become a supporter of Sir John A. MacDonald. McGee won the election, but narrowly escaped being shot at the close of the poll. In 1874 Mr. Devlin was a candidate against M. P. Ryan, and was elected by a small majority. At the last general election he was defeated by an overwhelming majority by Ryan. He had been suffering for some time with disease of the lungs.

DEATH OF MADAME CONNELLY. — Society in Paris has lost one of the most amiable and charitable members of high position, and one of those women who are justly called, "*Les anges de charité.*" Mr. Connelly, counsellor at the High Court of Cassation, and Dean of the Catholic University, is of Irish origin, and holds the first place among the descendants of the "Exiles of Erin." He is considered to-day as one of the best jurisconsults of France. In his sad bereavement Mr. Connelly found the greatest sympathy. The church of St. Clothilde was full, and not only the first magistrates, judges, and lawyers of Paris, but a great concourse of noblemen, Sisters of Charity, and clergymen followed to the grave the deceased lady, who was allied to the first families of France, the De Segurs, etc. Ireland was represented by the Rev. Dr. MacNamara, the Rev. M. Burke, of the Irish College, by Count O'Connell, Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, and J. P. Leonard.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF JAMES E. McGEE. — Mr. James E. McGee, kindly known among all that knew him, — less known than his brother, Thomas D'Arcy McGee (who fell a victim by the coward shot of a slave of some one of the vile Irish secret societies), — after a sickness of several months, during which he was nursed at St. Francis Hospital, departed this life on the 21st inst., in excellent dispositions of penitence, and was buried on the 23d. We know of him mostly from others; personally by meeting on the streets or in our office, by a few passing words. He was, by all we know of him, a more unswerving Catholic in his principles than his more noted brother; never entangled in un-Catholic associations. In the filthy atmosphere of a military camp, we have heard since his death that he would quit the place, to save his ears from the contamination of indecent talk. He died in excellent dispositions, and we commend him to the prayers of the faithful. — *N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

THE ABBÉ DEBAIZE, whose death occurred lately, was well qualified both by experience and by scientific training for the task he undertook, to cross Africa from Zanzibar to the west coast, exploring as far as possible the country lying along his route. He was subsidized to the amount of 100,000 francs by the French government, and left Paris in March, 1878, for Zanzibar. The abbé had been more than usually successful, and reached Ujiji, in about a year after he left Paris, his journey up to that point being marked by few misfortunes. He intended to establish depots at the north end of Tanganyika, and at the mouth of Stanley's Aruwime, and then in light marching order explore the western slopes of the Blue Mountains and the countries between the southern end of Albert Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika. We can only hope that the observations he has made have been preserved and will be sent to Paris; as the abbé was an original observer, they are likely to be of considerable value. The expedition must not be confounded with that sent from Algeria, and consisting of a number of missionary priests, whose main object was the establishment of mission stations.

LADY ESMONDE died in London of acute bronchitis. She had only crossed over from Dublin with her son, Sir Thomas Esmonde, the previous day. Louise, Lady Esmonde, was the fourth daughter of the late Henry Grattan, Esq., who represented the city of Dublin and county of Meath in Parliament for a period of nearly forty years. She married in 1862 the late Sir John Esmonde, Bart., M. P. for the county of Waterford for twenty-six years. She leaves six children to deplore her loss, the youngest being but four years old. The funeral took place yesterday. The coffin containing the remains, having arrived from London the night before, was deposited in the Catholic Church at Gorey. The funeral procession started from Gorey at one o'clock, and though it was desired by the family that it should be private, a very large concourse of people attended to pay a last tribute of respect to her memory. The chief mourners on the occasion were Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., James Esmonde, Esq., D. L.,

Mrs. and Miss Grattan Bellew, Edmund Dease, Esq., M. P., Mr. Henry Grattan Langdale, Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, Bart., William Heskis, Esq. The procession, which was nearly a mile in length, and in which followed the carriages of all the local gentry, proceeded at a slow pace a distance of four miles, to the old burial-place of the Esmondes for the last three hundred years, at Lymbrick. The last prayers having been said and "Benedictus" chanted by the clergy present, the coffin was lowered into the vault, and placed beside that of the late Sir John Esmonde, whose death took place three years ago.

## Events of the Month.

THERE are 20,872 Roman Catholics in the British army.

THE Canadian House of Commons has voted $100,000 to the Irish relief fund.

THE statue of Prince Louis Napoleon, which it is proposed to place in Westminster Abbey, is completed.

IN the famine of 1847 upwards of seventy vessels, laden with provisions, were sent from this country to Ireland.

THE Madrid Catholic papers are no longer going to report cases of suicide, their belief being that such reports suggest the commission of the act.

THE Pope has sent a beautifully wrought pyx to the Italian Church, Hatton Gardon, as reparation for the sacrilege recently committed there.

THE Sultan has recently displayed ill-will to the English. A few days ago he ordered the dismissal of all the Englishmen serving in the Ottoman navy.

A QUEBEC merchant ships beef to England with success by removing the head and entrails, wrapping the body in its hide, pressing and freezing it.

BY the fall of the barracks near Constantinople, two hundred and twenty soldiers were killed and eight hundred and fifty-six wounded, many fatally.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has distributed over £200 through her agent among the distressed people in the West of Ireland, and has promised £500 towards constructing a harbor.

THE British steamer Canopus, which recently arrived at Liverpool from Boston, lost boats and two hundred and forty-seven head of cattle, and sustained other damages, in consequence of heavy weather.

IT is stated that the Duke of Abercorn will, under the charter of the new Irish University, be appointed Chancellor. The senate will be composed of eighteen Protestants of all denominations and eighteen Catholics.

ALEXANDER SCHOSSA, who recently fired on a priest engaged in celebrating mass in the Italian Church at Hatten Garden, London, has been found guilty of shooting with intent to kill, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

THERE is a rumor to the effect that a cardinal's hat is about to be conferred on Mgr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College at Rome. It is considered certain that Pope Leo desires to have an Irish prelate in the Sacred College. Mgr. Kirby is a native of the city of Waterford.

THE Paris "Monde," the organ of the church in France, says: "By the mouth of a Protestant, Catholic Ireland calls Protestant England to account. Whoever outrages justice paves the way for terrible expiation."

LONDON "Truth," speaking of the galaxy of Celtic beauties at the drawing-room held in Dublin Castle, says that an Irish girl, to be perfect, must always have a touch of the brogue, which adds piquancy to her conversation.

THE total cost of the Franco-Prussian war to France alone is completed after much labor and search. It amounts to nearly fifteen milliards of francs, or $3,000,000,000, without including the losses sustained by commerce and national industry.

THE Pope, in replying to a request of English Catholics for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Great Britain, stated that the Church enjoys such liberty in England that such relations are unnecessary.

FRIGHTFUL DISTURBANCES IN MOROCCO.—At Fez the Moors attacked the Jews, and having wounded several, are stated to have, amidst shouts of joy, killed a man of seventy years of age by pouring petroleum over his body and setting fire to it while he was still alive.

LEO XIII., under the date Dec. 5, 1879, "sub annulo Piscatoris," has confirmed the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites of Nov. 30, 1879, whereby the feast and office of the Immaculate Conception were raised to be a double of the first class for the whole Church.

ONE of Napoleon the Great's officers, Col. Schellens, has just died at Brussels at the age of ninety. He entered the army in 1804, served in Prussia, Spain, and Russia, and was present at Waterloo. He afterwards joined the Dutch army, and after 1830 became a Belgian officer.

WE care not whether it is the Duchess of Marlboro, the Mansion House Committee, James Gordon Bennett, Parnell and Dillon, etc., who are working for the starving people of Ireland, we thank them on behalf of the Irish race at home and abroad. If even the butcher Cromwell were to rise from the dead and contribute to the starving people, we would thank him.

O'CONNELL made his first speech in 1800, on the occasion of a meeting of Catholics to petition against the proposed legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland. The military were sent to break up the meeting, and O'Connell was stung at the injustice of the proceeding; and from that period dates his career as an agitator.

THE Philadelphia Catholic societies alone will send $10,000 to the relief of Ireland.

BURGUNDY has been hitherto famous for its wines, some of which are said to impart the faculty of common-sense. The republicans of Dijon contemplate erecting a statue in their town to Garibaldi. Excellent Burgundians, to thus imperil the reputation of their wines in favor of the ex-patriot!

VERY REV. THOMAS O'NEIL, S. J., who had been for several years rector of the St. Louis University, and afterwards Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, has been appointed by the superior-general of his order, visitor of all the houses of the society that are in the Southern States, comprising what is called the New Orleans Mission.

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL. — The emigration returns for 1879 show an immense exodus from the port of Liverpool. No fewer than 117,914 emigrants left the Mersey during the year; of these 61,861 were English and 13,004 Irish, and the remainder were chiefly foreigners. The returns show an increase of 46,762, as compared with the previous year, — 24,922 more English than in 1878, and 5,027 more Irish.

STRANGERS in Rome have been warned that it will be well for them to go armed and to avoid the narrow streets. Such is the condition of Rome when *not* under the popes. The revolutionary journals endeavor to throw ridicule upon the fears naturally entertained at present by visitors to the Eternal City, but it must be remembered that the men who support these journals are those very persons whose advice in such a matter will be the most to be suspected.

A MELANCHOLY testimony to the honor of the ex-president of the French Republic has been afforded by the announcement that half of Marshal MacMahon's mansion, No. 68 Rue Bellechasse, is about to be sold for 320.000f. Family affairs, it is said, have led to this sacrifice, and it is feared that the marshal has become sorely involved by spending much of his private income during his retention of power, in the earlier part, at least, of the Septennate.

THE Birmingham Annual Catholic Reunion was lucky this year in having Cardinal Newman for president. Not often can the illustrious orator be drawn from the calm of his retreat at Edgbaston, nor is his voice frequently heard on a public platform. We give elsewhere the address he delivered. It is delightful reading, — simple and unadorned, but thoughtful and true; and we can each of us learn, from his review of the past, how we may do our respective parts in the work the future demands from us.

THE French committee of relief for the distress of Ireland is now organized. Its president is the Cardinal Archbishop Guibert, its vice-presidents Count Flavigny and M. Godelle, a deputy, and its honorary secretaries Mr. John P. Leonard and Count O'Connell. Its moving spirits are Mr. Leonard and Count Flavigny. The Société Générale receives subscriptions from Paris and the Provinces. The committee includes the names of influential senators, bishops, deputies, and bankers. The co-operation of the Paris press is assured, and "Le Figaro," as usual, is the pioneer of benevolence. Marshal MacMahon heads the list of subscribers.

CATHOLICITY IN MONTANA. — Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor lately spoke of the past and present history of the Catholic Church in Montana. His Grace gives us a glimpse of what her future history will be: "You and I may not live to see it, but the day is not far dstant when Montana will be one of the most fruitful and flourishing as well as the most beautiful portions of God's vineyard; and this will be owing in a very great measure to the labors and virtues of those who have already borne there 'the burden of the day and the heats.'"

"CHARITY" is a curious profession for a lazy lubber to adopt. But Rev. Mr. Cowley, wherever in thunder he got the "Rev.," made it a profitable business. He started a "Shepherd's Fold" in New York for waifs of both sexes; and while he and his wife luxuriated in tea, coffee, cake, roast beef, lamb, poultry, lager beer, and such, the lambs of the fold were starved, and kept in nakedness night and day, and made to do the work of the charity-sustained institution besides. Unfortunately, there are many Cowleys in this country, particularly among our separated brethren.

SAVE THE CHILDREN. — The seventeenth annual report of the New York Catholic Protectory states that the total expenditure for the year aggregated $306,753.31, of which $34,690.29 was paid in moneys received from other than public sources. The average number of children cared for was 2,141. The financial condition of the protectory has been improved to the amount of $42,832; at the same time improvements have been made consisting of a wing added to the female department at a cost of $35,000, and two artesian wells at a cost of $15,000, together with other minor items. The debts still due by the institution amount to $186.000. The average cost per child was $125.91 in 1879, as compared with $132.78 in 1878. The saving is attributed to the condition of the markets and to the management and direction of Brother Adrian, rector of the hall, and Sister M. Ambrosia, directress of the female department.

SLOWLY, but surely, an improvement is taking place in the position of the Catholic Church in Prussia. Under Falk's accursed rule, the tendency was, not only to oppress the Church to the utmost in ecclesiastical matters, but also to keep the priests outside the schools; so much so that the Catholic faith could not even be taught by Catholic pastors. Things have altered a little of late. Herr von Puttkammer, the new minister of public worship, has addressed circulars to the different provincial governments, in which he lays it down as a rule that religious instruction may be given in schools by ministers of religion. This is undoubtedly a great concession, at any rate, as compared to the doings of his predecessor; and already the clergy in Rhineland, Westphalia, and Silesia are making the best use they can of it. The persecutors, on the contrary, are in a state of exasperation, and well they may be, for their game is decidedly ended.

In speaking of the condition of Ireland, the New Orleans Picayune says: "It is not now the time to discuss the causes of the terrible want which exists, or to consider the measures which should be resorted to for permanent relief. It is enough for us to know that the little island which, as Prentiss said, has given to the world more than its share of genius and of courage, is now a prey to all the terrors of gaunt and ghastly famine; that strong men, as well as old men and women and little children, are dying for lack of food while we have plenty. The demand is for prompt, for immediate aid; not for idle words and sentimental regrets." And to enforce these words the Picayune heads a subscription list with $500.

Garibaldi has again got married. It can scarcely be said he has taken a new wife, as he has lived with the woman Francesca for many years, and she has borne him several children. As it is only a few days ago since his marriage with the Countess Raimondi was formally annulled, he deemed it necessary in the interests of Francesca's children, Clelia and Manlio, to give them a legal father. The matrimony (civil, of course) took place on Sunday week at Caprera, where the general was civilly united to Francesca Armosino. The ceremony was celebrated by the Syndic of Maddalena, in the presence of the hero's son, Menotti, with his consort, Italia Bedeschini, his daughter Teresita, with her husband, Stefano Canzio, Achille Fazzari, and other friends of the general.

Irish affairs are now of so much moment that they are the chief theme wherever the English language is spoken. At the antipodes they are just now being discussed with as much eagerness and avidity as they are in any part of the United Kingdom. In a New Zealand weekly paper of much influence and ability, the "Saturday Advertiser" (the editor of which is an Irishman, and an enthusiastic and patriotic one), we find the present condition of Ireland, its political and material troubles, discussed in a very masterly way. A strong plea is made for Home Rule, the argument for it being appositely strengthened by a reference to the opinions of the celebrated New Zealand politician, Sir Julian Vogel, who is strongly in favor of extending to Ireland the blessing which has been bestowed without a grudge upon his own and the other Australasian settlements. It is a healthful sign, this growth of a sympathetic sentiment towards Ireland in those distant parts of the world. It must aid in that final settlement of the Irish question which we believe to be certain, though likely to be put off as long a possible by those interested in keeping things as they are.

Divorces in Massachusetts. — In the State of Massachusetts, which, according to the census taken there last year, has a population of but 1,652,000 souls, no less than 7,223 divorces were granted during the eighteen years from 1860 to 1878. This is an average of more than four hundred per year. It is a terrible showing; and all the more terrible when it is remembered that in Massachusetts there is a Catholic population of not less than 475,000 souls, among whom there are no divorces. The divorces occur wholly among the non-Catholic population, who number about 1,177,000 souls. Among this number, according to the ordinary rule, there would be about 294,000 families; and of the heads of these, eight hundred have each year sinned against the law of God establishing marriage, and have cast aside their marriage vows. This is an awful picture to contemplate. Ireland, which has a population of over 5,000,000, has not in all her long history seen so many divorces as are granted in Massachusetts in a single year. But the great mass of the Irish people love and fear God, and keep his commandments, while the Protestant majority in Massachusetts show by their acts that they neither love, fear, nor know him. Were it not for the Catholic population of Massachusetts, the State would be a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. — *Catholic Review.*

Man-Grabbers. — As a consequence of the present condition of Ireland, the tide of emigration has already begun to flow, and numerous parties of fine-looking men and women have already left our shores to supplement the new Erins in the far West of the United States. Much as we regret to see some of the best bone and muscle of our country leaving it, perhaps forever, we yet, under the extraordinary circumstances of the time, are bound to wish them good luck in their new land. In the interest of the numbers who will probably leave Ireland this year for America, it would be well at this moment to call especial attention to the man-grabbers of Liverpool, who have during the last few years systematically victimized the Irish emigrants. These Liverpool boarding-house keepers, or man-grabbers, as they are most appropriately called, have a kind of sub-system of agencies all over Ireland, by which the poor emigrants are seduced over long railway journeys, then across the Channel, huddled together like cattle, till arriving at Liverpool, where the man-grabber awaits them with open arms and a full bottle of bad whiskey. The first thing important for the man-grabber to find out is how much money the emigrant has, and which money, even to the last half-penny, the man-grabber generally, by some means or other, gets out of his victim before said victims are ultimately sold at so much per head, and then shipped off, and, as a rule, landed in New York so destitute as to place them at once on the charity of friends or the Castle Garden Immigration authorities. The fortunes made by the abominable system of man-grabbers in Liverpool are almost incredible, while it is still more incredible that they so easily find victims Nothing would be more proper than for the poor emigrants to duly consider these points, and also to consider the best way of keeping clear of the Liverpool man-grabber, who is already gloating over the victims whom misfortune turns his way. The Liverpool man-grabber is at once the most subtle and loathsome of the various parasites that have found their way into the business of emigration. The practices of the Liverpool boarding-house man-grabber are a disgrace, and ought to be publicly pointed out and exposed, especially at a time when unfortunate emigrants require every farthing it is possible to retain to start them decently in their new undertakings.

# Notices of Recent Publications.

*P. O'Shea, New York.*

THE STATIONS; or, Holy Way of the Cross. Containing the shorter form taken from the Racolta, and the form of Blessed Leonard, of Port Maurice, as used in the Coliseum. Price, 10 cents.

*Elias Howe, Boston.*

HOWE'S NEW BOSTON MELODEON, consisting of songs, glees, etc. Including all the old standard and popular songs of the day, harmonized for four voices, and adapted as an accompaniment for the organ or piano. There are many Irish melodies in the collection, the whole making a book of two hundred and fifty-six pages.

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*New England News Co., Boston.*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ITS RELATIONS TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. The complete discussion between Rev. J. P. Bland, B. D., and Rev. John O'Brien, of Cambridge, Mass. Including the last two letters omitted from the pamphlet prepared by Rev. J. P. Bland. Reprinted from the Boston "Herald." Price 10 cents.

The discussion between the reverend gentlemen has created quite an interest in Boston and vicinity. Mr. Bland comes out of the controversy shorn of his laurels, while Father O'Brien has established for himself the respect of the community by the good temper and Christian charity displayed in the controversy.

*Fr. Pustet, New York.*

SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, intended chiefly for the use of religious. By an anonymous Italian author. Translated by J. Luck, O. S. B., Priest of the Collinese congregation of the Primitive Observance. Prefaced by recommendation from Cardinal Manning. In two volumes. Price, $2.50.

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THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY VENERATED IN THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH AND OF HER SAINTS. A manual of devotion especially intended for the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. Compiled from the German publications of Rev. Jos. Aloysius Krebs, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Price, $1.

A most excellent selection of prayers for family or private devotions. There are several typographical errors, which we trust the publishers will have corrected before issuing a new edition.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF SINGING PLAIN CHANT, with an appendix containing all vesper psalms, and the magnificat, together with their melodies (solemn and Pierial) and the responses for vespers. Designed for the use of Catholic choir members and school-children. By J. Singenberger, Professor of Music and president of the Armenian St. Cecilia Society. Price 25 cents.

All the above books can be had of the publishers and of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. W. J. FITZPATRICK is preparing a new edition of the "Life of Bishop Doyle," which will be enriched with much new matter.

WE understand that the sixth volume of Mr. Foley's "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus" will soon be in the hands of readers.

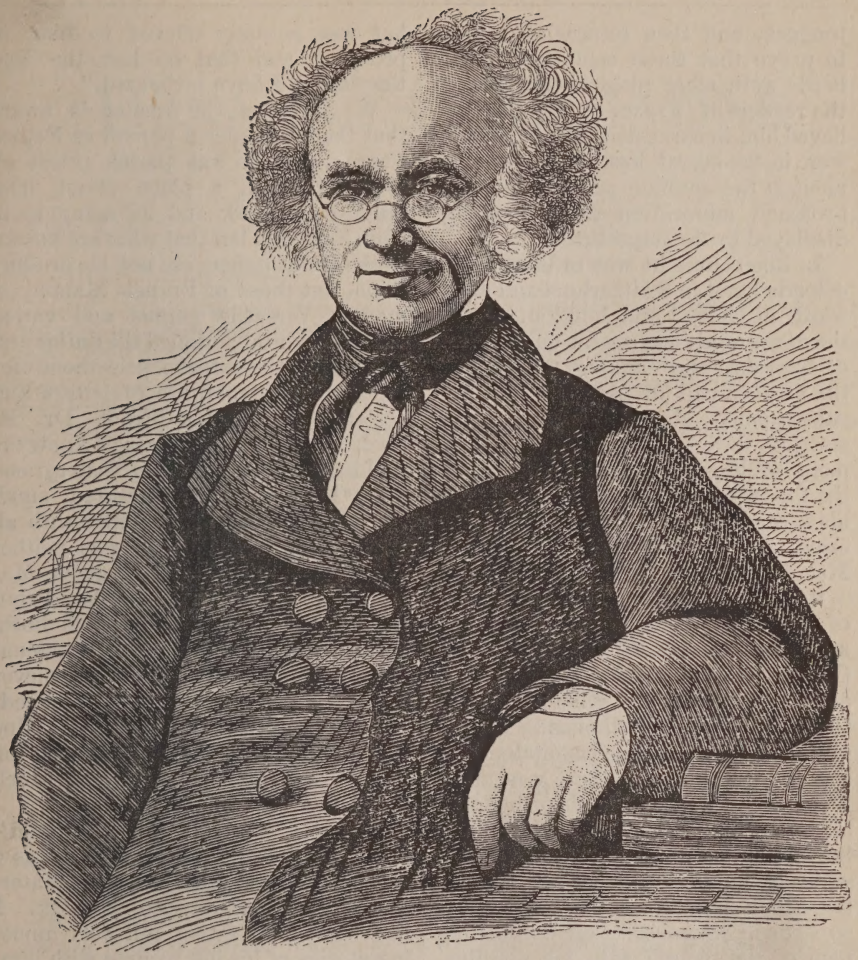
MISS OWENS BLACKBURNE, whose "Illustrious Irishwomen" was favorably noticed some time ago, will publish in the summer a new book, "Social Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." It will be dedicated to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P. She will also bring out this month a story, "My Sweetheart when a Boy," in "Moxon's Select Original Novels"

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Grandma's Old Arm Chair," song and chorus, by Frank B. Carr. "A Strange, Strange Dream," song for contralto, words by R. S. Larkin, music by J. L. Gilbert. "Constancy," English ballad by Mrs. Jane Sloman Torry.

*Instrumental:* "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars," arranged for cornet and piano by Walter Emerson. "The Old Oaken Bucket," Transcription de concert by C. D. Blake "Néné Waltzes," by Aubert. "Grandma's Old Arm Chair," arranged for guitar by Wm. L. Hayden. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars," schottische by Geo. Thorne. The same arranged for violin, cornet, and piano by Wm Gooch. "Brier Blossom," Barcarolle by Wm Gooch.



# FATHER PROUT.

One of the most prolific and versatile of the wits and humorists of the nineteenth century was Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout." He was born in 1804, of respectable parents of the middle class in the city of Cork. At an early age he was placed in the Jesuit college at Amiens, and later at Paris, where he distinguished himself very much and gave promise of high intellectual power. He was perhaps the best classical scholar of his time, and once being asked, "Where did you get your wonderful familiarity with Latin?" he replied, "From the Jesuits, where we lived in the atmosphere of it." His pure Latinity and quaintness of thought were something extraordinary. He could write Latin elegiacs, alcaics, and hexameters with perfect ease and elegance. He spoke French and Italian almost as well as his mother tongue. "In fact,"as a learned writer observed, "so richly was this extraordinary man endowed with the faculty not only of acquiring languages, but of using them sometimes in mere sport, that when he translated Moore's melodies and some of Byron's lyrics into Continental

tongues, and then retranslated them to prove that these celebrated Celtic bards were mere plagiarists, many of the readers of 'Frazer's Magazine' believed him in earnest, whilst those who were in the secret lost their astonishment at the sublime audacity in their profound admiration for the ability displayed in the imposture."

In due course he was ordained, and officiated first in Switzerland and afterwards in Ireland and London. As to the cause of his leaving his quiet parish of Grasshill and shaking the dust of the English capital from his feet, and subsequently abandoning the ecclesiastical duties of life for the excitement of literature on the Continent, the following passage from the pen of his intimate friend, Mr. C. L. Grunneisen, in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of May 26, 1866, may be suggestive: —

"In your highly interesting notice of the late Francis Mahony, you stated that his exact relations to his Church were not known, and that some of his writings gave offence to the Irish Roman Catholics. This is quite accurate as to the last statement; but as regards Rome, there was never the slightest doubt as to his orthodoxy. So much so, indeed, that he might have had a cardinal's hat, but for that which is imputed to him as his one great fault, — conviviality. At Rome, so strongly impressed were the leading men of the church with his abilities, that it was intimated to him that he might hope to rise high in honors ecclesiastical, if he would devote his exclusive services to the Pope. He assented; a period of probation was assigned, during which it was ascertained that his notions of temperance were too liberal for the church. Prout told me the temptation he had at Rome, adding, 'Any road, they say, leads to Rome; but would it not have been odd if I had got myself there through the Groves of Blarney?' I treated his statement at the time as a joke; but from the highest church authorities in Paris, I subsequently had a full confirmation of the fact that the cardinal's hat was actually offered to him, in prospect, and that he lost the distinction as I have intimated."

We presume the reader is aware that there was such a person as Father Prout; that he was parish priest of Watergrasshill, a place about nine miles from Cork and as many more from Fermoy; but that what are known as the Prout papers are not his productions, but those of Francis Mahony, a man of versatile genius and varied learning, who abandoned the duties and responsibilities of the priesthood for the more congenial life of letters and society. Of Father Prout, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes: "I knew the real Father Prout, p. p. of Watergrasshill. He was a good-natured, small *padre*, hospitable and popular with all classes and creeds. He was neither witty nor learned, and Francis Mahony's greatest joke in the Prout papers was to credit him with both. In the same way one Miller, a melancholy comedian in London, who never made a joke of his own, was called, out of pure love of contrast, 'Joe the Jester,' and there is a book of 'Joe Miller's Jests,' not one of which he made."

A writer in the "Cork Herald" says: "The Rev. Andrew Prout was a real personage; was p. p. of Watergrasshill, in the diocese of Cork. I have heard my father tell very amusing stories of his intercourse with him. I have also heard the late Rev. Thomas England, p. p. of Passage and Stranbally (the biographer of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, and the brother of the late erudite and eloquent Right Rev. John England, Bishop of Charleston), tell incidents of his earliest clerical experiences (with which Father Prout was mixed up), in the parish next adjoining that of Father Prout. When the Rev. Francis Mahony adopted as a *nom de plume* the designation of a character well known, very quaint, and peculiar, many of whose contemporaries were then living, it must have been with a perfect consciousness that no one who had known

*Continued on page 502.*

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. BOSTON, MAY, 1880. No. 5.

CARDINAL MANNING, speaking of the land question, says: "I will begin by affirming that there is a natural and divine law, anterior and superior to all human and civil law, by which every people has a right to live of the fruits of the soil on which they are born and in which they are buried. This is a right older and higher than any personal right. It is the intrinsic right of the whole people and society, out of which all private rights to the soil and its fruits are created, and by which those created rights must always be controlled.—Salus populi suprema lex."

"THE character of children reflects the character of parents, and the state of the church reflects the character of the priest."—*Rev. Canon Oakley.*

"Hard fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

## THE EXILED PEOPLE.

REV. JOSEPH VINCENT O'CONOR.

THERE is an ancient tradition prevalent in the Greek Church, though of course without doctrinal sanction, that the last great day, the day of the second coming of Christ, will be a Holy Saturday, or the day preceding the Easter which shall last for eternity. Certainly, the present time seems to gather up into a gloomy cloud most of the portents which our Lord foretold would overshadow the earth previous to the judgment. War, famine, pestilence, a threatened dissolution of the bonds of society, a subtle infidelity worse than the fiercest ebullitions of by-gone heresies, and the severest test to which the divine faith has been put to a most Christian people, are in the number of fulfilling predictions. But the glad Easter sun has again arisen upon the world, with its promise of mercy and of help. We refer to the martyrdom through which Ireland is passing, which is so keen and terrible as to have brought down from heaven itself into Ireland, the Lamb of God slain as a peace-offering for the sins of nations and of individuals, the Mother of Sorrows, whose grief was as great as the sea, and the disciple whom Jesus loved. What means this conjunction of heaven and of earth over the afflicted isle, as of the sun with one of the planets, when, as astronomy conjectures, a world is shivered into atoms in infinite space? The human race pauses in horror over the revelations of the appalling wretchedness inflicted upon a nation that once was the luminary of western civilization, and that even now is not wholly shorn of her beams. "Jerusalem is laid waste; her children cry for bread and there is none to give; her ways are made desolate." Surely some

unspeakable crime, which fastens upon a whole nation, or all humanity, must have been committed. Ireland must have been smitten to the death by a nation that knoweth not that the God of all the tribes of men still reigns. The misery inflicted upon her is too gigantic to have come from an individual. There is a nation involved in this crime. Her fertile fields fling back the lie that would fasten her desolation upon the bountiful mother Earth. Storm, rain, and tempest that bless the Lord cannot be held accountable for it. This crime has been wrought by the hands of men. This famine is not sprung wholly from natural causes. It needs no Nathan to point out the despoiler that has taken the ewe lamb. That despoiler has become a hissing and scorn among nations, and let England look to it, in her practical denial and contempt of the Scriptures she professes to venerate, for it is written: "He shall judge among nations and fill them with ruins: He shall crush the heads in the land of many."

In that God of nations Ireland has now, as ever, put her hope. A profoundly religious people seem to call Jehovah Himself to vindicate their cause. The issue has squarely come. Is there faith upon earth, or has Christianity, claimed to be the law and motive of supreme benevolence, ceased to have any vital force or meaning to its professors? England, the Christian land, answers, "Let the Irish starve. Feed the Turk, Afghan, Zulu, anybody except your neighbor. Lavish the untold wealth wrung from the Irish upon horses and dogs and less reputable beings; but let them perish. But while you allow them to waste away from the land which is their own, add to their pangs by flaunting a lie to the world that you are not to blame. Lie, LIE, LIE, with all your might and main, and men are such fools as to be brought to believe a falsehood. Some men and nations there are who are such idiots as to take the words of England to mean what they express. They actually have some trust in England's professions. The fools that signed the Treaty of Berlin were as nicely gulled as those that subscribed the Treaty of Limerick. Lie, lie, always and everywhere."

But vain is our rhetoric, and useless our explanations. The case of Ireland has been stated by the profoundest jurists, the most eloquent orators, the most far-sighted of statesmen, and it has been brought to the last and highest appeal, — that of the sword. It is needless to say that the last argument has been always the most effective. It is the argument so tersely put by the Spartan: "Let us die for our country sooner than live slaves within it." Before the mere threat of war, England quails; and though her mighty armaments are not needed to crush a handful of poor peasants armed with pikes, her attitude to Ireland has always had that bullying aspect, which is laughed at and scorned by the more generous warlike nations of the Continent. It is as if all America, with Canada thrown in, watched, guarded, and patrolled Long Island. On the other hand, though, two states of Greece overthrew the whole Persian power, the Yankees drove out the British when the latter was a much more powerful government than at present, and France, under

Napoleon, subjugated all Europe. Bonaparte used often to repeat the saying of Charles the Fifth of Spain, "Ah! if the English did not live in their miserable little island!" — meaning, of course, how quickly he would have overwhelmed them upon the continent. Dr. O'Meara, who was Napoleon's physician at St. Helena, was recalled by the Home Government, for simply chronicling Bonaparte's statement that he was defeated at Waterloo by the Irish. "How senseless," said the Emperor, "is it for Ireland thus to act. The Helots were not required by the Greeks to fight. The Irish were my fiercest enemies, though I should have made Ireland greater than a province of France. I should have given back their country to them."

This, however, is not to the purpose of this essay, which proposes a peaceful method, and deals with a coming emergency. The most sanguine of us do not expect a settlement of the Land Question in Ireland in the immediate present. But we know that the exiled people are preparing for another of those vast migrations which recall the wanderings of Israel, or the movements of the great Aryan family of nations, to which Ireland belongs, from the table-lands of Asia, through Greece and Southern Europe to Erin itself, at which the most highly developed race of men stayed their feet, for beyond them was the innavigable sea, beyond which was the Atlantic, the Isles of the Blessed, but over which no mariner durst set sail.

And now the descendants of that great Aryan race, whose passing marks the progress of civilization, have crossed the once-thought pathless sea, and are again going forth to bear to this country, with glad hands, such of the remains of that grand old civilization, mind and temperament that Saxon barbarism has spared. "The Aryan," says Max Muller, "is indestructible." Calm-eyed science has formulated the law of the survival of the fittest. The Irish race should have been stamped out long ago, — but it survives.

"They are coming, they are coming, the children of the Gael." As Israel came forth from the land of Egypt, as from out of bondage, though Pharaoh had sworn unto Joseph that Goshen should be theirs forever, because he had saved all Egypt from famine, so now Ireland goes out, treated as the Hebrews were by the Pharaoh that knew not Joseph, for England has forgotten and wishes to forget what Ireland has done for her, nor does she acknowledge that if she came begging corn, Ireland would open her granaries, were they as rich as those of Egypt in the seven years of plenty.

When this people come to us to abide among us, we must not receive them as strangers and pilgrims. We must remember that this exodus of a great nation, even if under Divine Providence, is attended with inseparable difficulties. In every sea-board town let committees be organized to receive them, to organize their scattered forces. If possible, the whole question of colonization should be set before them. The intimate relations between America and Ireland render it easy to acquaint the intending immigrant with just that state of affairs that will most probably encounter him upon his arrival. In this matter, the reader of this essay may be in a better position to give such

information than the present writer. We should send to Ireland such journals or even books (for the postage is cheap) as treat plainly and directly of the prospects offered to the people of Ireland in this land. Above all, a clear, good letter from a friend or relative here to one at home, giving a personal experience, is much better than any general statements found in the public press. But don't croak! Give your ideas about such practical details as wages, Western colonization, cost of living, etc.; but always wind up your letter with the undoubted truth, *that you shall not starve in America*, and that after the bodily needs are supplied, that no one here is expected to cringe, whine, lose their vote, and crawl on his knees with his caubeen in his hand for his lordship to throw him a shilling which was stolen from Ireland. Tell your friends that an Irishman can support himself here without having to open a groggery, or to turn into a pothouse politician. Tell him that this is the only country in the world worth living in; and if he *must* starve, or through his own fault or misfortune brings himself to that verge, the last breath he exhales will be that of a freeman, and not that of a slave "whipped to his dungeon." God is here in that most worshipful of his attributes, for He looks down upon a nation that has freedom to adore Him, upon men that must not skulk past the plundered cathedrals and the rich glebe lands that a pious ancestry bestowed upon the church of Christ. In a word, tell them to keep up their courage and fail not in hope, and when they leave Ireland, leave it completely and entirely to devote their energies to this new land, in the assured hope that the Everlasting Providence, Law, and Righteousness, which are among the names of God, will give them justice, if He has to shake the heavens.

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## GERMAN AND IRISH.

"Catholic Telegraph," Cincinnati.

"J. B. K.," in a communication to our German Catholic neighbor, the "Wahrheits-Freund," under the heading, "German and Irish," takes the Irish to task for turning St. Patrick's Day into a noisy rout, given up more to dancing, parading, and profane amusements than to prayer and religious offices. Very good. But then, especially here in Cincinnati, it is hardly fair to charge all this sort of thing to the Irish exclusively. We think many of our German friends are somewhat given to the same sort of amusements, and, so far as we know, do not confine them to one day in the year, either. Besides, yesterday, for the first time perhaps in nearly fourteen hundred years, the Clan na Gael, scattered now all over the world, refrained from their wonted gayety on St. Patrick's Day. That day was a feast of social as well as religious enjoyment among the Irish while the ancestors of our German friends were still pagan barbarians. No doubt the zealous Irishmen, like Adalbard, Erard, Gall, and Columban (the White Dove), who faced hardship, fatigue, danger, and even death, in their efforts to plant the standard of the Cross among the Burgundians and the other German tribes to the north, east and southeast, celebrated the day. And later still, the Irish monks, who first instilled a love of letters among the Germans, and whose noble foundations still exist in some of the most famous monasteries and universities of Germany, saw no harm in relaxing for one day in the year from the rigor of their hard life in honor of the hero who had converted an entire nation *without one martyr*. Since the Irish had so much to do with the conversion of the Germans, and since St. Patrick converted the Irish, the Germans may look upon St. Patrick as in some sense *their* patron also. Germans should therefore feel almost as much pride and enthusiasm at the recurrence of that feast as the Irish do.

We think "J. B. K." altogether ill-natured in his remarks, though perhaps it is merely his want of the *savoir faire* that makes him seem so. Race prejudice is very difficult to overcome. We here in this land, however, must overcome it if we would live together in peace. It will, however, take a few generations to wipe out all the peculiarities that now distinguish Americans into English, Irish, German, French, and Dutch Americans. In the mean time, all that is left for us, especially for Catholics, to do is to treat one another's peculiarities of taste and disposition with charity. Charity is a generous cloak, and, if it is not grudgingly used, its wide folds are ample to cover the defects alike of Germans and Irish.

# "ONE IN NAME AND ONE IN FAME ARE THE SEA-DIVIDED GAEL."

"DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

THE intense sympathy evoked in France by the sufferings of her younger sister Ireland has found expression in a movement from which great fruits must come. A grand committee to collect funds for the relief of Irish suffering has just been formed in Paris, and among its forty names may be found much of all that is great and noble and pious in Catholic France. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presides over the committee, and upon it we find such illustrious names as those of the Duke de Broglie, Prime Minister of France under the Marshal; the Duke de Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, sometime ambassador of France; at the English court; Baron Hottinger, governor of the Bank of France; Count de Ceirac, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies; and a number of eminent members of both the French houses of Parliament. The Count de Flavigny's name on the committee reminds us of the memorable visit to Ireland of his illustrious father. We also find on the list the names of the heir of the great Catholic house of Merode, of Count Albert de Mun, the gallant young champion of the church militant, and of M. Laboulaye, the eminent jurisconsult. Perhaps, however, the most interesting fact about the committee is the presence upon it of many men who hold high positions in France, but who are Irish by birth or blood. Two of these accompanied the Count de Flavigny to Ireland: the Duke de Feltre, now a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone. The list also includes the Count de Nugent, the Count O'Connell, the Count Arthur de Wall, M. Connelly (a judge of the Cour de Cassation, the august tribunal which is in France the supreme court of appeal in all cases, civil and criminal), and, most faithful of all the sons of Ireland beyond sea, Mr. J. P. Leonard. The committee have addressed to France a touching appeal, in which they describe the sufferings of Ireland, remind their countrymen how, during the war, the Irish, "those old and faithful friends of France, proved by their generosity how they feel France's misfortunes," and declare that the time has come to show that "when Ireland suffers France remembers." The committee adds that in matters political they observe a strict neutrality, and that the moneys collected will be divided between the Duchess of Marlborough's committee, the Mansion House committee, and the bishops of Ireland. We turn now from the address of the committee to the special efforts of the "Univers," the great Catholic journal to which Ireland owes so much, and whose venerable and illustrious director, M. Veuillot, is nowhere more honored than in Ireland. The "Univers" has itself collected about £1,000. In the last "Univers" list there is a list of subscriptions from "a little colony of Irish workmen at St. Germain de Liret." Then follow twenty-eight unmistakably Irish names,—MacKennas, Donahoes, Maloneys, MacDonalds, Rooneys. What strange fate we know not wafted the colony of Irish tribes to the little Norman town; but cold is the heart that is not touched when in a foreign journal he sees a proof that in the land of exile they remember Inisfail. The "Univers" also publishes a letter from the primate of all Ireland thanking M. Veuillot for 2,000 francs, part of the "Univers" fund. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan says in his letter that there is in Ireland a class which, in a special degree, calls for and deserves the compassion of all charitable hearts,

— families modest, proud, and virtuous, who do not reveal to any person save to God and his ministers the secret of their privations and their sufferings. Many of these poor families, adds his Grace, whose dreadful sufferings are little known, do battle day and night against the tortures of hunger and the approach of death; and "it is to them," he says, "I will consecrate your noble offering, and I can promise in return the lasting gratitude and the fervent prayers of the faithful for our generous friends of France, and especially for the good and great M. Veuillot." It is a common taunt of the English journalists that the affection of the Irish people for the glorious name of France is unrequited; that the French people know little about, and care less for, the kindred race which inhabits the storm-tossed shores of Ireland. The generosity which France is now showing is one of a hundred evidences of the falsehood of this slander. The French people now and always recognize that blood is thicker than water. They do not forget the common measures of trial and triumph, the death of Sarsfield at Landen, the last charge at Fontenoy, the Franco-Irish ambulance at Orleans. France does not forget Ireland, and Ireland is glad to think she is not forgotten by the eldest daughter of the great old Celtic family, — the nation which has known adversity and has tasted of disaster, but has had withal a career so full of glory and victory, of great achievements for humanity, of great triumphs in every path of national endeavor, of the lustre of genius and the brilliance of art, that before her undimmed star the other orbs of the nations of the earth shine with a pale and sickly light.

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His Eminence Ferdinand-François-Auguste, Cardinal Donnet, has addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of Dublin: —

BORDEAUX, Feb. 8, 1880.

MY LORD, — Permit me to remit your Grace, for the committee formed in Dublin under the auspices of your Grace and the Irish Episcopacy, the modest sum of 500 francs. on behalf of your unfortunate countrymen suffering from famine. Ireland is called the "sister island" by England: should not the same name be given her by France? If Ireland has heroically struggled for the preservation of her faith, have not her deeds always awakened amongst us echoes of sympathetic sorrow? When famine periodically decimated her provinces, — accuser of a political and economic situation which must come to an end, — has not France generously held out to her a helping hand? France and Ireland are two names destined to remain united forever. They recall, with a community of faith, an interchange of worldly sympathies, also glorious not only for one but for both peoples. To us French it would be impossible to forget how, in the days of our disasters, Ireland, whose own heart bled at the sight of our wounds, spared out of her poverty in order to succor us.

The archdiocese of Bordeaux, my lord, yields to none in love for unfortunate Ireland: for her episcopacy, great in faith and in charity; for her clergy, indissolubly united with the sufferings of the people; for her faithful, whose three centuries of persecution have only strengthened their faith. It is true, my lord, that we in Bordeaux have peculiar reasons for religiously guarding in our hearts the sentiments that we avow towards your country; for often, and above all after the days of our greatest trials, Ireland gave us priests who, bringing to us the ardor of their zeal, rendered us the most signal services. I have known the last representatives of these pious envoys whom the bishops of Ireland sent to my immortal predecessors, Mgrs. D'Avian and De Cheverus. Amongst others were the cures of Ranzan, Casseneuil, Saint Sulpice d'Izon, La Sauve, Villandraut, Nerigean, Pessac, Saillans, Perissac, Tauriac, Rimont, Soulignac, Escoussaus, Cartelegue, Pleine-Selve, Le Tourne, and Saint Aubin. May I be permitted to recall here the name of one who remains dear to me, — that of Mr. John Patrick O'Reilly, author of a notice of Verdelais, of a work on Bazas, and of a comprehensive history of Bordeaux, and successively curé of Saint Come and Montferrand? It was in this last-named parish that he became the confidant of two illustrious men of Bordeaux, Henry Foufrede and the Count of Peyronnet.

I would say also to your Grace that up to the time of the Concordat Bordeaux maintained, under the shadow of her primatial church, a seminary where young clerics of your nation came to study philosophy and theology, to prepare themselves for holy orders, and to render themselves worthy to dispense the divine mysteries, often at the peril of their lives, to their persecuted countrymen. Even to this day the Irish Church and seminary are here tightening the bonds which united us.

Pardon me, venerable and well-beloved colleague, for having called up these remembrances. I should, perhaps, have contented myself with offering, with my mite, the homage of my liveliest sympathy; but it seems fit to me to vindicate for France and for my diocese the honor of an ancient kinship with Ireland, and it is also a means to recommend Ireland to the love and charity of my dear people of Bordeaux. These words tell you only feebly

how I share in your anguish and that of the Irish bishops. It is God's will, my lord, that people should hasten from all sides to your aid. Leo XIII. has set the example; that example should be followed.

The idea of a general collection throughout my diocese has occurred to me; but the time being one claiming aid for works already established, and which have this year the most pressing need, I will leave to the priests and to the benevolent people the choice of the most efficacious means to collect the offerings, which, in order that they may reach their destination with the least possible delay, should be addressed to the secretariate of our archbishopric or to the offices of Public Works, which, both in Paris and in the provinces, have been opened for the subscriptions. I calculate also, most reverend lord, on the co-operation of every man and woman for a work which should be dear to them on every title.

This letter will be read in all our churches and chapels on the 22d of February, the second Sunday of Lent, the first being always reserved for the collection of Peter's Pence.

Receive, my lord, the assurance of my affectionate and unalterable devotion.

✠ FERDINAND, CARDINAL DONNET,
*Archbishop of Bordeaux.*

## THE PASSION PLAY.

A REPRESENTATION of the Passion Play, which it has been a pious custom for two centuries in the Bavarian Tyrol to enact during the summer of every tenth year, will be given at Ober-Ammergau on the 17th, 23d, and 30th of next May; on the 6th, 13th, 16th, 24th, and 25th of June; on the 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th of July; on the 15th, 22d, and 29th of August; and on the 5th, 8th, 12th, and 19th of September. Over three hundred actors of every age and sex, who transmit from father to son and from mother to daughter the rôles to be filled, and the ancient traditions, take part in this religious festival, which is attended every Sunday from May to October by thousands of spectators. The representation takes place in the open air. The actors alone are protected from the effects of the weather by the construction of the scene, in which are unfolded with scrupulous fidelity the incidents of the Passion. The singing of a choir after the manner of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and the representation in *tableaux vivants* of scenes from the Old Testament, give to the solemnity a most striking character. Every tenth year visitors go to Ober-Ammergau from every part of Germany, from France, from England, and from the United States.

## THE FAMINE IN ERIN.

### WHAT THE NUN OF KENMARE IS DOING FOR OUR PEOPLE.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

There is famine in Erin!
From wild Cape Clear to Malin Head, from Howth to Galway Bay,
In peasant's cot, and sheeling rude, grim famine reigns to-day!
Will our storied isle, the Isle of Saints, again be a land of graves?
Will the *caione* of our race be sung by Atlantic's stormy waves?

We have just received a letter from the dove-souled Nun of Kenmare, in which she asks us to plead for her and her people. She tells us *the people are starving!*

Hunger's hand is on our dear land, and fever dread is there;
And famine's pall hangs over all, and naught but dark despair
Flings its shadow weird o'er Erin's plains, o'er Erin's em'rald hills,
And the song of mirth is hushed to-day by Erin's purling rills.

The gifted authoress tells us the Old Land is sad and low. We weave her narrative into a garland of rhyme:

The starving peasant bows his head, yet cheers the *vanithee*,
Who fears, in turn, for her *bouchal bawn*, and *colleen dhas machree;*
*The food is gone, the fire is out, the wolf is at the door:*
God help our island kith and kin, in the land of love *galore!*

Does the good nun despair of the Old Land? Not at all, readers! She relies on you, one and all, to do *your* parts towards your island kin; SHE TRUSTS IN GOD to bear our people *till the dawn!* And so do we.

God of our race! from thy dwelling-place, O hearken to our cry
For mercy on the stricken ones, who, cold and hungry, try
In peasant's cot, and sheeling rude, to keep the wolf at bay;
And show them, Lord, 'tis the darkest hour precedes the dawn of day!

[MR. DONAHOE will send any money intrusted to him for the Nun of Kenmare, free of expense.]

# AN ENGLISHMAN ON THE APPARITIONS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS."

THE Lourdes of Ireland, as the little chapel of Knock claims to be, is about six miles from Claremorris, county Mayo, a station on the Mayo branch of the Midland Great Western line. Arriving at Claremorris this afternoon, I drove immediately to Knock, over a road as hilly as any to be found even in the West of Ireland. Before describing the extraordinary scene which I witnessed there, it may be as well briefly to state the substance of the stories that have been circulating here for the last few weeks, in reference to the alleged apparitions at the chapel, and the alleged miraculous cures that have been worked in the neighborhood. It should be premised that although the first vision is stated to have been witnessed so far back as the 21st of August last, no publicity was given to the matter until the beginning of January in the present year. Publicity was first given to the alleged occurrence in the "Tuam News" of the 9th of January, and then accompanied by an intimation that the ecclesiastical authorities had up to that time pronounced no final opinion; although Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parish priest of Knock, had expressed his belief in the reality of the apparition and in the reality of some of the cures reported to have been effected on the invalids and cripples, the blind and the deaf, who have visited the place. The principal vision was that stated to have been witnessed on the 21st of August. The chief witness as to the apparition is Mary M'Laughlin, a middle-aged woman, the housekeeper of Archdeacon Cavanagh. Her account is substantially that as she was passing the chapel about half past seven in the evening, on the way to a Widow Byrne's, she saw a vision in which there appeared three figures, one of the Virgin Mary, one of St. Joseph, and the other, as she thought, of St. John the Evangelist. The figures, which presented a statue-like appearance, were nearly life-size. They were all radiant with a silvery whiteness, which appeared, like silver, to reflect a bright light. "The attitude of the Virgin Mary was that of a woman standing erect in the attitude of prayer, with her eyes to heaven, her hands, like those of a priest at mass saying the collects, raised with palms open, slightly upturned. The image of the Virgin was, like the rest, of a silver whiteness, and elevated one foot from the ground where they appeared. The image of St. Joseph appeared to the right of the blessed Virgin Mary, having his head slightly turned towards that of our blessed Lady. The image of St. John appeared on the left of the blessed Virgin Mary, radiant with light, and holding a mass-book or book of gospels in his left hand, the right raised in the attitude of one who was preaching; the index finger and the middle finger only were raised, with the thumb leaning on them, and the other two fingers compressed as if he were forcibly explaining some point of doctrine. He wore a mitre, and turned a little from the blessed Virgin Mary towards the altar. These three figures appeared to be standing at the south gable of the chapel." Mary M'Laughlin goes on to say that when she passed she saw these figures for fully five minutes. The sight does not appear to have made much impression on her, for according to her statement she went on to Mrs. Byrne's, and stayed there fully half an hour. From the statement of Mary Byrne it does not appear that Mary M'Laughlin mentioned the matter at all during this half-hour. The two, however, returned towards the

chapel at a quarter past eight o'clock, when Mary M'Laughlin says they again beheld the vision, but now it was much brighter and fuller. She was "so taken with the sight that she asked Mary Byrne to go back for her mother, her brother, her sister, and her niece. They came, and others were sent for, most of whom remained looking at the apparition for a considerable time." Mary M'Laughlin adds: "On this occasion we not only beheld the figures I have just now described, but an altar farther on to the left of the statue or image of our blessed Lady, and above the altar the Lamb, about the size of a newly yeaned lamb, and say a fortnight or three weeks old. Behind the Lamb appeared the Cross, lying, not elevated, and the body of the Lamb a little removed in front of it, and not resting on the wood of the cross. Around the Lamb a number of gold-like stars in the form of nimbus or halo. This altar was placed right under the window outside, which is the middle of the back of the church at Knock, and more to the east of the figures." Mary Byrne, on the other hand, states that she saw no cross; and her brother, Dominick Byrne, who, like the others, made a deposition before Canon Ulick J. Bourke, p. p., Claremorris, and a number of other Roman Catholic clergymen commissioned to take evidence, says he did not see the cross. It is noteworthy that in all the depositions yet published, certain significant matters of detail contained in the statements of other professed eye-witnesses are absent. One of the most startling accounts is that given by a boy named Patrick Hill, thirteen years of age, who states that he was among those who saw the apparition on the night of the 21st of August. He saw the cross, which was "standing" on the altar. Mary M'Laughlin, it will be remembered, says it was "lying, not elevated," and the two Byrnes did not see the cross at all.

This apparition of the 21st of August was not seen by Archdeacon Cavanagh. He has expressed his deep regret that he missed the opportunity, for he remembers that his housekeeper, Mary M'Laughlin, told him of it when she returned to the house, but he paid no attention to her at the time. No further apparition seems to have been vouchsafed until Jan. 6. The statement is that late on the night of the 5th, being the eve of the Epiphany, the teacher of the female national school, a Miss Anderson, expecting to see something, went with her assistant to the chapel field, and about half past eleven, P. M., she saw "a row of lights along the wall. The lights strayed frequently, and would fade slowly until they got very dim, and then they brightened up again, but they never got very bright. They all faded together, not one before the other. After seeing the lights and the stars I saw lower down, near the ground, a small figure about a foot and a half in height. From the appearance of the head and shoulders I took it to be the figure of the blessed Virgin. I remained there till two o'clock. I think the figure had disappeared. The large lights had disappeared, but a few of the stars had not." Two constables of the R. I. C. have confirmed this statement of Miss Anderson's, on whose authority also rests an alleged apparition on the night of the 2d inst., described as a "cloud of light with stars flashing from the part near the ground where she saw the small figure on the night of the 5th of January." The latest vision, however, is recorded by Archdeacon Cavanagh as having been seen by himself on the night of the 12th of Feburary. On that night he says he saw a most brilliant star outside the gable. It lit up the whole place. It came and struck against the spot where the apparition of the blessed Virgin was seen, and flashed with the quickness of lightning. He adds, "I have frequently of late, about eight or nine at night, seen a golden light floating about the gable, with

stars and brilliant lights flashing through it, but I never saw anything so dazzling as that one star last night." Inside the church, as well, he has seen stars about the altar, on both sides of a little stained-glass window.

On arriving in Claremorris, I had scarcely stepped on the platform when I was asked if I was going to Knock. At the hotel I was informed that a party of half a dozen strangers had gone from there in the forenoon, that visitors were coming not only from Limerick, Waterford, Cork, and other parts of Ireland, but also from England and Scotland. I asked the driver of the outside car, as we started from Knock, whether he knew any of the people who had been cured of ailments. His answer was, "I saw two, thank God." One, he added, had been blind, and the other lame. I asked were they Claremorris people. "No," he replied; "one was from Limerick and the other from Castlerea." I asked had any one residing at Knock been cured, but he did not know of any one. I reached Knock shortly after five o'clock. The chapel is close to the main road. The gable on which the apparition is said to have been manifested faces the visitor as he draws near the chapel. In front of this were a number of people; some were kneeling in the mud in front of the gable, now boarded over to the height of about seven feet to prevent the stones being taken out of the wall and the edifice destroyed: a precaution which was not adopted a moment too soon, as, after all the cement had been removed, the stones were being picked out one after the other. Others were kneeling at the cross over the grave of the founder of the chapel, and more were engaged carefully picking out scraps of cement from the side wall, which had not yet been boarded, and on which no apparition has yet been alleged to have been seen. These scraps of cement were being carefully treasured by some who put them in handkerchiefs, while others were in the act of moistening the cement and applying it to whatever part of their body was affected by an ailment. One respectable man who was not blind, but who probably thought his sight might be improved, was applying the material to his eyes. Others were in the act of catching the water from the slating running over the gable, and moistening the clay with it. Large numbers were walking round the chapel, continuously muttering their prayers as they went. Among these were two men, seemingly father and son, the latter blind. Both were walking round and round the chapel, with their heads uncovered, when I arrived, and they were continuing to perform the same wearisome task when I took my leave. Inside, the chapel (the altar of which was lighted up) was crowded with an assemblage not dissimilar to that outside, mostly engaged in acts of devotion. Outside the gates were booths and tents of all descriptions, for the sale of articles of devotion, cakes, oranges, aerated waters, etc., the best position, however, being given to the tent in which articles of devotion were on sale. The scene, as I have described it, continues, I am informed, to a late hour in the night.

### THE RECENT MANIFESTATIONS.

The wonderful manifestations which have taken place on the nights of Feb. 12 and Jan. 5 are thus described by the venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, the respected pastor of Knock, who was himself a witness of the fact. Speaking on Feb. 13, he said: —

"Last night, about half past nine o'clock, I and several others saw a most brilliant star outside the gable. It lit up the whole place. It came and struck against the spot where the apparition of the blessed Virgin was seen, and flashed with the quickness of lightning. I have frequently, of late, about eight or nine at night, seen a golden light floating about the gable, with stars and brilliant lights flashing through it, but I never saw anything so dazzling as that one star last night. Inside the church also appearances have been seen. I have seen them myself; both last night and the night before I saw stars above the altar, on both sides of the little stained glass window representing the crucifixion of our Lord. Three of them were very plainly visible, one large, on the right-hand side of the window,

and two of a smaller size, on the left. I thought I also saw a number of small stars shining much more faintly than those three principal ones, scattered about the space on either side of the window. The altar lamp was lighting, at the time, and also a small lamp before the blessed Virgin's altar, and there were a few candles lighting through the church. The stars were also visible to a number of people who were in the church at the time."

## WHAT IS THOUGHT OF OUR IRISH GIRLS ABROAD.

The Liverpool "Catholic Times."

FAITHFUL "KIN BEYOND THE SEA."— Allusion having been made in one of the Boston papers to the large sum of money sent home annually from America to Ireland by the emigrants who have crossed the sea in search of a career, Mr. Patrick Donahoe furnishes us with a significant fact. There are numerous offices in Boston for the transmission of money orders, but he only gives returns from one, because he can speak of it with accurate knowledge. During the four weeks ending on Dec. 20, 1879, drafts to the number of 2,250, and representing £5,736, passed through his hands. The senders were almost exclusively servant girls. There are other ranks and classes who remit help to the people at home, there are other channels through which such donations flow, and there are multitudes of cities proportionately as benevolent in this respect as Boston. Now, at the present moment there is distress amounting almost to famine in Ireland. Where there is a very poor and struggling population in that country, the wolf has come to the door since the gathering of the last wretched harvest. But we are curious to know how much starvation and ruin are ordinarily averted by the devotedness of American relatives, — by the passionate affection and unselfishness that mark the exiled peasants of Ireland. Let the harvest be ever so good an average, there must be tens of thousands for whom the pig is bought, the clothing provided, or the rent paid from the stream of gold that never ceases to flow across the wide Atlantic from Irish hands to Irish homes. Statesmen might give this matter a little more attention than they usually do. There must be something radically wrong in a country so largely dependent on the alms of its scattered children. In a letter we have received from Connemara, — not from a resident, but an English visitor, — we hear of holdings burdened with such a rent as £5 for three acres, when in fact they are hardly worth cultivating even if held rent free. The £5 comes from the son or daughter in New York or Boston, and is paid over year by year, because a cabin and patch of earth are a vital necessity to the miserable occupier, who on his own part ekes out life by an annual tramp through the harvest fields of England. Well it is for those at home that their kindred who emigrate remain so self-sacrificing and so true.

London "Universe."

The servant girls of Boston deserve a monument and a site for it in the very best position that Ireland can afford. An official of Boston, in the United States, reports that during the last four weeks he has transmitted to Ireland from his office alone 2,250 drafts in sums of £1 and upwards, the total amounting to $28,689; and that the whole of this large sum of money was contributed personally by the servant girls of that city. Noble, brave Irishwomen, every one of you! No matter what their actual position in the social scale may be, such conduct as this, in the hour of deep distress which has overtaken their native land, raises them to the highest pinnacle in the estimation of their fellow-countrypeople.

## PRAYING TOWARDS THE EAST.

THE custom prevailed very generally with the Christians of early days of turning to the east in prayer, whether at mass or out of mass, and the majority of ancient churches were built with a view to favor this custom. The reasons given for this practice are the following: First, because the east is symbolic of our Lord, who is styled in Scripture the "Orient from on high," the "Light," and the "Sun of Justice." Secondly, the Garden of Eden was situated in that region, and thence did the Magi come to lay their gifts at the crib of our Lord on Christmas morning. Thirdly, according to St. John Damascene, when our Lord hung on the cross his back was turned to the east and his face to the west; we therefore pray to the east that we may, as it were, be looking in his face. Fourthly, the ancients prayed in this direction in order not to resemble the pagans, who moved in every direction, now praying towards the sun at midday, now towards the moon, and again towards the stars. The Saracens prayed towards the south, the Jews towards Jerusalem, and the Mohammedans towards Mecca. Fifthly, it has always been looked upon as an established thing that, at the last day, our Lord, with his effulgent cross sparkling in the heavens, will come to judge mankind from the eastern quarter. — *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

THE first telescope was probably used in England in 1603.

# DIGNITY OF LABOR.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR MAN.

Discourse delivered at the close of the Congress of Catholic Workingmen's Association, by Mgr. Charles Emile Freppel, in the Cathedral of Angers, France.

GENTLEMEN: You have now reached the close of your labors. Gathered together from all parts of France, and even from abroad, you have met each other with one and the same sentiment of faith and of Christian charity. For five days past you have discussed, under all its forms, one of the most important and difficult questions of our times. The sanctification of the working class, the Christian reformation of working people through the most approved works and institutions of our day, is the great subject which has engaged the attention of your special committees and of your general assemblies. Substantial reports, luminous discussions, correct and precise details, attractive descriptions, — nothing has been wanting in your congress that was calculated to give it life and interest. And now that you have completed your task, after a friendly interchange of views and ideas you are about to separate, carrying away with you to every quarter of our country the lights derived from an assembly of men whose opinions acquire great authority from their learning and experience. But, gentlemen, it is one thing to know, and another to act. Intelligence will suffice to teach us our duty, but another impetus is required for its performance. I will cheerfully borrow my comparison from the marvels of modern industry.

In every one of those wonderful machines the effects of which elicit your admiration, there is a motive power which gives an impetus to all the rest, and without which the most skilful mechanism will stop for want of life and action. So it is with the works and institutions the programmes of which you have laid down. This organization, which you have studied out, meditated upon, and prepared, and which embraces all the moral and religious interests of the working classes by means of circles, patronages, corporations, confraternities, and associations of every description, is no doubt admirable. But to set this organism going, with all its numerous and varied springs, there is required an inner and central power which must be its first motor, and which is to start it and give it life. This power, gentlemen, is not science: science enlightens, but it does not warm. It is not wealth: wealth is a means of action, but it is not the principle of action. The power which alone can give life and fecundity to your labors — this power, invisible but ever present, which will be at the beginning of all your undertakings, of all your sacrifices, inspiring and sustaining them without weakening or ceasing — this power, the greatest and most sovereign in the world, is Love. Yes: love, the sacred fire of charity, the fire of devotion, is the one we must carry away with us from these assemblies, as the soul of our works and the principle of our success. *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo vis ut accendatur?* To succeed with the laboring classes we must love them; love them in spite of their faults and defects; love them even when they return our love with indifference or hatred. We must place their hearts on ours that we may raise them up to God; for love is the strongest lever with which to lift the world of souls. The more you make it evident to the working classes that you love them, the more you will have worked for their sanctification. The ear may be trained to the teaching that declares itself under a dog-

matic form; but men cannot definitely resist the religion which comes bearing love in its hand, and which asks as the only reward for its sacrifice to be permitted to sacrifice itself again, to sacrifice itself forever. They may close their ears to the voice which recalls duty unperformed and outraged virtue; but they bend little by little, they surrender sooner or later to the devotion which follows the workingman step by step, with affectionate solicitude, from the patronage to the circle, from the circle to the workshop, and from the workshop to the bosom of his family, and leaves no effort untried to ameliorate his condition. Before such evidences of affection, hatreds disappear, distrusts vanish, and prejudices fall to the ground. And when later the word of God comes down upon this hitherto unfruitful earth, it will find a furrow ready to receive it, and this furrow will have been turned up by charity. *Fortis ut mors dilectio*, says the Holy Scripture: love is strong as death, which nothing can resist. It is she who has paved the way for the revival of faith among us. Alas! we must not conceal it from ourselves; faith languishes in very many souls; it is almost extinguished in many others. It is the sad inheritance of the last century, and our own has taken it up only to add new losses to it. Impiety has desolated the beautiful land of France, in which Catholic faith had taken such deep root; and by the extent of the ruins we behold on every side we can estimate the work of destruction which prepared them. But amid all these ruins there is one thing, at least, which has stood almost intact: Charity, as taught by Christianity to the world. Never, perhaps, has any age witnessed such prodigies of charity as our own. Hence it is that I do not despair of my country; I have faith in her future. Many will again become Christians, in the full sense of the word, because they will not have ceased to be charitable. Men abide in death only when they have ceased to love: *qui non diliget manet in morte* (1 Ep. St. John, iii. 14); so also can men revive when they have not ceased to love. However dim the spark of life may be, God will rekindle it sooner or later: a light is necessary for the mind, a flame for the heart. Our Lord Jesus Christ has said, "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" I know full well, gentlemen, that there are some, even among Catholics, who doubt the success of your works, or rather who allow themselves to be alarmed at the difficulties they present. But we can well say here that the past speaks for the future. And why, I may ask you, may not the Church do for the workingman, the laborer of modern times, what she has done in other times with wonderful success? When she first appeared upon earth, one half of mankind was in slavery. She immediately set to work without hesitation or intermission: she went forth to meet those millions of beings, who seemed hardly to be men, and she won over those souls for which pagan materialism, more powerful than it is to-day, was contending against her; and out of those souls buried in darkness, enslaved in mind, she made a race of Christians, heroes, and saints. When later, in the Middle Ages, she found in servitude and bondage that second historical form of the working class, she returned to her work with renewed zeal, and the same results followed, enlightening minds, restoring characters, forming morals, and calling forth the most prodigious germs of virtue and holiness in a class of men who were considered antagonistic to every exalted teaching, to all moral and religious culture. Why cannot the same be done to-day? Is the arm of God shortened? Has his hand lost its power to work out salvation? Is the cross of Jesus Christ no longer there to teach sacrifice? Is the Holy Eucharist not there to shed its rays all over the world? And if, for the third or fourth time in the course of

Christian ages, social conditions are modified, have the faith and charity of Christians, for this reason, lost any of their force and supernatural efficacy? Most assuredly not, gentlemen. Have full confidence, then, in the success of your labors: you carry with you that which will overcome all obstacles, — love; love of God and of your neighbor. Souls yield to those that love them: carry that sacred fire of love into your committees and into your circles, that it may nourish concord and fraternal union within them; carry it into your patronages, into your orphan asylums, into your retreats, into all the creations of your zeal, so that you may devote yourselves to the great and small, to all who require your assistance and your counsels. Love your brethren with a true, profound, and supernatural love; men will understand you, and God will bless you and your works also. Will not God, now, bless those who have no other object in view than his glory and the salvation of souls? Yes; and let me say to you, in conclusion, how much I have been edified by your faith and piety, during the five days we have lived and prayed and conferred together, under the eye of God and the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, and of St. Joseph, the patron of workingmen's societies. Nor was it without regret that I saw the hour of separation draw near. When one has had the honor of mingling with chosen souls such as yours, he cannot see them depart without heaviness of heart. May you carry with you a kind remembrance of this city of Angers, which has offered you such cordial and peaceful hospitality; of this rising university, to which your presence has brought happiness. May you never forget in your prayers the bishop, who will follow you in all your works with his best wishes, and with his blessings. But it is not he alone who will bless you: the Bishop of bishops, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, vouchsafes at this moment to stretch his paternal hands over you. It is most pleasing to me to be his mouthpiece and interpreter to you. Bow, then, with faith and love, to the benediction of our common Father. You will rise up more courageous and with more strength, with greater ardor for the labors of this life, and with more confidence in your eternal destinies. Amen.

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### CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.

From the last printed official list of the baptisms, the total number was 14,065, and those for Glasgow archdiocese were 9,079. By multiplying these figures by 22 — certainly a low factor — we find the Catholics of Scotland to be 309,430, and those of the archdiocese to be 199,738, from which figures we find that the baptisms of this archdiocese are 4,093 above the totals of the other dioceses, and that the Catholic population of 199,738 is 90,046 above the totals of the other dioceses. For a population of about two thirds of the whole we have but 59 missions, 121 priests, 116 departments of mission schools, 7 middle-class schools, 3 industrial schools, 2 reformatory schools, 2 orphanage schools, and 1 seminary; whilst the churches and chapels are 78 in number.

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A pale-faced clerk in a street clothing store received a set-back the other day from an old woman, which will retard his growth for a year to come. She entered the store in company with her son, and said: "I want to see some ulcer overcoats for boys." "You mean ulster — u-l-s-t-e-r," he replied. "Did I ask for ulcer overcoats?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then I want to see ulcer overcoats, no matter how you spell it. I got up at five o'clock this morning, rode fourteen miles facing the wind, sold two hogs and a barrel of cider, and if I don't know what I want I 'm not going to take any advice from a walking goose-quill like you!"

## LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

### CHAPTER VIII.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS AT LOUGH DERG. — LEARNED DISQUISITION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. GRAVES. — THE ABBOT PATRICK. — LEGEND REGARDING THE ABSENCE OF SALMON FROM ITS WATERS.

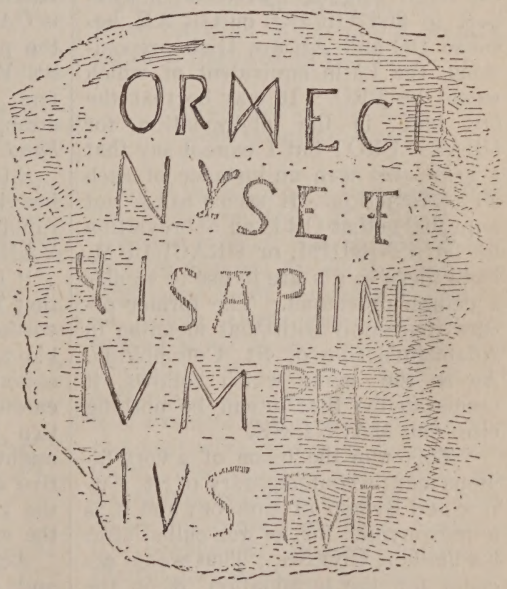
On Station Island there are two inscribed stones, which have hitherto been regarded as perfectly undecipherable, and have up to this completely baffled the ingenuity of antiquarian visitors to the place. The first of these inscribed stones is set into the southern gable of St. Patrick's Church. It is a small sandstone, and most probably was the *titulus* of one of the early churches at this pilgrimage. It is very much water-worn, and most of the characters are quite indistinct and illegible. The second inscribed stone is of much more recent date, and is here placed in the same connection with the first, for this reason: that both appear to refer to the same saint. This second inscribed stone is a corbel-shaped holy-water font, which lies on the island.

Being struck with the archaic character of these inscriptions, I requested Mr. Wakeman, of Enniskillen, to accompany me to the island, in order to have rubbings of these inscriptions taken. This we effected on the 12th of April, 1878. Soon after, Mr. Wakeman sent forward these rubbings to Dr. Graves, Protestant Bishop of Limerick, who is admittedly one of the foremost authorities, in the present age, on Ogham and ancient Irish inscriptions. The result of his Lordship's investigation is nothing short of a most important discovery. Dr. Graves' learned disquisition on these inscriptions having been very kindly communicated to me by Mr. Wakeman, I gladly take the liberty of placing it on record. Dr. Graves writes:

"Being induced by what you" (Mr. Wakeman) "told me to believe, that the stone on Station Island, of which you sent me a rubbing, originally contained the whole of the inscription, I applied myself to the consideration of it with much care. The result of my study has been to assure me that I have substantially made it out, though I may yet find that my reading requires correction in matters of detail. The enclosed copy shows you how I deal with it. The letters and strokes in *red* are what I supplied. I have taken those in *black* exactly as you represented them.

"Now let us consider the parts of the inscription in order. I propose to supply an I at the end of the first line. Thus, MECI would be Latinized form of MEIC, an old, but not the oldest form of the genitive, MAC.

"After the N which commences the second line, I introduce a Y, but with some doubt. In that place I should rather have expected IS.



Stone built into wall of old chapel, Station Island, Lough Derg.

"At the end of the same line, I conjecture the diphthong Æ. To this

I was led mainly by the little stroke going up obliquely from the top of the vertical stroke, which your rubbing exhibits. The A in the third line has a square top of this kind.

"At the commencement of the third line, I suggest a Q, which I would read as QU; not an uncommon thing in inscriptions. After SAP, I restore IENT, being perfectly certain that the letters were there once, whether the traces of them remain or not.

"In the latter half of the fourth line, I restore PRI, admitting, however, that OPTI may possibly have stood there originally.

"The I at the beginning of your fifth line, I take to be the last member of an M; and at the end of the same line I place the word ERAT or FUIT.

"Now as to the meaning of the inscription: I confess that I entertain some doubt as to the signification of OR. The inscription plainly being in the Latin language, we could not expect to find OR DO, or OR AR, because DO and AR are Irish prepositions, the Latin equivalent of which would be PRO. It may be that the OR here is the abbreviation for ORATE PRO; but I cannot say that I have ever seen an instance of such an abbreviation. It seems to me not improbable that OR is an abbreviation for ORATORIUM, or ORACULUM. Both these words are in use to signify a church or chapel. The former occurs repeatedly with that meaning in Adamnan's Life of St. Columbkille. As to the name which follows, it seems to me that it can be nothing else than MACNISSE.

"This was the name of a very famous man, a contemporary of St. Patrick and Bishop of Connor; and it is a matronymic, for he was called after his mother, CNESS. That would account for the termination Æ in the Latinized form of the name. You will find the whole history of this eminent saint and bishop in Dr. Reeves' "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore" (pp. 237–9); and take note especially of the fact that he was a great traveller, — in fact, a pilgrim, — in consequence of the sin which he had committed. Having visited both Rome and Jerusalem, he might thus have acquired the reputation of being eminently *sapiens*. He died in the year 514. I do not suppose that the inscription is so old as that, but I regard it as being very ancient. As you say in your letter, it must be very ancient or comparatively modern. If it was of the eighth, ninth, tenth, or eleventh century, we should almost certainly have the rounded forms of the letters E, M, N, T, U; and the O, instead of being large, would be rather smaller than the other capitals. The M" (the extremities of the vertical lines of this letter are connected by two lines drawn transversely) "seems to be an ornamental initial.

"This MACNISSE had another name. He was called CAEMAN BREAC, the Latinized form of which is CAEVANUS. Now if you look at the passage in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, to which Dr. Reeves refers, you will find a very sad and strange story about this man's *hand*.

"Is it not possible that the other inscription, of which you sent me a rubbing, is to be read MANUS COIVANI?

"This whole matter is so curious, that it deserves the most careful investigation. For my part, I should not like to publish the views which I have stated in this letter until I have seen carefully made paper-moulds of the two inscriptions, if only that they might enable me to pronounce a positive opinion as to the mode in which the inscriptions should be read, and the age of the writing."

Acting on Dr. Graves' suggestion, and at my request, Mr. Wakeman paid an additional visit to Station Island on the 23d of May, when he made fresh and very perfect rubbings

of the two inscriptions, as well as two casts in paper. These rubbings and paper-moulds brought out the very important fact that all the letters in the inscription, supplied or suggested by Dr. Graves, are to be found on the stone. The last word in the inscription is FUIT.

Now as to the person referred to in this inscription: there are two saints of that name referred to in our early ecclesiastical records. One of these is thus mentioned in the "Four Masters": "A. D. 589. St. Mac Nisse,* abbot of Cluain-Mic-Nois for a period of sixteen years, died on the tenth of the month of June." In the "Annals of Clonmacnoise" it is thus entered: "A. D. 587. Mac Nisai, an Ulsterman, third abbot of Clonvicnose, died in the sixteenth year of his place." Having been from Ulster, he may have gone on a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, where he died and was buried on Saints' Island, and in course of time a church with this inscription was erected to his memory. This opinion, however, is hardly probable, as we have no evidence to sustain it.

The Mac Nisse referred to in the inscription appears to be St Mac Nisse, first bishop of Connor, and abbot there.

The Bollandists' "Acta Sanctorum," at the 3d of September, give the Acts of St. Aengus Mac Nisse. He was baptized by St. Patrick, and was educated by St. Olcan, or Bolcan, to whose possessions he succeeded. He founded the monastery of Connor; visited Rome and Jerusalem as pilgrim; predicted the birth of St. Comgall, founder of Bangor; enjoyed the friendship of St. Brigid; and trained to a life of sanctity St. Colman, first bishop of Dromore. He died September 3, 514. He is entered in the "Feilire" of St. Aengus as, *Mac Nisse co milid o Chonderid maraid*, which is rendered in English:—

> "Mac Nisse with thousands
> From the great Condere."

He is called in a gloss on the "Feilire," *Caeman Break Mac Nisi*.

Now it is likely that St. Mac Nisse, through penance for his sins, went on pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory on Lough Derg, and that the inscribed stone already referred to was erected in the oratory in which he performed such severe penance; or that a memorial church, of which this was the *titulus*, was soon after erected there. The admitted antiquity of the inscription, which belongs to the sixth or seventh century at latest, confirms this conjecture. But this opinion is greatly strengthened by the second inscription, or legend, which appears on a corbel-shaped font, which now lies on Station Island. This legend reads:—

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* As the inscriptions at Lough Derg relating to St. MacNisse are so curious and interesting, I shall here add a few extracts, chiefly from Dr. Reeves' *Down and Connor*, pp. 237-39, regarding this remarkable saint. In the "Acta Sanctorum," by the Bollandists, it is said that he was baptized by St. Patrick: "*Quem venerabilis sanctus Patricius, Hibernorum Apostolus, baptizavit.*"

And of his education by St. Bolcan it is added: "*Bolcano vero episcopo alendum atque docendum dedit.*"

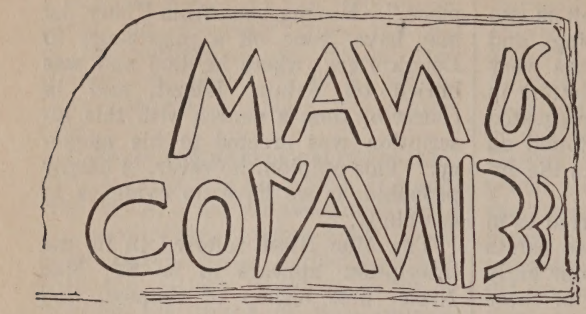
Of his intimacy with St. Patrick, the Tripartite Life assures us, where it says: "And MacNisse, of Condere, read his psalms with Patrick."

Of his pilgrimage it is said in the "Acta Sanctorum," at the 3d of September: "*Perfectus autem vir factus, atque beato Patricio in episcopum suæ gentis ordinatus, limina Apostolorum adiit, Jerusalem quoque, aliaque sancta terræ repromissæ loca visitavit.*"

On his return home after his distant pilgrimages, he founded the church of Connor: "*Connerense monasterium construitur, in quo usque hodie sedes episcopalis habetur.*"

The friendship of St. Brigid towards him is sufficiently conveyed in these words: "*Hæc de sancta Brigita dixit, quæ pro utilibus causis eum visitavit.*"

That St. Colman, bishop of Dromore, profited largely by his counsels, we may learn from the following passage, taken from his life by the Bollandists, at the 7th of June: "*Deinde sæpe venerabilem Macnyseum Conderensem episcopum petiit, qui hospitum præsciens adventum, eis necessaria jussit præparari. Ille itaque illuc perveniens, in omni hilaritate susceptus est; ibique paucis diebus mansit. Deinde inito consilio, venerabilem senem ubi locum serviendi Deo fundare deberet, consulit. Qui respondit: Voluntas Dei est, ut in finibus Campi Coba tibi construas monasterium.*"



In the second line of this inscription a small v is inserted after the first I, which shows that the engraver had forgotten it till after the remainder of the inscription was made out, and then inserted it in its present crushed-up position.

This inscription Dr. O'Donovan saw on his visit to Lough Derg, and though he looked upon it as comparatively modern, he could not understand it. His conjecture was that it referred to one of the Coarbs of Termon-Dabheoc.

Caeman Breac was a cognomen bestowed on St. Mac Nisse, and had its origin in the following melancholy story, taken from Colgan's "Trias Thaumaturga" (Septima Vita S. Patricii, lib. ii., cap. 134, p. 147): "*Patricio in iisdem partibus*" (scil. Rathmugid, now Armoy, Co. Antrim) "*agenti contigit alius, non minus miserandus sed et magis pudendus casus. Mac-Nessius enim postea Antistes Connorensis, dum in pietate et bonis disciplinis apud Patricium educaretur, Magistro inscio implicavit se primo incautis, ac paulatim suspectis alterius sexus consortiis, lapsu cum ipsius S. Antistitis sorore vel nepte insimulatus fuerit se faede maculasse. Lapsus ille ad aures Patricii perlatus ita sanctissimum exacerbavit Magistrum, ejusque animum, iramque vindicem contra discipulum exacuit, ut illico precatus et severe imprecatus sit manum illam, quæ membrum illud vivum et summæ spei, a reliquo sancto sui sodalitii corpore, suis actibus fœdisque contractibus segregavit, in tanti scandali publicam vindictam, cætero corpore abscissam iri. Et ecce res mira! manus Macnessii ex templo abscissa in terram cadit, et in perpetuam rei mirabilis, justæque vindictæ memoriam, in loco quid einde Carn-lamha, i. e. tumulus manus, appellatus, tumulatus reconditur. Macnessius vero lapsu sanctior vitam, quam turpi illa nota sic fœde maculavit, egregia mox pœnitentia restauravit multisque postea signis et virtutibus testatissimæ sanctitatis mirabilem reddidit et sanctissime finivit.*"

From these inscriptions we may justly infer that the pilgrimage of Lough Derg is of very early origin, that St. Mac Nisse, the contemporary of St. Patrick, was very probably on pilgrimage there, and that therefore the pilgrimage must have been originated by St. Patrick himself.

In the ninth century there was a person named the Abbot Patrick connected with Lough Derg. It appears he was superior of the religious establishment there for some time, and afterwards became abbot of the principal house of his order at Armagh. His feast is commemorated on the 24th of August, and his name is entered in the "Martyrology of Tallagh" as "Patrick hostiarius et Abbas Armacanus." He is said to have written a life of our national apostle; and was considered by some, how erroneously we have seen, to have been the founder of the "Purgatory," or place of penance at Lough Derg. His death is supposed to have occurred about the year 850.

Regarding him, or St. Patrick *major* (it is not stated which), a singular tradition is preserved at Lough Derg, which obtains implicit credence amongst the artless and simple-minded inhabitants of that neighborhood.

Now, as to the traditions here referred to, though I do not profess myself so incredulous in the matter of local traditions as Dr. O'Donovan

professes himself, yet I well know that the historical accuracy of many of them cannot be sustained; nor in relating them do I undertake to establish their accuracy, merely stating them as I received them, and leaving it to the readers to attach to them whatever importance they may deem fit.

Since the Celtic race has been always a highly imaginative race, we need not wonder that some historical facts, and especially certain events in the lives of the Irish saints, who were so affectionately venerated, became surrounded and embellished by poetic and imaginary glosses, till in the lapse of time the nucleus of fact became so entangled in the network of fiction as to be hardly distinguishable from it. And hence it comes that many of the popular traditions of our country are to be received with considerable caution and reservation.

But though some of these traditions may not be relied on as conveying historical truth, yet they are valuable in a variety of ways, and therefore worthy of preservation.

Many of these traditions contain a *grain* of historical truth, and when viewed in the light and with the aid of contemporaneous events, are found of much advantage to the historian; while such as are purely imaginary and legendary are also useful, inasmuch as they suggest what were the manners and customs, the simple and confiding faith, the social habits, the modes of thought, etc., of our remote ancestors.

To return to my subject: The story is told that in ancient times Lough Derg abounded in salmon and salmon-trout, just the same as its next neighbour, Lough Erne. The fishful lake gave an unfailing supply to the frugal table of the good monks, and little were the exertions needed in having always at hand a plentiful supply of this delicious and highly prized fish. On a certain occasion the monks were expecting St. Patrick on his visitation, and had been out fishing all day, in order to have some salmon for the saint's repast. However, they failed in catching any, and were sorely perplexed to find their hospitality thus put to so cruel a test; which when the saint had heard, he foretold that salmon would no more inhabit the waters of Lough Derg. And as if to corroborate the truth of the foregoing incident, the legend goes on to say that about sixty years ago a gentleman of the sceptical school, having heard the story as already narrated, put himself to great extremes in order to falsify the saint's prediction. He had salmon conveyed from a distance, carefully marked, and deposited in the lake; when lo! the very next morning the salmon were found in a net, which was placed in the river Derg to prevent their escape.

Little over forty years ago Dr. O'Donovan related the self-same legend; and, if it be only to show how much these legends are altered and exaggerated, even in a short period of time, I shall give his version of it. He says, "No salmon come into the lake, though they come up to the very throat of the river. Two fishermen, who had a weir near the source of the Derg, cast two live salmon into the lake not many years ago, to see if they 'd remain there, and in order to know them they cut off a part of their fins and tails; but on their return, they found the same salmon caught in their cochall, or net. This is attributed to the curse of St. Patrick."

As a matter of fact, salmon cannot be found in Lough Derg. The lake, however, abounds in trout, and affords excellent fishing. In this respect perhaps no other lake in Ireland can compete with it. During the summer and autumn a day seldom passes without witnessing a number of arrivals of those bent on this fine Waltonian sport; and the followers of the angle are generally rewarded with a numerous "take." Trout weighing six or eight pounds are occasionally hauled in; but the class most commonly

caught do not exceed a pound in weight. When a gentle "fresh" is blowing, no more contemplative or enticing pastime could be desired than playing a well-trimmed "cast" off the shoals and reefs, which are so numerous throughout the lake. And we can well imagine how the monks of Lough Derg in the olden time, despite their prayerful and penitential lives, enjoyed "to their hearts' content" this delightful recreation, as they sailed over its waters in their skin-covered currachs.

Eels, also, are to be found in Lough Derg. Near the mouth of the river Derg, remains of an eel-weir may be noticed.

Of late years pike has found its way into the lake, some large fish of this class having been caught weighing over thirty pounds. These "fresh-water sharks" up to this have made sad havoc on the trout, of the lake; but it is satisfactory to find that large numbers of them, during the spawning season each year, are netted in the streams flowing into the lake; and in this way, it is hoped, they will be diminished. Through the surrounding mountains foxes have been a similar source of destruction to hares and heathfowl; their number, however, is very much reduced, as each year beyond a score of them are caught in traps.

On the northern shore of the lake, near where the river Derg debouches, may be seen a beautiful white strand. Smoothly rounded pebbles, small shells and crustacea, such as may be seen on the sea-shore, are here to be met with. That many of the lakes and rivers of Ireland contain pearls is beyond question; of this the rivers Bann and Strule are notable instances. That Lough Derg also produces pearls has been lately ascertained. In the summer of 1874, a pearl-fisher came to the lake on pilgrimage. He was an Italian, and, like his countrymen, possessed the gift of music in a high degree. It is said of him at Lough Derg, that in his journey through these mountains he wakened up many sweet echoes by his music. Having reached the lake, he made a search for pearls along the shore; and was successful in collecting some of these rare gems, which, being small and of rather inferior quality, were worth, as he said, but a few shillings each.

*To be continued.*

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## CATHOLICITY IN AFRICA.

Last June eighteen Catholic missionaries started from Algiers on their way to the heart of Africa, and two months afterwards they arrived safely at Ugogo, since which nothing has been heard of them. A similar band which preceded them in March, 1878, reached Ujiji last January, and were well received by the English mission and the Arab chiefs who rule the country in the name of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Further satisfactory news has just come from the latter party. They made a voyage of exploration around Lake Taganyika, and tell a very different story of the demeanor of the natives from that recounted by Stanley. Instead of being bloodthirsty savages, they received the priests most hospitably, built houses and a school for them, and the work of Christianity and civilization was going on marvellously at last advices. The defenceless Catholic missionary seems to have been successful where Mr. Stanley and his "elephant gun" failed ignobly.

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Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee was born in Carlingford, County Louth, on the 13th April, 1825. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to the United States, arriving in Boston in 1842. He returned to Ireland, labored with Davis and his compatriots, and contributed "The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century" as his part of the work of founding the library of Ireland. He was assassinated in Ottawa, Canada, on the morning of April 7, 1868.

## THE POPE'S BROTHER ON IRELAND'S FIDELITY TO THE FAITH.

EXCEPTING those few occasions when a pontiff in person visited the Irish College in Rome, rarely has that venerable institution received within its walls such an illustrious assemblage as was there collected on the afternoon of the 27th of December, to witness the installation of Giuseppe Pecci, brother to Leo XIII., as Cardinal Titular of the Church of St. Agatha. A large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, amongst them an archbishop and several bishops, were present on the occasion. The ceremony was carried out with ritual grandeur and solemnity. After the ceremony, Mgr. Kirby delivered an address, in which, after congratulating his Eminence on the dignity that had been conferred upon him, he said, —

"Our church, most reverend Eminence, which was dedicated to St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, erected in time of Constantine, and constituted a cardinal's title by Honorius III., lays aside to-day her mourning garb of widowhood to receive, with joyful exultation, your Eminence as her new titular. The great heart of Daniel O'Connell, which reposes near your throne, must rejoice when it feels that the brother of our glorious pontiff, Leo XIII., is titular of the National Church of the Irish in Rome, the Church of that country for whose faith and for whose emancipation O'Connell, for half a century, and armed only with the weapons of reason, truth, and legality, fought and conquered. Your Eminence is not merely a golden support (*cardine*), which will aid and dignify this Church, but also a model of Christian and ecclesiastical virtues for our students to copy, and a brilliant torch of profound science to kindle in the breasts of our young Levites a vivid desire to gain by prayer and study the treasures of learning, and to imitate, even at a long distance, their sainted ancestors and fellow-countrymen, such as St. Fregidianus, Archbishop of Lucca; St. Cataldus, Archbishop of Tarento; St. Donatus, Bishop of Fiesoli; St. Columbanus, founder of Bobbio Monastery, who was styled by Bellarmine the luminary of his century; and many other illustrious Irishmen who left their native shores, and poured themselves, as St. Bernard said, like an inundation over all the countries of Europe, watering them with a sweat of apostolic toil, and adorning them with examples of doctrine and piety. The crown is put to our rejoicing when we reflect that in your Eminence we possess a lively image of Leo XIII., who was given as a light in the heaven of the Church militant, to dispel the dark errors of the lurid and lying philosophy which in these days has invaded the minds of so many foolish and corrupt men, perverting or concealing the most essential truths of natural as well as of revealed religion. In your Eminence we recognize a near resemblance of the lofty wisdom and integrity of heart of this great pontiff, whom we thank for his exceeding kindness in giving us his brother to be titular of this church and our own cardinal deacon, entitled to our love and veneration. We invoke the invincible martyr, to whom this temple is sacred, and the Apostle of Ireland, protector of our college, to grant to you length of days and felicity of every kind, spiritual and temporal. The same blessing we implore for the pontiff, your brother. Tell to him that we Irish, devoted like our fathers even to the shedding of our blood for the cause of the Holy See, desire to behold his triumph, as once in times of old these walls witnessed the triumph of Gregory the Great, when, after the profanations of the Arians, he consecrated this Church of St. Agatha, amid the prodigies of heaven and the applause of the Romans."

The reply made by Cardinal Pecci to this speech of Mgr. Kirby was an elaborate and magnificent oration, delivered in the Italian language, with the utmost fluency and grace. The Pope, it is well known, was attracted in an especial manner, when a young student, to the history of Ireland, and probably owed to his elder brother Giuseppe, his interest in the trials of the Irish nation. For this reason, the language used by Cardinal Pecci in the Church of the Irish College may be taken to represent the sentiments of the Holy Father, and that language was truly remarkable. After alluding to the cruel and excruciating tortures so nobly and triumphantly endured by St. Agatha, in defence of the faith of Christ, his Eminence observed that St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, knew how to infuse into the hearts of his Irish children the spirit and fortitude of the virgin saint. He traced with a master hand the extraordinary courage and endurance displayed by the Irish in defence of the Catholic Church during long centuries of persecution, entering into elaborate and minute details of confiscations, torments, and deaths under various shapes during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James, Anne, and the Georges. To the sanguinary persecution succeeded another, which the

cardinal styed a continuous and slow assassination, tending to depopulate the country by the fabrication of the most inhuman and unjust laws the world had ever seen. He quoted the words of Edmund Burke, characterizing in fit terms this singularly subtle code of legislation, formed for the purpose of driving the Catholic nation into exile or compelling them to deny their faith and embrace the Anglican heresy. He described in glowing expressions of commendation the obstinate and successful resistance of the Irish to these anti-Catholic enactments, and their steadfast attachment to the creed of their fathers and to the Holy See, in spite of all allurements and temptations to apostasy. The Irish, he said, knew how to suffer and how to die for their religion; but they, thanks to the spirit inherited from St. Patrick, were incapable of betraying their conscience or becoming apostates. The cardinal did not omit the services of O'Connell, but went over every stage of his career, alluding most touchingly to his final attempt to lay in person before the Roman pontiff the trophies of his exertions, and to attest with his dying breath his unsullied loyalty to the Chair of Peter. But, said his Eminence, God did not think fit to gratify his last desire. He died at Genoa, on his way to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, and bequeathed his heart to Rome. The throbbings of that heart vibrate in every Catholic breast. Finally, Cardinal Pecci concluded an oration, which was heard with rapt attention, by a well-deserved compliment to the zeal and piety of the students of the Irish College.

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## A NEW STRATEGIST!

THE German journals inform us that M. Gambetta has not only surrounded himself with a military cabinet, but has given his attention to a study of the art of war. "The great talent of the ex-dictator for military organization is recognized more in Germany than in France." Now, if the above were a deliberate satire we could understand it; otherwise it is incomprehensible. M. Gambetta has no talent for military organization, and the Germans, who had to reckon with his military arrangements in 1870, can estimate them as accurately as any one else. As a matter of fact the campaign was lost through the stupid, deplorable, and inflexible obstinacy of the lawyer who fancied he was a Carnot. Able men, like Aurelles de Paladin and Chanzy, took the field; but they had to depend on the ballooned dictator for men, money, and material of every kind. Not one third of the men on paper were forthcoming, nor were the supplies one half sufficient; but all the disadvantages would have been overcome, as was shown by the victory of Coulmiers, and the prospects it opened up, had Gambetta been as chary of his idiotic and fatal orders as he was of the sinews of war. The gross absurdity of giving an army to a soldier like Chanzy, but compelling him to follow the "strategy" of a barrister, hardly needs any demonstration; and in 1870 it was the direct cause of the overthrow, humiliation, and despoilment of France. We almost fear a repetition of the disaster when we hear that the insufferable egotist is trying to qualify himself for playing the same insane rôle, and we wonder how long it will take the French to find out how great a sham he is. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

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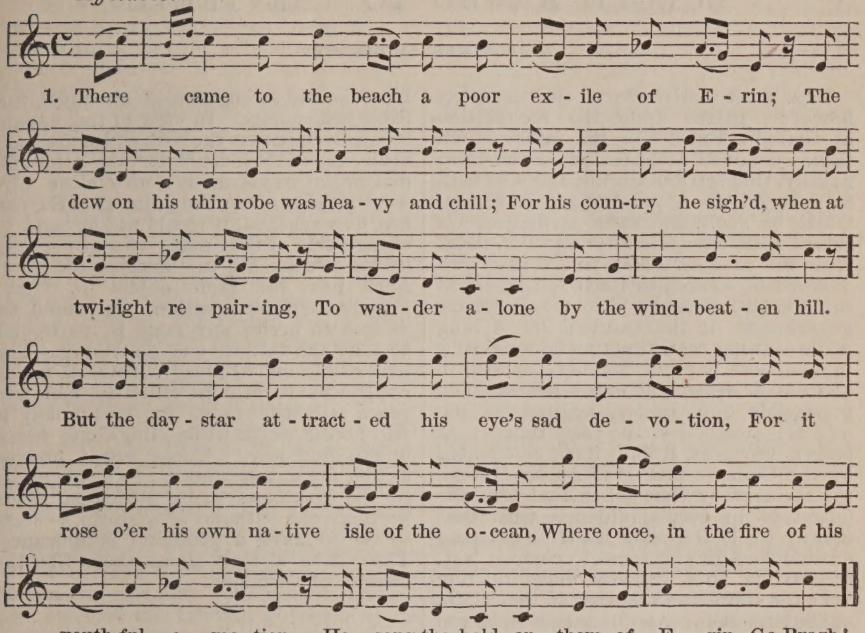
WE have an authentic instance of the realization of a dream. While in a Liverpool bridewell enjoying an uneasy sleep, a woman dreamed that she lost her shawl, and that a man like the bridewell-keeper was to restore it. She applied to him on awakening, relating the fancy of her sleep, and he at once instituted a search which traced the shawl to another female prisoner.

# THE EXILE OF ERIN.

*Affetuoso.*


1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin; The
dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill; For his coun-try he sigh'd, when at
twi-light re - pair-ing, To wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill.
But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it
rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where once, in the fire of his
youth-ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold an - them of E - rin Go Bragh!

2. "Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger:
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild, woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh!

3. "Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

4. "Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

5. "Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin Go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
Erin Mavourneen!—Erin Go Bragh!"

# EUROPE ARMED TO THE TEETH.

LONDON WEEKLY REGISTER

ONE most satisfactory circumstance, however, glares upon the recognition of Catholic Europe in the midst of all these sustained and bloated armaments; namely, that retribution threatens, at last, to descend upon the Robber Kingdom, which by spoliation upon spoliation has seized upon one state after another, until, with the exception of a palace in a garden, it has secured to itself the whole of the Roman Peninsula. The revolutionary government of the Quirinal for a long while past has been directing its animosity in the most flagrant manner, in season and out of season, at every possible and impossible opportunity, against its immediate neighbors the Austrians. At length, however, it finds itself confronted by the Catholic power of Austro-Hungary, at the very time when that Catholic power is in cordial alliance with Germany; while Germany itself is evincing an unlooked-for eagerness to come at last, if possible, to a friendly understanding with the supreme authority at the centre of Christendom. An intimation is said to have come very recently to the Quirinal that, upon the contingency of an Austro-Italian war being one of these days — as is, indeed, not at all improbable — provoked, one of the very foremost results of its outbreak would, as a mere matter of course, be the summary loss to Italy of one of its latest and most dearly prized acquisitions, — Venetia. That, observe, merely as a commencement. Sooner or later other similar consequences would follow just as inevitably. *Conspicuous among them, even as Europe is now situated, is, as an exceeding probability, the restoration of the Pontifical Independence.* That, as a matter of absolute certainty, will come again, as it has come more than once before in the history of God's Church, — as it did when the Pontiff returned from Avignon, from Fontainebleau, and from Gaeta. An Austro-Italian war seems to be a by no means improbable medium for the readjustment, with the assent of Germany, of the long-outraged rights of the centre of Christendom. Under any circumstances, there can be little doubt that Europe has at this moment come to the very verge of a great transition period in its political situation. The warlike races on the Continent are, in their material forces, more than ever prepared for any emergency. Germany, the most triumphant of all the military powers of Europe, is even now proposing to increase and strengthen its already formidable armaments. In view of that expansive movement on the part of the German army, the "Fremdenblatt," the semi-official organ of Germany's now close ally, Austria, says, "At the point that Europe has now reached, it would not be right to charge this or that state with prolonging by its armaments the general calamity. Each has the same object in view; namely, self-preservation. It would be useless to invite any state in particular to take the initiative of disarming. The irresistible and solitary constraint which obliges us to arm in order to maintain peace will lead us so far that finally it will not be worth while clinging to peace or avoiding war." Those words, uttered as they are at this juncture, — in the midst of the breathless pause which so often portends the outburst of a storm, — seem to us to have a profound significance. They have a ring about them like the clangor of a trumpet.

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## FRANCE AND GERMANY.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE most alarming rumors as to the intentions of the great military powers of the Continent continue to come in. A Viennese telegram, for example, says that it is rumored in well-informed circles that the Russian government had decided, for defensive purposes, as the phrase goes, to increase both her peace and war forces, — the latter by 150,000 men, — and that this step is to be carried out quietly and slowly, no ukase being published on the subject. The condition of Europe is strikingly shown in the fact that nothing is discussed in the journals of the Continent but wars and warlike combinations. The "Grenzbote" is a monthly journal which notoriously receives its inspiration from Prince Bismarck; and it has just published an article the semi-official character of which is fully conceded on all hands. The article states that there is "one great combination by which everything could be upset in Europe, — a combined attack of Russia and France on the Austro-German alliance." To make this attack impossible, the English government is most earnestly entreated to induce the Parliament to declare its intention to protect the neutrality of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, and to demand the neutrality of the Baltic in case of a war.

The meaning of this is, that England should join in the Austro-German combination by preventing France from forcing its Swiss and Belgian neighbors to side with it, and by forbidding a Russo-French blockade of the Baltic forts of Germany. We imagine that Prince Bismarck's blandishments will prove unavailing, and that no British ministry will be mad enough to enter into a quarrel by which it could gain nothing and may lose much. The truth seems to be, that Bismarck, who is getting old, has made up his mind to finish his work by beating down Russia as he beat down Austria in 1866, and France in 1870–71. The grand obstacle in his way is the attitude of France. The French people, more than any other race, allow sentiment and emotion to enter into politics; and no Frenchman ever forgets what the deadly offence was for which Bismarck has pursued Russia with so deadly a hate. In the year 1875, Prince Bismarck discovered, to his horror, that France, instead of being crushed forever, was recovering from her wounds with unparalleled rapidity. He then formed his great scheme of striking down France again before she had recovered her full strength; and this design he certainly would have carried out had not the Russian government informed him that war with France meant also war with Russia. There was no Austro-German alliance in these days, and Bismarck had to eat the leek, and sheathe the half-drawn sword. He has never since forgiven Russia; but every French politician is agreed upon one point, — that, if he attacks Russia, France must strike in to save the power that saved her. One thing at least seems certain, — that the present suspense must soon be terminated, as Bismarck must soon either strike or disarm. The groans of Germany beneath her military burdens are heard through all Europe. That wonderful country, France, pays the interest on her gigantic debt, spends twenty-seven millions a year on her splendid army, and, in spite of both pulls on her finances, grows richer every day. The twenty-one millions a year which Germany pays for her army is, on the contrary, a dreadful burden upon German poverty, and one of the great causes which swells the ranks of the Socialist array. Again, the Germans, though a brave, are not a warlike race; and the flower of the youth of Germany every year emigrate to avoid compulsory military service. Whatever the outcome of the situation may be, one thing is certain, — that Bismarck must be the most disappointed man in Europe. He plainly thought in 1871 that he had finished with France; that for many generations she would be a mere geographical expression. He counted without his host; for the astounding fact is, that at this moment the new France is far stronger as a military power than she was before the war. He knows perfectly well that France will take the first opportunity of trying to get back her two lost provinces; and hence the threats, combinations, movements, which keep Europe in a state of perpetual alarm. It is a dreadful thing for all humane men to think that when France and Germany close for the inevitable trial of strength, the struggle will be one to the death; for the victor will leave no means untried to so cripple his adversary as to disable him forever.

## ABOLISHING GOD.

The Bishop of Angers attributes the present misfortunes of France to the wrath of God at the impiety that floods the country. Certainly his lordship has good reason to point out, with alarm and foreboding, the blasphemies of the press, the hatred of religion amongst many of the people, high and low, and the constant effort to dethrone the Creator in the public life of the nation. We reported some time ago that on the schools of the Christian Brothers passing to lay management in Paris, the religious emblems were immediately removed; and now we learn that in a hospital at Vitry le François the committee has pulled down a handsome crucifix raised by one of the founders. It had to be sawn and broken up before it could be cleared away, because those who put it up did not foresee a period when the great Christian emblem would become an offence to men who ought to be Christians. We are quite well aware that only a minority of the French people countenance the excesses that are daily perpetrated; but the majority are criminally supine, and they are pretty certain to share in the punishment which God will not always withhold from obstinate perseverance in ill doing. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

# HIGH TREASON.

## A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE TOILS.

For more than an hour after Rookesby's departure, the inmates of the White House remained in the apartment in which they had passed the night, afraid to stir. It too frequently happened that the searchers made a pretence of leaving, in order to throw their victims off their guard, and returned suddenly, hoping to find that the priest, supposing that the danger was at an end, would have left his hiding-place.

One of the men at length went upstairs to the chapel, and looking with some dismay at the remains of the fire, called in a low tone. A voice was heard in reply, and he slowly raised the false hearth, disclosing a narrow aperture at the back of the fireplace, from which Father Burnet emerged, begrimed with dust and smoke.

"I have been called twice already; but I recognized your voice, George," he said. "Are you sure they have gone away?"

"Long since," replied the other. "But what have they been about here?" and he pointed to the ashes. "'T is a mercy that this slab is of good stout oak, else they would have fired the house. You have not suffered much, I trust, sir?"

"The smoke and heat were somewhat unpleasant, and rather dangerous," said the priest, smiling at his companion's anxiety; "and from what I overheard, it is clear to me that they were not pursuivants at all."

"Beshrew me, if I did not think the same myself! And the leader — there were but three of them in all — reminded me strongly of some one I formerly knew. I should know our north-country twang anywhere."

We may briefly account for the presence of Father Burnet and his trusty servant, Pouch, by mentioning that the former, when on his journey from Ipsley, had passed a night at the White House. Mistress Line availed herself of the opportunity to extract from him a promise that, as early as occasion offered, he would visit her for the purpose of enabling her and the other Catholics in the vicinity to approach the sacraments, from which they had been debarred for some months. Growing impatient at the delay that ensued, she sent him a letter requesting permission to visit him in London. When her messenger reached Golden Lane, a search had been already made by the pursuivants; and Father Burnet, narrowly evading capture, had betaken himself to Harrow, as being the nearest place of security known to him. The servant was, as we have seen, immediately arrested, and his sudden disappearance naturally gave rise to Mistress Line's serious apprehensions. A few days after Burnet's arrival, Father Gower most unexpectedly made his appearance. He had been visiting the Catholic families in the neighborhood, and having several pressing engagements still to fulfil, he hurried on, leaving Burnet, as he fancied, in safety. He was overtaken on the road by a messenger bearing the intelligence of Shefford's misfortune, and also the arrest of Mistress Line's servant. His plans were at once changed; and he hastened to to return to London, stopping by the way at Harrow, to send warning of their danger to Father Burnet and his hostess.

The warning was understood and acted upon by Burnet, who speedily put several miles between himself and the White House. For nearly a month he was fully occupied in his fatiguing duties, passing hither and thither, but never by the same road, and staying for a day or two at the residences of Catholics, where his presence was greeted with every demonstration of respectful welcome,

until he found himself at Ealing, on the high road to the metropolis. Here he rested, sending Pouch forward to hire a house and notify his approach to the leading members of his flock.

His messenger returned with an ominous budget of news. There was a warrant out for Burnet's arrest; and the pursuivants, getting scent of his suspected refuge, probably from Rookesby or the men who accompanied him, had made a thorough search at the White House in presence of the magistrates, discovered the hiding-place in the chapel, committed great havoc in the house, and had taken Mistress Line to London, a prisoner.

But the most serious item of Pouch's intelligence concerned Father Gower. He was a prisoner; had undergone several examinations by the council, and even been racked; but although there were strong suspicions, no direct proof of his being a priest had as yet transpired. For some unaccountable reason, Rookesby hung back. He volunteered no evidence; and, apparently satisfied with having effected the arrest of the Jesuit, seemed desirous of leaving to others the responsibility of convicting him.

"And a strange adventure happened also to me," continued Pouch. "You may remember that the servant of Mistress Line, who was sent to you with a letter from that lady, never returned to Harrow. I had seen him twice before, when he brought messages to you; and to-day, while wandering about in the darkest and most secluded lanes of the city, this fellow came up, and clapping me on the shoulder, hailed me as an old friend. As he had been trusted by his mistress, although he is no Catholic, I thought he might be useful to us, and told him what I was seeking. His tone instantly grew most cordial and confidential: he plied me with questions about you, whether I still served you, where you were to be met with; and wound up by asking if it were true that you are a priest. Something in his manner struck me, I know not why; and without gratifying his curiosity, or letting him know my suspicions, I tried to get rid of him. But wherever I went he stuck fast by my side, until I was fairly puzzled. He must have thought me hard to please, for every house he showed me was either too large or too small, or in some way unsuited: but, by a stroke of good fortune, I chanced to see a young lady, whom I recognized, entering a house; and guessing at once its owner, I wished my friend good-day, adding that I served Lord Aston now. He left me with a very sour look; but as I saw that he was still watching, I made bold to knock at Lord Aston's, and asked for Mistress Vaughan.

"Vaughan!" interposed the Jesuit; "is she in London? But go on."

"Lord Aston remains in town with his family until the spring," said Pouch. "Well, I got speech of Mistress Vaughan, and mightily glad was she to hear that you were safe. She is true as steel; and when I told her that you needed shelter, declared that you should make my lord's house your own, and fetched in Lord Aston to enforce your acceptance of her offer. He was deeply concerned, and begged me to bring you to him; and finding that I could not promise to do that, he besought me to remind you, a word would bring him to your side if you wanted a friend."

"The good old man!" said Burnet.

"One would have thought," said Pouch, "that he had had enough of meddling with such dangerous matters. If Sir John Coniers had not stopped the sheriff's mouth so neatly, Lord Aston would have been hard put to it to clear himself of the charge of harboring a priest."

"And despite the risk he has already incurred on my account," rejoined Burnet, "he would yet, in his impulsive kindness, shelter me again beneath his roof; knowing what

I am, and that a price is set upon my head!"

"God send us a few more such friends!" said Pouch. "We need them much."

"He at least knows that we are no traitors," said Burnet thoughtfully, after a short silence. "We do but seek to rebuild the walls of our Jerusalem, which tyranny and persecution have laid low. Our sufferings have grown too common to excite pity. There is not a prison near us but contains scores of our people, who patiently endure the harsh penalties of the law; not a gibbet but is red with our blood. Yet, why need we despair? The Founder of Christianity was rejected and crucified by those to whom he preached; three centuries of persecution and trial were allowed to pass away before the world could be induced to receive the Gospel. But the Church triumphed, and the nations beheld the Vicar of Christ enthroned in the City of the Cæsars. So will it be with us again. The blood of England's martyrs sinks deep into the thirsty soil, and the harvest will follow in God's good time."

Pouch had succeeded in finding a house; not exactly in the city, but in a place called Moorfields, near Bishop's gate. It was not in a lonely position, yet sufficiently secluded to meet with the priest's approbation; and here he and Pouch resided for some weeks. It would have been a matter of no difficulty to obtain lodgings with some Catholic family; but those who harbored a priest were liable to such cruel treatment, that it was only under extreme pressure that any priest could be prevailed upon to accept of shelter burdened with such hazardous conditions.

His first thought was of Father Gower; and by inquiries made with great caution, it was discovered that the priest lay in one of the city prisons, where no stranger was permitted to visit him. A handsome bribe to one of the justices procured his removal to the Clink, a prison attached to the Bishop of Winchester's palace in Southwark, where he enjoyed considerable personal liberty.

When Burnet, in a well-contrived disguise, gained access to the Clink, he found Father Gower in the midst of a circle of friends. Part of the room he occupied was arranged as a chapel; and here he informed Burnet he said mass every day, at which most of the Catholics in the prison were allowed to be present by the connivance of the jailer, who was amply remunerated for his services. Alms, which he accepted only from those who he knew could well afford to give, flowed in abundantly, and were transmitted to other priests in London for their support. The Catholics, not knowing when their own turn would come, vied with one another in succoring these victims of the penal laws; and a priest was frequently in greater security and comfort in prison than when he followed his perilous avocation beyond its walls.

Father Burnet was unmolested in his new home. His time was fully occupied by his duties; visiting the Catholics committed to his charge, administering the sacraments as frequently as possible, and occasionally permitting them, but never in large numbers, to assemble at his residence for mass.

A considerable share of responsibility devolved upon Pouch; without his assistance the Jesuit would have been almost helpless. Always watchful and active, never out of temper or out of heart, more anxious for the priest's safety than his own, the depositary of all his master's secrets, — he was one of the men who seemed specially raised up for the time to be the guardians of the faith in its most troubled and darkest hour. Priests were at the mercy of their servants; and to the eternal honor of those humble, devoted men, we call to mind that in no single instance did they betray the confidence of the priest, nor were the persecutors able to wring from them,

by the severest tortures, the slightest evidence that would injure those they served. On the contrary, they were to be found sharing the sorrows and the captivity of the missioners, and, in many instances, sealing by their blood their fidelity to the cause of the Catholic religion.

Pouch had been out one evening to summon a few members of the little flock to attend the mass of the Conception, a festival then close at hand, and upon his return, was startled to find a stranger seated on the stone wall that ran in front of the house. In reply to Pouch's demand to know what he did there, the man jumped down, and said in a whisper that he had a letter to deliver to Master Foster.

"You know me," he said; "John Coyle, formerly servant to Mistress Line. Poor lady! She is in prison, and greatly distressed; and thinking that Master Foster might be able to help her, she has written him this letter."

"Well, give it to me," said Pouch; "I sometimes see the gentleman to whom it is addressed."

"Nay, but I must see him, too," replied Coyle. "I have a message for his ear alone from my poor mistress. Ah! it is sad, indeed, to see her suffer; and all for harboring a priest."

"Well, if you must see the gentleman," said Pouch, carelessly, "you will have to find him. I cannot tell where he is now. So good even to you, friend."

He had entered as he spoke, and was about to close and relock the gate, when Coyle interposed.

"A truce with this nonsense! I know that Master Foster lives here, for I have seen him passing in and out several times lately. I live close by myself," he added, as Pouch shot a quick, suspicious glance at him. "You may trust me. If I had meant to betray him, do you suppose that I could not have done it without showing myself?"

There was much apparent truth in the remark, and Pouch was staggered; and reflecting that all the harm that could be done was comprised in the discovery of the priest's retreat, he told Coyle to follow him, and they went in together.

Father Burnet was not greatly pleased to find that Mistress Line had chosen so dangerous a means of communicating with him; but he read the letter without remark, briefly telling Coyle that it should be attended to.

"You said, I think, that you had a message from your mistress?" said Pouch.

"It is but a few words that the lady added when she gave me the letter," replied Coyle. "She wished me to remind you that it is on your account that she is in prison, and begged that you would send her a few words of consolation under your own hand."

The priest had been writing before the visitor entered, and drawing the paper towards him, he was about to indite a short epistle, when, looking up, he observed Pouch, who stood behind the messenger, gesticulating violently, and shaking his head by way of caution.

He wrote, however, a few lines, and holding the paper in his hand, paused for a moment, and then deliberately put it in the fire.

"It will be better not to write. You might be running great risks if my letter were found upon you," he said to Coyle. "Tell your mistress that I will not fail to see her."

The man was evidently disappointed, and said something in an undertone; and after casting a wistful look at the fragments of burnt paper on the hearth, took his leave.

"That fellow means mischief," said Pouch, when they were alone again. "He has taken a lodging near us, and told me he had seen you several times. You are no longer safe here, sir."

"Our poor friends meet here to-

morrow," said the priest. "After that we will see about other quarters. But something must be done for Mistress Line. I have not much money left," and he turned out the contents of his purse; "but what there is shall be hers, poor soul. Carry this to Newgate, where she lies, and arrange matters with the jailer, so that she may have such comforts as money will obtain in that wretched place. I will see Father Gower in the mean time, to urge him to send her from time to time what she needs."

These matters occupied them during a considerable portion of the night; yet they were astir at a very early hour next morning, and after the small stock of books and papers that the priest owned had been secreted, the room that served as a chapel was put in order, and everything prepared for mass.

As soon as the people had assembled, the priest commenced to put on the necessary vestments; and while thus occupied, a noise was heard below of shouting and hammering at the door: the priest-hunters were upon them, and Burnet had barely time to disrobe, when the pursuivants burst into the room with a body of armed followers. They demanded to know where the priest was; and one of them laid hands upon Burnet, while the others, amid a confusion of threats and questions, took the names of those present. There had not been sufficient time to strip the altar of its furniture; and as the pursuivants pointed to it in triumph, the little congregation could not but admit that they were there for the purpose of hearing mass, and were waiting for the priest. Several were at once arrested; and then the man who had first accosted Burnet, looking round, found that that personage had disappeared.

It was discovered subsequently that the alarm had been given by some neighbors, whose suspicions had been aroused by seeing an unusual number of persons resorting to the house at that early hour, and judging from the seclusion in which Burnet lived, had concluded that he was either a priest or a recusant who allowed mass to be said in his house. The man Coyle fully intended, as Pouch had surmised, to lay the information that very day, having gone thither the preceding night for the purpose of ascertaining whether the priest actually resided there; but being new to the business of a spy, and acting, as he thought, with extreme caution, found a few hours later that he had been forestalled, and his prey escaped.

The snow lay thick upon the ground; few people were about; and, heartsick and anxious, Father Burnet wandered far from the city, with the intention of returning at dusk. He blamed himself for imprudence in permitting the people to assemble after the visit of Coyle, to whom he attributed — incorrectly, however — the imprisonment of his helpless followers. He thought, too, of his faithful friend, Pouch; and more than once turned back, intending to ascertain his fate.

He walked about the whole day without any fixed purpose; afraid to seek help or shelter from his fellow-Catholics, whom he shrunk from compromising by any act of his. Coming away so hastily, he had forgotten his cloak; and his shoes were soaked by the clinging snow. By nightfall he found himself on the Uxbridge Road; and, weary and faint, he turned his face again to the metropolis with lagging steps.

Remembering that Tyburn lay in that direction, he seemed drawn by some instinct to the place that had witnessed the martyrdom of so many Catholics, and many too of his own order. He knelt down, embraced the gallows, brushed away the snow with his hand, and kissed the ground. The Agony in the Garden came upon his mind; the bitter chalice of suffering, from which the Saviour's tender soul had recoiled, seemed pressed to his lips. The disciples in all ages had drunk

of that chalice; and he offered himself to his Maker, as he had done in his every prayer for many years. Consoled and cheered by the fervent hope that he too might yet bear witness, however humbly and unworthily, for that Master whom he served with his whole heart, he passed from the shade of the dark, threatening gibbet with a martyr's constancy; with hands imploringly uplifted for the martyr's crown.

"Not my will, but Thine be done."

Weary and footsore, he re-entered the city. He had eaten nothing the whole day, and finding that he still had a few coins in his pouch, he entered a small tavern and called for food.

He thought the bystanders regarded him with curiosity, and listened nervously to their conversation. The talk ran upon matters which did not interest him; but one, suddenly turning toward him, made some remark about Popish priests. It was said at random; but thinking that his appearance in such a plight seemed singular to the frequenters of the place, he hastily finished the coarse food that had been placed before him, and went his way.

Grim prisons, wherein many of his creed suffered in hunger, darkness, and chains, frowned gloomily upon him. Some undefined purpose of visiting the Clink guided his steps to the bridge, and he bared his head reverently as he passed beneath the arch whereon were ranged the heads of some he had known who had died for their faith. But pausing midway on the bridge, at an opening between the houses that covered it at the time, he leaned thoughtfully on the balustrade, and looked upon the turbid waters below.

The stream that at its source flowed in a narrow, almost imperceptible rill, broadened as it reached the busy haunts of men; and in its angry chafing and bustling roar, as it flowed fast and furious towards the boundless ocean, seemed emulous of their strife and animated with their fierce passions, dashing itself against the massive piles on which the bridge rested, only to be hurled back again in a broken, seething mass. Yet the waters sometimes made sad havoc there, and triumphed for a while in their mastery over the weak device of man. And before the imagination of the lonely priest there rose a vision, distinct and vivid, of the immutable Rock of the Faith, beaten to all outward seeming into a shapeless mass, and sunk fathoms deep beneath a torrent of pitiless, unreasoning fury. But let the waves beat as they would, and the storm rage ever so furiously, there was one who was their Master; who could still them by His hand. Upon a Rock He built His Church; and had He not graciously promised — He, the Truth itself — that the gates of hell should *never* prevail against it?

There was a strange hush upon the great city; men passed him by with rapid footfall, noiseless as the steps of the dead. A calm fell upon his heart; all sense of fatigue left him. He seemed possessed with a sense of elation; he could have cried out for very joy. And still he went on, not knowing whither his footsteps tended.

Suddenly there met him, face to face, a company of the city watch going its rounds; and their lights flashed upon his pale, bright face, as they paused to ask some question that he heard imperfectly. They attempted to seize him, but he turned and fled. They called after him, and followed in pursuit, but speedily lost him amid the windings of the quaint, narrow streets.

The incident recalled him, in a measure, to himself, and he stood still and tried to think of some place of shelter; and while he hesitated, a man with a hat drawn closely over his brow brushed past against him. He thought the figure bore some resemblance to the saddler with whom Father Gower had lived; and being

unable for the moment to remember any more promising refuge, he proceeded towards St. Laurence Lane.

As he did so, he heard loud cries at a little distance ahead, followed by the clash of steel. The probability that some belated wayfarer had been set upon by thieves — a very ordinary occurrence in the London streets after dark — made him quicken his pace; and drawing his sword, he hastened on.

Before him, trampling the snow in their rapid changes of position, two men were thrusting fiercely at each other; and as he neared them, one of the combatants, whom he instantly recognized as the man who had passed him a few minutes previously, flung himself with an exultant cry upon his assailant, and the two fell heavily to the ground; and then, leaping to his feet, the victor bounded rapidly away.

The affair had only occupied a few seconds; its suddenness deprived him of presence of mind, and he paused, horror-struck and irresolute.

But the noise of the affray had reached other ears than his; and the city watch swiftly glided towards him with muffled steps. He heard a confused murmur of voices; his sword was roughly snatched from him; heavy hands were laid upon his arm, and he was a prisoner.

It seemed to him a wild, hideous dream. The lanterns cast a faint, uncertain light upon the livid features of the dead; and by its gleam he saw that from the breast of the murdered man there protruded the fragment of a blade. The face was painfully distorted by a look of rage and hate; the eyes were fixed and glassy; and the sinewy hand still grasped a sword.

The priest turned shudderingly away; for, pierced through the breast, with his life-blood ebbing slowly away and reddening the snow, lay the hunter of priests, — the savage and resolute pursuivant, Timothy Cuffe.

*To be continued.*

## A FIGHT WITH AN OCTOPUS.

A GOVERNMENT diver named Smale, while at work recently on the bed of the Moyne River at Belfast, in Victoria, was attacked by a large octopus, or devil-fish. Having thrust his arm into a hole, he found, to use his own words, that it was held by something, the action of the water stirring up the loose clay, so that he could not see distinctly for a few minutes. When he did, however, he saw to his horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around his own like a boa-constrictor. Just then some of his suckers were fixed on the back of his hand, the pain being intense. "I felt," he says, "as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to take it away the greater the pain became, and from past experience I knew this method would be useless; but what was I to do, lying in this position? I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should soon have become insensible, held in such a position; and also if I had given the signal to be pulled up the brute would have held on, and the chances would have been that I should have a broken arm. I had a hammer by me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight commenced, and the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed; but after a while I found the grip began to relax a little, but he held on until I had almost cut him to pieces, and he relaxed his hold from the rock, and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather a part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."

## CATHOLICISM AND THE KAFFIRS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ricards, Bishop of South Africa, delivered a most interesting lecture on St. Aidan and the monastic schools of the early Irish Church, in the Assembly Rooms, Wexford, Ireland, the chair being occupied by the Lord Bishop of Ferns. In the course of his address Dr. Ricards said: It will set me more at ease if I tell you at once frankly why I have chosen to speak of the times of St. Aidan and the early monastic schools of Ireland. Most of you are aware that I am at present engaged in a great undertaking, which has for its object the civilization and conversion of the Kaffirs of South Africa. Few, perhaps, know that this has been the darling object of my whole missionary life; and that for nearly thirty years — almost from the moment when I first set foot in Africa, and saw around me the natives of the splendid Kaffir race — I have carefully considered by what means they might be raised from savagedom and brought to the saving knowledge of Christ. The more I saw of these fine, erect, stalwart, bright-looking, intelligent, and brave people, the more was I drawn to feel an interest in their welfare, and the more did I yearn to see them happy in the knowledge of truth, purity, and eternal life. It was a day-dream with me constantly; alas! for many long years, as to the possibility of realizing my earnest desire, no more than a dream. Yet I loved to ponder on it, and so was led to study, with more than ordinary interest, by what means — while the Church was young, and her ministers burned with generous ardor to go forth and teach all nations — the wild, proud, and sensuous Pagans of early days were tamed, and rendered docile to the pure, humble, and self-denying lessons of the Gospel. Need I say that the extraordinary conversion of the Irish race — a stupendous miracle, amidst the many wondrous triumphs of the Faith — soon fixed my attention? Patrick found Ireland all Pagan, and smiled his last blessing on an island of saints. True, the finger of God was manifestly in his work, and it was the Holy Spirit that unmistakably spoke by the lips of the Great St. Patrick. But when he had passed away to his crown, how was this miracle of grace and mercy perpetuated? I felt compelled to inquire into the human means adopted by Divine Providence to make the teaching of St. Patrick endure forever. How was it, I asked myself, that his spiritual children for ages were so faithful to the first lessons of their father in Christ? How were they so trained for the conflict with the powers of Earth and Hell that, though raging still, it has found them, at all times and in every clime, so eminently, so heroically true to the Catholic Church? These were questions of rare interest for one who desired ardently the real and lasting conversion of a Pagan race. Here might lie the grand secret for the moral regeneration and the enduring life of a people amongst whom Protestant missionaries, backed with wealth and power, seem for half a century to have struggled in vain; and who, notwithstanding their best exertions to diffuse Gospel light, labor still in a land buried in darkness and in the shadow of death. The same means which rendered the faithful descendants of Patrick invincible, alike to the allurements of worldly temptation and the scorn and hate and bitter persecution of the tempter, might surely, with the same Divine blessing, confirm the young Kaffir catechumens against the habits of a debasing and revolting sensualism. So, at least, I believed and hoped, and was thus impelled to study attentively the work of the early Christian schools in Ireland. What I shall set before you to-night is but a page or two of those lessons now long familiar to me. I select

them for my lecture, because they are familiar; and, that I may speak more frankly still, because it seems impossible for me to take up any other subject but one that is intimately connected with the firm purpose of my future life. I venture to hope that local associations and the venerated name of St. Aidan will interest you, too, in those deeply cherished recollections of the past. What you know of the holy patron of the diocese will help you to estimate the labors and privations that await the Trappist monks who are going with me to Africa. You will look back fondly, I trust, to the early days when the youths of Ireland were carefully nursed in the habits of the Faith within the safe enclosure of the monastic schools, where the seed planted by Patrick acquired that superhuman vigor which for ages defied death, and enabled it, after the darkness and gloom of centuries, to shoot forth again, at the return of the sunshine of emancipation, and bear such marvellous fruits as the glorious churches and religious institutions which you see around you. You know our Lord has said the seed must first die before it can fructify. That was but a figure of speech to catch and fix the thoughts of a material generation. To the Christian mind, death is swallowed up in victory. Death is but a sleep whence springs a glorious resurrection. We have already seen in South Africa the dawn of such a resurrection in the Catholic missions of Basutoland. The seed sown by the Fathers of the Immaculate Mary and the brave sisters of the Holy Family seemed for twenty years to perish. But now it is building into healthy life, and I could tell you of plants of native growth that might well amaze by their vigorous development tepid Christians of these degenerate days. The Kaffir children trained in the village of Matsi wa ma Jesu (village of the Mother of Jesus) by the Catholic priests and nuns, show by their purity, and sometimes by the heroism of their faith, that the monastic schools and sanctuaries are as potent still for lasting fruits of virtue and piety as were these institutions in the days of St. Aidan, 1,300 years ago. The old Church seems to live again in these young nurseries of the Faith in Kaffirland. And now that the day-dream, as I have called it, of my early missionary life seems on the eve of a realization far beyond my most sanguine hopes, you will readily understand why, in fulfilling the promise of a lecture in my native town, I should speak to you of St. Aidan and the monastic schools of the early Irish Church.

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## GUIDING STARS.

(An unpublished Poem by the late Ellen Downing, Author of "Voices from the Heart.")

Say not they were Saints, and so
Ran along the ways of God,
Never heeding if, or no,
Storms o'ertook them as they trod.
Say not they were Saints, and thus,
Led by secret unctions on,
Are no models fit for us,
Stumbling as we creep along.

Brethren, they were Saints because
They bore the pain, and felt it too,
For the sake of keeping laws
Made as well for me and you.
They were Saints by proper use
Of the reason God has given,
Counting it as gain to lose
Earth whene'er it clashed with Heaven.

Saints had deadlier fight than we;
Hell pursued with fiercer ire:
Satan does not leave those free
Who still mock his foul desire.
Saints were saved by lengthened prayer;
Knees bent trembling on the sod;
Feet that fled at every snare;
Heart-cries piercing up to God.

Saints are they who know their task,
Hold their ground by fighting firm;
Strength for life's long warfare ask,
And await its destined term.
When the tempter seeks your door,
Use the grace which God has given;
If 't is scanty, ask for more —
You 'll be saints yourselves in Heaven.

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When we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older; and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we waited so long before we began to do anything.

# SOME FORGOTTEN ASPECTS OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Rev. Malcolm MacColl, Presbyterian Clergyman, in Contemporary Review.

SEVEN centuries have passed away since England took possession of Ireland; yet to-day the Irish Question is still the question of the hour in our domestic politics. It still disturbs the relations of political parties, still baffles the calculations of politicians, still threatens to wreck the popularity and impair the reputation of statesmen. Penal laws have been abolished, one by one; the Established Church has been deposed from its place of privilege, and no longer vexes an alien people with its insignia of domination; a Land Act has been passed for the express purpose of securing to the occupier the legitimate fruit of his capital and toil: and the result of it all is that the Irish are still unhappy and discontented, still crying for justice and agitating against English misrule.

How are we to account for this? How explain a phenomenon which has hardly a parallel in the history of civilized Europe? Superficial observers suggest, as a sufficient answer, some inherent flaw in the Irish character. But the Irish, out of Ireland, are not deficient in the virtues of which good citizens are made. They are intelligent, brave, and generous. Under favorable conditions they are industrious and frugal. Long before the tide of emigration set in from Ireland to America, bands of poor harvest laborers from Ireland came not only to England, but braved even the long and dreary sea-voyage to America and back; and, denying themselves almost the necessaries of life, returned to Ireland with their savings to pay the rent of their miserable cabins and plots of ground, and enable their families to live during the remainder of the year. And when the Famine drove the Irish across the Atlantic in multitudes, the first thought of those who went away was to save money to pay the passage out to those who stayed behind. In the six years after the Famine, — that is, from 1848 to 1853, — the Irish in America remitted to relatives in Ireland, according to the Emigration Commissioners, the sum of nearly £6,000,000, or about £1,000,000 annually; a large amount for the comparatively small number of Irish then in America, and who had, moreover, almost all arrived in the New World in a state of poverty.

Another of the most essential virtues of good citizenship is love of justice, and in the Irish this is admitted even by their enemies to reach a passion. Sir John Davys was not a man given to praise the Irish, but honesty forced him to bear the following testimony: "There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the benefit and protection of the law when upon just cause they do desire it."

Shall we say, in our perplexity and despair, — as some, indeed, have not hesitated to affirm, — that there is some ineradicable antipathy of race which prevents the amalgamation of the Celt and Saxon into one homogeneous nation? But facts prove the contrary; for, not to mention other instances, the Highlanders of Scotland, who belong to the Irish race, are among the most contented and loyal of the Queen's subjects. Nor will the fact of religious antagonism solve the riddle; for though it be true, as Burke says, that "the Irish have been more harassed for religion than any people under the sun," they have now comparatively little to complain of on that score, and the present discontent in Ireland does not rest on a religious basis.

"They say it is the fatal destiny of that land," says Spenser in his account of Ireland

in 1596, "that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect; which, whether it proceeds from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time for her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."

When Spenser wrote these words, the English rule in Ireland was, in point of justice and humanity, little better than the rule of the Turk now in the Christian provinces which still lie under the blight of his sway. Yet in the very paragraph from which I have quoted, Spenser speaks complacently of the "divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast" by the English government for the benefit of the Irish people! Such is the blinding effect of prejudice, even on minds which are by nature benevolent and just. If so wise, so good, so well-informed a man as Spenser could so grossly deceive himself as to the conduct of England towards Ireland, is it quite certain that none of this self-deceit still lurks in the breasts of Englishmen? Has England, as matter of fact, discharged to the full the reparation which she owes to Ireland?

It may be pleaded, and generally is pleaded, on behalf of the British Parliament, that it has gradually undergone the wrongs of centuries, and has at last placed the people of Ireland on a footing of perfect equality with the people of England. But the mere undoing of a wrong does not always place the injured person on an equality with those who have not been wronged. The sovereign's "pardon" does not necessarily place the innocent convict where he was before. His health may have been ruined meanwhile, or his business, or both. In equity, therefore, if not in strict law, he has exceptional claims on the consideration and sympathy of the government which did him wrong.

Now, what is the case of Ireland as against England? "You abhorred the Penal Code, as I did, for its vicious perfection," writes Burke to Sir Hercules Langrishe; "for I must do it justice. It was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency: well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." *

Before I conclude, I shall venture to point out some things as to which the Irish are not yet on a level of equality with the English. But it will be useful, in the first place, to run over the heads of the terrible Penal Code denounced by Burke in the passage quoted above. The conduct of England in the past goes far to explain the present condition of Ireland. If that conduct has been exceptional in the highest degree, the Irish may be less unreasonable than is generally supposed in demanding some exceptional remedies.

It is popularly supposed that the special ill-treatment of Ireland by England began at the time of the Reformation. Undoubtedly the Reformation introduced a new element of discord by adding to the antipathy of race the more potent and more bitter antipathy of religion, — the religion of a handful of English officials in Dublin, imposed upon the Irish nation by the Mussulman argument of the sword. Before the Reformation the Irish nation was outlawed for the crime of being Irish. At the Reformation it was outlawed anew for the additional crime of being "Papist."

But to say that the Irish were outlawed by England may appear to some an exaggerated statement. It is, however, the literal fact. The truth is that England found the conquest of Ireland a much more difficult matter than it had bargained for. If the Irish had been united politically under one

* Burke's Works, Vol. IV. p. 547.

head, one of two results must have followed: either the English invaders would have been driven out of the country, or the Irish would have submitted after a few decisive defeats. But the ancient Irish were broken up into a number of separate tribes, owing collectively no allegiance to any one single chief. This made it impossible, without a military occupation of the whole country, to subdue and rule them in the mass; and a military occupation of the whole country was impossible. Political organizations are in this respect like animal organizations. When they are highly developed you can deal with them as individual entities, whose power of resistance is destroyed when you have cut off or overcome the head. In low organizations, on the other hand, to divide is simply to multiply the centres of life and of resistance. Ireland was politically in this undeveloped condition at the time of Strongbow's invasion. No victory, however decisive on the spot, sufficed to crush the resistance of the population at large, because the population at large acknowledged no single head. Dispersed at one place, they suddenly attacked at another. Harassed and exasperated by this style of warfare, the English seem to have conceived the idea of exterminating the large majority of the native population. The atrocious laws decreed against them hardly admit of any other interpretation. The Irish were, simply as Irish, placed outside the protection of the law, and were treated as vermin. Submission to English rule did not bring with it the correlative privileges of an English subject. To kill an Irishman was no murder. "To break a contract with him was no wrong. He could not sue in the English courts. The slaughter of the Irish and the seizure of their property were acts rewarded by the government." There was no restraint on the greed and cruelty of the oppressor, except the fear of retaliation. "A common defence in charges of murder was that the murdered man was of 'the mere Irish.'" To escape from this cruel bondage, the Irish repeatedly petitioned for admission to the benefits of English law, and were always refused. Such was the condition of the Irish beyond the Pale. Nor was the lot even of those who lived within it an enviable one. The degree of protection which submission to English rule afforded them may be tested by a statute of 1465, which decreed that "any person going to rob or steal, having no faithful man of good name or fame in his company in English apparel," might be killed by the first man who met him. This placed the life of every Irish man and Irish woman within the Pale at the disposal of any Englishman who might feel tempted to indulge his passions. But it is right to record even small mercies, and therefore I hasten to add that the brutality of this law was somewhat mitigated by a subsequent statute which directed the Irish within the Pale to wear English apparel.

Such, however, was the fascination of the Irish character, stimulated here and there, perhaps, by sympathy with undeserved wrongs or by love of adventure and a wild life, that Englishmen were allured across the Pale in considerable numbers. These became proverbially "more Irish than the Irish." They learned the language, adopted the costume, imbibed the manners, and got infected with the wit of the subject race. If this process of amalgamation had been allowed to go on unchecked, Ireland would probably have had a different history. But it was arrested inside the Pale by the Reformation, outside the Pale by the Statutes of Kilkenny. By these statutes an impassable gulf was dug between the two races. To intermarry with the Irish, or, indeed, to form any sort of connection with them, was a capital crime. It was also made highly penal to present an Irishman to an ecclesiastical benefice, or to grant the rites of hospitality to an Irish bard or story-teller. Yet the result of it all was that when Henry VIII.

quarrelled with the Pope, and thus added the bitterness of religious persecution to the hatred already engendered by English tyranny, the area of English rule was contracted within a compass of twenty miles.

Till then the extermination of the Irish, though aimed at in various Acts, was never openly recommended by English officials. It was left to Protestant zeal to stain the English name with this infamy. The poet Spenser calmly contemplates the extermination of the Irish as the surest method of making an "Hibernia Pacata." After describing in pathetic terms the desolation of Munster by the ruthless soldiers of Elizabeth, he observes: "The end will (I assure me) be very short, and much sooner than it can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth, hoped for; although there should be none of them fall by the sword nor be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance and their cattle from running abroad, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another."

This horrible anticipation was, in fact, literally fulfilled, both in Elizabeth's reign and on several subsequent occasions. In the reign of James I., for example, Sir Arthur Chichester reported that he found Ulster "abounding with houses, corn, cattle, and a people who had been bred up in arms," and were highly prosperous. But they were Roman Catholics, and must make room for Protestants. Accordingly this militant propagandist left the country "desolate and waste, and the people upon it enjoying nothing but as fugitives, and what they obtained by stealth." But the sword and torch were too slow as instruments of destruction, or perhaps too expensive. At all events, Chichester agrees with Spenser in putting his trust mainly in famine. "I have often said and written, it is famine that must consume the Irish, as our swords and other endeavors work not that speedy effect which is expected. Hunger would be a better, because a speedier, weapon to employ against them than the sword." * This barbarous policy succeeded too well. Pestilence and famine committed frightful havoc among those who had escaped the sword and fire. Starving children were to be seen feeding in the silent streets on the corpses of their parents, and even the graves were rifled to appease the pangs of hunger. And these horrors went on, not during one or two years, but at intervals extending over generations. According to Sir William Petty's calculation, no fewer than 504,000 of the native Irish perished, out of a total population of 1,466,000, in the eleven years of the war following the rebellion of the Irish in 1641: a rebellion of which Burke says, "No history that I have ever read furnishes an instance of any that was so provoked." † "Figures, however," says Mr. M'Lennan in his most interesting and instructive "Memoir of Thomas Drummond," "convey but a poor notion of the state to which the country was reduced. Famine, as at the end of the Elizabethan wars, stepped in to complete the havoc of the sword. A plague followed. Suicide became epidemic, as the only escape from the intolerable evils of life. Cannibalism reappeared. According to an eyewitness, whole counties were cleared of their inhabitants. . . . When survivors were found, they were either old men and women, or children. 'I have seen these miserable creatures,' says Colonel Laurence, 'plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.'"

Did these dreadful sufferings soften towards the Irish the hearts of their English oppressors? On the contrary, says Sir William Petty, writing in 1672, "some furious spirits have

* See my "Is there not a Cause?" (Longmans, 1868), where I have treated the subject in some detail.

† Letter to the Bishop of Chester: "Correspondence," Vol. I. p. 337.

wished that the Irish would rebel again, that they might be put to the sword."

Another era of persecution dates from William of Orange; and it was not till the twenty-seventh of the reign of George II. that the Penal Code reached what Mr. M'Lennan calls "the fulness of its hideousness; the reproach of politicians, and disgrace of Protestants and Churchmen." He gives such an admirably compressed summary of these abominable laws that I think the reader will excuse my quoting the passage *in extenso*: —

"The Papist was withdrawn from the charge and education of his family. He could educate his children neither at home nor abroad. He could not be their guardian, nor the guardian of any other persons' children. Popish schools were prohibited, and special disabilities attached to Papists bred abroad. A premium was set on the breach of filial duty and the family affections. If a son declared himself Protestant, which he might do in boyhood, a third of his father's fortune was at once applied to his use; the father's estate was secured to him as heir, a life-rent merely being left to the father. A father's settlement to the prejudice of the heir-at-law might be instantly defeated by the heir becoming Protestant. If the heir continued Papist, the estate *gavelled*, — went in equal shares to the sons; a modification of old Irish law introduced to break up the estates of the Papists, so that none should be on the land above the condition of a beggar. If there were no sons it gavelled on the daughters; if no children, then on the collaterals. Papists who had lost their lands, and had grown rich in commerce, could neither buy land nor lend their money on heritable security. The Papists could get no hold, direct or indirect, upon the soil. Even a lease to a Papist, to be legal, must be short. Any Papist above sixteen years of age might be called on to take the oath of abjuration, and on thrice declining, he suffered a præmunire. If he entertained a priest or a bishop, he was fined; for a third offence he forfeited his whole fortune. The exercise of his religion was forbidden; its chapels were shut up; its priests banished, and hanged if they returned home. An Act passed the Irish Parliament, providing that every Roman Catholic priest caught should be —! * A Papist could not enter the profession of the law. He could not marry a Protestant (the fatal Kilkenny provision against mixing over again). He could neither vote at vestries, nor serve on grand juries, nor act as a constable, as a sheriff or under-sheriff, or a magistrate. He could neither vote at elections, nor sit in Parliament. In short, he was excluded from any office of public trust or emolument. 'The Catholics,' says Sir H. Parnell,† 'in place of being the free subjects of a prince from whom they were taught to expect only justice and mercy, were made the slaves of every one, even of the meanest of their Protestant countrymen. Had they become mere slaves they might have expected some degree of humane treatment; but as the policy which had made them slaves held them at the same time as the natural and interested enemies of their masters, they were doomed to experience all the oppression of tyranny without any of the chances, which other slaves enjoy, of the tyrants being merciful, and feeling their tyranny secure.' "‡

In short, the Irish Roman Catholics who survived their persecutions were literally dispossessed of their native country. Lord Clare, the Irish Lord Chancellor at the time of the Union, made that statement in his place in Parliament. After showing that "the whole land of Ireland had been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six families of English blood," and that "no inconsiderable portion of the island had been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century," he goes on to make the following remarkable declaration: —

"The situation, therefore, of the Irish nation at the Revolution (of 1688) stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world. If the wars of England, carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth, had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions, under the established law of civilized nations"; but the policy of England was "a declaration of perpetual war against the natives of Ireland, and it has rendered her a blank amidst the nations of Europe, and retarded her progress in the civilized world."

Of the Irish landlords he says that "Confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in by the old inhabitants, brooding over their discontent in sullen indignation." One of the great evils of our dealing with Ireland is that we have persisted in governing her according to English prejudices and ideas. Not thus have we dealt with India, or French Canada, or even the Isle of Man and the

* As the "Contemporary Review" is read by both sexes, I must refer my readers to other sources for the omitted word.

† An ancestor, I believe, of the M. P. for Meath.

‡ "Memoirs of Thomas Drummond," pp. 215–217.

Channel Islands. The land tenure of Ireland was altogether different from that of England. The land belonged to the sept, not to the chief or to any of his vassals. This was forgotten or ignored when the lands of chiefs were declared forfeit and granted to fresh landlords. The occupiers, on the other hand, regarded these lands as their own; and this idea, founded originally in fact, has never passed clean out of ther minds, and it lies at the root of a good deal of the present land agitation. It was not a mere class which the confiscations disinherited and uprooted from the soil, but the entire race of Irishmen; and these still cherish the tradition that they are the lawful owners of the land.

And as if it were not enough to have divorced a whole nation from the soil which gave it birth, and which of right belonged to it, the ingenuity of English statecraft found other means of completing the ruin of Ireland. Till Queen Elizabeth's reign the Irish had a flourishing trade in supplying England with cattle. This was supposed to depreciate rents in England, and Irish cattle were accordingly declared by Act of Parliament "a nuisance," and their importation was forbidden. Thereupon the Irish killed their cattle at home and sent them to England as salted meat. This provoked another Act of Parliament, forbidding in perpetuity the importation of all cattle from Ireland, "dead or alive, great or small, fat or lean." Nevertheless the Lord Lieutenant appealed to Ireland on behalf of the sufferers from the Great Fire of London. The Irish were wretchedly poor, and had no gold or silver to spare; but they sent a handsome contribution in cattle. This gift the landed interest in England resented in loud and angry tones as "a political contrivance to defeat the prohibition of Irish cattle." Driven to their wits' ends, the Irish turned the hides of their cattle into leather, which they exported to England. But here too they were baffled by English jealousy. Then they took to sheep farming, and sent excellent wool to England. Again the landed interest of England took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by Act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II. The Irish then manufactured the raw material at home, and soon drove a thriving trade in woollen stuffs. The manufacturers of England thereupon rose up against the iniquity of Irish competition, and the woollen manufacturers of Ireland were promptly excluded from the markets of the Continent. They were, however, so excellent and so cheap that the industry still flourished. But English jealousy never ceased its clamor against it, and in the year 1698 both Houses of the English Parliament petitioned the king to suppress it. His Majesty replied to the Lords that he would "take care to do what their Lordships desired." To the Commons he said, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland." Discouraged they were accordingly; and so effectually that, whereas two centuries ago they held their own against England in foreign markets, I find from an official return of 1866 the following significant figures: The value of the woollen exports of Great Britain in that year was £21,795,971; that of Ireland £246. The woollen industry being destroyed, the Irish tried their hand, with marked success, at the manufacture of silk. From that field also British jealousy drove them in despair. But they are a pertinacious race, and do not readily "say die." So they tried their hands at the smaller industries, since all the larger ones were tabooed them. Availing themselves of Ireland's facilities for the manufacture of glass, they were summarily stopped by a law which prohibited the exportation of glass from Ireland, and its importation into Ireland from any country save England. Cotton, sugar, soap, candle-making, and other manufactures were all tried in turn, and with a like result. To crush her industries beyond all hope of competition with English mer-

chants, all the Mediterranean ports were closed against her, and she was at length shut out from commerce with the whole world, Old and New, including even our own colonies. To such a pitch did this cruel policy, and not more cruel than stupid, reach, that even the spontaneous produce of the ocean which washed his shores could not be enjoyed by the Irishman without the jealous interference of English interests; and the fishermen of Waterford and Wexford were thought presumptuous for pursuing their calling along their own coast, because, forsooth! the fish markets of England might thereby be injured. One solitary industry remained to Ireland. She was allowed to cultivate the linen trade, though "British interests" tried to strangle it also; and Manchester, in 1785, sent a petition to Parliament, signed by 117,000 persons, praying for the prohibition of Irish linens. The voice of reason and justice for once prevailed, and Derry and Belfast and Lisburn flourish to prove what the rest of Ireland might now be, if the purblind champions of "British interests" had not then, as lately, ignorantly sacrificed, to a purely imaginary danger, the welfare and good-will of an oppressed race. The sins of nations, as of individuals, are sure to find them out; and we have no just cause for complaint if events should prove that our sins against Ireland are not yet expiated in full. We robbed the Irish of their land, and they betook themselves to other industries for livelihood. Of these we robbed them also, and drove them back upon the land exclusively for their support. Yet we wonder that there is now a Land Question in Ireland!

The task before us, then, is to create in the Irish mind a respect — not for justice, for that the Irishman has in abundance, but — for English law, which has been to him, till quite recently, a synonyme for all that is cruel and unjust. "The truth is," says Sir John Davys, no lover of the Irish, "that in time of peace the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or any other nation whatsoever." That expression, "in time of peace," explains much. English law has too long presented itself to the Irish in such guise that they have come to regard it as their enemy, and their relation towards it as one of chronic warfare. The legislation of recent years has indeed done much to counteract this mischievous impression. Let us try the effect of what Lord Beaconsfield called lately "the magic of patience." Effects which are permanent are generally slow of growth. Irish disaffection has retired step by step before the advance of English justice. A decade has not yet passed since Mr. Gladstone's Land and Church Acts; yet they have already borne most ample and most promising fruit, as any one will see who will take the trouble to compare the state of Ireland now with what it was in 1867–8.

If, then, it could be shown that Mr. Gladstone's remedial legislation was "the uttermost farthing" of the arrear of debt which England owes to Ireland, it would be most unreasonable to regard it as a failure because it has not yet produced all the good which was expected from it. It has already produced much, and will yet produce more. Ten years are but a short time for erasing the evil results of centuries of wrong.

"Statesmen who foresee evils in the distance," says Machiavelli, "find it easy to apply a remedy; but if we wait till they are upon us the remedy comes too late, for the malady has probably become incurable. And thus it happens to statesmen as it does to physicians in dealing with consumption, which in the beginning is easy to cure and difficult to recognize, but which becomes easy to recognize and difficult to cure after long neglect and improper treatment have given it a secure lodging in the system."*

It is thus that England's statesmen have too often treated the maladies of Ireland. Even when the remedy was excellent, it was delayed till the disease had reached a crisis, and the gift had lost all its grace, and therefore half its virtue.

* "Il Principe," Cap. III.

"It is not pleasant to remember, but is it not true, that most of our concessions to Ireland have been wrung from our fears rather than granted by our generosity or sense of justice? And can it be affirmed with truth that even the disestablishment of the Irish Church is altogether free from this taint? Is it not the fact that it was the sudden apparition of Fenian assassins in the very bosom of our English society which first brought home to the public mind with startling emphasis the truth, dimly realized and languidly acknowledged before, that there was indeed an Irish grievance which could no longer be trifled with? The murder of a policeman in open day in Manchester, and the horrible outrage in Clerkenwell, convinced more men in a few weeks than had ever been convinced by a whole generation of eloquent statesmen and powerful writers. That is the lesson which we have perseveringly taught to Ireland; and is it so very surprising that the lesson has made an impression, and that the Irish peasant should sometimes persuade himself that the laggard conscience of England needs to be quickened by rougher arguments than mere appeals to reason?" *

So I wrote ten years ago, when the events referred to were so fresh in men's minds as to make my description of the impression they produced appear tame and commonplace. Yet so evanescent seems to be the impression left by national panics, that Mr. Gladstone's much milder reference in Midlothian to the Clerkenwell explosion and the Fenian murder at Manchester has been denounced as a libel on Parliament, and an incitement to the commission of similar crimes; and even some stanch Liberals have joined in the chorus of rebuke. It is well to recall Mr. Gladstone's actual words: "What happened in the case of the Irish Church? That down to the year 1865, and the dissolution of that year, the whole question of the Irish Church was dead." But the Fenian outrages took place, and "at once the whole country became alive to Irish questions; and the question of the Irish Church revived." Is there a word of that statement which is not far within the frontier of strict fact? In closing the great debate which sealed the doom of the Irish Church establishment in 1868, Mr. Gladstone made, unrebuked, a similar declaration in answer to a taunt from Mr. Disraeli: —

"Circumstances were not ripe then [*i. e.*, in 1866], as they are now. Circumstances were not ripe, in so far that we did not know so much then as we know now with respect to the intensity of Fenianism. Nor was there any member of that government who would have been for one moment justified in giving the official account of Fenianism which has been given within the hearing of us all during the last few weeks by the noble Earl, the Chief Secretary for Ireland."

Earl Russell had already, in a pamphlet addressed in the form of a letter to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, urged a complete reversion of the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland in consequence of the Fenian outrages. The Liberals who have lectured Mr. Gladstone for his ingenuous repetition of a stale historical truism have wonderfully short memories. What are the facts? On the 28th of March, 1865, Mr. Dillwyn made the following motion in the House of Commons:—

"That, in the opinion of this House, the present position of the Irish Church establishment is unsatisfactory, and calls for the early attention of her Majesty's government."

Lord Palmerston was absent during the debate, and only came into the House in time for the division. In his absence Sir George Grey, on that as on other occasions, led the House and represented the government. After Mr. Dillwyn's motion had been duly seconded, Sir George Grey got up to state the policy of the government and the Liberal party. He opposed Mr. Dillwyn's mild motion with a peremptory negative, which barred all hope of any action by the Liberal party in the direction of disestablishment. One or two extracts will show that I am not exaggerating: —

"Her Majesty's government have no hesitation in saying that they are not prepared to undertake the responsibility of proposing to Parliament a bill calculated to effect that object. It was because the Irish Protestant Church did exist and would continue to exist as part of the United Church of England and Ireland, that I advocated the Maynooth Endowment Act, and I still think that that was the only justification of the measure. It [*i. e.*, the Irish Church] is not of recent creation; it rests upon the prescription of centuries, and it is rooted in our institutions. The firm belief of the government is that it could not be subverted without revolution, with all the horrors that attend revolution."

* "Is Liberal Policy a Failure?" p. 27.

I was present in the House of Commons during that debate, and I well remember the ringing cheers which that last sentence evoked from the serried ranks of Liberals on the benches behind Sir George Grey, as well as from the Conservative benches opposite. Surely here is proof sufficient that as late as 1865 the question of disestablishment in Ireland was "dead in England."

Mr. Gathorne Hardy followed Sir George Grey in an able and temperate speech, and he was followed by Mr. Gladstone in a speech which opened a little chink in the door which Sir George Grey had so unceremoniously slammed against all who hoped for disestablishment.

Mr. Dillwyn's motion, Mr. Gladstone said, affirmed two propositions: first, that the position of the Irish Church was unsatisfactory; secondly, that it called for the early attention of her Majesty's government. To the first proposition — and here Mr. Gladstone diverged from the policy of the government as represented by the great majority of the Whig party — Mr. Gladstone assented. With respect to the second, "We live," he said, "in a country where the course of policy is to be determined by the actual feelings of the country itself." A minister could not take up the question till public opinion was ripe for it. "He must have men, he must have representatives of the people, he must have the people out of doors." There was no sign of any such awakening, and therefore "surely it is not consistent with the first elements of the duty of a government to promote the agitation of a question in this country, and to rake up all the embers of former animosities," except in such a state of public feeling as would enable them to propose legislation on the question. He admitted that this way of looking at the matter was not likely to be a very popular one; but it was "not so much a question for present as for future consideration. Those who now take the responsibility of delivering their opinions upon the question ought not to regard so much the satisfaction which they may give to their hearers at the present moment, as to be careful in laying down principles founded in truth and justice, — principles which cannot be affected by any change of time or circumstances."

In the spring of 1867 a resolution, aiming directly at disestablishment, was moved by Sir John Gray. How did Mr. Disraeli, who was then Prime Minister, meet it? Not with a direct negative, but with "the previous question"; in other words, with the plea of inopportuneness. The truth is, the Fenian outrages had converted the Conservative party to the policy of doing something, — a policy urgently advocated by the friends of the Irish Church, and even by dignitaries of that establishment. This revulsion of public feeling may be gauged by the fact that Sir John Gray's motion was defeated by the narrow majority of twelve, there being no more than one hundred and ninety-five Tories who could make up their minds to vote against it. Sir George Grey, Sir Robert Peel, and other representatives of the "moderate Liberals," voted with Mr. Disraeli; but Lord Hartington was amongst those who helped to swell Sir John Gray's minority.

Mr. Gladstone spoke in the debate on Sir John Gray's motion, and agreed with the seconder of the motion in denouncing the Irish Church establishment as "a monstrous injustice." Still he did not think that public opinion in England was ripe for legislating on the question, and therefore, while supporting the principles of the motion, he abstained from voting.* A

* The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, in his speech at Sutton on Jan. 15, complained of the language of Mr. Gladstone and other Liberal speakers towards the government as "scandalous." As a fact, Mr. Gladstone was careful to declare, through all his Midlothian campaign, that he imputed no bad motive to any member of the Tory party. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to read a single Tory speech which does not attack Mr. Gladstone's personal character in the grossest terms.

year later Mr. Gladstone proposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

What had wrought this revolution in public opinion? Undoubtedly the Fenian outrages. And the first to move was not Mr. Gladstone, but the chief of the Tory party. A contemporary writer has given the following vivid account of the "extraordinary ascendency which the continuous action of the conspiracy had gained on the public mind":—

"A panic spread through all England, which was suddenly intensified by the terrible Clerkenwell outrage. . . . England spent the last weeks of last year [*i. e.*, 1867] in a state of agitation and turmoil which could hardly be greater if a French army were marching across Wimbledon Common. Guard was mounted on the shipping in the river. The clerks of the post-office kept armed watch, day and night, through Christmas week, on the mail bags. The floors of Downing Street were littered deep with sand, so that Greek fire might soak, and not burn. The police, expeditiously trained to the use of cutlasses and revolvers, patrolled in watchful couples. The Guards gravely expected from hour to hour to sally forth from their barracks and charge the London Irish. Arrangements for artillery were curiously blended with the disposition of fire-engines. The Volunteers were ready. For safety sake they commonly put their arms in the custody of the regular army, not unfrequently unscrewing the nipples beforehand. In London and its neighborhood 100,000 special constables were sworn in. Thousands of sentinels shivered, listening through long, foggy nights for the enemy expected, at arsenals, dock-yards, magazines." *

When Parliament met, the influence of the panic was soon visible in the action of the government. The Prime Minister (Mr. Disraeli) declared that the government had "a liberal, a truly liberal policy" for Ireland. The present Lord Derby declared the Irish Question to be "the question of the hour." And the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Lord Mayo) expounded the policy of the government in a speech of four hours' duration. The gist of his exposition was that the government must meet the "disaffection" and "disloyalty," which he admitted, with a comprehensive policy, the mainspring of which must be "religious equality." This he explained, however, as a policy of "levelling up." In fact, the government, to use a phrase that has become classical, intended to "consolidate" the Irish Church by the amputation

Take, by way of example, the following extract from a speech delivered on Jan. 17 to a Conservative Association, by Mr. Grantham, one of the members for East Surrey: "Considering that Mr. Wortley was an unknown man, the Conservative enthusiasm at Sheffield was astonishing, and similar feelings would be evoked anywhere by organization and canvassing; for men of all classes had written to him to say how their political views had been determined by their disgust at the conduct of the Liberal Opposition. But a letter had been received from an independent minister at Tunbridge Wells concerning a matter he would refer to in order to show the character of that man, Gladstone. In private life, a man who would act as he had acted would be scouted, — he would not be tolerated for a moment. The *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* in his speeches were almost ludicrous, — there was no help for it but the use of unparliamentary language, — they were simply lies; that was what they were. Before Mr. Gladstone went to Scotland, Lord Salisbury had reminded us of the time when Mr. Gladstone had said that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was out of the range of practical politics. But Mr. Gladstone replied that after he said that, a jail was blown up in London and a policeman murdered in Manchester by Fenians; and these things altered the whole question and led him to disestablish the Irish Church. These were Mr. Gladstone's words, and when he read them he thought the man must be out of his mind, for the plain meaning was that if we only murdered some one we could put pressure on him that would induce him to do anything. As he said at Tunbridge Wells, the agrarian democrats of Ireland had only to murder a few landlords and Mr. Gladstone would confiscate the land, or if bishops were murdered he would disestablish the English Church. Mr. Gladstone, being appealed to by the independent minister referred to, said he did not know which was worse, the abusive language or the want of information displayed; for he had denounced the Irish Church before the outrages named, but could not arouse any interest in the subject. But it so happened that a day or two afterwards there were sent to him letters written at the time of the election when Mr. Gladstone lost his seat for the Oxford University, both by Mr. Gladstone and his chairman, Sir John Coleridge, in which it was distinctly denied that Mr. Gladstone had any sympathy with the movement for the disestablishment of the Irish Church: a position utterly at variance with Mr. Gladstone's assertion that he had denounced it. What were you to do with a man like that, who said one thing one day and another thing another, just as it pleased him for the moment? The government were assailed by the most unscrupulous opponents any government ever had to deal with, and they did tell such lies that it was necessary to form associations for the purpose of disseminating the truth."

* "Dublin Review" of April, 1868, p. 504.

of a number of parishes, and to appease her assailants by the bribe of "concurrent endowment." Thus challenged, Mr. Gladstone proposed his counter policy of disestablishment.

These being the simple facts, it surely betrays a somewhat effeminate temper to fly into a passion on being reminded of them in such gentle language as that employed by Mr. Gladstone in his Dalkeith speech. But my chief reason for deprecating this temper is the apprehension which I feel lest it should prompt Parliament once more to shut its eyes and ears to Irish complaints, till we are again landed in a crisis, and are obliged to legislate in a panic.

Dr. Neilson Hancock, an authority of great weight, gives the following list of grievances which are still awaiting redress in Ireland, in addition to such as are connected with the land, and which he discusses at length: — *

"Religious equality made complete; equal educational advantages and privileges with Great Britain; equal poor laws with England; localization of jurisdiction carried to the same extent as in England and Scotland; and the assimilation which has been commenced in the Criminal Code to be carried out vigorously and actively, on Sir Robert Peel's principles, throughout the whole law, so as to have one law for the United Kingdom, except for specified cases with reasons stated."

This catalogue by no means exhausts the disadvantages at which Ireland still stands, as compared with the rest of the United Kingdom. But it is impossible to discuss any of them at the tail of an article. Of one thing, however, we may rest assured. Until these grievances, or at least the chief of them, are redressed, the agitation for Home Rule will neither be coerced nor charmed to rest. And probably the best cure for most of the evils complained of would be some local machinery for settling local questions in the direction suggested by Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, — a suggestion which he had previously made in a speech in Aberdeen, while in the responsible position of Prime Minister. The Irish are at bottom a shrewd and practical people, and in agitating for Home Rule they probably ask more than they expect, or perhaps particularly desire, to get. "Home Rule" is an elastic phrase, and I see no substantial reason, except the ὕβρις which is so characteristic of the dominant Englishman, why the Irish demand for an inquiry into the subject should not be gracefully conceded. Hear patiently what an Irishman has got to say for himself, and you will find him ready enough to consider the arguments which you allege on the other side. What he cannot endure is to be patronizingly pooh-poohed, like a great baby crying lustily for unattainable objects. Where would be the harm of granting the Home Rulers a committee of inquiry? The government of the day, whatever its politics, might be trusted to make a judicious selection of members, and the chances are that the inquiry would result in some highly useful suggestions of a practical nature. Let me jot down a few points which certainly seem to call for some sort of Home Rule treatment.

About ten years ago the town of Newry laudably resolved to provide itself with good water. The strictly necessary preliminary expenses would have been trifling had there been some local tribunal to decide on the spot, or at least in Ireland, the points at issue. But it was necessary to pass a bill through Parliament. Witnesses had to be brought to London, and counsel to be retained for months. The bill was passed at last; but it cost the town of Newry £20,000. In cases like this, why should there not be a body of special commissioners with assessors, as in the Court of Admiralty? Why should it be necessary to incur the delay and expense of obtaining parliamentary powers for matters of such purely local interest as the laying down of pipes, the construction of reservoirs, and the necessary imposition of rates? A tribunal such as I have suggested could, like election

* See "Fortnightly Review" of January, 1880.

judges, examine witnesses on the spot, and issue a special report which would have the force of law. Any reasonable arrangement might be made for power of appeal, — a power which would be rarely exercised under the circumstances.

Gas lies under the same practical disabilities as water. But tramways may be laid down by orders in council. So that the principle of my suggestion is already recognized. Why should not local railways be under the control of local boards, — subject, of course, to appeal to some superior tribunal as to cost and power to take land at a valuation? Even now the county tribunals are intrusted with authority for the making, repairing, and rating for roads. Why should a difference be made between local roads and local railways?

These are samples of many things which touch the daily interests of the Irish people, but which they are not free to transact without the annoyance and expense of being obliged to come over to London for parliamentary sanction. Who will deny that Home Rule is needed in such cases? Whether a body of commissioners, with full powers, sitting in Dublin as a central body, would be better than a shifting commission deciding causes on the spot, is a subject of fair discussion. The experiment, if successful in Ireland (as it probably would be), would certainly be extended to other parts of the United Kingdom, and a vast saving would thus be made in the time and energy of the Imperial Parliament, which are now so much frittered away on matters which would be much more effectively as well as economically dealt with outside the walls of Parliament.

One other question — a paramount one, which Ireland is clearly entitled to settle for herself — is the question of higher education. So long as the Roman Catholics of Ireland are not allowed a university and secondary schools for the education of their children, they have a right to protest that they are not on a footing of religious equality with the rest of their fellow-subjects. To throw Trinity College open to them at this time of day in full satisfaction of their claims is, however well intended, little better than mockery. Where the Queen's Colleges failed, Trinity College is not likely to succeed. Is it the influence of the priesthood that is dreaded? The way to rivet that influence is to confine the education of the Irish laity to convent schools and religious seminaries. The minds of the priests themselves would expand and be ennobled by the more bracing atmosphere of a university life, and the daily friction with the minds of the Roman Catholic laity. We have tried long enough to coerce the Roman Catholics of Ireland out of their religious convictions, and we have succeeded in making them the most Ultramontane nation in Europe. Would it not be well to try the effect of letting them for once have their own way in the matter of education? I am not so sanguine as to suppose that Home Rule of the kind which I have suggested would at once satisfy Mr. Parnell and those who sympathize with him. But I believe that it would, in due time, satisfy the vast majority of the Irish population. At all events, when the British Parliament has satisfied all the legitimate demands of the Irish people, it will then, but not before, be in a secure position for resisting all demands which are not legitimate.

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OATMEAL MUSH. — Boil a coffee-cup of raisins in a quart of water until perfectly soft; add water enough to make a quart or more, as the first will have boiled away a good deal; stir some of the oatmeal into cold water and put in the boiling water; let it boil; skim, add a bit of butter and more oatmeal. When done it should be of the consistency of corn meal mush. It is simple and healthful. Serve with sweet sauce.

# THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### O'CONNELL AT DERRYNANE.

By the death of Maurice O'Connell, "Hunting Cap," O'Connell becomes owner of Derrynane. — Epitaph on his uncle. — Derrynane Abbey scenery. — The mansion. — O'Connell at his country seat. — Poem by MacCarthy. — Obtains a patent of precedence in 1831. — Refuses the offer to be made chief baron of the Exchequer. — Letter describing good sport with his hounds. — Passages from Mrs. Fitzsimon's poem on Derrynane.

In the year 1825, upon the death of his aged uncle Maurice, popularly called "Hunting Cap," Daniel O'Connell became owner of Derrynane. A fine old Irish gentleman was Maurice of Derrynane; and by his desire, his gifted nephew wrote his epitaph before his death, to prevent any undeserved compliments being paid by a posthumous eulogium. The epitaph concluded in these words: —

"The chief ambition of his long and prosperous life was to elevate an ancient family from unmerited and unjust oppression.
His allegiance was pure and disinterested,
His love of his native land sincere and avowed,
And his attachment to the ancient faith of his fathers, to the Church of Christ, was his first pride and chief consolation.
He died 10th February, 1825, aged 97 years. — R. I. P.
They loved him best who knew him most."

The old chieftain sleeps amidst the ruins of Derrynane Abbey, founded here in the seventh century, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. It was established by the monks of St. Finbar's monastery, in Cork. Generations of the O'Connells have been buried here. About a mile from the ruined abbey stands the family mansion. Built at the foot of a lofty mountain, it looks over a scene of picturesque beauty. The eye wanders from the foliage of woodland across rich sweeps of pasture to the sandy shore, bounded by the stony ridge of Lamb Head. Along this barrier flows the Kenmare River, partly seen gleaming like silver among the purple hills, sometimes hidden behind jutting crags. Beyond rises the steep promontory dividing this river from the bay of Bantry. Along the shores of the billowy sea, which sends showers of spray upon the wave-ribbed beach, stretch a dim line of distant hills, melting into mist and clouds. To the north of the house is the court-yard, with offices and farm buildings; and separated by the road, in a sheltered valley, are the gardens. The mansion is large and irregular. When O'Connell became owner, in 1825, the principal apartments were small and low, as is usual in old houses; so he added spacious dining and drawing-rooms, worthy of the position he then held, and furnished them in suitable style. Some of the furniture, by those changes which so often take place, formerly belonged to the celebrated Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Clare. In later years O'Connell built a tasteful chapel, with rich altar and all the requisites for the celebration of religious worship. To this picturesque dwelling O'Connell repaired after the labors of circuit, and whenever an interval from political turmoil allowed a respite from hard work. He took great delight in the scenery around Derrynane, and loved to point out to his guests the cloud-capped mountains of Coomakisth and Kilcrohan, or climb with them to the Scholar's Cave, there to feast the eyes on the sea in all its grandeur. and the ears with the roar of the vast, rolling Atlantic waves, as they dashed into cataracts of foam upon the rocks.

He kept a large establishment during these visits; and the children of his aged retainers, when able to enter service, found in him a generous master. He had his piper, whose son "Dan" (O'Connell's namesake), a steady, well-informed youth, afterwards succeeded to the father's musical honors, and was steward to O'Connell.* His hounds were celebrated; and like all of Celtic birth, he dearly loved the music of the pack. The hunting morn

* He and other of O'Connell's retainers still reside with his grandson at Derrynane Abbey.

was as eagerly longed for by O'Connell as by his sons and their guests. All hearts bounded when the bluff, honest face of Cormac, the huntsman, was seen, his sinewy form dressed in the scarlet hunting-frock, with the horn of chase by his side, wherewith he roused the echoes of the surrounding hills. During a day's sport, several hares usually came to grief; and then, eager for the banquet, the sportsmen sought their rooms to dress for dinner. As O'Connell usually had a large party, — indeed, his own family formed a numerous one, — mirth and festivity were sure to prevail. Then, at the head of his table, the Irish chief showed to great advantage. No word that could make the man who differed from him most widely, in politics or religion, feel uncomfortable, ever escaped his lips within the sanctuary of his home. The author has heard, from many who experienced his hospitality, the most cordial expression of the kindness they received from O'Connell at Derrynane. He loved the society of the young and fair. His daughters possessed much personal beauty, accompanied with great natural talents. One, the eldest, has proved herself a distinguished authoress, both in verse and prose; and in their ancestral home they contributed, by their presence and varied accomplishments, to entertain their father's guests.

The following lines, by MacCarthy, describe O'Connell at Derrynane: —

"Where foams the white torrent and rushes the rill
Down the murmuring slopes of the echoing hill;
Where the eagle looks out from his cloud-crested crags,
And the caverns resound with the panting of stags;
Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
With the foam of its waves like the snowy
FENANE, —
Oh! this is the region of wild Derrynane.

'And who is the chief of this lofty domain?
Does a slave hold the land where a monarch might reign?
Oh, no, by St. Finbar! nor cowards nor slaves
Could live in the sound of those free-dashing waves!
A chieftain, the greatest the world has e'er known.—
Laurel his coronet, true hearts his throne,
Knowledge his sceptre, a nation his clan,—
O'CONNELL, the chieftain of proud Derrynane.

"But here he is only the friend and the father,
Who from children's sweet lips truest wisdom can gather,
And seek from the large heart of nature to borrow
Rest for the present, and strength for the morrow.
Oh! who that e'er saw him with children about him,
And heard his soft tones of affection, could doubt him?
My life on the truth of the heart of that man
That throbs like the chieftain's of wild Derrynane."

How much he loved his mountain home and his favorite sport of hare-hunting may be judged by the following: Notwithstanding O'Connell's eminence at the bar, we can hardly feel surprised at his receiving few marks of official favor. His political career was too hostile to the government to make the ministers ambitious of conferring those distinctions upon him, which are usually given to those whose political sentiments agree with the party in power. Hence for very many years O'Connell saw men junior in standing, inferior in practice, and not to be compared with him in ability, raised above him by the silk gown of the inner bar. Before Catholic emancipation, he was not eligible for this rank; but in 1831 he too put on silk, and obtained a patent of precedence, which ranked him next after the law officers of the crown. Further distinctions yet lay within his grasp. In 1838, it is stated, the government offered to appoint O'Connell chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. "That is very kind, indeed," he replied; "but I have not the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now; but if she could, I don't at all deny that the office would have great attractions for me. Let me see, now — there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country house

near Dublin, and walk into town; and during the intervals of judicial labor, I 'd go to Derrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack hares are in the best hunting condition. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly on every account, if I could but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland; but I cannot."

Had he accepted the seat on the bench, he would never have been disturbed in his visit to Derrynane by proceedings instituted against him at the suit of the crown. We advert to the prosecutions for conspiracy which occasioned the monster trials of 1844.

On the 17th of August, 1843, he wrote to a friend a private letter, so descriptive of his love for his mountain home and field sports that we give an extract: "What a tasteless fellow that attorney-general was, not to allow me another fortnight in these delightful mountains! I forgive him everything but *that*. Why, yesterday I had a most delightful day's hunting. I saw almost the entire of it — hare and hounds. We killed five hares. The day's run without intermission, five hours and three quarters. In three minutes after each hare was killed we had another on foot, and the cry was incessant. They were never at more than a temporary check, and the cry with the echoes was splendid. I was not in such wind for walking these five years; and you will laugh at me when I tell you the fact that I was less wearied than several of the young men, and we had a good three miles to walk home after the last hare was killed, just at the close of the day. I was not prepared for such good hunting, as the plague among my dogs had thinned the pack. It killed six couple of beautiful beagles of mine. I could almost weep for them. Yet the survivors seemed determined to indemnify me. If to-morrow be dry, I hope to have another good day's hunt."

The poetic spirit, strong in the breast of O'Connell, was shared by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimon, who, in her charming volume of poems, recently published, gives a graphic description of O'Connell's mountain home. We quote a passage which brings the mansion by the sea vividly before us: —

"I will abroad into the balmy air,
And through the leafy shrubbery wend my way,
To where the moss-house from its airy height
(Crested with gray and ivy-covered rocks)
Looks down upon a wide and pleasing view;
There sit, and lulled by the unceasing sound
Of the waves rippling on the sands beneath,
Give fancy scope to wander at her will.
Or thence descending, seek the winding road
That to thy harbor leads, sweet Aghavore,
Where all our little fleet in safety ride
In thy unruffled waters, while beyond
The rocks that at thy entrance lift their fronts,
The sea in mountain billows rolls."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE LAST BAR SPEECH.

The O'Connell trials in 1844. — The Monster Indictment. — Right Hon. Mr. Shiel's speech for the defence. — His review of O'Connell's life. — O'Connell's loyalty when the French were in the bay. — Generous conduct towards Sir Abraham Bradley King. — Appeal to the jury. — O'Connell's remark to a friend upon the speeches. — Suggestions of his friend. — O'Connell's speech. — He demands an acquittal as a right. — Argues for the repeal of the Union. — Denies he ever was a conspirator. — Refers to the necessity of agitation to carry reform in the laws. — The value of juries impartially selected. — The order and decorum of the monster meetings. — His anxiety to prevent illegal combinations. — His refusal of American support, or aid from France. — The need of Irish legislation for Ireland.

THE last case in which O'Connell appeared as an advocate was his own. On Jan. 15, 1844, Daniel O'Connell, John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Thomas Matthew Ray, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Gray Richard Barrett, and the Rev. Thomas Tierney were charged with conspiring to intimidate the government, to supersede the tribunals of justice, to corrupt the soldiery, to create hostility between different classes of her Majesty's subjects, and the two nations of England and Ireland, etc. The indictment was

properly termed a monster one, — it measured ninety-seven feet of parchment; and five-and-twenty witnesses were examined to support the case for the crown. The attorney-general's statement occupied eleven hours. Reporters who attended repeal meetings, and police who witnessed the great gatherings assembled in various places during the repeal agitation, formed the chief witnesses. The case for the crown lasted ten days. The author was employed as reporter during this extraordinary case. Mr. Shiel, who, like O'Connell, had long ceased practising at the bar, once more appeared in wig and gown, ready to do battle for his client. He was specially counsel for Mr. John O'Connell, but defending one was defending all; and as his speech had reference to his share in the labors of O'Connell, it is proper to insert portions of it. The author will never forget the impression it made upon him No other effort of oratory moved him so much; and the silence and attention with which Mr. Shiel was listened to denoted the earnest desire to hear this unrivalled speaker. Amid breathless silence this gifted orator, who achieved a character for brilliant speaking among the critical audience of the House of Commons few of his countrymen ever established, thus addressed the court.

"May it please your lordships and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I am counsel for Mr. John O'Connell. The importance of the case is not susceptible of exaggeration; and I do not speak in the language of hyperbole when I say that the attention of the empire is directed to the spot in which we are assembled. How great is the trust reposed in you! How great is the task which I have undertaken to perform! Conscious of its magnitude, I have risen to address you — not unmoved, but undismayed. No! not unmoved; for at this moment, how many incidents of my own political life come back upon me when I look upon my great political benefactor, my deliverer, and my friend. But of the emotion by which I acknowledge myself to be profoundly stirred, solicitude forms no part. I have great reliance upon you, — upon the ascendency of principle over prejudice in your minds; and I am not entirely without reliance on myself. I do not speak in the language of vainglorious self-complacency when I say this. I know that I am surrounded by men infinitely superior to me in every forensic, and in almost every intellectual qualification. My confidence is derived, not from an overweening estimate of my own faculties, but from a thorough conviction of the innocence of my client. I know (and I appear in some sort not only as an advocate but as a witness before you) — I know him to be innocent of the misdeeds laid to his charge. The same blood flows through their veins, the same feelings circulate through their hearts, the son and the father are in all political regards the same; and with the father I have toiled in no dishonorable companionship for more than half my life, in that great work which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the spirit of peace, that in the spirit of peace it was carried out, and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation." This was the opening of Mr. Shiel's address.

The continuation was as follows: "It was in 1798 that the celebrated man was called to the bar who was destined to play the part conspicuous on the theatre of the world. He was in the bloom of youth, the full flush of life; the blood bounded in his veins, and in a frame full of vigor was embodied an equally elastic and athletic mind. He was in that season of life when men are most disposed to high and daring adventure. He had come from those rocks and mountains of which a description so striking has appeared in the reports that have been read to you. He had listened, as he says, to the great Atlantic, whose surge rolls unbroken from the coast

of Labrador. He carried enthusiasm to romance; and of the impressions which great events are calculated to make upon minds like his, he was peculiarly susceptible. He was unwedded. He had given no hostages to the state. The conservative affections had not tied their ligaments, tender but indissoluble, about his heart. There was at that time an enterprise on foot — guilty, and deeply guilty indeed, but not wholly hopeless. The peaks that overhung the Bay of Bantry were visible from Iveragh. What part was taken in that dark adventure by this conspirator of sixty-nine? Curran was suspected, Grattan was suspected, both were designated as traitors unimpeached; but on the name of Daniel O'Connell a conjecture never lighted. And can you bring yourselves to believe that the man who turned with abhorrence from the conjuration of 1798 would now, in an old age which he himself has called not premature, engage in an insane undertaking in which his own life, and the lives of those who are dearer to him than himself, and the lives of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, would beyond all doubt be sacrificed? Can you bring yourselves to believe that he would blast all the laurels which it is his boast that he has won without the effusion of a single drop of blood, that he would drench the land of his birth, of his affections, and of his redemption, in a deluge of profitless blood, and that he would lay prostrate the great moral monument which he has raised so high that it is visible from the remotest region of the world? What he was in 1798, he is in 1844. Do you believe that the man who aimed at revolution would repudiate French assistance, and denounce the present dynasty of France? Do you think that the man who aimed at revolution would hold forth to the detestation of the world the infamous slavery by which the great transatlantic republic, to her everlasting shame, permits herself to be degraded? Or, to come nearer home, do you think that the man who aimed at revolution would have indignantly repudiated the proffered junction with the English Chartists? Had a combination been effected between the Chartists and the Repealers, it would have been more than formidable. At the head of that combination in England was Mr Feargus O'Connor, once the associate and friend of Daniel O'Connell. The entire of the lower orders in the North of England were enrolled in a powerful organization. A league between Repealers and Chartists might have been at once effected. Chartism uses its utmost and most clandestine efforts to find its way into this country. O'Connell detects and crushes it. Of the charges preferred against him, am I not right when I exclaim that his life contains the refutation? To the charge that Mr. O'Connell and his son conspired to excite animosity amongst her Majesty's subjects, the last observation that I have made to you is more peculiarly applicable. Gentlemen, Mr. O'Connell and his co-religionists have been made the objects of the fiercest and the coarsest vituperation; and yet I defy the most acute and diligent scrutiny of the entire of the speeches put before you to detect a single expression, one solitary phrase, which reflects in the remotest degree upon the Protestant religion. He has left all the contumely heaped upon the form of Christianity which he professes utterly unheeded, and the Protestant Operative Society has not provoked a retort; and every angry disputant has, without any interposition on his part, been permitted to rush in 'where angels fear to tread.' Gentlemen, the religion of Mr. O'Connell teaches him two things: charity towards those who dissent from him in doctrine, and forgiveness of those who do him wrong. You recollect (it is from such incidents that we are enabled to judge of the characters and feelings of men), — you remember to have heard, in the course of the evidence, frequent reference made to poor old Sir Brad-

ley King. The unfortunate man had been deprived of his office, and all compensation was denied him. He used to stand in the lobby of the House of Commons, the most desolate and hopeless looking man I ever saw. The only one of his old friends that stuck to him all through was Baron Lefroy. But Baron Lefroy had no interest with the government. Mr. O'Connell saw Bradley King and took pity on him. Bradley King had been his fierce political, almost his personal antagonist. Mr. O'Connell went to Lord Althorpe, and obtained for Bradley King the compensation which had been refused him. I remember having read a most striking letter addressed by Sir Abraham Bradley King to Mr. O'Connell, and asked him for it. He could not at first put his hand upon it; but while looking for it he told me that soon after the death of the old Dublin alderman, an officer entered his study, and told him he was the son-in-law of Sir Abraham, who had, a short time before his death, called him to his bedside and said, 'When I shall have been buried, go to Daniel O'Connell, and tell him, that the last prayer of a grateful man was offered up for him, and that I implored heaven to avert every peril from his head.' You may deprive him of his liberty, you may shut him out from the face of nature, you may inter him in a dungeon to which a ray of the sun never yet descended; but you never will take away from him the consciousness of having done a good and a noble action, and of being entitled to kneel down every night he sleeps, and to address to his Creator the divinest portion of our Redeemer's prayer The man to whom that letter was addressed, and the son of the man to whom that letter was addressed, are not guilty of the sanguinary intents which have been ascribed to them; and for this they put themselves upon their country. Rescue that phrase from its technicalities; let it no longer be a fictitious one: if we have lost our representation in the Parliament, let us behold it in the jury-box; and that you participate in the feelings of millions of your countrymen, let your verdict afford a proof. But it is not to Ireland that the aching solicitude with which the result of this trial is intently watched, will be confined. There is not a great city in Europe in which, upon the day when the great intelligence shall be expected to arrive, men will not stop each other in the public way, and inquire whether twelve men upon their oaths have doomed to incarceration the man who gave liberty to Ireland. Whatever may be your adjudication, he is prepared to meet it. He knows that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that posterity, whether in a jail or out of it, will look back to him with admiration. He is almost indifferent to what may befall him, and is far more solicitous for others at this moment than for himself. But I, at the commencement of what I have said to you — I told you that I was not unmoved, and that many incidents of my political life, the strange alternations of fortune through which I have passed, came back upon me. But now the bare possibility at which I have glanced has, I acknowledge, almost unmanned me. Shall I, who stretch out to you in behalf of the son the hand whose fetters the father had struck off, live to cast my eyes upon that domicile of sorrow in the vicinity of this great metropolis, and say, ''T is there they have immured the Liberator of Ireland, with his fondest and best beloved child'? No! it shall never be! You will not consign him to the spot to which the attorney-general invites you to surrender him. No: when the spring shall have come again, and the winter shall have passed, — when the spring shall have come again, it is not through the windows of a prison-house that the father of such a son and the son of such a father shall look upon those green hills, on which the eyes of many a captive have gazed so wistfully in vain; but in their own mountain home

again they shall listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the morning air together; 'they shall be free of mountain solitudes'; they will be encompassed with the loftiest images of liberty upon every side; and if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's knee, or impaired the firmness of his tread, he shall lean on the child of her that watches over him from heaven, and shall look out from some high place far and wide into the island whose greatness and whose glory shall be forever associated with his name. In your love of justice, in your love of Ireland, in your love of honesty and fair play, I place my confidence. I ask you for an acquittal not only for the sake of your country, but for your own. Upon the day when this trial shall have been brought to a termination, — when, amidst the hush of public expectancy, in answer to the solemn interrogatory which shall be put to you by the officer of the court, you shall answer, 'Not guilty,' with what a transport will that glorious negative be welcomed! How you will be blessed, adored, worshipped! and when, retiring from this scene of excitement and of passion, you shall return to your own tranquil homes, how pleasurably will you look upon your children, in the consciousness that you will have left them a patrimony of peace, by impressing upon the British cabinet that some other measure besides a state prosecution is necessary for the pacification of your country!"

The other eminent men who were engaged for the defence addressed the jury for their respective clients: Whiteside, the Demosthenes of the Irish bar; Jonathan Henn, the finished and erudite orator; Fitzgibbon, forcible; MacDonagh, able and winning; Moore, the perfect lawyer; Hatchell, wary and sagacious.

While O'Connell listened to these able addresses from the ablest members of the Irish bar, turning to a friend he said, "They are exhausting every topic, and leaving me nothing to say when my turn comes to speak."

"Not so," was the reply; "they cannot deprive you of your appropriate subject. *They* are making purely legal speeches; yours must be political and historical. You, of course, must enter on some legal points; but it appears to me your peculiar duty will be to demonstrate that the nation, struggling for repeal, is in the right, and to justify the movement on higher than mere legal grounds."

Upon this hint O'Connell spoke; and his speech, which was of considerable length, was a very able exposition of his political views, especially upon the question of the repeal of the Union, and the way in which measures ought to be battled for. It has been the object of the writer of "The Bar Life" to confine himself, as far as possible, to O'Connell's forensic career, and to avoid bringing his political sentiments (which had already been fully treated of by his other biographers) into his work; but the career of O'Connell as a politician forms so strong a contrast to those of more recent Irish leaders, that the conduct he pursued, especially with reference to external assistance, cannot be too vividly recalled to the memory of the people in whose cause he labored for his whole life. We therefore invite the attention of the *Irish people* to his last bar speech.

On Monday, Feb. 5, 1844, O'Connell rose to make his concluding address in a court of justice. The state trials had already been protracted to nineteen days, and O'Connell alone remained to be heard. He thus commenced: —

"My lords and gentlemen of the jury, I beg your patient attention while I show you, in as few sentences as I possibly can, and in my own plain, prosaic style, the right I have to demand from you a favorable verdict. I ask it without disrespect, and without flattery; I ask it upon the grounds of common-sense and common justice: and upon these grounds

alone I demand, as I said before, a favorable verdict from you, being thoroughly convinced that I am plainly entitled to it. I do not feel that I would have been warranted in addressing you at all, after the many speeches which you have already heard, and after the powerful display of talent that must have delighted as well as instructed you; but, gentlemen, I do not stand here my own client. I have a client of infinitely more importance. My clients in this case are the Irish people, — my client is Ireland; and I stand here the advocate of the rights, liberties, and constitutional privileges of that people. My only anxiety is, lest their sacred cause and right to independent legislation should be in the slightest degree tarnished or impeded by anything in which I might have been an instrument. I am conscious of the integrity of my purpose; I am conscious of the purity of my motives; I am conscious of the inestimable value of the object I had in view, — the repeal of the Union: for I openly assert that I cannot bear the Union, because it was founded upon the greatest injustice, and based on the grossest insult, from an intolerance of Irish prosperity."

He then commented upon the means by which the Union was carried, and the mode in which the prosecution was instituted.

"Well, then," he continued, "what is the evidence? If there is nothing new, what was the old evidence? The life of an old coat, they say, is a new button: they have stitched up their case with the newspapers which they have flung before you. The evidence consists of two things: first, of the meetings which have taken place, and next, of the newspapers. To spell out an undefined conspiracy, existing in the imagination, without date, place, position, or time, they give as evidence of it accounts of meetings detailed in the columns of a newspaper. I will consider each branch of the evidence by itself; but before I refer to them let me make this observation. As there is nothing secret, as you know all that took place, what could tempt me, at this period of my life, to enter into a public conspiracy? I have always boasted that I would keep myself, and all others who acted with me, out of the meshes of the law. Twenty times have I boasted that it is my principle and my policy to prevent an infraction of the law. If you had heard it charged that I had entered into a private and secret conspiracy, you might have said that I had entered into it in my old days, calculating on being saved by the secrecy and fidelity of my co-conspirators. But there is nothing of a private conspiracy charged against me. I therefore ask you, who know me principally by the calumnies of those opposed to me, if, from your opinion of my character, you deem me such an idiot or blockhead as to enter into a conspiracy to the ruin of a cause dear to my heart, and for which I refused, my lords, the appointment of Master of the Rolls. It was a question whether I had been offered the office of chief baron; but as to my having been offered the appointment of Master of the Rolls, there is no dispute. No: it was not to be supposed that I would compromise the cause to which I am devoted, now, just at the closing of my life, and on the eve of entering into eternity, where I shall receive that awful judgment which cannot now be long postponed." He then referred to the great public questions in which he had taken part, on which aggregate meetings were held, and argued that "there would be an end to every great movement for the amelioration of human institutions if the attorney-general's doctrine of conspiracy had been law. The slave-trade could not be put an end to, — Wilberforce and Clarkson must have been indicted for conspiracy. What would have become of reform in Parliament, were it not that meetings were held in Birmingham and elsewhere? There is then Catholic Emancipation. There was a most eminent lawyer at the head of the pro-

fession of that day; and he had as strong and as conscientious an antipathy to Catholic Emancipation as any man could have. I do not believe there was a more decided, a more honest opponent of that measure than was William Saurin. He was an eminent lawyer, and he watched and saw, as he thought, the law violated as to delegation. He was defeated in one trial, but succeeded in another; but did the wildness of his imagination call the struggle for Catholic Emancipation conspiracy? Yet were not the ingredients used in agitating for Catholic Emancipation the same as that for repeal? Had we not our county meetings, our provincial meetings, and a simultaneous meeting? At the present moment there is a very serious question in agitation in England, — the Anti-Corn-Law League. They say, and I say, that their object is to produce cheap bread for the poor, and to increase the number of persons employed. They have used the boldest language, — language so very bold that the Rev. Mr. Fisher accused them of promoting assassination and incendiarism. Gentlemen, we are free from even the accusation of this; but what is this precedent to be given for? Is it to be sent over to England that there is the authority of this court, or any part of the court, to put down the glorious struggle there, which would give new markets, and give corn in exchange for manufactures, and give cheap bread to the poor? Is that to be turned into a conspiracy? Ah, no! The Englishmen were safe in the glorious integrity of the jury-box. Yes, they are safe, for there would not be a single juror sworn upon any such trial as this, who had been educated in strong opposite opinions to the accused. The angel's wing mounting from the pure jury-box protects them. Do you protect us as an English jury would protect them, and I will require no more; I will be satisfied with no less." He then referred to the machinery of the evidence, the monster meetings and newspaper publications. He admitted the meetings consisted of tens and hundreds of thousands, but asked if "the life of any man, woman, or child, nay, of any animal, was lost at them? At these meetings might be seen the grave matron with her grown-up daughters, aye, and the young mother with her infant in her arms, passing through the midst of the immense crowds, unharmed, almost untouched. There is not a country in the world, except our own, where such meetings could have taken place with the same results; no people on the face of the earth who could afford such a specimen of moral dignity and elevation. But they have been educated in this quiet and courteous demeanor: their peaceable struggle for forty years, for emancipation and for repeal, has educated them in the doctrine and practice of sublime and pacific determination; and, thank heaven, that pacific determination is not ruffled by anything occurring in this court. No, gentlemen of the jury, they will abide your verdict patiently. They may disapprove of it, as men usually do of a verdict adverse to their feelings and wishes; but there will be no violation of the law, whatever your verdict may be, and whatever may be the fate of the humble individual who addresses you, and who boasts that he is the educator of the Irish people in the lesson of legal, peaceable, and continuous political exertion." Mr. O'Connell then adverted to his efforts to preserve his fellow-countrymen from all illegal combinations, how at the peril of his life he encountered the combined operatives in the meeting at the Royal Exchange, how he warned the people against Ribbonism; and now occurs a passage which deserves to be impressed on the memory of all who revere the name and respect the counsels of Daniel O'Connell. "With regard to American assistance, what was my conduct? I informed the Americans *that the Irish people would not take any support from them which could in the slightest degree prove*

*disparaging to their allegiance to the sovereign of these realms.*" His conduct in reference to aid from France is equally worthy of especial remark: "You have had it in the newspapers, gentlemen, that we were offered assistance from France. You have heard that the democratic party of France, headed by Monsieur Ledru Rollin, proffered us their sympathy and support; that party hates the English nation most of all. Did I ask the support of his party? Did I mitigate or frame my answer in such a way as could be construed into encouragement? *No: I took the firm tone of allegiance and loyalty; I rejected his support, — indignantly rejected it.* Thank heaven, there is nothing to attaint my loyalty, nor has the attempt ever been made." He then proceeded to show the object of these public meetings was the repeal of the Union, and argued at great length in support of that measure, which he contended was essential to the welfare of Ireland. He showed the great decline of population, the falling off in trade, manufactures, industry, everything which gives strength and dignity; which he attributed to the effects of the Union. "And are we," he asked, "to be hunted down, who are the friends of the poor? Are we, who wish to have industry rewarded — are we, I ask on every principle of sense and justice — are we to be prosecuted for seeking the means of relieving this distress? We have the means of relief in our power. We live in the most fertile country in the world. No country is in possession of such harbors, the early historical mention of which is made by Tacitus, admitting that our harbors were the best, and that consequently they were more crowded. The country is intersected by noble estuaries; ships of five hundred tons' burthen ride into the heart of the country, safe from every wind that blows: no country possesses such advantages for commerce. The machinery of the world might be turned by the water-power of Ireland. Why is not the country prosperous? Did I not read for you the unheard-of, magical prosperity that followed her legislative independence? What happened once will surely happen again. Oh, gentlemen, I struggle to rescue the poor from poverty, and to give wages and employment to those now idle; to keep our gentry at home by an absentee tax, if by no other means, and compel them to do their duty to their country. I leave the case to you. I deny that there is anything in it to stain me with a conspiracy; I reject with contempt the appellation. I have acted in the open day, in the presence of the government, in the presence of the magistrates; nothing was secret, private, or concealed; there was nothing but what was exposed to the universal world. I have struggled for the restoration of the Parliament to my native country. Others have succeeded in their endeavors, and some have failed; but succeed or fail, it is a noble struggle. It is a struggle to make the fairest land on earth possess that bounty and benefit which God and nature intended."

*To be continued.*

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## DANIEL O'CONNELL'S POLITICAL CREED.

My political creed is short and simple. It consists in believing that all men are entitled, as of right and justice, to religious and civil liberty. I deserve no credit for being the advocate of religious liberty, as my wants alone require such advocacy; but I have taken care to require it only on that principle which would equally grant it to all sects and persuasions; which, while it emancipated the Catholics in Ireland, would protect the Protestants in France and Italy, and destroy the Inquisition, together with the inquisitors in Spain. Religion is debased and degraded by human interference; and surely the worship of the Deity cannot but be contaminated by the admixture of wordly ambition and human force. Such are my sentiments.

# INDICTMENT AGAINST THE WORLD.

THE WARNING VOICE OF CARDINAL MANNING.

From year to year we have hoped that the signs of confusion and chastisement which are hanging over the Christian world might disperse and disappear; but every year has added to their number and to their significance. At no time have they been so many, so menacing, and so near at hand as now. The east and west and centre of Christian Europe are threatened, and threatening one another. The century of revolutions, which opened with the anti-Christian overthrow of the great Christian people of France, has penetrated now into every country, and has formed for itself an international organization hostile to the Christian order of the world. Christendom, which once rested upon the faith of the Incarnation, has been undermined. The political order of Christian Europe now rests upon the natural society of man. It is being stripped of its sacred character, and reduced to the condition of the world before Christ came. Every year this anti-Christian movement has grown in volume and in power. Every country in Europe is either affected by its influence or altogether under its power. Politics without religion, science without faith, education without Christianity, morals without God, — this is the gospel of modern thought. The moral power which governed the world while society was Christian is weakened or declining; and the material power of armed force is therefore the ascendent. As the one falls the other must rise. Seven millions of armed men are watching each others' movements with mutual suspicion and fear. Can such a gathering of storm-clouds disperse without an outbreak which will lay waste half the Christian world? Those who judge by faith have been for these twenty years looking for the outbreak, and have been despised as dreamers. Now the leaders of the nations and the nations themselves have begun to foretell, when it is too late, what they refused to foresee when they might have averted the evil day.

If we look from abroad to our own state at home, there are many warnings to awaken care and even fear. Centuries of unchastened liberty have been passing into a license of morals and politics, of speech and action, which threatens the stability of our public and private life. The love of country, which is next to the love of parents, seems to be growing weak; passion and pride, faction with party resentments and ambitions, are beginning to govern in its stead. These have already been the forerunners of danger, if not of decline, to commonwealths. They are the first plague-spots upon the welfare of free nations. In no country and in no age has the world as yet ever seen such commercial activity and prosperity as that of England. But in the midst of immeasurable wealth is a want which the poorest country of Europe scarcely knows. We have in the midst of us not poverty alone, — which is an honorable state when it is honest and inevitable, — but also pauperism, which is the corruption of poverty and the debasement of the poor. The inequalities of our social state and the chasms which separate classes, the abrupt and harsh contrasts of soft and suffering lots, unless they be redressed by humility and charity, sympathy and self-denial, are dangerous to society and to our spiritual welfare. In London all these inequalities and evils are before us.

There are hundreds of thousands who never set a foot in any place

of worship, tens of thousands living without marriage, multitudes who have never been baptized, households in which the name of God is never heard; drunkenness, which inebriates men and women, and is spreading even to children; crime and vice of every kind, which spring from the brain maddened with drink; luxury and excess, gluttony and self-indulgence, hardness of heart, and selfishness both refined and rude: and these things are pervading our society in all its classes. We seem to be ripening for chastisement, and yet we do not turn to God.

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## THE GOOD THIEF.

In early Christian times there was great devotion to the Good Thief; he was a popular saint. Converted to God on Calvary, he alone, of all the elect, suffered the painful death of the cross in company with Jesus; he alone was chosen by the special favor of heaven to proclaim aloud, in the face of Christ's enemies and accusers on Calvary, Christ's innocence, — "this man hath done no evil"; he alone preached to the world on that day the divinity of Jesus Christ, for he called Him Lord, thereby declaring Christ to be God, to be the King of Heaven. "Lord," he exclaims, "remember me when thou shalt come into thy kingdom."

Saintly writers (St. Gregory the Great, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, and others), have written the most beautiful eulogies on the conversion and heroic faith of the Good Thief, and have extolled his power in heaven with God, in favor of all who, through his intercession, seek God's mercy.

Some religious congregations — as, for instance, the Congregation des Pieux Ouvriers — have chosen the Good Thief as their special patron, in consequence of the numerous and striking conversions of sinners obtained through his intercession, during the missions given by the priests of the Order. Other congregations, as for instance, the Oblats de Marie, and the Serviteurs de Marie, recite the Office of the Good Thief for the same reason.

Throughout the East, and also in Southern Italy, there is great devotion to him, and many shrines erected to his honor. He is commonly called Saint Dimas. He is the patron saint of Gallipoli, in the Gulf of Taranto. In Butler's "Lives of the Saints" (Feb. 26) there is an interesting account of the miraculous cure of St Porphyrius, ascribed to the Good Thief.

The Church has instituted a feast in his honor, which is kept on April 24, — the feast of the Bonus Latro.

Wherever the gospel is preached, the conversion of the Good Thief will be made known to men; and sinners will learn from it, that though no one should dare to presume on God's mercy, yet, at the same time, no penitent sinner should ever despair of obtaining that mercy.

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The following was the United Irishmen's oath: "I, in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament (Irish Parliament), and, as a most absolute and immediate necessity for the attainment of this chief good, I will endeavor, as much as lies in my ability, to forward and perpetuate the identity of interests, the union of rights, and the union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, without which every reform in Parliament must be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, and wholly and entirely insufficient for the freedom and happiness of this country."

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Waiting-maid: "Good morning, doctor. My gracious lady sends me to beg you to come to her husband as quickly as possible; she does not wish him to die without your assistance."

# A MAY-DAY RAMBLE.

THERE are few luxuries which nature affords, and which the poorest can enjoy, like that of passing a fine day, at any season, in the open air, with the sun, the sea, the hills, or the woods. To the eye which can recognize, the mind which can sympathize with the beauty which God has everywhere impressed on the physical world and its surroundment, no gallery of pictures can equal those presented by the scenery of the seasons. The painter vainly seeks to emulate the effects produced by light: working with colors, he can merely endeavor to approximate them by the management of contrast and gradation, according to the principles of art. Light beautifies all things in our latitude; but to enjoy it in all its richness and glory, one must visit the South of Europe, or the tropical regions. Yet in the dewy atmosphere of Ireland effects are produced which are as peculiar as they are unsurpassable. Along the Mediterranean there are bays, "the peacock's neck in hue." But nothing can surpass the delicacy of tint, gradation, and airy beauty of the lights which often play on our mountains, seen through the misty, dew-dropping atmosphere of Erin.

One of the charms of a long walk by the sea, or upon the mountains, is derived from the sense of freedom; at such times the action of the mind harmonizes with that of the body. We wash our blood in clear air; we air our ideas. Such meditative rambles, during which we enjoy the impressions of the scenery, — its forms, lights, shades, colors, — are a true luxury. We may then also pleasingly recall those ideas derived from the scientific study of nature, which illustrate the eternal laws of the Deity, that regulate and vivify creation, together with those poetic descriptions in which imagination, guided by the sense of beauty, reflects reality in the finest language to the mind, that conscious mirror of the universe. Observation is one of the greatest pleasures of existence. Yet few are taught how to observe, as we always should, with sensibility as well as with intellectual accuracy. How agreeable it is, for instance, to watch the life and habits of animals; to recognize how capable they are of affection; how gratified for any amusement we offer them; how delighted to become our companions! The pleasures derived from observation of both the inanimate and the animate world are indeed inexhaustible: the silent grandeur and loveliness of the one, and the still more attractive life of the other.

"Give me health and a day," says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn shall be my Assyria; moonrise and sunset my Paphos, and unimaginable realm of faerie; broad noon shall be my England, of the senses and the understanding; and night shall be my Germany, of mystic philosophy and dreams."

When out for a ramble of a fine day, it is sweet to rest by the seashore or on some mountain-side, and with our hand frame in selected bits of the scenery, thus forming a series of charming vignettes, finer than can be found in any series of art sketches, — pictures which cost nothing: some group of fishers pushing off on the waters, or cluster of children gathering flowers in the fields, and such like; all the while the sea, or the birds, the winds, or leaves are singing to us an accompaniment to such pictures.

No gallery of art, indeed, can compare with the scenes which we can obtain in the external world from the scenery of the seasons. It is now a May noon, with a gray sky and a fresh wind breathing through the greening trees and over breaths of sprouting wheat. Now and then a

dewy ray falls on the old bridge spanning the blue river in the spring valley, where the cresses and large-leaved water plants grow fresh by the banks and beneath the arch, — which frames in a picture of the upland meadows, with their farms and hedges, and of the far mountains, touched with die-entangling cloud. We see under the strong sun the wet roads of early May winding through the landscape. A scent of wild celery floats on the damp wind; "a scent of rain comes up the blue-hilled south." The white-domed palaces of pure spring vapors are in the sky, and the meadows are full of flowers, — knots of violets and families of daisies.

The skylark soars on sunny wing
Up from the sunny grasses:
The splendid spring clouds, billowing
On azure mountain masses,
Shine o'er the rough green wheaten plain, —
Or, rising from the spacious main,
Shadow in gray shafts of rain,
Along the budding woods; while through
The disentangling woof of blue,
Drip, drip, falls the dew.

The daffodil bends on the mould
Its yellow, rain-weighed chalice;
The crocus flames in dewy gold,
Beside the pink marshmallows,
Over its airy stem; and flower
The soft May meads from hour to hour,
Green as the fresh sea after a shower;
And by the oak root, thickly set,
'Mid pimpernel and daisy wet,
The coy blue violet.

After this May-day picture, we may turn to those lines which describe a walk of say an early August evening, near the city: —

The old cathedral's square brown towers above
the clumps of elms in mellow
Sunset smile; and near me quiver on the
river's mirror golden,
Where a passing barge has blurred the smoky
shadows of the olden
City roofs; the corn stacks glimmer in a misty
glow of yellow
By the long, dry road, where wisps of straw-
swathe drape the beech-trees bending
At the turning; plucked from heaped carts of
harvest, barnward tending.
Far off the sleeky, sliding water, winding past
the spanning bridges,
Flows to the sea, whence comes an air that on
its fresh wing seems to bear
The murmurs of the foliage stirred along the
mountain ridges.
Beside the butterfly the bee drones hiveward
through the sallow bushes:
The trout plumps in the smooth brown reach,
beneath the nodding turbaned rushes.

Had yonder white cloud a consciousness, what a series of scenes, vast and grand, or homely, sweet, and rural, it could tell us of, from the hour when it shone emergent over the wide sea, to that when it reached our shores, blown by the tropic or polar winds! It may have passed over the Alps, and looked down on some Swiss lake, blue on the sky, bordered with chalets, with fishing villages embowered in trees, and skirted by green uplands, reaching away to the piles of snowy mountains, lying soft as summer vapors against the sky; where ever and anon the avalanche falls in thick and snowy dust, or whence some torrent issues, hurrying along its blocks of ice through the green meadows. Or, caught in a current, the cloud may have drifted across the Mediterranean from Africa, and seen the dead, red hues of sunset over Algiers, mingled with green and intense flame; or floated awhile in the solitary, starry sky of the desert; or over the green savannas of South America, and the vast mahogany forests of Brazil, alive with luminous insects at night, and, resting over the huge trees, have beheld far south the great constellations and nebulæ. Or it may have seen the great tide wave following the moon at the rate of a thousand miles an hour on some wide ocean, and viewed many a vessel toiling through the ridges of the wide waters. Or it may have come to us from Italy, over mountains and cities; from the chestnut woods of Calabria to the snows of the Alps; passing thus over the world, in harmony with the material poetry of nature. For the Alp, indeed, is a material poem, epic and idyllic: with its snowy, eternal sublimities; its torrent music, thunder-cloud, and glacier, rising to heaven under the vast passing shadows and lights, glooming and glowing in the flame of the sun; and lower, its champaign lands, warm and sheep-scattered, watered by full-flowing rivers, and bathed in the shade of

full-leaved trees. The cloud may have listened to the whispering foliage of the Apennines, or to the sombre sighings of the Vallambrosa woods; or maychance it has floated over Nice on one of those young May days, of which Casti sings: —

I feel, O lovely and lovable Nice,
How lightly and luxuriantly
Breathes the air which brings to me
The fresh spring from the seas of Greece;
And hear the young birds, warbling
In the clear, wide-open morn,
With their songs salute the spring, —
With their songs the day new-born.

Many of the classic poets have sung of spring, — Anacreon, Catullus, Horace, and others, of whom we may say, as Moschus says of Bion, "Echo among the reeds feeds on their songs." Virgil, describing Italy, says, "Here is perpetual spring, and summer months not her own." One of the sweetest antique addresses to spring is the little poem of Catullus, "On its approach," which animates the young poet to visit the cities of Asia. He was attaché to the Roman consulate at Nicæa, a city in Asia Minor. The following version of this pretty little poem is from T. C. Irwin's paraphrase of Catullus: —

Now comes the sweet spring from afar,
Borne on the airs of Eastern seas,
And broods above the forest trees,
'Mid budding leaf and humid star.
The wind that gently stirs my hair
Has floated on through sun and rains,
O'er sultry Phrygia's placid plains,
To sweet Nicæa's fruitful air.
Up, then, Catullus, up, and stray
Toward yonder azure deeps divine,
Where Asia's splendrous cities shine
Close to the dawning, — up and away!
The moving spring is in thy blood,
And restless grow thy eager feet,
And bounding throbs thy breast to meet
The winds and waves of land and flood.
Farewell, thou winter-warm abode,
And evening friends who mingled there:
Those leaving home for foreign air
Must part on many a wandering road.

For those who in the fine May days take delight in rambling by the seashore, with some volume which belongs to the empire of knowledge, or with some congenial tome of story or song, we may appropriately end our paper with the following lines of modern verse, — as a contrast to those of the antique poet quoted above, and inasmuch as both are animated with the pleasant prospect of the out-of-door life which summer brings us: —

All that we learn in life is ours:
Beauties of poetry, forms of art,
Methods of science, — all the powers
Of knowledge blent with head and heart.
Each carries in his single soul
A reflex of the wondrous whole;
All that is, and our race have known.
More than our transient form we own;
The past of substance, life and mind,
Forever within our own enshrined;
The laws that regulate near and far,
The flower of the field and furthest star;
All of the vast that spirit and eye
Have seen and proved — to the furthest shore
Visible in infinity —
Belongs to us forevermore.

Up and away! — we'll bear to-day
In our sunny brains, for rambles lone,
By woods and shores, this latest blown,
Longest and loveliest summer poem;
And as its comrades round the bay,
Airy throngs of sweetest songs,
Fragrant as roses, light as foam.

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### GLASS WICKS FOR LAMPS

Are now manufactured by Messrs. Vobriel & Beek, of Hanau, in Germany. They are designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit lamps; and with an equal amount of the wick turned up, give a much brighter light than cotton wicks. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent of oil is saved by its use. Of course the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary; for being of glass, the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

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A GENTLEMAN has started a *café* just opposite a cemetery. He dedicates his house "to those coming from funerals," and announces on his sign, "Private rooms for all who desire to weep by themselves. Wines and liquors of the very best."

# NIHILISM.

"CATHOLIC PROGRESS," LONDON.

HERESY is the product of the action of powers of darkness upon the perverted ingenuity of the human mind; which, withdrawing itself from the teaching of the authorized and accredited exponents of divine truth, is left open to suggestions from the ever-ready agents of evil. Heresy is therefore perpetually assuming new and unexpected forms; sometimes plausibly imitating the dogmas of revelation, and at other times showing itself in startling opposition to religion and to the common-sense and feeling of mankind. Of this latter sort is the strange movement which is just now giving so much uneasiness to some of the strongest governments of Europe, and which assumes the form of Nihilism in Russia, of Socialism in Germany, and of Communism in France. Nor are these three the only countries in which similar tenets are professed by widely extended secret societies, for many such are known to exist in Italy, in Spain, and in the now dismembered territory of what was until lately the Ottoman Empire; so that Great Britain and the Austro-Hungarian Empire may be said to be the only important countries in Europe to which the movement has not extended.

The principles professed by all these sects are very much the same in all the regions where they are found to exist. They include: first, the nonentity or non-existence of any Supreme Being, — hence the term "Nihilist," as denoting one who believes that all things proceed from nothing; secondly, the abolition of proprietary right, and the community of goods, for which reason this sect has assumed in France the name of Communists; thirdly, the overthrow of all existing governments, and the substitution of some other system not at present defined or described, or possibly a general agreement to do without any government at all; and lastly, the abolition of marriage, family life, and the whole system of society as it subsists at present, — for, incredible as it may sound, this is openly advocated, not only by the half-civilized fanatics who are endeavoring to revolutionize the Russian Empire, but by thoughtful and educated people, both men and women, in Berlin, in Paris, and in America. It may be added, that from the first of the four principles just described, there follows logically and necessarily an absolute condemnation of every kind of religious worship, involving the total destruction of churches and all other symbols and monuments of religion, and the forcible suppression of the Christian priesthood. It is, however, possible that from this total proscription of every kind of religious cult an exception will have to be made in favor of the Spiritualists; at least it is probable that in America, at any rate, if not in Europe, a good many people divide their convictions between the two systems of philosophy, and adopt them both.

One other peculiarity of these fanatics must be recorded, because it invests all the rest of their creed with a terrible reality and earnestness: they all unite in declaring that their tenets have to be established in the world by force, and propagated, if necessary, by fire and sword, like the religion of the Mahometans. And it is this conviction, notoriously entertained by hundreds and thousands of their people, possibly by millions, which occasions such deep and well-founded anxiety to the governments of Russia and Germany.

Two circumstances will strike the student of church history, with reference to this strange and appalling phenomenon in the world of thought

and belief: first, it is not new; and secondly, it obviously contains many principles which are common to Protestantism, and may be considered as an ultimate development of those principles.

The denial of the existence of God, the community of goods, and the prohibition of marriage, figure among the tenets of many more or less obscure sects of philosophers, who have lurked in Eastern countries ever since a date anterior to the Christian era. Their existence is usually betrayed by the efforts made by the government of the Eastern Roman Empire, and sometimes by that of Persia, to suppress them; for their tenets were so evidently antisocial, and so entirely incompatible, if generally adopted, with the maintenance of the now established system of human life, or any other conceivable system of it, that it was impossible for any political power, whether Christian or Pagan, to extend toleration to them beyond the point at which they began to assume importance. Some of these sects adopted the designation of Christians, and tried to pass themselves off as the form of society originally instituted by Jesus Christ. Any one who cared to investigate their tenets — supposing any one venturous enough to embark on a study so extremely uninteresting and unprofitable — would find copious material for his researches in the pages of St. Irenæus, St. Hippolytus, and Clement of Alexandria. As to the real origin of these Oriental mystics, this must be regarded as a question open to considerable doubt, and rendered obscure by the great antiquity of the periods to which they may be traced. The most probable theory is, that their philosophy was really derived from Babylon, — a theory which is supported by the circumstance that indications of views similar to theirs are to be found among the works of more than one of the Greek philosophers, notably Pythagoras and Plato, who are known to have derived instruction from Eastern sources; and a writer in the "Spectator" of July 5 not unjustly describes Plato's Republic as "the grandest of all Socialist conceptions." All the power of the Greek Empire was insufficient to crush these sectaries altogether. They only subsided for a time into obscurity, from which they emerged once more shortly after the rise of the Mahometan power, which afforded them protection, in the seventh and eighth centuries. The Iconoclasts — who anticipated the English Puritans by a thousand years — were a movement of this character. And a still more important and permanent one was that of the Paulicians, which subsisted for five centuries, and founded a formidable military power in Armenia. If the history of these events is wellnigh forgotten now, it is not for want of ample material for the study, which exists in great detail and in a most voluminous form in the Greek histories of Anna Comnena, Petrus Siculus, and Euthymius Zygabenus (among the Byzantine historians). Gibbon has given a clear and accurate account of the Paulician movement in the fifty-fourth chapter of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; where, however, allowance must be made for the bias of the historian, which is of course in favor of heresy, and against the Catholic Church. What, however, is of most interest is the circumstance that large numbers of these sectaries were brought over to Europe by the Greek emperors, and settled in the Balkans, in order that by their military prowess, which was more than respectable, they might defend the frontiers of the Empire from its northern invaders. Unfortunately, their missionary activity was not less conspicuous than their skill in war; and before long their emissaries had penetrated to every corner of Europe, sowing everywhere the seeds of the Protestant Reformation. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries all Europe was honeycombed with secret societies, whose principles and tenets bore a most suspicious resemblance

to those of the Nihilists and Communists of more recent times; with this important difference, that they did not as yet venture on the dangerous enterprise of propagating their religion by force, but rather turned their endeavors to win the favor of the temporal governments, and incite them to a secret hostility against the church. There is more than one indication at this period of a heretical influence distinctly interfering in some contingencies to mould a public policy, particularly in the cases of King John of England, in the early part of his reign, of the Emperors Henry IV. and Henry V. of Germany, and the party of the Ghibellines in Italy. Meanwhile, the sects organized themselves everywhere on strictly communistic principles, keeping their theological tenets profoundly secret. They were known by various names, — Cathars, Bulgarians, Gazzari, Patarenes, etc.; and their apparition on the face of European society may be said to be the principal peculiarity of the history of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Ultimately they were crushed by the crusade against the Albigenses, who held similar tenets, and by the measures taken subsequently by the Imperial government; but though politically suppressed, it is not to be supposed that they were entirely extinguished, still less that the impression they left upon religious sentiment in Europe was eradicated. They continued to crop up at intervals, until they were revived on a considerable scale in the movement of the Anabaptists about 1520; and more generally, there is no question that it was from the seed they sowed, that the Protestant Reformation sprang. This is not a mere calumny advanced by opponents of Protestantism; for almost all the principal Protestant writers agree in acknowledging the Paulicians and the Albigenses among the founders of their religion, and as having transmitted the lamp of truth to more recent times. In addition to the tenet of Nihilism, or the origin of all things from nothing, which these sects held in a modified form, they further held that the visible world was created by an evil angel, and that it is therefore, like its author, intrinsically evil and impure; but that a certain number of divine intelligences, or good angels, infused themselves, without the knowledge of the creator, into the bodies of particular men and women, whose souls are consequently destined to eternal happiness. This tradition is the real origin of the theology of Calvin. The doctrine of Nihilism was adopted by the German mystic, Jacob Boehme, in the seventeenth century, as well as by Hegel, who on that account places Boehme at the head of all the modern philosophers. Those who wish for further information regarding the early mediæval heresies will find it in the amplest detail in the works of Gerson, Matthew Paris, Bonacursus, and Reiner Saccho; and in a more compendious form in the seventh book of Bossuet's "Variations des Eglises Protestantes," and Michelet's "History of France."

Nothing could be less like the extravagances of these fanatical sects than the reforming zeal of the French Huguenots — according to their own professions. But when the Huguenots are looked at more closely, their real character becomes more apparent. Under a mask of religious earnestness, they really were a turbulent political sect, bearing a startling family resemblance to the men who brought about the Revolution of 1789. Nor is the resemblance merely accidental; it can be traced throughout in direct historical continuity. The design of the Huguenots was to massacre the royal family, seize on the government of the country, and suppress the Catholic religion by force; and they nearly succeeded in carrying it out in the movement called the Conspiracy of Amboise, in January, 1560, which was defeated by the vigilance of the Guises. This attempt opened the eyes of the Catholic leaders to the

nature of the opposition they had to encounter; and the instinct of self-preservation urged them to rid themselves and their country of so formidable an element of disturbance. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is one of those actions which — as was said of another occurrence — go straight up to the tribunal of God for judgment; and on the nature of which we cannot pronounce, at any rate, without fully understanding the circumstances under which it took place. Right or wrong, it put off the French Revolution two hundred years.

Another Socialist movement may be briefly noticed in passing. It took place in Bohemia, under Ziska, the successor of John Huss, and growing into formidable proportions, was marked by the most sanguinary and atrocious violence against the Catholic religion. These sectaries were ultimately defeated by an army of a hundred thousand Imperial troops under the command of Cardinal Julian, in 1431; not till they had begun seriously to threaten the liberties of all Europe.

Europe has been said to show that if there is in store for the Church, during the remaining days of her pilgrimage, — the reigns of the ten popes predicted in the prophecy of St. Malachy, — a hand-to-hand struggle with socialistic error, she will not have to combat a new enemy. And further, the battle will be fought on more favorable and satisfactory ground than hitherto. An open enemy is better than a concealed one. Protestantism has had its day, and has now wellnigh thrown off the mask of Christian profession which it wore while preparing the way for the full development of the system it concealed. Protestantism in Germany has already dissolved into Rationalism; and Rationalism, which is the theoretical rejection of the laws and institutions of the Creator, is only the speculative and philosophical dress of that system of ideas of which Socialism is the practical and popular exposition. The change is in many respects an improvement; for, however formidable may be the new enemy which has entered the arena, it is at any rate matter of congratulation that the sombre and awful shadow of Calvinism, which has so long brooded over the nations like a nightmare, is floating away into the region of departed errors. Burning cities are not so dreadful as the tyranny of that gloomy superstition over the minds of men. There are some elements in the socialistic philosophy with which the Christian cannot but sympathize, — sympathize, at any rate, with the generous impulses of which it takes advantage, if only to mislead; for it advocates the interests of those classes with whom Jesus Christ had most fellow-feeling, and whose earthly lot he chose to share. The common life of the convent is the practice of perfection as regards property.

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### THE NIHILIST PROGRAMME.

We take the following from the "Journal Russe," and it will be of interest just now: —

"Article 16 says, — We ought to act, after mature reflection, on the great advantages which accrue to the revolution in consequence of the death of its adversaries. These considerations ought to induce us to proscribe, before all others, those persons who are most dangerous to the revolutionary propaganda, and whose unexpected and violent death may terrify the government, and weaken it by depriving it of its most intelligent and active organs.

"Article 23. The only revolution which is really useful to the people is a revolution which would destroy and utterly extirpate all idea of the state, by breaking and doing away with all traditions, distinctions of classes, and established order in the Russian Empire.

"Article 24. In presence of this object, our association ought to direct all its efforts and employ all its strength to deliver the people from all dependence, and from all the influences to which they are subjected. Our future social organization will grow of itself by the natural development of the life of the people. It is the affair of future generations. As to ourselves, our duty is to bring about by all possible means the total destruction of whatever exists to-day, — of all social and governmental organization, of all social hierarchy, of all tradition and souvenirs of the past, without being deterred by the sword, by the shedding of blood, or by the complete ruin of thousands of individuals.

"Article 26. To reduce society to a level, to

destroy whatever surpasses the level of the masses, to massacre and overcome whoever opposes us, and then to unite whatever remains of the people in an all-powerful and invincible mass. This is the *résumé* of our organization, our aim, and our only programme. It is useless to search for another, as there is none."

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ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.

The Nihilists have kept their word, — if not to the letter, at least in the spirit. If they have not again attempted the life of the Czar, they have shot at the man who, for all repressive purposes, stands in the Czar's shoes; and if they have not marked the very anniversary of the accession of Alexander with the deed, they seized the very earliest opportunity, — the day after. About one o'clock of the afternoon of the 3d of March, as General Loris Melikoff was alighting from his carriage at the door of his residence, in one of the public streets of St. Petersburg, he was fired at by a young man with a revolver. The young man was more nervous than Vera Sassulitch, who shot the officer of police, for the general escaped unhurt. Yet Melikoff had a narrow escape, as the ball passed through his military overcoat. The perpetrator of the attempt at assassination was immediately seized by a Cossack in the escort of the general, or by some sentinels and passers-by. Thus the very first blow which the head of the Supreme Executive Commission is called upon to exert his limitless powers in punishing is one against his own person and life.

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A MONKEY'S TRICK.

ONE of the best things that ever was heard of happened in France not long ago. There lives in the south of France a man of wealth, whose chateau or country place of residence has around it very tall trees. The cook of the chateau has a monkey, a pert fellow who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pluck the feathers from fowls. On the day that interests us the cook gave the monkey two partridges to pluck, and the monkey, seating himself on an open window, went to work. He had picked the feathers from one of the partridges and placed it on the outer ledge of the window with a satisfied grunt, when, lo! all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees near by and bore off the plucked bird. Master Monkey was very angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on one of the limbs not far off and begun to eat the partridge with great relish. The owner of the chateau saw the sport, for he was sitting in a grape arbor, and crept up to see the end of it. The monkey picked the other partridge and laid it on the ledge in the same place, then hid behind the window screen on the inside. The hawk was caught in the trap, for when it flew down after the partridge, out reached the monkey and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked. Taking the two birds to the cook, the monkey handed them to him as if to say, "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought that one of the birds looked queer, but he served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and, telling the cook of the trick, laughed heartily.

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FATHER M'SHEEHY was hanged in 1766. He was pastor of Clogheen, County Tipperary. He was arrested on a charge of enrolling and drilling Whiteboys, but was acquitted. Soon after, Bridge, who had been a witness against him, disappeared, and the priest was accused of his murder. The witnesses against him were a prostitute, a vagrant, and a horse-thief, and on their testimony he was sent to the gallows.

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THE first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

# IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASS-WORDS.

## CHAPTER VI.

### REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT OF FREEMASONRY.

"False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet."

. . . . . .

"On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurled
Those words of sunshine, 'Freedom to the World!'"—MOORE.

FREEMASONRY demands Liberty and Equality for the world; there shall be no kings, as well as no priests! All must be changed. The world has grown decrepit, cumbered as it is with the clumsy and ungainly structures which yet bear up the despotic ministers of "Civil and Religious Despotism." These must be got rid of. All must be levelled down and filled up, that the great human family, freed from the trammels of religion and its irksome laws, may bask in the genial sunshine of liberty. Then comes Masonry with her mallet, to strike off the superfluities from the "rough ashlar" of humanity, her square and compass to regulate and measure its conduct, her two mystic pillars of Strength and Beauty, and all the tools for the building of the new temple of Reform. Religion is the only true and lasting foundation of society; so, as a consequence, any organization which saps or tries to sap the foundations of religion must of its own nature be essentially revolutionary. The Pagan world, from the light of reason and the instincts of the human heart, admitted and acted upon this principle,—that religion was the basis and the bond of society. Hence, if they had their emperors, their kings, and their chieftains, their palaces, their court pageants, and their triumphs, they had likewise their priests, their oracles, their sacred groves, their temples, and their sacrifice. History, too, bears witness to the fact that where the altar is overturned the throne soon follows; and who so cognizant of the fact as the Freemasons themselves?

I now propose to prove, from the language and the conduct of Freemasons, that Freemasonry is as revolutionary as it is irreligious, and that the final object of its plots is that which Barruel points out in the "Knight Kadosh, the Soul of Freemasonry": "to establish liberty and equality through the destruction of all royalty and the abrogation of all religious worship." "Such," says Mgr. Dupanloup, in his excellent pamphlet, page 93, "is the essential object of Masonry: to mine all social and religious order. It pushes its works of sapping and destruction in careful parallels, and at equal depths, under altars and thrones,—those at least which are still standing; and he is blind indeed who does not see it! It says that it carries a torch to light the world, but it is the torch of the incendiary."

Brother Félix Pyat, from whom I have already quoted, calls Freemasonry "the Church of the revolution"; and M. Henri Martin fancifully styles it "the laboratory of revolution."

At this point, and before we go further, a difficulty starts up demanding clamorously to be answered. It is this: How can Freemasonry be revolutionary, or hold these views in our country, since the Prince of Wales, the Lord Lieutenant, judges, members of the aristocracy, and persons holding high positions, are members of and leaders in the Order?

So were kings and statesmen, who were used as tools and puppets, and who fell helpless when their hour came. We look back to history, and we see that such names were but the names of the befooled; who, in calm and sunshine, might seem guardian sea-buoys of a rock, yet, when the wind of popular passion and revolution stirred up the depths and lashed into huge billows the angry waves of an unrestrained and irreligious populace, were but the sport of the storm that wrecked the ship of state

Louis Blanc, in the history of his

ten years' experience as a Freemason, speaks as follows: * "Thanks to its clever system of mechanism, Freemasonry found in princes and aristocrats, patrons rather than enemies. It pleased certain sovereigns, the great Frederick amongst the rest, to take the trowel and to gird themselves with the apron. Why not? The existence of the higher grades being carefully concealed from them, they knew of Freemasonry only what could be revealed without danger. . . . They had no need to trouble their heads about it, kept down as they were in the lower grades, where they saw but an opportunity of amusement, joyous banquets" (a portion of the system peculiarly suited to some, as his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales), "principles taken up and laid down on the threshold of the Lodges, formulas that had no reference to ordinary life, — in a word, only a comedy of equality. But in these matters, *comedy borders closely on tragedy*, and princes and nobles were brought to sanction with their names, and blindly to serve with their influence, the hidden enterprises directed against themselves." This was a perfect picture, from the pen of a notorious Mason, of the state of affairs before the French Revolution.

In the "Masonic Disclosures," p. 18, we read as follows: "Liberty and equality, as figured by Solomon's Temple, form the most powerful auxiliaries in continually advancing our work. We must spare no effort to get into our power the most prominent members of the clerical and military professions" (hence our Calendar shows its military Lodges, and the high Masonic positions of Very Reverend Churchmen), "kings themselves, and princes, especially their children, their councillors, and ministers, — in a word, all whose interests might clash with our principles."

Freemasonry led to his ruin Joseph of Austria, blinding him by fulsome and degrading flatteries, as "Dearest Joseph," "Beloved son," "Great immortal Joseph." She stoops to conquer, plays the hypocrite to deceive, and by an apparently plastic policy turns with the tide: equally the flatterer of Bonaparte as of Charles X., of Napoleon III. as of Bismarck. In the words of the last Grand Master of French Masonry, Laubière, she was "philosophic before the Revolution, civic under the Constituent Assembly, and military under the Empire."

Freemasonry cringes to each rising power which she fears may cause her overthrow, — false to man as to God. On the crash of the great Revolution, she worshipped Napoleon. On his downfall, the Grand Orient, faithful to its principles, fell at the feet of Louis XVIII. When Charles X. and his son were driven away, Lafayette and Louis Philippe, the citizen king, who, as the Masons said, "thought it an honor to belong to them," received the most extravagant orations from the Lodges, as did also in their turn the Republic of the Blue-Masons, 1848, and Napoleon III., the author of the Coup d'Etat, their friend and brother; for proofs of devotion to civil authority and romantic patriotism must not be spared, and hypocrisy must lend an able hand, thereby to coax into the so-called "temples" the members and chiefs of the powers that be. And Freemasons boast of their success thus: "We wander amidst our adversaries shrouded in threefold darkness. Their passions serve as wires whereby, *unknown to themselves*, we set them in motion, and compel them unwittingly to work in union with us. Under the very shadow of authority, Masonry carries on the great work intrusted to her." †

The second blow is aimed at the aristocracy. Let the Masonic aristocracy of Ireland and England take notice of the following remarkable principle laid down by the head-centre of Masonry, Mazzini, by which, in the

* Vienna "Freemasons' Journal," No. 1, p. 66, second year.

† Cf. Vienna "Freemasons' Journal," MSS. for circulation in Craft, second year of issue, No. 1, p. 66.

first volume of his Autobiography, he declares the Masonic doctrine to be republican. "Theoretically," he says, "every nation is destined, by the law of God and humanity, to form a free and equal government that insures the future. Because the monarchial government is incapable of sustaining itself alone by the side of the popular element, it necessarily involves the intermediate element of an *aristocracy*, the source of inequality and corruption to the whole nation."

The practical means which he himself proposes for the carrying out of these most explicit ideas, I likewise recommend to the attention of our English and Irish aristocratic Freemasons, and Ireland's Masonic Chief Governor and judges and rulers, asking how it would be were the Irish millions to adopt these publicly declared means, classed and named *the theory of the dagger*.

"If by 'the theory of the dagger,'" says Mazzini, "you mean the language of one who says to an enslaved people" (the Irish, for instance) "without a country or a national flag: Arise! slay, or be slain! You are not men, but machines, to be used at the good pleasure of your foreign rulers! You are not a people, but a race of despised and disinherited serfs! You are not Italians, but the Israelites, pariahs, helots of Europe! Arise, then, and exist! Arise, tremendous to all who oppose you, in the name of brute force! If your opponents disarm you" (he seemed to foresee the Irish Arms Bill), "create arms to combat them. Make weapons of the iron of your crosses, the nails of your workshops, the stones of your streets, the daggers you can shape from your workmen's files. Snatch by artifice and by surprise those arms by which the foreigner takes from you your honor, your property, your rights, and your life."

To give an example of Masonic ideas with regard to revolutions in general, I may quote from a few reliable sources. The oracles of the Masonic Order in Vienna* declared that the Masonic society proposed to itself, as its primary and ultimate end, to banish completely from amongst its members those contemptible distinctions of foreign birth, class distinctions, and religious differences, and that all should be considered only as creatures of the same race, citizens of the same world, proprietors of the same earth (Masonic landlords will, I am sure, see at once how this simple system would overcome all difficulties with regard to Isaac Butt's Tenant Bill). Joseph Mazzini further elucidates these principles in saying that, with the prejudices of foreign birth, the boundaries of states should also be swept away, and with class distinctions the kingly prerogative should likewise fall to the ground, and European society be nothing but an alliance of free European families, acknowledging neither man king, nor people made king."†

To what does all this lead? Revolution. The change must be made somehow. Barruel tells us how he heard the Worshipful Master of a Lodge address the candidate in these significant words: "My dearest brother, the secret of Freemasonry consists in these two words, — Equality! Liberty! All men are free, all men are equal, all men are brethren." Good men are taken with such words, which seem to promise a fair future for the human family. Their revolution is a bloodless one, a gradual shaping and changing of the figures in the kaleidoscope till all form a new and brighter whole. But such is slow and uncertain, and bad men read the words by another light, the lurid light that shone midst flames and blood in the Revolution of 1792, and the Commune of 1871. The same writer (Barruel) states that in his own Lodge, during the "Reign of Terror," the simple members showed a leaning towards

* MSS. for the Brethren, first year, No. 2, p. 263, *seq.*

† Life and Writings of Mazzini, by V. P. A. Taylor, M. P.

monarchy, whilst the Worshipful Master remained what he was before, a furious Jacobin.

In the "Freemason Disclosures" (page 14), we find the following: "Liberty and Equality are the two main advantages towards which our plans must tend, the employment of all possible cunning and powers of dissimulation being a matter of course. Hypocrisy must lend us her able assistance. We must continually search and probe vacillating minds, and set them in motion so gently that they may scarcely be aware of the slightest pressure. We must amuse them, carry them along with us, deceive them at the opportune time, make them in love with their own delusions, lull them to sleep in a sweet sense of their new dignity" (as Freemasons), "and only reveal our designs respecting them when the goal is close at hand; and they, lost in the bewildering maze of an enticing and hopeless labyrinth, have neither the power nor the will to strike out into another path." (Now, reader, take notice.) "In the end, clinging closely to the guide who has led them thus far, they will be quite prepared to regard the most startling and extravagant revolution as the simple conclusion that must naturally be expected."

Would it not be well if our Masonic Lord Lieutenant were to consider the burden of these words, and reflect how many revolutions the Freemasons have caused in Europe since they were written and "disclosed"?

"All governments," * says the Revolutionary Mason Grégoire, "are our enemies, all nations are our friends; either we shall be destroyed or they emancipated, — and emancipated they shall be. When the axe of freedom has struck down the throne, it will fall upon the head of any one who strives to piece together its fragments."

Surely his words were verified in 1793, when, the axe of Masonry having felled the throne of the unfortunate Louis XVI., its agents put to death 1,022,351 of his subjects.

Without going into other revolutions, we may take up the three great French ones of 1792, 1848, and 1871, and by seeing how Freemasons acknowledged and boasted of these as their work, prove beyond a doubt that the Masonic Society is revolutionary. Louis Blanc, a Freemason, gives us some idea of the manner in which the Freemasons labored at this work of revolution.

"It is necessary," he says, "to conduct the reader to the opening of the subterranean mine, laid at that time beneath thrones and altars by revolutionists, differing greatly both in their theory and their practice from the Encyclopædists. An association had been formed, composed of men of every land, every religion, and every class, bound together by mysterious signs agreed upon amongst themselves, pledged by a solemn oath to observe inviolable secrecy as to the existence of this hidden bond, and tested by proofs of a terrible description. These men busied themselves with the performance of fantastic ceremonies and the practice of works of benevolence, recognizing among themselves no difference of rank, except the Masonic distinctions of Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason. Thus we find Freemasonry to have been widely diffused immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution. Spreading over the whole face of Europe, it poisoned the thinking minds of Germany, and secretly stirred up rebellion in France, showing itself everywhere in the light of an association resting upon principles diametrically opposed to those which govern civil society.

"Freemasons did, indeed, make great outward display of obedience to law, of respect to the outward forms and usages of society, and of reverence towards rulers. At their banquets they did, indeed, drink the health of kings in the days of monarchy, and of presidents in the times of the republic; such caution being indispensable on

* "Moniteur," Nov. 28, 1792.

the part of an association which threatened the existence of the very governments under whose eyes it was compelled to work, and whose suspicion it had already aroused. This did not counteract the radically revolutionary influence continually exercised by Masonry, even while it professed nothing but peaceful intentions." *

It was these revolutionary designs of Freemasonry which induced its Provincial Grand Master, the Prussian minister, Count Von Haugwitz, to leave the Order (as I have quoted before). In the memorial presented by him to the congress of monarchs at Verona, in 1830, which has since passed through many editions, he bids the rulers of Europe be on their guard against the "Hydra" (Masonry). "I feel at this moment persuaded," he writes, "that the French Revolution, which had its first commencement in 1788, and broke out soon after, attended with all the horrors of regicide, existed, heaven only knows how long before, having been planned, and having had the way prepared for it, by associations and secret oaths." The Prince of Wales and the Marquis of Abercorn ought to reflect on these words of experience, and not permit themselves to be made either the patrons or the tools of the "Hydra."

Freemasonry was the evil genius that brooded and bred, that inspired, guided, sustained, and accomplished all those deeds of blood, of revolution, of irreligion, of nameless vice and inhumanity, in 1792, which have branded with the darkest dye of hell the Masonic authors, accomplices, and heroes of the first European campaign for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. On the 12th of August, 1792, the day on which the unfortunate Louis XVI. was declared, after a trial of forty-eight hours, to have forfeited his throne, and was led captive to the Temple, the legislative body passed a vote, deciding that from this time the date of "*Equality*" should be added to that of "Liberty"; in fact, the warrant for the king's capture bore the date, "fourth year of Liberty, first year and first day of Equality." Barruel, an eye-witness, tells us that the Masonic brethren in Paris, considering that the time had come when they were free to publish their secret, which they had sworn to keep, shouted aloud, "At last our goal is reached. From this day France will be one vast Lodge, and all Frenchmen Freemasons. The rest of the world will soon follow our example." He declares that he himself heard some of the most reserved and silent of the Masons proclaiming publicly, "At last the object of our league has been attained, — Equality and Freedom. 'All men are brothers and equals, all men are free,' was the whole purport of the law, the goal of our wishes, in fact our great secret." Freemasons acknowledge and boast that the French Revolution of 1848 was likewise their work. After the events of that dire February, they sang songs of triumph over the open success of their secret efforts.

A Belgian brother, Van der Heym, spoke thus: "On the day following the Revolution of February, a whole nation rose as one man, overturned the throne, and wrote over the frontal of the royal palace the words, 'Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!' all the citizens having adopted as their own the fundamental principle of Freemasonry. The combatants had not long to battle before the victory over their oppressors was gained; that freedom won, which for centuries had formed the theme of Masonic discourses. We, the apostles of Fraternity, laid the foundation-stone of the Republic."

In the first days of the Revolution (1848) three hundred Freemasons, with their banners flying over brethren of every rite representing French Freemasonry, marched to the Hôtel de Ville, and there offered their banner to the Provisional Government of the Republic, proclaiming aloud the part they had just taken in the glorious Revolution.

* History of the French Revolution, Vol. III. c. iii.

M. de Lamartine made them this answer, which was received with enthusiasm by the Freemason Lodges: "It is from the depths of your Lodges that the ideas have emanated, first in the dark, then in the twilight, and now in the full light of day, which have laid the foundations of the Revolutions of 1789, 1830, 1848."

Fourteen days later, a new deputation of the "Grand Orient," adorned with their Masonic scarfs and jewels, repaired to the Hôtel de Ville. They were received by M. Crémieux and M. Garnier, attended by pages, who also wore their Masonic emblems. The Representative of the Grand Master spoke thus: "French Freemasonry cannot contain her universal burst of sympathy with the great social and national movement which has just been effected. The Freemasons hail with joy the triumph of their principles, and boast of being able to say that the whole country has received through you a Masonic consecration. Forty thousand Freemasons in five hundred workshops (Lodges) cheer you on with one heart and soul." Brother Crémieux, a Jewish brother, member of the Provisional Government, replied: "Citizens and brothers of the Great Orient, the Provisional Government accepts with pleasure your useful and complete adhesion. The Republic exists in Fremasonry. If the Republic do as the Fremasons have done, it will become the glowing pledge of union with all men in all parts of the globe, and on all sides of our triangle." The Communist Revolution was, according to the Freemason Thirifocq, "the greatest it had been given to the world to contemplate." A month before the troops entered Paris, the Freemasons made a solemn manifestation in favor of the Commune (yes, Marquis of Abercorn, it was made in favor of what you would consider the French Fenians). The official organ of the Commune gave a very full account, which, in abridged details, is as follows: On the 29th of April, in consequence of an appeal made to all the Lodges of the Orient of Paris, an immense crowd of Freemasons, carrying sixty-two Masonic banners, proceeded from the Court of the Louvre to the Hôtel de Ville, preceded by *five members of the Commune*. The whole body of the Commune presented themselves on the balcony of Honor to receive them. The statue of the Republic was there, girded with a red scarf, and surrounded by the trophies and flags of the Commune. The bearers of the sixty-two Masonic banners placed themselves successively on the steps of the staircase. The rest of the Masonic brethren grouped themselves in the court. "As soon as the court was filled," says the official journal, "cries of 'Long live the Commune!' 'Long live Masonry!' 'Long live the Universal Republic!' were heard on all sides." Then, after an exchange of speeches, in which the inseparable union of the Commune and Freemasonry were again and again proclaimed, and after Brother Thirifocq had made the following declaration: "If we should be foiled in our attempt to make peace, we will go all together, and joining our companions, take part in the battle," the Freemason deputies, accompanied by the members of the Commune, marched out of the Hôtel de Ville, the band playing the "Marseillaise." Ten thousand Freemasons joined, and proceeded from the Hôtel de Ville to the Bastile, going down the whole line of the Boulevards, crossing the Champs Elysées. Their immense column, arrived at the ramparts, planted there their sixty-two banners, and held a parley with the Versailles generals, in hope of obtaining a peace based on the programme of the Commune. Failing to obtain such a peace, the Masons sent out, by means of balloons, a call to arms, "*from the Federation of Freemasons and their companions in Paris, to all the Freemasons of the departments.*" This appeal to arms ended with the words, "Long live the Republic! long live the Commune of France, leagued with that of Paris!"

Let our self-confident aristocracy,

who now help on and encourage hatred to religion and civil authority, as it exists in other countries, take care that, sowing the whirlwind abroad, they do not reap the storm at home by God's just judgment. Let our Masonic rulers cast a glance back, and review the history of Europe since the great French Revolution, and see how many sovereigns have lost their thrones, some their lives, by the agency of secret societies stirring up the people to revolt. We have seen the unprincipled attacks of such societies, all branches of the great tree of Masonry, on sovereigns and potentates, as in the cases of the late King of Naples, the Queen of Spain, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Pope of Rome. Freemasonry wages war, not against any individual king or ruler, but against all kings, all rulers, all dignitaries, all aristocracy, which latter they regard as "*the royalty of several*" and the corruption of society. Sad, then, is it to see, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, remarkable men in our countries link themselves voluntarily and boastfully with such a society. Wherever Freemasonry predominates entirely, and gets the rulers fully into its leading-strings and under its fatal influence, as in Prussia, Italy, Spain, Brazil, and France in the days of the Commune, there we find the rulers and the government lending ready hands to the war against God, by persecuting laws, a reptile press, and an infidel education. Such Masonic rulers and tools of Masonry are present and future scourges to their countries, who sow and have sown "the whirlwind," and shall assuredly "reap the storm." Freemasonry and the Eastern plot may, in the judgment of the ignored God, help to solve sooner than they expect Napoleon's doubt as to Europe's future, Cossack or republican.

The French historian, Darras, sums up the attitude of Freemasonry in these words: * "Voltaire had sworn to disseminate the deism of England; at the same time another importation of the same stock was spreading in France, in Germany, and in Italy. Under the name of Freemasonry, a secret society, claiming to have inherited the traditions of the Templars, gathered together, under the pretext of the public good, men of the highest wealth, rank, and intelligence. All the emblems of the society related to the fundamental idea of the building of a temple (Solomon's). In the idea of the founders the temple was doubtless to be a new world, freed from all religious belief, hierarchical subordination, or regular form of government. Freemasonry thus concentrated within itself all the germs of destruction, all the hidden poisons that were to break forth to the ruin of the social body. The members were admitted only after a mysterious and fearful ordeal. They were bound to strict secrecy concerning all they might see or hear in their Lodges, as they called their assemblies. The real object of the institution was known only to a few leaders, and never intrusted to the private members, who were amused with vain formulas and mysterious symbols, — true children's toys. It was enough to have gathered together a secret army, perfectly disciplined, ready to rise at the first signal against the Church and society. Surely, the Revolution of 1789, that volcano whose lava had long been boiling in the heart of the secret societies, should have sufficiently enlightened every honest mind as to the real aim of those dangerous societies; yet Freemasonry lives even in our own day, and governments, with a fatal want of foresight, think it sufficient for their safety to place at the head of the sect some well-known or devoted names" (such as the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Massarene, Marquess of Conyngham, Lord Newry, Lord Dunboyne, etc., as well as some of our learned judges and lawyers and saintly prelates). "It is a cloak thrown on the billows of the sea."

* Hist. of the Church, Vol. IV. p. 471.

Political rulers, however, have been known, from the force of sad state experience, to prohibit Freemasonry.

In the year 1735, the States-General of Holland proscribed the secret Masonic League, and the French government imitated the example in 1737. In 1757, in Scotland, the Synod of Stirling adopted a resolution debarring all adhering Freemasons from the ordinances of religion.* (Our gracious Queen may feel very thankful that the pious Calvinists of the present day do not deny her the Scottish Sacrament, whilst paying a visit to Balmoral, considering that in 1836 she acted as godmother, through her proxy, Sir George Grey, Secretary of State, to the Infant Lodge, No. 4, of Dublin, which has since been called by her name.)

The Great Council of Berne proscribed Freemasonry in 1748; Bavaria followed in 1799, and its total suppression took place in 1845. The Regency of Milan, and the Governor of Venice, acted in a similar manner by it in 1814. John VI. of Portugal prohibited Freemasonry in the strictest manner in 1816, and renewed it in 1824. In 1820 several Lodges were closed in Prussia for political intrigues; and in the same year Alexander V. banished the Order from the whole Russian Empire. A similar occurrence took place four years later in Modena and Spain. Yet statesmen, authors, and speakers appear by common consent to shrink back and cower before this "noli me tangere." Hydra of Irreligion and Revolution. Let us listen to the words of the ex-Master Mason Barruel, on the subject: —

"To whatever creed, to whatever government, to whatever class of society you belong, as soon as the plans and sworn designs of the secret society (Freemasonry) come into operation, there is an end to your clergy, your government, and your laws, your property and your authority. All your possessions, your lands and your houses, your very families and firesides, — all these, from that day forward, you can no longer call your own." †

* Mackey's Lexicon of Freemasonry, pp. 246–248.

† Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme. Vol. I. p. 20. Hamburg, 1803.

As far back as 1849, De Lamennais gave in the "Reforme" the following truthful sketch of the impending disasters, such and the same as Englishmen might give to the seething millions of England: —

"In virtue of his sovereign prerogative, man rises up against God and declares himself to be free, and equal to Him. In the name of Freedom, all political and social institutions are overthrown; in the name of Equality, all hierarchies are destroyed, all religion and political ascendancy is abolished. Then the reign of violence, of hatred, and of terror begins over the corpse of priest and king: a fearful fulfilment of the prophecy, 'A whole nation shall rise up, man against man, neighbor against neighbor, amidst terrible confusion; the child shall rise against the old man, and the people against their great ones.' In order to depict those terrific scenes of horror and crime, of license and butchery, this carnival of error, this chaos of outlawry and debauchery, these blasphemous shouts and devilish songs, the dull and unceasing sound of the destroyer's hammer and the executioner's sword, the explosion of bursting mines, and the yells of exultant joy which hail the wide-spread carnage, — in order, I say, to depict scenes such as these, it were necessary to borrow the language of demons, as such human monsters seem to have rivalled them in fury." (Cf. "Journal de Bruxelles," Dec. 3, 1849.)

*To be continued.*

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Patrick Dickie, a millionnaire, who died in New York in 1874, bequeathed the income of his property to his children and grandchildren. He disinherited one son. The children contest the will on the ground that the testator was incompetent to execute such a document. The witnesses testify substantially as follows: that Mr. Dickie once had a rush of blood to the head, after which he acted strangely; that he dismissed his housekeeper, regarding her as an English spy; that he refused to take pepper on his food, believing it to be poison, and once discharged a cook for using it. If these objections to the will are sustained, the logical inference is that he who would have his will stand must (1) avoid anything like a rush of blood to the head; (2) never entertain unworthy suspicions of the housekeeper; and (3) don't refuse pepper.

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The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

## FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. "Independent."

O good St. Patrick, in those younger years
Red with the tide of war and storm of spears,
And in the later, full of wrong and shame,
No son of thine has e'er forgot thy name;
But this year, of all years, shall crown thy story
With splendid fame and gifts of loving glory.

Exile and distance, vanish! Now at last
*We are all one*, no matter what the past.
Orange or green or white or blue to-day
Blend like the rainbow in one glorious ray;
And, feeding sobbing babes and wailing mothers,
We own at last all Irishmen are brothers.

We have forgot what colors have been worn;
We ask not now, "In what creed were you born?"
Break bread with us, take half our gold; we dare
Not kneel in prayer till you our plenty share.
Our very children eat with tears and sighing,
Thinking of hungry babies in poor Ireland dying.

No need this year with band and banners gay
To show the world when dawns "Old Ireland's day."
Upon St. Patrick's morn it shall be told
The splendid measure of the rich man's gold;
The children's pennies and the workman's token;
The very widow's mite divided, broken.

It shall be told, and on St. Patrick's day
All Irishmen with smiles and tears shall say,
"*We 're one in heart;* one green isle holds in guard
Our fathers' dust in many a still churchyard;
And, though we roam, Old Ireland is our mother,
And every Irishman in grief our brother!"

It shall be told, and men of every race
Shall westward turn, in Charity's sweet grace,
And say, "*We are all one.*" It shall be told
To Erin's children, starving, naked, cold;
And they shall say, amid their pain and labor,
"*Old Ireland's got the whole world for a neighbor!*"

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Removing Warts. — Take a tough stick, sharpen the point, and run it through a cork into a bottle of turpentine. Wetting the wart with what turpentine will adhere to the point of the stick from ten to fifteen times a day — being careful not to spread the turpentine over the skin — will cause the warts to grow out in about two or three weeks.

## IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

Hamil: Irish O'h-Aighmaill.
Hanlon, O'Hanlon: Irish O'h-Anluain.
Hanter, Hunter: Irish O'h-Ainbitir.
Hanvey, Hannafy: Irish O'h-Ainbheith.
Hare: Irish O'h-Ir.
Hart, Harte, Hartt, Hort, O'Hart: Irish O'h-Airt.
Hatton, Haughton: Irish O'h-Eochadhain.
Heaney, O'Heaney: Irish O'h-Eignidh.
Heffernan: Irish O'h-Iffernain.
Hehir: Irish O'h-Aithehir.
Hennesy: Irish O'h-Aengusa.
Hyne, Hinds, Hynes: Irish O'h-Eidhin.
Hinson: Irish O'h-Innesvan.
Hoey, Howe: Irish O'h-Eochaidh.
Hogan: Irish O'h-Ogain.
Holly: Irish O'h-Oilciolla.
Hosey, DeHosey, Hoesy, Hussey: Irish O'h-Eodhasa.
Hughes, Hayes, Haiz, Hay, O'Hay, O'Hea: Irish O'h-Aodha.
Hullah, Hulla: Irish O'h-Oiliolla.
Irvine, Irving, Irwin, MacNeir: Irish MacConaire.
Iver, Ivor, Ivir, MacIver, MacIvir, MacIvor, McIvor, Maguire: Irish Mac Ibhir [eever]. Dr. Joyce derives Howard as well as Ivor from the Irish Iomhar [eever], which is, no doubt, another form for Ibhir.
Jackson, Johnson: Irish MacShane.
Jordan: Irish O'Cuirthan.
Joy, Joyce, Sheehy, MacSheehy: Irish Mac Shaoghaidh.
Kavanagh, Cavanagh: Irish O'Caomhanach.
Keating, Keatinge: Irish O'Ceatfadhe.
Keeffe, O'Keeffe: Irish O'Caeimh, O'Cefada.
Keely, Keily, Kiely: Irish O'Caolidh.
Kelly, O'Kelly: Irish O'Ceallach.
Kenealy: Irish O'Ceannfaola.
Kennedy: Irish O'Ceannfhada.
Kenny: Irish O'Cinaeith.
Keogh: Irish Mac Eochaidh.
Kernagan: Irish O'Cearnachain.
Kernan, Tiernan, Ternan, MacTernan, Masterson: Irish MacTieghernain, signifying the son of the master.

## FATHER PROUT.

*Concluded from page 426.*

Father Prout would seriously connect him with "The Reliques." "Father Frank" belonged to a family honored and beloved in Cork, for two generations at least, to my knowledge; two of his brothers still live in high respect as men and as merchants, — the eminent firm of Mahony Brothers, of Blarney. As to there being any relationship between the families of the real Father Prout and Father Frank Mahony, there is probably as little foundation for the idea as there was for that of there being any with Dean Swift or Miss Hester Johnson.

Strange caprice of fame it is, that in the scroll of literary honor should be written forever a name that made no pretensions to literary merits, and is enrolled upon the book of immortal happiness for the numerous hidden deeds of charity and holiness of which its bearer's life was full, and for which he has received his reward. How far better it might have been for Francis Mahony to have changed lives as well as names with the good, simple priest, it were difficult to decide. *Suum cuique.* Man's talents are for a purpose, and each gift has its proper sphere. Who knows the amount of good Father Mahony may have done among his literary compeers? Looking at the cartoon in front of his *Reliques*, we hesitate not to say that the prejudices of Carlyle and Ainsworth, of Thackeray and Lockhart, were mellowed by his influence; and that to each and all of these writers his sparkling conversations supplied many a literary gem that is a brilliant ornament on their pages.

But Francis Mahony has performed deeds of charity, of which the world knows nothing. It is of one of these we would speak. It is the precious relique we present to the reader. We tell it as it was told ourselves by the late Mr. Thomas Smith, of Norfolk, Virginia: —

"Once when travelling from New York to Richmond, I met a Southern lady with whom I was acquainted. I handed her the paper I had been reading. She cast her eyes over it, read a paragraph hastily, dropped the paper, and burst into tears. After a while she showed me what she had been reading. It was a short announcement of the death of Father Prout. I wondered why that name should require a tribute of tears from her, of all the thousands who had that day read the same paragraph with cold indifference or some trite remark. What was Father Prout to her — an American lady — or she to him? Such were my thoughts when she turned to me and said, 'You are surprised why I shed tears over his death. When I tell you all, you will say that I have reason. I was in Paris in 1864. The Civil War was devastating my sunny home. My family was one of the victims to whom it brought reverses of fortune. Remittances ceased to come to me. I found myself in that large city without resources. I pawned trinket after trinket, went from boarding-house to boarding-house, each cheaper than the other. I was on the brink of falling into the undercurrent of population in that heartless city, and of being reduced to the necessity of either starving or begging, so utterly helpless and a stranger did I find myself. When I had abandondoned all hope of relief, a friend told Father Prout the story of my misery and helplessness. Without considering my creed or my politics, he sent me next morning a check for 2000 francs, which supported me until I heard from my friends and received the wherewith to return."

Here, indeed, was charity that let not the left hand see what the right hand did. The act speaks for itself; and as we are taught that charity covereth a multitude of sins, let us hope that Francis Mahony's name shines alongside of that of his friend Father Prout, in the regions of eternal bliss. May he rest in peace.

In a recent number of "Appleton's Journal" we find the following facts, which have never been before published, in reference to "Father Prout" and his famous "Shandon Bells": —

"At this writing there sojourns in New York an Irish gentleman who is in receipt of a letter dated at Trinity College, Dublin, which gives some interesting facts touching the school-days of the gifted satirist, poet, and journalist, the late Rev. F. Mahony, better known by his *nom de plume* of 'Father Prout.' One of the most interesting facts now brought to light is that the sweet and sonorous stanzas of 'The Bells of Shandon,' which many literary people believe to have

been written either in Paris or London, when Prout was a special contributor to the Globe, were composed during his college days in Rome. In the second *camarata* or division of the Irish College in Rome, 'Father Prout' first became conspicuous among his fellow-students by inditing funny Latin, Greek, and Italian epigrams on the rector, the present venerable Monsignor Kirby. The rector could not succeed in fastening the authorship on young Mahony; but the incipient rebel was always justly suspected of the many daring squibs which used to appear at safe intervals in a manuscript journal named 'La Frusta,' or, in English, 'The Whip.' From the more scrupulous of the students the whole *modus operandi* of the manuscript journal was kept a secret. To only a few were its real sources known, because there were mercenary spies around in the very servants. Two of them spoke English, and every scrap of paper found by these fellows in the sweepings of the corridors was ingeniously patched together and submitted to the rector. In this way many a paragraph or leaf of 'La Frusta' reached his desk. It may be here remarked that Monsignor Kirby, the rector of the Irish College, is the same ecclesiastic whom Father Prout satirizes in his 'Apology for Lent.' In Prout's former room in the second *camarata* of the Irish College, there has been for many years a vacant patch in the corner of the apartment where the poet's bedstead was placed. The room has been papered many a time since he wore the *soutane* of the Collegio Irlandese; but notwithstanding his alleged erring in after life, and the unpleasant relations which had existed between him and his superiors, this little vacant patch has never been covered up, for it contains the first draught of three stanzas of the 'Bells of Shandon,' originally written with a lead pencil, but afterwards retraced in ink by some fostering hand. The lines preserved in the little patch on the wall are:—

'With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon Bells.

'Whose sound so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
The magic spells.

'In thought they're pealing,
Their echoes stealing
Through every feeling
From Shandon far.'

"The last stanza has no place in the poem, or song, as it is published. The other two stanzas have been retained by the poet in almost if not quite the same form as they now appear. The lines on the walls were probably written during the usual *siesta* hour of a summer afternoon, while the college slept and Prout lay lounging on his bed in a wakeful dream of his native Shandon.

"The following is the text of the song as it now stands:—

THE SHANDON BELLS.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the Belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,

And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;—
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

"Most unquestionably, this heart-stirring song has made the Watergrasshill poet's name more famous than all his other productions put together. His polygot papers of 'The Groves of Blarney,' his exceedingly clever metrical translations of some of Moore's melodies into Latin and French, and his exquisite rendering into English verse, whether faithful or paraphrastic, of the *crême de la crême* of the modern Latin poets, as well as the songs of Béranger, Clement Marot, and other French lyric writers, were read and enjoyed only by a limited number, and those only the liberally educated portion of the public.

"The spire of Shandon, built as he states himself, in a foot-note to the song, is a prominent object from whatever side the traveller approaches Cork; and he adds that 'in a vault at its foot sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin.' The poet's own remains have been gathered to his fathers in the same spot; but no tombstone or memorial has been placed over them worthy of his name and genius. A collection for the purpose, recently set on foot in Cork, produced, strange to say, not more than eight or nine pounds, as recorded the other day in the local newspapers; a sad reflection on the liberal spirit and patriotism of Cork, of which he wrote and spoke with such enthusiastic affection, and one which speaks still less for the poet's coreligionists therein, whose old church, whatever they may think of his eclectic politics, he stood up for in the press and in society to the last. They, indeed, above all others, ought to be proud of the literary laurels which he won, as well as of the peculiar education which developed and moulded his brilliant powers; and if every one of the Cork Mahonys, Murphys, and M'Cartys who have been educated at a Jesuits' college were only to subscribe a pound each, they would realize a fund ample enough to defray the cost of a monument worthy of him and his native city. On it they might well be satisfied to place the simple inscription that underneath lay the writer of "The Shandon Bells," a song which will be sung as long as and wherever the English language is spoken.

"It is not necessary to follow farther the footsteps of the genial Father Prout. Suffice it to say that he spent several years on the Continent, principally at Paris, from which city he poured forth his varied contributions to English periodicals and journals. Here, too, in the fascinations of the gay capital of fashion, he essayed to find peace of mind in his declining days. 'But,' to use the words of a biographer, 'all in vain; the brilliant wit and versifier, the accomplished gentleman and genial friend, found — fortunately for himself, before it was too late — that all was vanity; and abandoning the things of the world, ambition, fame, and the congratulation of his associates, he retired to the seclusion of a monastery, and ended his days in peace in the spring of 1866.'"

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The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city of Boston occurs on Sept. 15.

# Useful Knowledge.

SOUPES MAIGRES, MADE OF POTATOES. — For six persons, boil six good-sized potatoes; when they are cooked pass them through a sieve; put the potatoes in a casserole, with two pints of milk, a spoonful of butter, and let it boil; salt it to taste; keep stirring it frequently.

HOW TO MAKE BLEACHED CURTAINS LOOK LIKE UNBLEACHED. — Dip the cloth in a weak lye made from wood-ashes, and then in a weak solution of copperas in water, — the latter strained; dry, and afterwards wash; both solutions can be cold. It is best to try small pieces first, so as not to have it too deep. I have tried this. — *Dallas, Texas.*

SOUP A L'OIGNAN (ONION SOUP). — Take six onions; let them brown slightly in a casserole, with a tablespoonful of butter; add three potatoes sliced, pepper and salt, not too much, and let it all cook in two pints of water for an hour and a half; must cook slowly.

[We are very deficient, in American cookery, in what the French call *soupes maigres*, or soups made without meat. Such economical soups are in very common use in France, and made be found agreeable changes from soups made of meat. Very heavy soups are exceptional in France, because it is thought, and quite rightly, that they take away the appetite. There is quite an art in making a *soupe maigre*, and it must be perfectly smooth and uniform. These two receipts, though perfectly simple, if cooked with judgment, will be found to be excellent.]

KOLDCANNON. — It was a good while before I knew just how to spell this dish, and used to think it was cold-cannon. I saw it in a cook-book once, and it was printed kol-cannon, and kol, or call, I think, is Dutch or Scotch; but it was a queer old sea captain, when I was a lad, as taught it me. He eat cabbage all the year through; he said cabbage kept a man alive, which was true as far as he went, as he was lost at sea when past sixty-five. I used to make it with what cabbage was left over. You chop it fine — say a whole cold boiled cabbage — and you mix it up thorough with a quart of well-boiled potatoes. Have a pan right hot, and put in that a tablespoonful of butter, or good drippings will do, and put your mashed potato and cabbage in that; salt it light, and put a saltspoon of black pepper in it and a light pinch of cayenne. You can eat it hot just that way, or, if you want to be real handy, put it in a buttered mould and let it brown a half-hour. It 's cheap and good. — *Bob the Sea-Cook.*

GINGER CRACKERS. — One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of cloves. Take enough flour to stiffen; boil all the ingredients excepting the flour; while boiling hot, pour over the flour, stirring it all the time. Roll out thin and bake in a quick oven.

BEEF TEA (WITH MODERATE WARMING UP AFTER COLD STEEPING). — Take one pound of the best beef; cut it into thin slices and scrape the meat fine; put it along with two thirds of a saltspoonful of salt into one pint of cold water contained in an earthen bowl, and let the mixture stand two or three hours, stirring it frequently; place it in the same vessel covered on the back part of the range, and let it come very gradually to a blood heat and no more, for any higher temperature would injure the nutriment; then strain it through a fine sieve or muslin bag, and it is ready for use. The making of beef tea is not a cooking process.

TO BOIL A HAM. — Scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water. Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the ham begins to boil; then put it back and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it; put in a baking pan, and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan in a hot oven, and let it remain a half-hour, or until the sugar has formed a brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham, but preserves its juices.

HOW TO DO UP LACE CURTAINS. — After long experience in this direction, I have found the following the most satisfactory: Having washed and dried them in the usual manner (when not used in summer they may be put away in this form), I starch and redry them. Any number may be prepared in this way, thus saving the trouble of making starch every time that you wish to put them upon the frame. Taking the number that I am to use at once, I dip them into cold bluing-water and pass them through the wringer. This will not remove the starch, it will only put them into a condition so that when stretched and dry the meshes of the lace will be clear and free from starch, which will not be the case if taken directly out of the hot starch.

# The Humorist.

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'T is false!" he said he presumed so.

What objection can there be to a cook's frying pancakes on Shrove Tuesday? Only that she 's *frittering* away her time.

Home missionary. — Are you a Son of Temperance? Toper. — No relation at all, I can assure you, sir, not even an acquaintance.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache," said he; to which his unfeeling listener replied, "You did n't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.

It is a fact, not nearly so generally known as it ought to be, that water, the favorite beverage of total abstainers, is, shocking to relate, mostly always *drunk*.

Young Swell. — Cold work yours, driver. Old Bird. — That it be, sir, sure-ly, pertickler for the nose, sir. Now, when you gets behind a good cigar, — one as a gent like you smokes, — the hatmosphere seems reg'lar changed.

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor folk live together when they go to heaven?" — "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there." — "Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

A small boy, boasting of his father's accomplishments, said, "My father can do almost anything; he 's a notary public and he 's an apothecary, and can mend teeth, and he is a doctor, and can mend wagons and things, and play the fiddle; he 's a jackass at all trades."

A pickpocket in Paris, taken with his hand in some one else's pocket, endeavors to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What 's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, quite benevolently; "have n't you a lawyer?"

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer, to have it dyed black. He was so well pleased with the result that after a time he went back to him with a piece of black cloth, and asked to have it dyed white. But the dyer answered, "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again."

A wealthy bank officer, being applied to for aid by a needy Irishman, answered petulantly, "No, no, I can't help you. I have fifty such applicants as you every day." "Shure, and ye might have a hundred without costing you much, if nobody gets more than I do," was the response.

"Yes, certainly," said a young man to an old bachelor uncle who was about to marry; "settle as much on your young wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a penny!" The marriage did n't come off, and the young man fell heir to his uncle's estate.

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There 's a time to dance." "Yes; dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine; "and it 's when a boy gets a whippin' for gwine to a ball."

A lady consulted Dr. Abernethy. "You know my usual fee?" said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket, and pulling out a sixpence, put it into her hand. "There," said he, "go and buy a skipping-rope, for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise."

"Pa, dear," asked his son and heir, "tell me what is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" "Pa, dear," gave it up. "Well," said his son and heir, "if my pressing tailor, Mr. Snippson, were to fall into a deep pond, it would be an accident; but if any one were to pull him out, it would be a misfortune."

Yankee drollery has not for a long while been more deliciously illustrated than by the following record of what are gravely announced as certain recent historical ejaculations. Niagara Falls were very much honored the other day, says the Transatlantic writer, by the visit of Princess Louise and "Mr." Lorne. "How quite too lovely," exclaimed her Royal Highness. "Don't speak, let me drink it in." If Princess Louise, when standing in view of the Falls, had simply said, observes the writer, "Don't speak," and had kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When gazing upon the ruins of the Coliseum, the Ex-President Grant showed more becoming reticence. He merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and remarked to his companion in a tone of deep feeling, "Let 's take something to drink."

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## A NEW WAY OF OSTRICH HUNTING.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY.

When I first went out to South Africa, my great ambition was to shoot an ostrich; but although they were plentiful enough where we were, they seemed very wild and shy, and would not come within shot. At last, early one morning, I came upon half a dozen of them feeding together in an open plain. Unluckily they were too far off for an easy shot from the bushes where I stood, and I knew that the moment I came out into the open they would be off. While I was wondering how to get at them I spied a single ostrich coming up from the opposite side and stopping now and then to look about him. I thought at first that he was their sentinel and had seen me; but no, on he came, and soon joined the herd, who seemed hardly to notice him at all.

I was just thinking of laying myself flat on the ground and trying to creep up within range, when all at once the nearest ostrich rolled over like a log, seemingly dead. The next moment down toppled another, and then a third, when the rest appeared to take fright, and scurried away as fast as their legs could carry them. In their flight they passed within easy range of me, but I was too much astonished to fire. Turning round again, however, I saw that the one which had come up last was still in the same place, and I was just thinking of trying to get a shot at *him*, when, all in a moment, the bird vanished, and in its stead appeared the short, black, shining body of a Bushman.

For a moment I really thought I was mad, or else in a dream; and then it struck me that perhaps this might be one of the hunting tricks I had heard so much about: so I stepped forward and gave a halloo. The man turned round, and I recognized a famous native hunter of our

district, who was said to have been out with Dr. Livingstone, and whom we used to call Matthew, as the nearest approach to his native name of Maheetu.

"Halloa, Matthew!" cried I, "have you turned bird for once?"

"It's the best way, Baas" (master), answered he, grinning. "If you want to catch ostriches, you must become an ostrich yourself."

And then he showed me how it was done. He had fitted an ostrich skin on his shoulders, with the head still attached, and a small rod thrust up the neck to keep it straight; and now, having whitened his bare limbs

to make them look like the legs of an ostrich, he had gone in among the herd and shot them one by one.

It was my first experience of the trick, though I often saw it afterwards, and a pretty smart one it was Don't you think so?

The way *not* to do it.

## THEODULE: A STORY FOR MASS-SERVERS.

Some time ago there lived a little boy named Theodule Gritt. He was so good that his conduct became a lesson not only to other little boys, but to men of mature years. When Theodule entered a church, the thought of the divine majesty that dwells therein at once took hold of his mind, and made him compose his face. After having taken holy water, without casting his eyes on one side or the other, he saluted the blessed sacrament with great respect, and placed himself where he could see the altar, and yet be as little as possible distracted by the crowd. Being one festival day in the cathedral, a canon, a very zealous priest, crossing it to go to the choir, and seeing on one side Theodule praying with angelic modesty, and, on another, three gentlemen standing and chatting together, he approached them, and pointing to Theodule, said to them, "Gentlemen, behold that child; you are at least twenty-five years older than he, and he teaches you by his example how you ought to conduct yourselves in the holy place." The gentlemen blushed and remained silent, but some persons who were near them, as they left the church, heard one of them say to the others, "You could not have foreseen, gentlemen, that a child would have been given you as an example."

On another occasion, assisting at holy mass with the other scholars, ranged according to class as usual, one of those who knelt beside him wanted to whisper some light jest into his ears; but he answered with a serious air, "It is not the professor we have to fear here, it is Jesus Christ, who is in the tabernacle, and who hears you though you speak low." He was desirous of serving the priest at the altar during mass, and he did so to the edification of all present and to the great profit of his soul, for precious indulgences are attached to that holy exercise. His attention and respect in the answers, the modesty of his manner, — everything about him was a lesson for the bystanders. A very pious Christian being near the altar while Theodule served mass, was so touched by his devotion, that, speaking afterwards to a lady of his acquaintance, he told her, "You may tell Madam Gritt for me that her youngest child humbled me this morning, and made me ashamed of myself." "How so?" inquired the lady. "I assisted," he replied, "at the holy mass that boy served; whenever I happened to glance towards him, I saw him so pious and so recollected, that I said to myself, 'Unhappy being that I am! there is a child who is like an angel before the altar, rapt in devotion, whilst I allow my mind to wander, and my heart is not touched by the presence of God.'" Thus this little boy lived shedding around him the good odor of his virtues, and accumulating, at every step, merits for heaven.

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Rare receipt for the New Year. — How to turn people's heads: Come into church late with creaky boots on.

## EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

In the evening games of winter gatherings of young people, and older ones too, it often becomes necessary to punish some one or more of the company by imposing a "forfeit." The penalty should be something that either is not easy to follow out to the letter, — that is, has some catch in it, — or puts the person in a conspicuous and amusing light. In all cases a forfeit should be designed to amuse the company as a whole, and never to offend the person called upon to pay it.

In order to illustrate our idea of a good forfeit, and also to furnish suggestions to those who enjoy and take part in such pleasant amusements, we give a few of the forfeits that may be imposed.

1. Put a newspaper upon the floor in such a way that two persons can stand on it and not be able to touch each other with their hands. This forfeit has the honor of being old, but it was not our good fortune to meet it until a short time ago, and was forced to "give it up." By putting the paper in a doorway, one half inside and the other outside of the room, and closing the door over it, the two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

2. To go out of the room with two legs, and to come in with six. Not difficult if one thinks to bring a chair along on the return.

3. To act the Dumb Servant. The person who has the forfeit to pay must act out the answers to the questions put by the master of ceremonies; as, How do you make bread? How do you eat soup? etc. This forfeit will cause much merriment if proper questions are put.

4. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it. One can get out of this difficulty by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

5. Place a pencil on the floor so that one cannot jump over it. May be done by putting it close to the wall of the room.

6. Put a question that no one can answer with a No! This is not hard if one thinks to ask, What does Y-E-S spell?

7. Push a chair through a finger ring. This forfeit is made by putting the ring on the finger and pushing the chair — any other object will do as well — with the finger. This last much resembles the next.

8. Put yourself through a key-hole. This was a great puzzle to us for a while, but when a piece of paper with the word "yourself" written upon it was pushed through the hole, it was clear. There are many others of these amusing little tricks; but those given will suggest others, and help to make the social winter gatherings the enjoyable times that they should be.

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## WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health, says the "British Medical Journal." He took for this purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them, and in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. Medical treatment was of little use till the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. This is no "old wife's talk." The facts are given under the authority of the "Journal."

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Of eighty-eight solid men of Springfield, Mass., eighty-three were hard workers in their younger days, while five had "nothing in particular to do."

# IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

## Elementary Instructions in the Irish Language.

[*Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.*]

### CLASSIFICATION OF THE ALPHABET.

The Irish alphabet consists of vowels and consonants. The vowels are five in number, viz., a, o, u, e, i. The consonants are, b, c, d, f, g, l, m, n, p, r, s, t.

### CLASSIFICATION OF THE VOWELS.*

The vowels are divided into two classes, viz., *broad* and *slender;* the *broad* vowels are, a, o, u; the *slender* vowels, e, i.

The vowels have two sounds, viz., *long* and *short*. The long sound of the vowel is known by the accent; the absence of the accent shows the short sound, thus: *Long* vowels, á, ó, ú, é, í; *short* vowels, a, o, u, e, i. In learning the alphabet the vowels get their long sounds.

### CLASSIFICATION OF THE CONSONANTS.

The consonants are also divided into two classes, viz., *aspirated* and *unaspirated*. The *aspirated* consonants are, ḃ, ċ, ḋ, ḟ, ġ, ṁ, ṗ, ṙ, ṫ, and are known by the dot over each letter; the *unaspirated* consonants are, l, n, r, and one peculiarity regarding them is, that they are the only consonants in the language which are doubled.

NOTE.—The meaning of *aspiration* is, that the letters which undergo such a change have a different sound (and some two sounds) from the radical or first sound, and until the student of the language becomes fairly acquainted with the radical sounds of the letters, the aspirated ones will not be introduced into the elementary exercises.

### SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| á long, | sounds like | *a* | in wa*r*; | example, | bárr, the top. |
| a short, | " | *a* | wa*n*; | " | gan, without. |
| é long, | " | *e* | the*re*; | " | béd, a deed. |
| e short, | " | *e* | be*t*; | " | del, a nipple. |
| í long, | " | *ee* | ree*l*; | " | mínn, smooth. |
| i short, | " | *i* | i*ll*; | " | minn, meal. |
| ó long, | " | *o* | fo*re*; | " | ór, gold. |
| o short, | " | *o* | *o*ther; | " | cor, a foot. |
| ú long, | " | *u* | r*u*le; | " | rún, a secret. |
| u short, | " | *u* | p*u*t; | " | bun, a lip. |

NOTE.—It is absolutely necessary for the learner to give the vowel over which the accent is placed its due sound (long); unless this is carefully adhered to, the word will be miscalled, and, by giving an improper pronunciation, it will be meaningless.

* Tyros in the language will be careful not to confound the *division* of the vowels, into *broad* and *slender*, with the *sounds* of the vowels, which are also only two, *long* and *short*.

## Rannа ó Dhollaċ Foṁur Feara Éireann, Doċtúra Ċéitiġ.

Líḋt for le líṁh a beiṫ i-a ṫaġart da éis rin do, do ġeall ġairm tar air do ṫéanaṁ maille le rgríbhinn air ṁórán do na neiṫiḃ marluiġṫeaċa do rgríob air Éirinn, agus do ċluinnim go b-fuil ré i g-clóḋ anoir re i-a ṫairbeanaḋ i n-Éirinn.

Aᵹ deir Stanihurst an tan bíd Éirionnaiġe ag coṁrac, no ag bualaḋ a ċéile, go n-abraid mar ċoṁairc do ġuṫ árd, "Pharo! Pharo!" agus ṫaoilid reirion gur ab o'n b-focal "Pharao," b'ainm do rig i-a h-Éigipte cleaċtaḋ leo mar ċoṁairc é: gideaḋ, ni fíor do rin, oir, ioṁann é agus "Faire ó, faire ó," ag a ráḋ leir an rann eile a beiṫ air a ċoiṁeaḋ, aiṁail a deir an Fraincaċ, "Gardez! gardez!" an tan ċideas a ċoṁairc i ngiuair.

Cuireid Doċtúir Hanmer i n-a Chronic gur ab é Bairtolinus ba ṫaoiseaċ air Gaoḋlaiḃ ag teaċt i n-Éirinn ḋóiḃ, agus ir do Pairtolán Gairmior Bairtolinus ann ro; gideaḋ, do réir seanċara na h-Éirionn do bâḋar tuille agus seaċt g-céaḋ bliaġain idir seaċt Pairtolán, agus teaċt Clainne Milead i n-Éirinn. Oir, i g-cionn trí ċéaḋ bliaġain i n-diaiġ na diluinne, ṫáinic Pairtolán i n-Éirinn, agus i g-cionn naile air oċt g-céaḋ bliaġain iar n-dílinn, táinġadar mic Milead innte; agus ir do breaṫnúġaḋ Canteir, ir córa creideaṁain do ṫeanċar Éirionn 'r an nío rin,

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR. KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

But when he (Stanihurst) afterwards entered into holy orders, he promised a recantation* of all the malicious falsehoods he had related concerning this country (Ireland); and I am informed that it is now printed and published in Ireland.

Stanihurst says that the Irish in battle, or when fighting amongst themselves, cry out with a loud voice: "Pharo! Pharo!" and he imagines that it is from the word Pharao, the name of a king of Egypt, that it was used as a war-cry; but the fact is otherwise, for it means, "Take care! take care!" desiring the other party to be on their guard, just as a Frenchman says "Gardez! gardez!" when he perceives his neighbor in danger.

It is asserted by Doctor Hanmer in his chronicle, that Bartholinus was the commander of the Gaels on their arrival in Ireland, and it is Paralon, or Partholan, he here means by Bartholinus; but, according to Irish history, there was a distance of more than seven hundred years between the coming of Partholan and the arrival of the Milesians in Ireland. For, Partholan landed in Ireland about three hundred years after Noah's flood, and it was one thousand

* We would like to know if any of our readers ever saw a copy of this work by Stanihurst, retracting his foul calumny on the Irish race, after becoming a minister of the Roman Catholic Church.

ionnsa do bhiadhnaibh hainmeir. Ag ro mar a deir, "Tugtar a airnaim fein do'n t-seanchas ir na heitib-ri," air se; agus ma 'r inntusta do seanchas air bith, air son é a beit airaidh, ir dual uirruma seanchas Éirionn, do réir Camdein, mar a n-deir, ag labairt air Éirinn, "Ni h-éigcneartha a dúbhadh le Plutarcus 'Ogigia,' i. no airaidh, leis an oileán so." Cuirid Camden féarúin leis so, ag so mar a deir: "A cuinne dó dubheagantha, ionnosna, seanchasa tairngid a staire fein (ag labairt air Éirionchaibh), ionnus nach b-fuil 'r an uile seanchas an uile cineadh eile, act nuaidheacht no beagnach naoidheantacht, lair re seanchas na h-Éirionn;" agus ir uime sin, ir córa cneidheamh do, ionnsa do Doctúir Hanmer, nach b-feacaid seanchas Éirionn riamh.

A deir an t-úghdar céadna, gur ab é risi Locklann, d'ar b'ainm Froto, ba risi Éireann an tan do rughadh Criost; gid, nir fior do sin, oir, do réir an t-seanchuis, ir re linn Criomhthain Nianhnáir do beit i b-flaitheas Éireann, do rughadh Criost. Agus ir iongnadh liom hainmeir, do bi n-a Sacsonach, agus nach b-facaid, agus nár chuir seanchus Éireann riamh, ciannor do bhadh a fior aige go cinnte cia an risi do bi air an n-bneatain mór réir.

Florence O'Halloran, of Mossgrove, in the County of Cork, who flourished in the first half of the present century, was the author of the Irish national song on the following page. The poet, in the language of allegory, personifies Ireland under the title of *Meivin Ni Suilliobhain* (Meav O'Sullivan), whom he is anxious to see united in marriage with a personage whom he calls Roger, who would expel the Saxon.

eight hundred years after the flood when the sons of Milesius arrived here; and, in the opinion of Camden, more regard is to be paid to the old records of Ireland on this point than to the assertion of Hanmer. He says: "Antiquity is to be respected in these things;" and if we are to respect any history on account of its antiquity, then is the history of Ireland more particularly worthy of being respected, according to Camden, in his book entitled "*Britannia Camdeni*," in which he says, speaking of Ireland: "This island was not undeservedly called by Plutarch, 'Ogygia,' or the most ancient." The reason he gives is, that "they," speaking of the Irish, "deduce their history from the most profound memory of antiquity; so that in respect of Ireland, the antiquity of every other nation is but novelty, or in some measure a kind of infancy;" therefore, the chronicles of Ireland are more to be relied upon than Doctor Hanmer, who never saw them.

The same author expressly asserts that a king of Denmark, whose name was Froto, was king of Ireland at the time Christ was born; but this is without foundation, for, according to our ancient records, Criffthan Nianair was monarch of Ireland at the birth of Christ. I am much surprised how Hanmer, who was an Englishman, and who never saw or could understand the ancient annals of Ireland, could pretend to know what king held the sovereignty of the island at the birth of Christ, when it was out of his power to know what king reigned in Britain at that time.

## MEIDHIN NÍ SHUILLEABHAIN.

FRAOCH Ua h-Ailleáin, do chan.

Tá tú slóighte ag teacht tar toinn toinn,
Is tá tú dearbhtha 'sin truaghán tá sin,
Treoin nach meata a bheidhim cláidhe,
Cum cladhaighthe agus búin do chéadh,
Is ceolmhar glan do seinnfheas
Ag adhaint linn ain chúmhais gach tráth,
Jan seola arteach do Roighthe
Cum Meidhbh Ní Shúilleabháin.

Is óig-bean chearta dheagh chosdeach
I, Meidhbh Ní Shúilleabháin,
'Sa bhfuil a h-ón-folt car 'nna thighthibh
Ag tigheacht sios go com 'nna theághaidh;
Mbeol tais blatha is binn fuigeadh,
'S a caol bhaoi ain a h-úr dhearc fáinn,
Is nór le sheachta ais eirghthe
'Nna gheadhan ghaoi go loinnigh láin.

Fón na bh-fear le deagh-ghnoinn,
Da dheigh-nighthe ain úr-mháigh Fáil
D'fhuil Eógain, is Ainis, mac deagh-Choinn
'S gach feadhan dhob do fhúdal ó'n Spáinn;
Ní fóraidh fear acht Roighthe,
Ai ghnáidhthe choithe, 'r a núin tar cáich,
'S ní dóigh go nglacfaigh Roighthe,
Acht Meidhbh Ní Shúilleabháin.

Da fhóntinan seargain raidhbh sinn,
'S nsion chinn linn na búin ain láin,
Le gleo 'gur cairmeant fadhainn cláidheamh
D'a n-deimhin dibhirt fúd tar fáil,
Beidheadh ceol da fheagadh ain beidhlin,
'S deigh-fhion dá dhúgadh ain clár,
'S go deo fad mainfeadh Roighthe,
Beidheadh Meidhbh go fúgach fann.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY 1. 1880.


## A Talk with our Readers.

It did n't seem much like the 17th of March.

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Only sixty-six on St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

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The sum of £25,000 was voted by the Austrian Diet to meet the current expenses incurred by the Empress during her visit to Ireland.

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Monumental Work.—We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. Horgan. Mr. Horgan is among the very best of our artists, and produces work inferior to none; besides, his terms are very moderate.

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"Celtic Mirror." — Mr. Thomas F. Murphy, of Augusta, Me., has commenced the publication of a monthly paper, at the low price of $1 a year. It is well filled with matter interesting to the Irish people.

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The Very Rev. Mgr. Russell, the eminent president of Maynooth, late deceased, stood very high in the estimation of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and we believe that there is no doubt it was the Pope's intention to have raised him to the dignity of Cardinal.

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The Empress of Austria has made a present of a handsome statue of St. George, in silver, to the seminary of Maynooth, where, since her stay in Ireland, she was wont to attend mass every Sunday. Her Majesty has likewise made a handsome donation towards the distress in Ireland. Her Imperial Highness left Ireland on the 21st of March for Vienna.

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"New England Catholic Herald" is the name of a new paper just started in the flourishing city of Lawrence, Mass. It is edited by our young friend, Henry O'Meara, Esq., formerly of "The Pilot" and other Boston papers. The make-up is admirable, the matter good, and everything bodes success, which we heartily wish the new hebdomadal. Price, $2 a year. Address the Herald Publishing Co., Lawrence, Mass.

"Some Forgotten Aspects of the Irish Question," contributed to the "Contemporary Review" by a Presbyterian clergyman, will be found in our present issue. Coming from the source it does, it is of great interest at the present time, and deserves attentive perusal.

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A cable despatch from Rome, special to the New York "Freeman's Journal," announces that on Sunday, March 14, the Pope approved and named Rt. Rev. Michael Heiss, now Bishop of La Crosse, Wis., as coadjutor, with right of succeeding to the Archbishop of Milwaukee; and approved and named Rev. John A. Watterson, president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., to be Bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

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### ERIN'S HOME TREASURES.

A HANDSOME GIFT TO THE IRISH PEOPLE, FOR IRISH HOMES AND THEIR ADORNMENT.

The most beautiful and appropriate ornament for an Irish household is a superb picture, lately issued and specially dedicated to the Irish people, which will be supplied to all subscribers to "Donahoe's Magazine." The picture is called "Erin's Home Treasures," and represents the pleasant interior of an Irish cottage, where a comely young Irishwoman is nursing her first child, whilst the husband and father sits by their side, and the proud and happy expression upon his manly face plainly proves the appropriate character of the title, — "Erin's Home Treasures."

Terms. — Subscribers who pay one year in advance shall receive a copy of this beautiful picture.

Ten Cents in postage stamps must be sent to pay expense of mailing.

Those who call at our office can have the picture without expense.

Remember that every subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance will receive Erin's Home Treasures. It is worth one dollar.

To those who do not subscribe for the Magazine, the picture will be sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps.

Canvassers wanted in every town and city in the United States, New Dominion, etc. With this beautiful picture, no one will refuse to subscribe for "Donahoe's Magazine."

The size of the engraving is 19 x 24.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for April is the best number that we have seen. Among its many interesting topics are "Cardinal Manning and the Workingmen," "The Apparition at Knock," "Irish Language," etc., etc. — *The Times, Salem, Mass.*

MR. AND MRS. H. L. DEVEREUX passed the seventy-second year of their age on Friday, the 13th of February, 1880. Mr. Devereux is the proprietor of the Burlington (Wis.) "Standard," and we congratulate him and his spouse upon their length of years and happiness.

We join with Brother O'Donnell of the "Roxbury Gazette" in his congratulations.

IT is stated that the French Jesuits will go to Spain if expelled from France. — *Ex.*

It is well for the Jesuits that they feel assured, even though the world should cast them out or kill them, of a final home and refuge with their Master, whom the world also cast out and killed, where no minister of the world or of the devil can come to molest them, or to make them afraid. — *The Catholic Times.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — This excellent monthly professes to be "a journal devoted to the interests of the Irish race at home and abroad," and its contents are as creditable as its mission is noble. It would take more space than is at our disposal to enumerate the different subjects treated in the March number, but we may unhesitatingly say that its collection of papers is highly interesting, and in the fullest degree instructive. — *Liverpool (England) Catholic Times.*

J. E. DUNN, editor and proprietor of the "A. O. H. Emerald," formerly of Springfield, Ill., has removed his principal office to Chicago. He has enlarged his paper from a four to an eight page sheet. Although the "Emerald" has had an existence of only some ten months, it has already a circulation from Maine to California It is the only weekly organ of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, numbering some 400,000 in the United States.

THE assertion that Blaine was ever a Catholic, or that either of his parents was a Catholic, it is interesting to read the following paragraph, which we clip from an exchange: "Senator Blaine is about to have a new monument in the Catholic cemetery at Brownsville, Pa., to the memory of his father and mother. The inscription will be as follows: 'Ephraim L. Blaine, born Feb. 28, 1786; died June 28, 1850. Mary Gillespie Blaine, born May 22, 1801; died May 5, 1871. Requiescant in pace.'" According to the rules of the "American Alliance," then, Blaine ought to be excluded from office.

THE Little Sisters of the Poor, of Philadelphia, have received from the estate of the late Michael Cody a bequest of $40,000, for the benefit of the aged and infirm persons under their charge.

ROSEMOUNT, DAKOTA CO., MINN.

*Dear Sir*, — While I enclose herein a check on the bank for $9.00, the yearly subscription for six copies of your much-esteemed magazine, allow me to inform you that it affords me both a pleasure and a delight unspeakable to know that your magazine, owing to its judiciously chosen subjects, has during the past year succeeded in gaining not only the patronage and esteem of men of moderate literary taste, but also the patronage and esteem of men marked for their keen appreciation of the beauties of literature. And since it has thus, in its infancy, gained a vast number both of patrons and enthusiastic admirers, it is to be hoped that before the expiration of the present year its fame as a first-class literary work, as an interesting and instructive work will be wide-spread, and its value more fully realized by the Catholics of America.

Yours truly, MICHAEL QUINN.

LOWELL, MASS., Feb. 18, 1880.

DEAR DONAHOE, — My heart feels somewhat elated, when I look on daily with pride at the many contributions given by individuals, societies, etc , irrespective of creed or religious denominations, to poor, starving Ireland. There is no Irishman but should feel proud at the timely outpourings of all nations to their own countrymen now in need. Human nature may have its weakness; but the grand, noble, sublime, charitable, and spontaneous offering of its millions, in answer to the wail of starving Ireland, is a magnificent trait that will go far to redeem its faults. Look, for instance, at the response of the people of America, mixed up with all races and colors, from the poor, down-trodden negro, lately unchained from his captivity, from the distasteful Chinaman of the Mongolian race, from the poor, ragged bootblack to the rich millionnaire, — all contributing with a will their mite and their thousands to the poor, starving people of Ireland. From all parts of this continent, we hear of the noble traits of the American character, putting up their thousands and tens of thousands, contributing to that noble object and riveting closer the bonds that bind Irishmen to the country of their adoption. The princely gift of the editor of the New York "Herald," $100,000; the noble response of Mackey from the golden hills of California, with his $10,000; the magnanimous offerings of the Nevada Bank, with its $25,000; the many generous gifts of merchants and traders, with the kind reception here in this country of Ireland's second emancipator, Parnell, — all should endear the Irish heart, at home and abroad, to Americans as their truly real friends in this world.

Let Irishmen, therefore, at home or abroad, particularly in this country, never forget the good and charitable deeds of Americans at this time; let them here, at this time, swear and renew their allegiance and fidelity to the stars and stripes, the emblem of their redemption, and make oath firmly, looking up to their Maker to bear witness of their loyalty, that they will never swerve from that sacred oath they took when becoming *bona fide* citzens of America, in spite of all political influence brought to bear on them to the contrary. O. MCNAMARA.

THE Catholic clergy in France numbered, in 1851, 52,885; in 1861, 58,321; in 1876, 55,269. The Protestant ministers and the Jewish rabbis number about 6,000.

THE San Francisco "Post" says American capital and labor are alike menaced by the Chinese, and unless our fellow-citizens take effective measures this coast may as well be abandoned to a race which have constituted themselves the industrial and commercial scavengers of the world. The remedy is, "Non-intercourse with, and non-employment of, the Chinese." This, and this alone, will do the work.

WE wish our young friend of Lawrence, Mass., lately of Boston, had chosen some other name for his paper. We have a very good "Catholic Herald" published in New York. It is not too late to alter it. Call the new paper "Catholic Progress" or "New England Catholic." There is room enough for all, without infringing on the rights of others.

AN EXPLANATION. — In the February number we published an extract from a letter of Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, stating that he would act on the "Irish Relief Committe" of that city, on condition that all the collected moneys should be used only for the relief of the poor, and not diverted into political channels. The second portion of his letter (which we did not publish) explained his reason for taking this position, which was that the suffering poor of Ireland needed or would need all that could be collected in St. Louis for them, and it was only fair to send the amount collected for this object alone. His action had nothing whatever to do with the political aspect of the Irish question. As there has been some misunderstanding about the matter, we make this explanation.

THE "Boston Herald" must be sorely at a loss for arguments to sustain its position on the Chinese question, when it is forced to abuse the Germans and Irish by comparison. Speaking of the emigrants of twenty-five years ago, it says, "They were probably as corrupting to the national morals as the Chinese have been." Whoever writes such twaddle is either too ignorant or malicious to discuss any social question. It is not denied that the Chinese are grossly immoral, and their habits and example pernicious. As for the Germans and Irish, they come with their wives and children and have home influences. It is rather the *native* morals that have corrupted them in so far as they have been corrupted. Let the "Herald" avoid such comparisons, for in these cases they are "odious" as well as insulting.

## PERSONAL.

RT. REV. BISHOP HEALY, Bishop of Portland, Me., has returned from California much improved in health.

RIGHT REV. L. DE GOESBRIAND, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt., arrived on the 7th of March, in the steamer "Amerique," from Havre. He is in excellent health.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of his consecration on St. Patrick's Day. He was seventy years old on the 20th of March, but his appearance would not indicate such a ripe old age.

PARNELL. — Mr. Parnell arrived at Queenstown, on Sunday, March 21, on the steamer "Baltic." He was enthusiastically received on landing, and was in the evening entertained at a dinner given in his honor here by the Farmers' Club.

NEWMAN. — Cardinal Newman has just entered his eightieth year, having been born at his father's banking-house in Old or New Broad Street on the 21st of February, 1801. He is suffering from a fall, by which one of his ribs were broken.

MURRAY. — John O'Kane Murray, author of "The Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," and other works, has recently received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of New York. We wish him success in his new profession, and hope that literature will not lose his services.

BENNETT. — Mr. Bennett is nothing unless he is magnificent, whether it is in the discovery of the North Pole, the search after Livingstone, or the relief of the famine in Ireland. He has been seized with the racing mania, and, according to "Bell's Life," is about to form a racing stud at Newmarket, which is to be under the management of Sir W. Call.

DILLON. — Mr. John B. Dillon, who accompanied Mr. Parnell in his visit to this country, was educated at the Catholic University of Dublin, and had the reputation among his fellow-students of being a close student and versed in science, history, languages, and literature. He is dignified and deliberate in his movements, and when talking speaks slowly, weighing well his words. As a speaker he is calm and impressive, rarely indulging flights of oratory, but describing things accurately and presenting his argument in a clear and forcible style.

O'LONGAN. — At a recent meeting of the Irish Academy, Professor Atkinson read a report with reference to the loss sustained by the Academy in the death of the great Irish scribe, Mr. Joseph O'Longan, a native of the county Cork, whose death was recently announced in the Dublin papers. The report states truly that he was among the most distinguished of the Irish copyists, and belonged to a family in which his profession was hereditary. During his engagement in the Irish Academy he completed his transcriptions of the Leabhar na h-Uidhre, the Leabhar Breac, and the Book of Leinster. He had only commenced with the Book of Ballymote when he took ill.

# Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

## CLERGYMEN.

In Philadelphia, 28th March, Rev. John B. Dougherty, Rev. James Prowd, a native of Castledermott, Ireland.

Rev. Michael Kinsella, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Burlington, Iowa (Diocese of Dubuque), died in that city on March 26. The deceased was a native of county Carlow, Ireland, and came to this country in his early youth.

Rev. John A. McGill, S. J., one of the priests attached to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Detroit, Mich., died in that city on March 24, of pneumonia. The deceased was well known and greatly loved in Missouri, Ohio, and Kentucky, as well as in Michigan.

The Rev. James Phelan died in the parochial residence of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Astoria, N. Y., of pneumonia resulting from malaria, on March 3. Father Phelan was fifty-eight years old, and was born in the parish of Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, Ireland.

Rev. Michael Driscoll, one of the oldest Jesuits in New York, died at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, March 4, in the seventy-sixth year of his age and fifty-ninth of his religious profession. Father Driscoll was born at Drumbeagle, county Clare, Ireland, on May 7, 1805, and entered the Society of Jesus on Sept. 18, 1831.

The Rev. William P. Costigan, assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, West 42d Street, New York, died after a protracted illness, on March 2, aged thirty-four years. Father Costigan was born in Queen's County, Ireland, and received his ecclesiastical education at the College of All Hallows, and at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, Md.

On the 17th of March, news reached Nôtre Dame, Ind., that the Rev. Louis Dominic Champeau, C. S. C., so well and favorably known to most of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, had slept the sleep of death, and was buried on the 1st of March, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris. This sad intelligence was keenly felt by all, even by those who knew nothing about the good father save what they heard from others; and hence we must say that Nôtre Dame mourned for the loss of a good and holy soul, — a man who sought God in everything, making Him the beginning and end of all his actions.

## SISTERS.

The School Sisters of Nôtre Dame have suffered a severe loss by the death of Sister Patricia, Superioress of St. Mary's Institute, of Prairie du Chien, which took place on the 23d of March. She was forty-two years of age.

The "Kilkenny Journal" records the death of Mrs. Aylward (in religion Mother Mary Augustine), of the Presentation Convent, Castlecomer, in the sixty-second year of her age and fortieth of her religious profession, sister to the late Very Rev. Dr. Aylward, p. p., Castlecomer.

Madame Joanna Brennan died at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Mich., on the 17th of February, at the age of sixty-seven years. This estimable lady and exemplary religious had for many years faithfully and zealously served the Order in which she died. Of an old and highly esteemed Catholic family of the city of New York, she had been trained from childhood in the practices of solid piety by an excellent mother, who was the intimate friend of Mother Seton, founder of the American Sisters of Charity. Madame Brennan entered the Order of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, where her elder sister had already embraced the religious life. The deceased lady, after having edified many convents of the Order by her humility, charity, self-sacrifice, and simplicity of character, came to that city about ten years since, and endeared herself to her sisters by her amiable and engaging manners, her strict observance of rule, and her fervent piety; while all outsiders who have held any intercourse with the convent gratefully remember her unvarying sweetness, cheerfulness, and readiness to render a service to all, rich or poor, with whom her employments brought her in contact.

Madame Susanna Boudreaux, the Mother Provincial of the Sacred Heart Order of Religious Women in the Western States, died in New Zealand about the middle of February. She had conducted a colony of her community to New Zealand to found a school at Timaru, reaching that place about the middle of January. A letter was received from her, says the "Western Watchman," on Tuesday, March 2, written on Feb. 2, in which she gave an account of her arrival at Timaru, the kind reception of herself and companions by Bishop Redwood, and the very successful beginning of a school, and at the same time expressing a desire for two additional members to be sent to the new foundation from St. Louis. But in the afternoon of the same day, a telegram was forwarded from Paris, signed by Bishop Redwood and Madame Sharman, superior of the House in New Zealand, announcing the death of Madame Boudreaux, on Feb. 13. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Rev. Mother Amelia Jouve. — The Order of the Sacred Heart has recently lost a great and good religious. Reverend Mother Jouve, local superior of the convent in Orleans, and superior vicar of the Central Province, belonged to that first spiritual generation which formed, at the close of the French Revolution of 1793, the profound sanctity of Madame Barat and the heroic energy of Madame Duchesne. She possessed a magnanimous soul, rare intelligence, firmness of character, and a tender

love for God and her neighbor. She was a religious of consummate virtue, of entire abnegation, and of unalterable kindness, who knew so well how to conceal, beneath the veil of a cherished modesty, natural and supernatural gifts, whence her spiritual daughters learned practical lessons for their religious life, that a favored few penetrated, that her beautiful death revealed, and which is now recompensed by God. At the age of five years, Amelia entered into the monastery of the Visitation Nuns, at Saint Marie, of Grenoble, whither her aunt had invited Madame Barat and the Sacred Heart. The saintly foundress, whose centenary has been recently commemorated by her devoted religious of the Old and the New World, had just reached her twenty fifth year.

The vocation of Amelia matured at the bedside of her invalid Sister Euphrosyne. The latter held the office of assistant in the convent at Saint Marie, of Grenoble, and was considered as a terrestrial angel. She bequeathed to Amelia, when dying, her apostolic zeal, her ardent love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, her name of Aloysia, and her cross of profession, the same silver cross that rested the other day on the breast of our venerable octogenarian, and the same that was seen at Saint Marie, of Grenoble, on the 21st of January, 1821, firmly clasped by the young religious whose tomb has been illustrated by miracles.

Her mission embraced the Sacred Heart convents situated in the northeastern part of the United States, including those of Louisiana and Canada. The Order of the Sacred Heart in the New World had then reached the apogee of its triumphant career, which it has since so successfully sustained. How extensive were the labors therein accomplished for the love of God, during twenty years, by Madame Jouve! Few names linger more lovingly amongst her mothers and sisters of America, than that of the venerated deceased; and grateful mothers have never ceased to confide their daughters to her special guidance while receiving their education at Orleans. They could not have been intrusted to a more efficient person.

Madame Jouve had but two desires during the latter period of her life: the first was to be discharged from her office as superior vicar, the better to meditate on the eternal years; the second, to be called to her everlasting reward before witnessing the great calamities she apprehended. The following is an extract of a letter received from her. It is dated Dec. 13, 1879: "The good American religious who leaves St. Louis, Mo., on the 12th of December, to make a foundation of the Sacred Heart in New Zealand, is an old friend of mine. I shall ask Madame Duchesne to give her a share of her physical and moral strength to conduct her safely into port. As to me, I am thinking of another voyage which will be undertaken much sooner than your amiable wish anticipated, when you kindly expressed the hope that I should once more see the dear old convent of *Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut*. Alas! do we not amass demerits by living a long life, and is it not wiser to fold up one's tent and resign the field to young and ardent souls? My lamp is nearly consumed, and emits a perfume which is far from that of sanctity."

During the last moments of Mme. Jouve, one of the pupils fell dangerously ill at Orleans. She was one of those American young ladies whom the mother superior so affectionately welcomed in remembrance of Madame Duchesne. The young invalid had never expressed a desire for baptism, when, to the astonishment of all, she earnestly begged to be baptized without delay. The holy sacrament was immediately administered, and ere the dawn of another day her pure soul had winged its flight to her true home, clad in her robe of spotless purity.

Three hours previous to this event Madam Jouve sweetly passed from time to eternity, after assuring those who gathered around her that her first request on entering Heaven would be the salvation of that child. Ignoring the death of Madame Jouve, she joyfully exclaimed one hour before expiring, "Oh! here is Mother Jouve coming for me; see, she is near my bed, I am going." These were the last words she uttered. An hour later, and sorrowing, earthly mourners wept over two fresh graves; and may we not add that rejoicing angels celebrated a double triumph in the heavenly Jerusalem?

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## LAYMAN.

DEATH OF DR. DONOVAN. — A telegram announces the death on Sunday, Feb. 29, at an early age, of one of the most distinguished physicians of the South, — Dr. Daniel Donovan, of Skibbereen, Ireland. Dr. Donovan was the son of the eminent physician of that name who rendered such signal service to the people during the great famine. He himself was a devoted friend of the poor, and his brilliant services during the recent outbreak of German measles at Cape Clear came prominently before the public. Estimable and beloved in all the relations of life, Dr. Donovan's death has been heard of with intense sorrow throughout all the west of the county of Cork.

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# Events of the Month.

THE United States ship "Constellation," with a full cargo of flour, meal, etc., has sailed for Ireland. The use of the vessel was allowed by Congress, and the provisions are free gifts from those in sympathy with the Irish distress.

ONE who should be a Catholic wants to know why it is that Catholics give evidence of greater devotion at church than in all other places. The youngest child of our Catholic school has answered this by saying, Because God is there. — *Catholic Columbian.*

ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH, hereditary Crown Prince of Austria, has been affianced to the Princess Stephanie Clothilde, of Belgium.

THE Bishop of Puy, France, has addressed a letter to the faithful of his diocese, in which he asks doctors to advise their patients to look to the state of their souls.

CARDINAL MANNING thus succinctly states the sources of Europe's unrest: "Politics without religion, science without faith, education without Christianity, and faith without God."

AN Englishman writes to the London "Times" that there was not one total abstainer from strong drink among the American Episcopal bishops who attended the Pan-Anglican Congress.

MR. P. A. KEELY, the well-known architect, of Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I., has during the past thirty years drawn plans for and superintended the erection of more than 3,000 churches in the United States and Canada.

DURING the discussion in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives upon the estimates of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, it was determined by ninety-seven votes against *eight* to maintain the Belgian legation at the Vatican. Belgium is true to her religion.

WE may expect a great flood of immigration within the next two years. The famine in Ireland, like the famine of 1847, will give a mighty impulse to emigration, and the war clouds which loom over Continental Europe will swell the tide. In countries where all the young men are liable to be conscripted into military service, the vast preparations for war will create a strong disposition to emigrate to a peaceful and prosperous country like America. We are on the eve of a stupendous inundation of people from foreign countries, and it is the duty and interest of this republic to see that the mighty influx of new citizens have honest treatment and fair play.

AN Irish lady — Madame Mahon — residing in Tours has not forgotten in her French home the old land of her birth and of her love. The tidings of the sorrow which has once again come upon Ireland have deeply touched the heart of Madame Mahon, and stirred her to more than ordinary earnestness in the cause of charity. She has set on foot a great bazaar, whose proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of Irish distress, and for which she has already secured the most distinguished patronage. The Cardinal Archbishop of Tours has given it the heartiest encouragement, and has promised it his practical support. She hopes to interest in her charitable undertaking the sympathy of his Holiness Leo XIII., and her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Austria. With such zeal and energy as Madame Mahon is displaying, her bazaar is sure to be a gratifying success, and to result in a welcome succor to the relief of her suffering country. Ireland will not be forgetful of Madame Mahon's holy work, nor of France's share in its satisfactory outcome. Her house — St. Woolstairs, S. Symphorim, Tours — is given up by her to be the office for carrying out the details and preparations for the bazaar.

THE Catholic cause in Germany is certainly on the road to triumph, when the Vatican has succeeded in bringing about this result, namely, that the persecuting laws are to become a mere dead letter. Nothing will remain to Dr. Falk but a dark name in history.

IT is proposed that the anniversary of St. Lawrence O'Toole, who ended his life an exile on the 14th of November, 1180, be fittingly observed. Although the event occurred seven hundred years ago, his memory is still green in the hearts of the Irish people to-day.

OF "Tara's halls," of which Moore sang, nothing but the outline of the walls remains. Tara, the traditional palace of Irish kings, is in Meath, eighteen miles from Dublin, and belongs now to Mr. Preston, whose uncle, a Union peer, was created Lord Tara. Tara is on very high ground, two miles from Belinter, the splendid seat of the Prestons.

No Catholic can hear the Holy Name vainly invoked without a shudder. That name, at the mention of which the very devils in hell bend the knee, is used carelessly and blasphemously everywhere; and Catholics, who are taught to especially venerate it, should make amends for this abuse by rehearsing frequently its praises. — *Catholic Columbian.*

A NUMBER of Irishmen hold commands in the armies both of Chili and Peru. The chief officer of the Peruvian artillery is a Col. O'Horgan; and according to the "Gazette," of Lima, there are five majors, thirteen captains, and over twoscore of officers of inferior grade, either Irish by birth or descent, fighting in the army of Peru, while the Irish element in the victorious forces of the hostile republic is even greater.

GOLD. — A cubic inch of gold is worth $210; a cubic foot, $362,880; a cubic yard, $9,797,762. This is valuing it at $18.69 an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was then in the world $427,000,000 in gold. This had diminished to $57,000,000 at the time America was discovered. Then it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated to be $6,000,000,000. Yet all this welded into one mass would be contained in a cube of twenty-six feet.

THE EFFECT OF PIANOS AND GLOVES. — The very intelligent priest presiding over one of the largest Roman Catholic parishes in Boston assured a friend of ours, in a familiar conversation, that on the Sabbath there were six regular congregations in attendance, in succession, at his church. The services are each an hour, and the pews are hired for the use of individuals and families for this period each Sabbath; each pew, therefore, having six tenants. To an intimation in reference to the wonderful and praiseworthy liberality of Catholics in the support of their religious institutions, the priest gave an ample expression of his appreciation of what the church owed to the hard-working servant girls. Here was to be found its great dependence. "When they get a piano and wear gloves," he remarked, "they are of little further use to the church"; which is certainly a very significant fact, and will bear pondering by Protestants. — *Zion's Herald, Boston Methodist Organ.*

FOUR sisters of the Presentation Order have left Killarney, Ireland, to join the Rev. Father Malo in Christianizing and civilizing the Sioux Indians, of Dakota.

WE learn from "McGee's Illustrated Weekly" that Mr. John White, the brilliant young organist of Dr. Hall's Presbyterian Church, in New York, has taken holy orders and joined the Paulist Fathers.

THE number of animals exported from Ireland to Great Britain during the week ending the 6th of March included thirteen goats and eight asses. The total animals sent out of the country in the one week was no less than 21,738. And the people are starving!

IT appears, from the official returns of emigration from Liverpool during February, that the Irish emigration is increasing enormously. Last month nine hundred and sixty-six emigrants belonging to Ireland left the Mersey, of which number nine hundred and forty-eight went to the United States. When compared with the corresponding month last year, the above figures are largely in excess, being over three times as many.

THE bulls for the consecration of the Right Rev. Abbot Martin Masty, O. S. B., as Bishop of Tiberias *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of Dakota, having been received, the ceremony took place on Sunday, Feb. 15, at St. Meinrad's Benedictine Abbey, Spencer County, Ind., of which the bishop-elect has been abbot for some years past.. The new vicariate comprises the Territory of Dakota, and has within its limits twenty churches and chapels, attended by twelve priests, most of whom belong to the Order of St. Benedict.

AT Trafalgar, when the English fleet was going into action, two Catholic blue-jackets, whilst waiting orders to open fire, one of them sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary'; we shall do our duty none the worse for it." And forthwith, amidst the scoffs of their messmates, these two gallant tars knelt down, and greeted our Lady with the Angelic Salutation. Twice during the action was the gun manned, and each time every soul was sent into eternity with the exception of our Lady's clients, who came out unscathed.

FATHER MARTIN MASTY, at the early age of forty-two, has been consecrated Bishop of Dakota. For several years he has been bravely working among the Indians, all of whom regarded him with reverence. Alone and unprotected, with his missal and his cross, he wandered at will into the most inaccessible fastnesses and among the most hostile groups. Everywhere he was received as a friend, and was protected from all exterior dangers. So well known was he among them, and so well trusted, that twice he went into the hostile camp of Sitting Bull, even when that warrior had sworn death to every white man, and ultimately did all that was done toward protecting the lives of the white settlers and taking the edge off Sitting Bull's anger. He has studied the Indian languages, and so thoroughly acquired that of the Sioux that he has written a grammar and dictionary which have been of great use in instructing the teachers sent to the Indians.

IT is in Lent the Irish drama generally appears on the boards, and Catholics are all the more culpable who, during that holy season, assist at performances in which their race and indirectly their religion are caricatured.

MR. T. J. BELLINGHAM BRADY, Professor of Classical Literature in the University of Dublin, has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant to the office of Assistant Commissioner of Intermediate Education, vacant by the death of Mr. Miles O'Reilly. Mr. Brady is a distinguished scholar, and has great practical experience in education.

THE Ursuline Monastery, of Quebec, has recently lost by death three valued members of its community: on Friday, 27th ult., Rev. Mother Celina Dare; on the 2d inst., Mother St. Francis Xavier (Miss Anne Abigail Barber), in the fifty-second year of her profession; and on the 3d inst., Mother St. Agnes (Miss Catharine Cote), in the sixty-second year of her religious life.

IN the ages of faith, when to be called a Christian meant to be a Christian, Catholics were accustomed to have the priest offer up the mass for all their undertakings, that the blessing of God might rest upon them; but now, few even have the mass said for their relatives suffering in Purgatory. What account is mere earthly love?

PARNELL arrived at Queenstown on Sunday, 21st of March. Cable advices report that he was enthusiastically received on landing, and in the evening was entertained at a dinner given in his honor by the Farmers' Club. Among those present at the banquet were Messrs. Biggar and Finigan, members of Parliament, and Davitt and Daly. A large crowd, with bands of music and torches, accompanied Parnell to the station on his departure for Dublin.

THE "Germania" says it learns that the Pope has expressed to the Archbishop of Cologne his approval of the declaration relative to Socialism with which the latter accompanied the promulgation of the recent papal encyclical. The Pope, in conclusion, expressed his fervent hope that he would soon see peace restored in ecclesiastical affairs in the German fatherland, and declared that on the part of the Holy See nothing was being left undone to restore the concord between church and state in Germany.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. — On Saturday, the 6th of March, the Archbishop of Tuam entered on the ninetieth year of his age, in the enjoyment of wonderful vigor of mind and body. As evidence of his energy we need only mention the fact that on last Christmas morning his Grace as usual celebrated his three masses without leaving the altar. Fervent prayers, we have no doubt, will be universally offered up on Saturday morning for the prolongation of a life devoted, from the day on which the first letter of "Hierophilos" was written, — viz., the 29th of January, 1820, — in good report and evil report, without turning to the left or to the right, to the vindication of the liberties of the Church, of the necessity of an education entirely free and Catholic for the Catholic people, and of the independence of his down-trodden country.

O'CONNELL died in Genoa, Italy, May 15, 1847. He bequeathed his body to Ireland, and his heart to the Eternal City. The former rests in the cemetery of Glasnevin, in the vicinity of Dublin; the latter near the tomb of Lascaris, in the church of St. Agatha at Rome.

THE Know-Nothings smashed the large marble stone sent over by Pope Pius IX. for the Washington Monument, and to this day nothing has been done towards completing this tribute to the "father of his country." It may be a simple coincidence, but it may also be a just retribution from Him whose vicar was thus so grossly insulted.

"POPE" MCNAMARA THE FIRST said, at Lowell, Wednesday night, that, "with the success of the Irish Catholic Church, it would n't take long to bring Americans up to the real Irish standard. Irishmen were willing that Americans should be their equals in every respect." Funny fellow is McNamara. — *Boston Herald.*

REV. FATHER PAUL GILLEN was a volunteer chaplain in the Army of the Potomac, and served as such from July, 1861, to December, 1862, when he was mustered as a regular chaplain, and served in that capacity until the end of the war. A bill was offered in Congress this session to pay Father Gillen the usual salary while serving as volunteer, and lately passed the lower House unanimously, having undergone the formality of reference to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is chairman, and by it to a special committee of one, Hon. Ben LeFevre. Hon. Frank H. Hurd introduced the bill originally. It awaits action in the Senate.

THE LATE BISHOP DUPANLOUP. — During the good bishop's last holiday, when his health was rapidly failing, he went on a donkey, led by a little boy, to call on a parish priest, who proved to be absent from home. At the presbytery, however, he found a messenger with a "sick call" from a dying woman. "I also am a priest," said the bishop; and he set off up the mountains on a two-hours' expedition, returning to his quarters in the pitch darkness of sweet evening. His hosts and some of the clergy came out to greet him with reproaches. "Do not scold me," he meekly pleaded, "for I am very wet," and slipped off quietly to bed.

AN IMMENSE WHEAT CROP. — According to the Western newspapers, the prospects of the winter wheat crop in that section are excellent. In eleven States the yield, it is estimated, will be about sixty per cent larger than last season. In Illinois, for instance, an immense yield is promised; Michigan reports an increase of seventy per cent; Indiana shows a marked average increase; Missouri, which had an unprecedently large crop last season, will, it is expected, do fully as well this year. Equally favorable reports come from Ohio, Kentucky, Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin. The prosperity of the farmers means the prosperity of nearly every other class in the community, so that the outlook all around is all that could be reasonably desired.

THE elections in England, Ireland and Scotland have resulted in the defeat of the Tories.

SAYING MASS SEATED. — Two singular instances of saying holy mass in a sitting posture are upon record. Pope Benedict XIV. did so in his declining years, when, through great feebleness of health, he could neither stand nor kneel, and the same is recorded of the saintly and ever-memorable pontiff, Pope Pius VII. — *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

MR. GILBERT SCOTT, son of the late Sir G. Scott, the well-known architect, was lately received into communion with the Catholic Church by one of the fathers at the Oratory, Brompton, Eng. At the same time a large number of persons, lately members of the congregations worshipping at St. Alban's, Holborn, and other Ritualistic churches, made their profession of faith.

WE have received the report of the Dublin Savings Bank for the year ending 20th of November, 1879. The financial statement shows that £71,112 was received from depositors during the year, while £104,114 was paid out. The bank had on the 20th of November, 1878, a total sum deposited in it of £286,061, while the balance in the hands of the bank on the 20th of November, 1879, was over £26,000 less than the first-mentioned sum. These figures show in a very striking way to what an extent the general depression of the country prevailed in Dublin. Further evidence on this subject is given by the fact that half the depositors at the close of the year had less than £10 standing to the credit of their account.

SCALDING A PROCESS-SERVER. — An extraordinary scene occurred recently within a few miles of Westport, county Mayo. A process-server named Madden, accompanied by a party of police, proceeded to a place called Kilmaclasser for the purpose of serving ejectments for non-payment of rent on property of the Rev. Mr. Livingstone. A woman threw boiling water upon the process-server, and a mob assembled which compelled the police to retire. They then proceeded to the property of the Rev. Mr. Carroll for the same purpose, but a mob of about a thousand immediately gathered round them and compelled them to retire, after having served only one document. Some cars upon which the police rode to the place were broken by the mob.

SIR ROBERT KANE, LL. D., F. R. S., in his excellent work on "The Industrial Resources of Ireland," gives important scientific testimony. He says, "The uncultivated land includes bog and mountains. The area of bog is 2,813 000 acres, of which almost *all* is capable of reclamation and of being adapted to productive husbandry, if not required as repositories of fuel. Of the mountain land also comparatively little is beyond the domain of agricultural enterprise. In fact, there is no district in Ireland sufficiently elevated to thereby present serious impediments of cultivation, and scarcely an acre to which the name of 'incapable of cultivation' can be applied. It has been calculated that of land at present waste, 4,600,000 acres are really available for agriculture; and from my own investigations, I am inclined to consider that estimate certainly not exaggerated."

# Notices of Recent Publications.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.*

LAST JOURNEY AND MEMORIALS OF THE REDEEMER; or, Via Crucis as it is in Jerusalem. With Topographical, Archæological, Historical, Traditional, and Scriptural Notes. By Rev. J. J. Begel, pilgrim to the holy places. With numerous engravings.

Bishop Gilmour, in giving his approbation of this work, says, "The work will be found not only the pious memorial of a journey to the Holy Land, but a most edifying and instructive exposition and history of the Sacred Passion of our Divine Lord, with interesting details of the present condition and past history of all connected with the sufferings and death of the Saviour." Paper covers, $1.00. Board, $1 50.

THE CHURCH OF THE PARABLES; and True Spouse of the Suffering Saviour. By Joseph Machensky, priest of the Society of Jesus.

This book treats of the parables of the Good Samaritan; the Good Seed and the Cockle; the Grain of Mustard Seed; the parable of the Leaven; the Treasure in the Field; parable of the Pearls; the parable of the Net; the parable of the Scribe; the Pharisee and Publican; the Prodigal Son; the Marriage Feast; the Church, the true Spouse of the suffering Saviour. Price, $1.00.

The sixteenth year of the "Catholic World" commenced with the April issue, which is a first-rate number. The price has been reduced from $5.00 to $4.00 a year. Cardinal McCloskey gives Father Hecker a cordial letter of approbation.

MARY BEATURE and Her Step-Daughters: The Uncrowned and the Crowned. An historical drama by the authoress of the Life of Catherine McAuley.

Academies and schools will find this an excellent piece for production at their coming exhibitions.

*Robert Coddington, New York.*

MR. ROBERT CODDINGTON, of 246 Fourth Avenue, has published in a neat pamphlet, in the original Irish character, an ancient Irish Litany of the Bles ed Virgin, which is indulgenced by the Pope, strongly recommended to the devotion of the faithful by the Irish bishops, and had the approbation of his Eminence the Cardinal. This prayer is supposed to have been in use in the eighth century, and was rescued from oblivion by the late Eugene O'Curry. The translation in English and Latin is also given.

*P. O'Shea, New York.*

LACORDAIRE'S LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN. Edited by the Count de Montalembert. Translated by the Rev. James Trainor.

We strongly recommend this book to the young men of our age. They discover, observes the preface, that breadth and solidity which deep reflection begets in highly gifted minds, and will often marvel at the power of the man, who, with few spare moments left him by his incessant labors, could compress into a line the reflection of years. None will be surprised that such a man as Lacordaire should be singled out by Providence for the great work of converting the youth of France, nor that, under God, his splendid gifts should have succeeded in that work. The book should be in every house and library.

*Benziger Brothers, New York.*

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, and of his blessed Mother.

Parts 27 and 28 of this extremely valuable work have been published The embellishments are The Crowning with Thorns and St. Patrick, — both excellent steel engravings. The work is a credit to the Messrs Benziger Brothers, and to the editor, Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "I 'se Gwine to Leave Old Dixie." song and chorus, words by George Cooper, music by C. A. White, arranged for guitar by W. L. Hayden. Medley Quartette, No. 2, for mixed voices, by C. A. White.

*Instrumental:* "Paul and Virginia," grand potpourri for piano, by Chas. D. Blake. "Sea Cadet Lancers," quadrille, arranged by E. H. Bailey.

## BOOKS.

PRACTICAL METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, by Louis Kohler, Vol. I.

This is a fine edition of this invaluable work for piano-forte students, and is issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s usual careful style. The work is complete in ten volumes, which are placed at the very moderate price of 75 cents each.

*T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.*

CANTICA SACRA, OR HYMNS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, SET TO ORIGINAL MUSIC.

This book, which was originally the best work of its kind for Sunday schools and general use, is now issued in a greatly improved form and in a very attractive dress. It contains, besides the music of former editions, a set of Litanies of the blessed Virgin, and a complete Requiem Mass specially arranged for children's voices, which fills a long-existing want for something of this kind The music in the entire work has been arranged from the very best sources and particularly for children's voices, and none of the instrumental accompaniments are beyond the powers of the average organist. The work in its present form contains over one hundred and fifty closely printed pages, and is very attractive in appearance. It ought to have a good sale, which its merits richly deserve. Price only fifty cents.

# LAND AND LANGUAGE.

The following letter was addressed to the "Irish-American" some weeks ago by Mr. J. O Russell. As it speaks of the Irish land question we reproduce it, with a translation.

## TALAMH AGUS TEANGA.

Tá dá nidh a láthair muintir na h-Eireann anois, atá nios troime iona gach nidh eile dá mhór; is iad seilbh a d-talmhan agus cúmhdach a d-teangan. Dá n-amharcfamois air na ceistibh seo le suilibh an tíorghrádhuighéora, chifimíd go soilléir go bhfuil cúmhdach na teangan 'na cheann is mó agus is troime díobh; óir an uair ann a n-dearmadann na h-Eireannuigh a d-teanga féin, caillfid siad dóchas saoirse, agus measaim gur b'fheárr dhóibh bheith saor iona bheith saidhbhir. Saoil air Eirinn do bheith saor uair éigen san aimsir atá le teacht, — leis a Feis a d-Teamhruigh mar do bhi anallóid, agus fear de shliocht Chuinn Cead Cathuigh, no Chormaic mhóir 'na shuidhe mar righ no uachdarán ann; agus cuimhnidh go raibh teanga na h-Eireann marbh bliaghanta fada roimhe sin, — go raibh an seanfhear bocht déigheanach do labhair Gaedhlig, san uaigh, go raib anmanna áiteadh aisdrighthe a n-anmannaibh Beurla ionus go bhfeudfadh na spriosáin a bheidh ann Eirinn an tan sin, iad labhart go h-úrus; cuimhnidh mar an g-ceadna, go m-beidh ceol ar d-tíre marbh no leith-mharbh, óir tá teanga agus ceol na h-Eireann comhceangailte le chéile; saoil creud e an bloc-magaigh do bheidheadh Eire do 'n domhan do bheith mar sin. Is caithfidh me rádh nach d-tabharfainn dá ubhal lobhtha air son na saoirse sin.

Ni'lim anaghaidh na n-daoine atá ag obairiughadh air son saoirse na talmhan ann Eirinn, acht táim anaghaidh tighearnadh na talmhan le mo neart go léir; bhi me mar sin a g-comhnuidhe; agus measaim go rinne me an oiread 'na n-aghaidh le Eireannach air bith eile; acht creud

*Translation.*

## LAND AND LANGUAGE.

THERE are two things before the people of Ireland at present that are more important than any others, however great. These are the possession of their land and the preservation of their language. If we look on these questions in a patriotic point of view, we shall see clearly that the preservation of the language is the most important of them; for when the Irish people forget their own language, they lose the hope of freedom; and I think it would be better for them to be free than to be rich. Imagine Ireland being free some time in the future, with her parliament in Tara as in old times, and a descendant of Conn of the Hundred Battles, or Cormac the Great, sitting as king or president there; and remember that Ireland's ancient language had been dead long years previously; that the last poor old man that spoke Irish was in the grave; that the names of places were changed into English names in order that the jackanapes who should be then in Ireland could pronounce them easily; remember, also, that the music of our country would also be dead, because the language and music of Ireland are bound up together: think what a laughing stock Ireland would then be to the world, if such should be the case. I must say that I would not give two rotten apples for such sort of liberty.

I am not against the men who are working for the freedom of the land in Ireland; but I am against the landlords with my whole strength. I was so always, and think I did as much against them as any other Irishman; but what will foreigners say when they see the Irish fighting and

a deirfidh na coigcriocha 'nuair a bh-feiceann siad na h-Eireannuigh ag troid agus ag dóirt a bh-fola tar cionn ciosa tri acradh móna, agus ag an am ceadna ag amhairc air bás a d-teangan agus a g-ceoil gan osnadh agus gan brón? Nach n-deirfidh siad gurab amháin a m-bolgaibh na n-Eireannach atá a d-tíorghrádh?

Ná saoil nach n-déanfaidh me mo dhitchioll cungnamh do thabhairt dóibh seo atá ag troid air son tuathanach Eireann; is doigh liom go bh-feicfidh me an dá dhuine uasala atá teacht cum na tíre seo; acht b'fheárr liom amháin do rádh le na h-Eireannaibh 'san m-baile agus a g-cian, gan a d-teanga do dhearmad ameasc an chorruidhe timchioll na talmhan

O so amach agus go d-ti atá an dá nidh seo mar is cóir dhóibh do bheith, ná biodh Focail Faire againn acht Talamh agus Teanga.

shedding their blood on account of the rent of three acres of bog, and at the same time regarding the death of their language and their music without sigh or sorrow? Will they not say that it is only about what concerns their material welfare that the Irish are patriotic?

Do not suppose that I will not do my best to help those who are battling for the tenants of Ireland. I hope to see the two gentlemen who are coming to this country, and only desire to say to the Irish at home and abroad not to forget their language in the excitement about the land.

Henceforward, then, and until these two questions are as they should be, let us have no watchwords but Land and Language.

# IRELAND.

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY (1817).

They are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn is growing,
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds are lowing,
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health is blowing.

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossoms on the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil
And watered with our sweat?

We have ploughed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands.
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger.

God of mercy, must this last?
Is this land preordained,
For the present and the past
And the future, to be chained,
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipped,
Its soaring pinions clipped,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below, —
That our bodies, as they rot,
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvests of the stranger grow?

If this be, indeed, our fate,
Far, far better now, though late,
That we seek some other land and try some other zone.
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call our own.

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"Why is it, my dear sir," said Waffles' landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I don't know," was the reply, "except it is that pounds and sense do not always travel together."

# APOSTATE PRIESTS.

NEW YORK "CATHOLIC HERALD."

SCARCELY had the infant church founded by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ begun its heavenly work of saving souls, when the arch enemy of the human race devised the infernal plans of heresy and apostasy to thwart the divine designs of Providence for the redemption and salvation of man. The first apostate under the New Law was Judas Iscariot, the avaricious and mercenary wretch who sold his divine Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and then, with the blackness of despair in his heart, committed suicide.

Judas is the prototype of every apostate priest, from the day when he gave the kiss of treason to the Master to our day, when a wretched band of suspended priests, in the pay of Protestant proselytizing societies, defame the Catholic Church and bring discredit and disrepute on the Catholic mothers who bore them. There is not one of these unfortunate men who has not been suspended from the sacred ministry for some crime which would drive an ordinary layman from the society of decent people. They have all the vices of Martin Luther, without a particle of his intelligence; and yet, like him, they would wage war upon a church which has withstood the power of imperial Cæsar and "the gates of hell."

It is difficult to imagine a more despicable character than the suspended priest, who rushes into the arms of apostasy and heresy to avenge the just punishment of his crimes. The wretched apostate calls himself "the son of Liberty," when he should say *libertinism*. He pretends to find in the words of Holy Writ, that a priest who has taken a vow of celibacy to God may and ought to break it by taking a wife. It has been well said that "the hydra of the Reformation has a hundred heads"; and the latest of these that we have seen is the miserable, mercenary band of apostate priests who have sold their souls to the anti-Catholic faction in New York.

Few people have any idea of the enormous criminality of the sin of apostasy, because it is a total defection from the faith of the Christian religion as preached by Jesus Christ. Faith is one of those virtues, commonly called theological, which has God for its direct object; and therefore the sin of apostasy, as directly applied to Him, is one of the most grievous that a man can commit. For faith is the foundation of justification, "without which it is impossible to please God"; and apostasy, like heresy, is a contempt of the authority of God. The apostate priest curries favor with those who pay him the "thirty pieces of silver," by denying the authority of bishops over priests, and the primacy of the pope over all orders in the hierarchy. It is a matter of faith, which no one can deny without incurring the brand of heresy, that bishops exercise by divine right a power superior to that of priests. In the seventh canon and twenty-third session of the celebrated Council of Trent, we are warned that "if any one shall say that bishops are not superior to priests, *anathema sit.*" The malediction, then, of the church, falls on the abandoned wretches who have inaugurated what they call "the Independent Catholic Church." Their independence is that of the demons, and their liberty is, as we have said, libertinism.

The apostate priests who are doing the devil's work in New York and Boston are but feeble imitators of Luther and Loyson They preach a doctrine which has been well interpreted by the poet Dryden: —

"As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find;
The Word is a weathercock for every mind."

The priests(?) of the "Independent Church" not only refuse "to hear the Church," but abuse her visible and infallible head because he is an Italian. Such perversity is explicable only on the grounds of insanity or utter reprobation. If the men who are trying, however vainly, to walk in the footsteps of Luther were good, moral men, their action might astonish us, and we might excuse them on the plea of insanity; but when we know that they are moral lepers, weeds cast out of the Lord's vineyard, we cannot look on them as aught else than successors of Judas and tools of Satan. They are men who believe, with Luther, that

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
He lives a fool his lifetime long."

There is not one of these miserable men, who glory in their shame and even sell their sins, who has not been suspended for habitual drunkenness or gross immorality. These unfrocked ministers of the gospel have fallen from the high estate, and, like the fallen angels, they seem to hate the truth and love to propagate error and heresy.

It is sad that sincere Protestants should be so blinded by prejudice as to make use of such tools as these apostate priests. But the bigoted Protestants, who have taken them under their protection and pay, only follow the example of the old men and women of both sexes who years ago made Exeter Hall resound with "No Popery" cries, and thought by establishing Priest Protection Societies and the New Reformation in Connemara, to steal from the poor of Ireland the great treasure of the true faith But even as the Irish in the old land stood firm, changeless, and invincible, so will the Irish Catholics in America consolidate every year in vigorous intelligence and immutable faith, in spite of the ranting of degraded and apostate priests.

Those Catholics who, through curiosity or any other motive, attend the sacrilegious services of the so-called "American Independent Catholic Church," are guilty of sin. As it is unlawful to hold communion with any professions of faith outside of the amity of Catholic truth, so it is unlawful to be present at the sermons of the apostate priests.

It is a well-understood principle of morals that those who sanction by their presence or approval any sinful act cannot be held guiltless. The presence of Catholics at the sacrilegious services of suspended priests gives undue importance to these unfortunate men, and causes great scandal, not only among those of the household of the faith, but among sincere Protestants.

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## COMPLETE ROUT OF THE TORIES.

THE English, Irish, and Scotch elections have resulted in the complete rout of the Beaconsfield government.

The elections up to the 10th give the following results: Liberals, 345; Tories, 228; Home Rulers, 51.

The Queen is said to be exasperated with Lord Beaconsfield, alleging that he deceived her respecting the real feelings of the country, and alienated the most loyal portion of her dominions.

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combines everything required to give richness and beauty to the hair. It is most highly perfumed and extremely neat as a dressing; it strengthens and gives vitality to the roots of the hair; used upon children it lays a foundation for a BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. Sold by all druggists.

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[Jan.'79 ASA P. POTTER, President.

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THE MOST REV. JOHN MARTIN HENNI, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF MILWAUKEE.

JOHN MARTIN HENNI was born in Switzerland, at the beginning of the year 1805, and is consequently now in his seventy-fifth year. His youthful studies were pursued at St. Gallen and Luzerne. So soon as he had graduated, he made a visit to Rome in furtherance of his aspirations for the priesthood, to which he had shown from his earliest years a very marked vocation. It so happened that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Bishop of Cincinnati, was at Rome at the same time; and at his solicitation he consented to devote himself to missionary toil in this country.

In the year 1829 he landed at Baltimore, together with his friend, Martin Kundig, who is now his vicar-general.

The exigencies of the time did not admit of a long course of ecclesiastical studies; and after a short time spent at Bardstown Seminary, he received minor orders, and then that of priesthood in 1829, fifty-one years ago. Cincinnati and Canton, O., were the first scenes of his ministerial labors. Two years afterward, the good bishop who had anointed him with the holy oil went to his reward; and two years after that event, Dr. Purcell, who had succeeded the latter in his see, made him vicar-general of the diocese.

In 1835 he visited Europe to seek assistance. His visit was successful. On his return he established St. Aloysius' Orphan Asylum, and established a Catholic periodical, — "The Friend of Truth."

The apostolic zeal and administrative capacity displayed by the young priest marked him out for a still wider sphere of usefulness. In 1843, on the fourth Sunday after Trinity, a provincial council, held in Cincinnati, nominated him for the recently created bishopric of Milwaukee. In the month of December of the same year the nomination was confirmed by a papal bull, and on the 9th of March of the following year he was consecrated to the bishopric in the old St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, by the Bishop of Cincinnati, assisted by the Bishops of Nashville and Pittsburg.

No sooner had the bishop mounted his episcopal throne than the new diocese began to manifest the results of his unwearying labors. St. Mary's Church was consecrated in 1847. The number of priests had increased to thirty. The corner-stone of a cathedral church was laid. St. Mary's Hospital was founded, the Sisters of Charity undertaking the care of the inmates.

But money was wanted to back the bishop's zeal. Accordingly, in January, 1848, he made another journey across the ocean, in order to induce the faithful of Europe to contribute of their abundance to the increasing demands of the new bishopric of the far West, but chiefly to visit Rome and inform the pope of the needs of his prospering diocese. Another of the periodical revolutions that are in the habit of afflicting France had just broken out. Germany and Italy were not exempt from the scourge. His mission had to be postponed.

Returning to his diocese, after having paid a visit to his birthplace, and to the guides and instructors of his youth, the work of the cathedral was stayed for the present, and the funds designed for it were devoted to the more pressing need of an orphan asylum. St. Gall's Church was built for the Irish of Milwaukee, the Church of the Holy Trinity for the Germans.

In order to replace the funds which had been taken from the work of the cathedral for a need of more immediate urgency, the bishop went to Mexico and Cuba, in the hope of finding there mines of gold which the revolution had prevented access to in Europe. He succeeded so well that in the fall of 1855 the new cathedral was consecrated; the papal nuncio, Mgr. Bedmi, assisting at the function. The next work of this indefatigable prelate was the diocesan seminary, which, by the year 1860, was freed from all money incumbrances, and had one hundred and twenty-five aspirants to holy orders within its walls. Adjoining it are an orphan asylum, an institute for deaf-mutes, and several retreats of religious orders.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame considerably enlarged their buildings, and the convent was made the mother house of the order in this country.

To particularize all the churches and institutions, the congregations and societies, lay and clerical, that have risen up in this young diocese, under the fruit-bearing energies of this apostolic man, would occupy too much space, and would perhaps be wearisome. It is enough to know that, in a diocese established only thirty-six years, through the untiring toil and wise administration of its first bishop, a cathedral church has been built and consecrated, 262 ordinary churches, 24 chapels, 25 stations have been established, an ecclesiastical seminary, 13 religious communities, 11 charitable institutions, a normal school, 3 male academies, 5 female academies; there are 185 secular priests and 38 regulars.

Such is the glorious and wonderful fruit of one episcopate of twenty-five years! Such is the consoling retrospect of the aged prelate, who, it is to be feared, is about to be withdrawn from our midst. The announcement of his severe illness, at so advanced an age, recalls to us the words of the great apostle of the Gentiles, not at all inapplicable to his own case: "I am now ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me in that day."

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THE first copper cent was coined in New Haven, in 1687.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. BOSTON, JUNE, 1880. No. 6.

M. DE MAISTRE, the great thinker, has said, "Every system of education that is not based upon religion will fall in the twinkling of an eye, *or it will empty its poisons upon the state.*"

M. GUIZOT, a very liberal Protestant, wrote, "It is not yet sufficiently realized that instruction is nothing without education." To this we must immediately add: "There is no education without religion. The soul is formed and regulated only in the presence and under the empire of the God who created it, and who will be its judge."

M. THIERS, in one of his finest speeches, in 1850, remarked, "The school will never be good except when it rests under the shadow of the altar."

## IRISH EMIGRATION: WHERE TO FOUND IRISH SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA.

T. O. RUSSELL.

THAT this year and the next will be ones of unprecedentedly large emigration from Ireland seems to admit of no doubt. It would, therefore, be well for Irishmen in this country to try to give a helping hand to the new arrivers; and the very best way to help them is to induce as many as possible of them to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits in this country. It is an unfortunate fact that so comparatively few of the Irish population of America are engaged in farming. I am, however, fully aware that there are a great many more Irishmen engaged in agriculture than is popularly believed. From observations extending over all the States east of the Missouri River, I am satisfied that the agricultural Irish population of the West is a great deal greater than American journals are inclined to admit; but one thing is certain, and that is, that there is not one Irish farmer in America for the five that there ought to be. It has always seemed strange to every thinking person why the Irish, who, at home, are the most purely agricultural people in Europe, should be so fond of settling in cities in America. This fact can, however, be at least partially accounted for by the entire absence of order or supervision in the way in which Irish emigration has been heretofore carried on. The British government was only too glad to get them out of Ireland, and could hardly be expected to take much interest in their welfare in America; but it has always seemed strange that some organization was not put on foot, either by intelligent laymen or by the Catholic Church, to give shape and aim to Irish immigration to America. This has been done for years by almost every European people except the Irish. Land is bought, plans are laid, and sometimes the prairie broken up, before the main body of the emigrants leave Germany, England, or Norway. Only a few weeks ago 200,000 acres of railway land was purchased

in Iowa and Minnesota by an English company; the main body of the emigrants have not yet arrived, and may not for some months, but when they do come they will know where they are going and what they are going to do. Why cannot Irish immigration be carried on, even in a few instances, in this style? The question might be hard to answer, and might not be worth answering. The best thing to do would be to take a hint from the way the Germans, English, Scandinavians, and other nationalities plant agricultural colonies in this country, and try and do like them in future. It would be very easy to ascertain if there were a likelihood of a large emigration from any particular locality in Ireland; it would also be easy to get an approximation of the money possessed by the intended emigrants, and of their number; an agent or agents could then be sent ahead to either purchase or locate a certain tract of land, and the principal part of the business would be done. To my knowledge, nothing so simple and so easy as the above-mentioned preliminary steps has ever been attended to in the matter of Irish immigration.

It is very strange that Irishmen do not more frequently follow agricultural pursuits in America, seeing that as farmers they are so generally successful. This is true, and there are very few of my countrymen who have had more opportunities for knowing it than I have had, as for nearly four years I was employed by an Eastern house locating and visiting tracts of land in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. Everywhere I went I found Irish farmers, the greater part of them in easy circumstances, and as happy as it was possible for people to be in this world; but a purely Irish settlement is rarely met with in the West. There are a few small ones in Wisconsin: the largest is in St. Croix County, in that State, not far from the St. Croix River, and about thirty or forty miles due east of St. Paul; there is an entire township called Erin Prairie, which contains an exclusively Irish population.

The great practical question with regard to future Irish immigration to America is this: What is the best State or Territory in which to found Irish colonies? If there was good government land to be had in Iowa, I would unhesitatingly say, found them in that State, as it is undoubtedly *the* favored State of the West, both in soil and climate; but it is a fact that all or nearly all the government land is already taken up in Iowa. In the very most remote and thinly settled parts of it, good land cannot be bought less than $5.00 an acre, and very little can be had even at that price. The same may be said of Kansas; and as for Texas, it is totally unfitted in soil, climate, or people for the Irish, or in fact any European nationality, to settle in. The same thing may be said of *all* the country south of the Ohio River, and the best advice I could give Irishmen would be not to go there as long as there is so much good land still to be had at government price in Dakota and Nebraska.

There seems hardly any doubt that the most desirable place this side of the Rocky Mountains for agricultural immigrants of the poorer classes is Southern Dakota. There is still plenty of government land there, but it is being occupied very fast; in a few years more the best of it will be gone. The climate is rather too cold, but it is very healthy, and in some places there is plenty of

both coal and wood. The soil is as generally good as any in the West, and Dakota bids fair to rival and even exceed Colorado in mineral wealth. In fact, Dakota is the only Western State or Territory east of the Rocky Mountains where there is still plenty of *good* government land to be had. This is the principal feature that recommends Dakota as a place in which to found a colony. It is a very different thing to get land for nothing, or next to nothing, and to have to pay $4.00 or $5.00 an acre for it. It must be admitted that at present there are not many railways in Dakota; but in five or six years more they will be in almost every section of the Territory. Going West into the wilderness is a very different thing now from what it was even ten years ago, because railways are made even faster than the country gets settled. Besides, railway communication equalizes the prices of everything; a farmer in Dakota or Minnesota gets nearly as much for his farm produce to-day as the farmer of Western Pennsylvania or New York gets. Railway freights are always cheap in proportion to the distance freights are carried; or in other words, a farmer in Western New York has to pay almost as much for transporting his wheat to the seaboard as the farmer in Dakota pays. Twenty or thirty years ago such a state of things did not exist, and a Western farmer could not get fifty cents a bushel for wheat when it was worth $1.50 in New York or Boston. In former times the great object of the settler was to be where he would have a market; now there is a market almost everywhere, consequently the two great objects in founding an agricultural settlement should be *good* and *cheap* land, and Dakota is certainly the best place in these respects east of the Rocky Mountains.

Emigrants should not be frightened at having to undergo some inconveniences at first; they will have very few hardships to contend against even when a hundred miles in the wilderness, after the first year. The first thing necessary is lumber enough to build a small house; that can be had even in Dakota for about $50. The next step is to break up the prairie and plant either spring wheat or sod corn. When the first crop has been raised the main difficulty is over; and when a hundred or more families settle on land in the same locality, the building of houses, breaking of the prairie, etc., are not such serious achievements as if all these various operations had to be done by one or two families. In forming new agricultural settlements, care should be taken that the immigrants should arrive early in spring, in order to have a house built, and if possible some crops raised, the first year. The only serious drawback in going so far north as Dakota is the long, severe winter. This, however, is not as serious a drawback to the emigrant as the heat and sickness which he will be sure to meet in the more southern localities, — in Texas, for instance, or even in Southern Kansas or Missouri. In travelling through the United States, it is easily seen by any observant person that, as a rule, people are robust and healthy-looking just in proportion as they live farthest north, and three ruddy-faced people will be seen in Wisconsin or Minnesota to the one in Texas or Missouri. This is a fact which can be borne witness to by any one who has travelled much through this country, so that after all a severe winter is not so great a disadvantage as it appears at first sight. Good

crops, good land, and even wealth itself are very small matters compared with health.

If people will leave Ireland, and if they are determined to come to America, the sooner steps are taken to locate them advantageously here the better. The first thing to do is to send some persons to Ireland who know this country. Let them find out who want to emigrate, what means they have, and if they wish to become farmers here; lands in Dakota or elsewhere could then be located, and the emigrants could go straight on to it. By doing this the passage across the sea and railway transportation from New York to the settlement would not be more for each person than half what they would be if only one or two families emigrated; reduced rates of passage would be granted, and also reduced railway transportation. The preliminary movements would, of course, cost money; but surely money enough for such a purpose could be raised or borrowed in this country, provided respectable men lent their aid and took hold of the matter seriously. By making an effort at once, hundreds of families could be brought out next spring and be comfortably settled on their Western lands before the winter of 1881. I would be the last to encourage emigration from Ireland, and entirely disbelieve in it as a remedy for the ills of the country; but if a certain portion of its people are determined to come to America, something should certainly be done by their countrymen here to help them to become independent and happy as soon as possible after their arrival.

Bishop Ireland deserves great credit for having done so much to give shape and aim to Irish immigration to America. The Irish colonies he has founded in the West are splendid examples of what he has achieved, and it is a great pity that some one did not inaugurate the founding of Irish colonies half a century ago.

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## A PROTESTANT VIEW OF THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

In an interesting lecture on "The Hospice of St Bernard," in the Dublin Rotunda, the Rev Hugh Macmillan, LL. D., of Glasgow, said that the monks were all exceedingly intelligent, and combined musical and other accomplishments with theological learning. They fasted on Fridays and Saturdays, but imposed no restrictions in that way upon travellers, whom they treated with the utmost hospitality Alluding to the Alpine flowers, he said the one that struck him most was his own beloved Scotch bluebell. Its blossom there, however, was far larger and of a deeper purple tinge, and it seemed to have changed the blue of the Scotch Covenanters for the Roman purple, thus doing in Rome as they do in Rome. The dogs were most intelligent and affectionate. There are only five of them in the hospice at present. They are tall and brown, with short hair, in appearance resembling the Newfoundland dogs; the breed, it is believed, having come originally from the Spanish Pyrenees Having mentioned the excellent hospitality dispensed by the monks, and described the little chapel, which contains five altars, and is adorned with frescos, paintings, and statues, he said that although they never asked any recompense for what they gave, and never hinted at a donation, there was an alms-box placed in the chapel, to which he thought the traveller should contribute at least what the same amount of accommodation would cost at a hotel. But it was to be feared that a great many travellers who partook of the hospitality contributed nothing at all. On the occasion of his visit he saw several skulk away without contributing anything, though they were bedizened with gold chains and rings; and he regretted to say there was one Scotchman there who carried out his Covenanter principles at the expense of the poor monks. Having disposed of as much as four ordinary men, he rubbed down his expansive stomach, and in the hearing of all, said he had made up his mind not to put anything in the alms-box lest he should countenance popery. He found the monks very liberal in their views, and having no bigotry or intolerance. There was one great lesson to be learned from a visit to the hospice of St. Bernard, and that was the lesson of beneficence. As a Protestant he did not love the Church of Rome, but he could not repress the admiration which he felt for men like the monks of St. Bernard. They were, perhaps, mistaken in their notions about their works of self-denial; but he felt convinced that they were unselfish in their motives, and carried out the great principles of the Sermon on the Mount in such a practical manner as to put many Protestants to shame.

# WHY ARE CATHOLICS PERSECUTED IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES?

THE "CATHOLIC BANNER."

CATHOLIC countries have ever presented the strangest anomaly to our mind. They are Catholic in the faith of their people, Catholic in the tradition of ages, Catholic in the fullest understanding of the term; and yet infidel in government, infidel in bigotry, infidel in persecution.

Italy is a daughter of the old Church, whose headquarters are in its capital; and yet Italy is a helpless prey to the overbearing, grasping tyranny of a few disbelievers in God. Spain never knew another phase of Christianity than that of the Church of the Apostles; and still the poetic jingle of Emilio Castelar and the assassin blurting of his followers have, time and again, governed and ruled the whole nation into subjection. France, with all its heroic Catholicity, is a plaything in the hands of a pitiful few, whose sole intent seems to be to make respectable the doings of the Commune, by aping in a timorous way its disregard for justice and right. We believe that bad, bold men in any land may seize on, as they have done, the reins of government, and for a time despoil the good and forbearing of all that is dear and near. But this can only be for a time. Besides, it does not apply, as an explanation, to the chronic condition of Catholic countries. The men who are misgoverning France and Italy to-day have been elected to those positions by the very people whose churches they are robbing and whose religion they are holding up for mockery. Oily, smooth-tongued politicians may deceive and disappoint their constituents, but they cannot repeat the trickery. The next appeal for election will not be responded to; truer men will take the place of unfaithful public servants. This is the American view of such abuse, and it is the American style of getting rid of the abuse. It seems not to be the case in France and Italy. For years many in France have been clamoring for a republic, and now are in the enjoyment of the object of their hearts' desire. A republic means equal rights and equal protection. Again, this is only what an American republic means; the French one means equal claim to throw off all allegiance, and perfect right to rob the majority of the Catholics of all rights. It means a disavowal of God, and the expulsion of the Jesuits. What harm can the protection of the religion of the people do France? What harm can a few thousand instructors of youth, like the Jesuits, do France? If the present government is a republic, surely all men have equal right to its protection; and what authority have the legislators to single out who should enjoy the sunshine of liberty, and who must be harassed, persecuted, and exiled? The political French jumping-jacks that are to-day desecrating the name of republics know very well the metal of the poor people they are legislating for: they and others of their ilk have before this ridden over the submissive Catholic masses. As long as they are allowed to lord it in such high-handed style, there is no danger they will ever show clemency. Again we ask, how can such a state of affairs exist when the vast majority of the people are the sufferers? They have a right to vote, and still they will send their bitterest enemies to make laws against their interests. Some tell us that if Catholics are elected their seats will be contested, and the cry "clerics," "clerics," will be raised. With right and the majority on their side, why should they fear a challenge? Why should the bugaboo "priest-ridden" frighten them from claiming their God-given privileges? Such

flimsy arguments would never scare a Protestant or infidel nation, if it were ground down by outsiders. Are not liberty and justice as dear to the Catholic heart? Are not the temporal rights and possessions of the Catholic Church as holy and as firmly founded as those of the sects? Why should Catholics bow their heads and bend their knees to every petty persecutor of a party? The Catholics in France and Italy need leaders; they need men whose prudence will not warp their love of justice; they need men of modern views, who believe the days of persecution are over, and who will risk their lives and possessions to kill the hydra-headed monster of bigotry. A man like the late Archbishop Hughes would be a godsend to France or Italy. We have learning, we have prudence enough in the church, we want a little more nerve. We have long enough stood by and warmed ourselves at the flames of our churches and school-houses, and then went home to forgive the incendiary hand that applied the match. We want men like Archbishop Hughes, that will go to the authorities of the land and tell them we demand their protection, and if they cannot or will not give it, then we will protect ourselves. We want just such men in the Catholic countries of Europe to-day; and when we have them, there will be no churches razed to the ground by bigoted outlaws, there will be no bishops shot like veriest malefactors, there will be no more robbery of property because it belongs to the church, and no exiling of men because they are ministers of God's altars.

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## HOW OUR LORD WAS FASTENED TO THE CROSS.

It is commonly supposed, writes the historian of the Mass, Father O'Brien, that our Lord's feet were separately nailed to the Cross, and not placed one over the other and fastened by a single nail, as is the tradition in the Greek Church. Pope Benedict XIV., commenting on this point, pertinently remarks that it would be almost impossible to avoid breaking some of the bones of the feet if one rested on the other and a nail driven through both. There would be danger in that case of making void the Scriptural saying to the effect that not a bone of our Saviour was to be broken. Before the twelfth century the paintings representing the Crucifixion always exhibited our Lord's feet nailed separately; and therefore four nails, instead of three, were the entire number that fastened him to the cross. St. Gregory of Tours and Durandus speak of four nails; but the latter writer also alludes to three, without saying which number he inclines to. ("Rationale Diviniorum," p. 527.) From time immemorial the Latin Church has kept up to the tradition that four nails were employed, and not three, and she represents our Lord as thus crucified. (See "Notes, Ecclesiological and Historical, on the Holydays of the English Church," p. 172.) It is commonly believed that one of the nails of the Crucifixion is kept in the Church of the Holy Cross at Rome, and that the cathedrals of Paris, Treves, and Toul have the others. When St Helena first discovered them it is said she attached one to the helmet of her son, Constantine the Great, and another to the bridle of his horse. Tradition has it that she threw a third into the Adriatic Sea to appease a storm. The crown of Italy contains a portion of one of these nails, and filings from them are kept as precious relics in many churches of Europe.

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A Lung Protector. — Many persons do not know that so simple a thing as a piece of newspaper, folded and laid next to the undergarment, across the chest and across the shoulders, will often prevent cold upon the lungs. The close tissue of the paper makes it an excellent non-conductor. It answers the same purpose as chamois-skin, and is always at hand.

# ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, THE ANGELIC DOCTOR.

## GRAND SPEECH OF THE POPE.

On the celebration of the Feast of St Thomas of Aquin, March 7, a deputation of distinguished men of learning from various parts of the world were received in special audience by the Holy Father at the Vatican. They had come there to offer their congratulations to his Holiness on the Jubilee of his first great public thesis in the Gregorian Academy at Rome, and also on the publication of his encyclical, recommending the study of St. Thomas and the adoption of his philosophical system in the schools of the Catholic world. The deputation was an exceedingly large one, and was received by the Sovereign Pontiff in the Grand Ducal Chamber of the Palace. The address of congratulation was read by Monsignore Tripepi, and was replied to as follows by the Holy Father: —

Your presence is very gratifying to us, and is to us a source of great joy, dear children, distinguished and eminent as you are in all branches of learning, and assembled here this day, consecrated to the memory of the Angelic Doctor, Thomas of Aquin, to testify your devotedness to and veneration for this Apostolic See, and for the common father and master of all Christians. The affectionate and wise words which your respected president has spoken in your name have also been to us the occasion of great consolation. We must, in truth, rejoice, and be especially thankful to God, in that so many eminent men deem it a supreme duty to unite distinction in learning with the love of religion, and to cultivate human sciences, whilst venerating with no less zeal the divine authority of Jesus Christ and of his Church. Therefore we congratulate you on your wisdom and on your courage, dear children, who hereby make profession of your conviction that obedience to faith presents no obstacle to the dignity of human reason, but rather ennobles it; for men will better comprehend the truth, and will hold to it more steadfastly, if the divine light of faith previously illumines their minds in their eagerness for knowledge. Those who deny or do not comprehend this truth are indeed to be pitied; for they are astray on a question of the highest importance. There are very many who make little account of revealed truths, or who reject them altogether, because they imagine that they cannot be reconciled with the teachings of human knowledge, and with modern opinions. They even vigorously assail the power which the Church has received from God, because they consider it incompatible with the rights recently claimed for civil society, with the sovereignty of princes, and with the prosperity of nations. If we diligently seek the source of these errors, it will be found that it consists chiefly in this: that in our age, when the studies which have nature for their object are cultivated with so much ardor, the more abstract and loftier sciences are gradually passing into deeper neglect. Some are almost altogether forbidden; others are treated with contempt and levity, and, what is still more deplorable, they have been disfigured by perverse principles and by monstrous extravagances. Hence has resulted the almost complete extinction in many minds of the most important truths, and a general evil, not alone to individuals, but also to society. The very principles of what they call "modern rights," and of whose disastrous effects many states are deriving the sad experience, are built upon the patent errors of a false philosophy: such, for instance, as the absolute supremacy of human reason; the equality of the rights of truth and error; the equality of all religions; unrestricted liberty, or rather the license of daring and doing everything, now asserted to be the right of all mankind. In the midst of such a great intellectual commotion and confusion, its most opportune remedy is to be looked for in a sound and solid philosophy, wisely and carefully cultivated. This is what appears to be the most fitted and the most perfect for encountering the errors that have been engendered by the foolish philosophy of our own era, and for insuring, on the other hand, the firm foundations of order, equity, and justice, in which the peace of the state, the safety of the people, and true civilization will always safely rest. We have, as you are aware, spoken at length of the necessity of this restoration of philosophy to its true place, in the encyclical letter addressed by Us, in the course of last year, to all the bishops of the world. We have taught and shown that the best philosophy to follow is that which, by his genius

and by his toil, St. Thomas of Aquin — rich in all the treasures of ancient wisdom — has left to us, and which has achieved, throughout succeeding generations, so much renown for those who have adopted it, whilst winning glory for the great colleges of Europe, and contributing to the development of all science. In seeing Us re-erect in honor the teaching of St. Thomas and the scholastics, people have said that We were desirous to lead men back to the uncivilization of past ages, as if We were deploring the maturity and perfection of Our own times. Yet, what is it We are doing? We are proposing as a model a man in whom all that was virtuous and wise shone out with a peculiar lustre; a man profoundly versed in all human and sacred knowledge; a man whom so many ages have magnificently honored, whom the praises of the Church and the judgments of its pontiffs have so singularly elevated, and who has been compared to the angelic spirits themselves. Are we not, then, doing a work of utility rather than of injury, in proposing for the imitation of those who cultivate learning and the arts, the masters and men of old who have been so distinguished in their every branch? Thereupon, on this solemn day, on which you expect from Us some words of instruction, accept from Us these words which We are now about to briefly address to you: without being novel, they may be important and opportune. And, firstly, as philosophy owes everything to Christian faith, let it employ all its resources in aiding it as far as it can. Faith never has been, and never could be, the enemy of philosophy; for God, the Author and Creator of faith and of reason, has so constituted them as that there should be between them the bonds of close relationship. And hence it is that the Church has been always foremost in maintaining and encouraging the study of the sciences. Now, this perfect accord of faith and of reason shows itself nowhere more remarkably than in the works written by the prince of philosophers, Thomas of Aquin. Endeavor, therefore, to enlarge each day the number of those who follow the teaching of so great a master; and in the study of his teachings, take it as a rule to adopt the opinions which assert themselves through the admirable fitness and clearness of his words, and not those which a preconceived view, different from the common and approved view, might suggest to you. In fine, following the example of St. Thomas, devote yourselves with ardor to the study of the sciences which have nature for their object. In this department of knowledge the discoveries and experiments of our own times are justly the admiration of contemporaries, and will be the subject of lasting eulogy for posterity. But in the study of the sciences, beware of imitating those who criminally pervert new discoveries into means of attacking revealed as well as philosophical truths; rather be thankful to God, in that he has deigned to reserve for men of our own era the great glory and, so to speak, the great privilege of enriching on a large number of points, by their industry, the inheritance of useful matters bequeathed to us by our ancestors. Fix deeply in your hearts and religiously cherish these few words of counsel which this occasion has enabled Us to address to you. You know, dear children, that all the bishops of the Catholic world have, as it were, with one single voice, borne testimony that in the matter of which we are speaking they will co-operate, as in everything else they have been in the habit of doing, by desire and by deed, in Our intentions. Let your activity and devotedness correspond with their zeal. We have a firm assurance that this re-establishment of the studies which We have proposed to you will be a powerful element of salvation for the people, and for the peace of the Church. In the happy accomplishment of this undertaking, may the heavenly help of the Angelic Doctor come to your succor. We soon purpose, in compliance with your request, to solemnly constitute him the patron of all Catholic institutes of science and of art. Finally, may the Apostolic Benediction — which from the depth of Our heart We give to you, to the colleges, the academies, the seminaries, and all in whose name you, men of such eminence, have spoken to us to-day — increase your energy and strengthen your ardor.

*Benedictio Dei, etc., etc.*

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### A SKETCH.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS was born in Italy, about the year 1226. He was descended from the Counts of Aquino, who were connected with many noble and even imperial families. At the age of five, he was sent for his education to the famous abbey of Monte Cassino. Whilst exhibiting an example of all the virtues congenial to such a place, there appeared in him at the same time the working of a spirit in contrast to the meditative repose that surrounded him; for we are told he was constantly putting to his teachers the eager question, "*Quid est Deus?*" (What is God?) a question which foreshadowed in a remarkable degree the vocation of his after life, and which he has himself answered, as no one else ever did, in his own theological masterpiece. At the age of ten, such was

his wonderful progress, he left the abbey for the University of Naples. There he made the acquaintance of a holy Dominican, named John à S. Facundo; and was so won by the interior spirit and conversation of this Father and his brethren, that he resolved to join the Dominican Order, which he accordingly did in the year 1240 The characteristics of this act proved that it was more than a mere choice. It was no doubt the result of a deep spiritual instinct, based upon the kindred mind which existed between St Dominic's and his own. Perhaps also he was drawn by the moderation of the rule, which did not bind under sin; which is not unlikely, as he has referred to this very point in his *Summa*. The storm of opposition that now burst upon him was as much wanting in reason as in charity. His mother, his brothers, and his friends were not content with abuse; but they waylaid him, beat him, tore his habit off, and dragged him into prison, where he was confined with every circumstance of hardship for two years. But through all this persecution. Thomas remained firm to his purpose This is the more remarkable, because his friends, in these severe measures, had in view the preconceived design, not of his embracing an unlawful or even a secular calling, but of his becoming a Benedictine monk. But to embrace a vocation to which, however good in itself, he had no calling nor inclination, seemed to him a rash and unlawful step, and a thought proceeding from the evil one. The monks themselves do not appear to have had any part in these nefarious proceedings.

At length the Dominicans carried his cause before the pope, Innocent IV., who, after a personal interview with him, commanded that he should be set at liberty. He therefore rejoined his brethren, who received him with every demonstration of joy.

The Dominican Order was at that time in the first splendor of its sanctity and renown. The great patriarch, St. Dominic, had died in 1220, leaving a memory still fresh with those who had seen him, and lived with him, and known him intimately. His own disciples governed the Order; and with that wisdom they had inherited directly from him, they at once discerned and resolved to develop the capabilities of their new subject. Accordingly, Thomas was sent without delay to study under the most famous professor of the age, Albert the Great, who was teaching, with the applause of all Europe, at Cologne. In 1245, Thomas accompanied Albert to Paris, where he finished his studies, and began to teach before he was twenty-three.

For the remaining twenty-five years of his life, Thomas held undisputed sway as the greatest doctor of the age. He was called the Second Augustine, and the Angelic Doctor. Besides teaching, he preached often and with great unction. At the summit of his fame he was ever an example of humility, charity, and religious discipline, and he used to say that he learned more at the foot of the crucifix than from books. On one occasion our Lord's voice was heard speaking to him from a crucifix, "Well hast thou written of me, Thomas: what reward wilt thou have?" And the saint replied, "No other than thyself, O Lord." The pope offered him the cardinalate and the archbishopric of Naples; but he declined all honors, and devoted himself to the exercises of his religious profession.

In 1274, Pope Gregory X. summoned him to the General Council of Lyons. He set out, but was taken ill on the way, and was obliged to stop at the Cistercian abbey of Fossa Nuova. On entering the abbey church, seeing the white-robed monks around him that reminded him so vividly of his own brethren, he exclaimed, in foretaste of death and of his heavenly home, "This is my rest for ever and ever; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." He lingered for a few weeks in the most edifying sentiments of contrition and love, and died on the 7th of March, 1274. His remains were afterwards translated to the church of his Order at Toulouse. He was canonized by Pope John XXII., and St Pius V. declared him a doctor of the Church.

The characteristic which most clearly marks the life of St. Thomas is the love of truth; not merely abstract and philosophical, but of truth in its last analysis, in the living and personal God. The eager question of his young heart, "*Quid est Deus?*" was the first streak of the dawn which afterwards expanded into such a glorious day. The exercise of the understanding upon divine truth was his joy, his homage to eternal wisdom, and almost his form of prayer. A friend once asked him what grace he most desired. "To understand what I read," was his reply. His one aspiration was for the plenitude of that wisdom, the ripe bloom and fruit of moral as well as of intellectual qualities, which is the perfection of the Christian life.

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### THE DOCTRINE OF ST. THOMAS.

DURING the lifetime of St. Thomas, the intellectual movement which he was destined to lead to a successful issue came to a crisis. The activity of the human mind was directed to reasoning upon every sub-

ject that came under its notice, and it may easily be supposed that without a guide it led to many excesses and errors. Moreover, the greatest philosopher of antiquity, whose writings were becoming known, was in the hands of the enemies of Christianity, and was turned against the Church. It was assumed as a matter of course that the great and valuable system of Aristotle was inconsistent with religious truth. A dangerous contradiction was thus insinuating itself between nature and grace, between faith and reason. This led to a further evil: to the idea that the philosophical method was alien to the Church's mind, and that to be a Christian and at the same time a philosopher was impossible. Many great men had seen the drift of things, and had labored to show the perfect agreement which existed between all orders of truth; but it was St. Thomas who arrested the movement at its height, and turned it to the defence of the Church. He took Aristotle and made him serve the cause of Christianity. He showed how all that was really true in that philosopher's system was not only consistent with, but even supported and justified revealed truth, and that the most comprehensive system of philosophy known was incomplete without religion and the word of God. Aristotle had made an exhaustive system of natural truth from his own observation. St. Thomas made a system, one and comprehensive, of natural and supernatural truth; piecing together the truths of reason and those of faith, and showing how they correspond to and require each other. He showed how nature has no meaning without grace, and how grace requires nature as a foundation to rest upon. He thus crowned the great work which had engaged the labors of so many years and of so many eminent men, and won the human intellect and reason to the side of Christian truth.

The philosophy of Aristotle, which St. Thomas thus subdued to Christ, obtained its influence because it was true. Men felt that it exactly described the relations and qualities and causes of most of the truths in the natural order. Many errors were mixed up in it, but on the whole it was the most comprehensive and exact system ever yet elaborated. In the early ages of the Church, however, Aristotle had been looked upon with suspicion and dislike, and the Fathers generally regarded Plato with greater favor. The reason for this lay not in the works of Aristotle, so much as in the interpretation attached to them, dominating the Pagan world. Aristotle was a thorough Pagan in his life and character, with none of the sublime greatness of Plato. It was therefore natural that his own life should be taken as the commentary upon his works, and that they should be assumed to be, on their author's account, opposed to the religion of the Cross. The Pagan spirit filtered through the letter, and opposed itself, in its sullen hardness, to the meek and pure spirit of Christianity. Such a spirit, expressing a life more than a book, was a great reality, and the Church could do nothing but oppose it. Argument was out of place; and Christian philosophers, in its presence, took little trouble to discover how far Aristotle's life was inconsistent with his writings. A man's book is of little effect against himself; and accordingly, it was not till Aristotle's fame and name were dead that his book rose to a position in the Christian world such as he had never dreamed of, and served a cause such as he had never loved. Again it was seen how little a book can do against a spirit and a life. Christianity had existed for more than a thousand years. During that long period it had laid its foundations deep, and had grown up over the ruins of heathendom. A new world had arisen, founded and cemented by apostles, martyrs, and confessors; a system which was a living thing, which had shown and proved its strength and its independence of human support. The Church had triumphed over and crushed the spirit of Aristotle; she now subdued his work to her service. By the interpretation which Christianity was thus enabled to infuse into this philosophy, those who had fondly hoped to turn it to other accounts were defeated; and Aristotle became from henceforward the champion of the Church, and the text-book of the Christian schools. The interpreter who did this work was St. Thomas, and so well was it done that from that time Aristotle never again was used against the Church. Wherever the scholastic philosophy was honored, Aristotle was studied; wherever it was despised, he was neglected.

St. Thomas could not have accomplished this great work unless the Aristotelean system had been true. Error cannot serve truth; but it required a vast genius to see clearly through the mist of prejudice, to trace its way through the mingled truth and falsehood, separating one from the other, and apportioning to truth its proper place. St. Thomas adopted the system of Aristotle, therefore, because on the whole it was true, and because it was being turned against the Church. This was one element of his own system, which he enriched by independent observation of natural facts. The other and chief element, for the sake of which he labored, was the faith taught to

him by the Church. He learned this from her as her simplest member learned it, and it rested upon the same basis, — upon her word. The one element he could grasp by his own reason; the other was as much hidden from him in its first principles as from the little child, and he could only receive it on testimony. Nevertheless, he grasped it with a strength of reasonable faith which made it more certain to his mind than any truths he could see for himself. It was this receiving and this grasp of the faith which rendered his work possible; for he was thereby placed in possession of absolutely certain truths, which he could treat philosophically although he had not received them by reason. And yet reason had its part also, because it showed the reasonableness of belief. With these elements St. Thomas built up the mighty *Summa Theologica*, in which the truths of Christianity are explained, classified, and justified, and every possible objection against them is exploded. This work is the most marvellous exhibition of speculative thought and reasoning power ever given to the world. It unites faith and reason, and secures philosophy as the handmaid of dogma. We need not recount the praise lavished upon it by popes, councils, saints, and learned men; for the recent encyclical sums up the tradition of all ages. Neither can we stop to weigh the exact value of the approbation which the Church has given to the doctrine of St. Thomas. It is enough for the present to remark that no other philosophical doctrine has been equally commended, and likewise, that this approval is given to what is essentially a *philosophy*. It is not a list of truths; it is not the tracing of a tradition: it is a mental stand-point and a scientific method. In referring, therefore, to the doctrine of St. Thomas, we do not mean his particular opinions so much as his method. Philosophy can never have the same value to the Church as doctrine, because doctrine is the object of philosophy, without which it could not exist. Her first care is for the faith which will save us, whether we reason upon it or not; but if we do reason upon it, it is of vital importance that we should do so properly, in right order, with an eye to all the elements to be considered, and with an understanding how far it is reasonable to go, and when investigation must be fruitless. St. Thomas is the great master in this art of sacred reasoning. He shows us how, first of all, to grasp the truth with a strength that is truly supernatural because it comes from faith; and when we have grasped it with no uncertain hold, he shows us how to examine its outlines, to search its details, and to look into its nature: and this with reverence as well as keenness, with depth as well as humility. In his own example he shows us best how to fulfil this delicate and important task. In him we see the reasoning powers in exercise with a freedom which is nowhere surpassed, and at the same time with a reverence that proves we are listening not to a sophist, but to a master of the true and Christian wisdom. St. Thomas teaches us *how* to do all this, how to form conclusions, to distinguish truth and falsehood: how, in short, to think clearly, boldly, practically, for ourselves, without injury — nay, with service — to the faith. The object of St. Thomas, therefore, was to explain the faith by reason as far as it can be explained, that we may entertain an intelligent notion of its mysteries. We do not receive the faith by our own reasoning powers, otherwise it would be no longer faith, but mere science; but we can reason upon the grounds of faith and upon the objects of faith by showing that they are not impossible or improbable, and how they agree with the works of nature and are justified by analogy. Reason may even go further, and show how certain mysteries are legitimate deductions from other revealed truths.

St. Thomas is of course not the only saint and doctor who has had this purpose in view. But this may be said: that he, above all others, set it before him as the formal and direct object of his life, and that his method, or way of doing it, has been commended beyond that of others.

We have already said that the doctrine of St. Thomas means particularly his philosophical method. This method must have its principles of construction; and our readers may ask, What are these?

The method of St. Thomas may be characterized as *objective*. He looks out upon truth with the eye of a large and luminous common sense, observes it, receives it as a disciple, understands it, and makes it his own so thoroughly that he can bring it down to the level of ordinary men. He pays no attention to subjective notions, unless he can find their objective counterpart and their law. A notion may be simply a distorted shadow. It can never be its own justification, apart from the truth it is supposed to reflect. This is the first great difference between St. Thomas and un-Catholic philosophers. The latter take their subjective sensations, their fancies and emotions, and starting with them as principles, they reconstruct the universe in harmony with them. St. Thomas regards this method as false and dangerous, and as inevitably leading, if pushed home, to conclusions adverse to the faith. He, as much as

any one, maintains the dignity of man, and even says that the senses, properly applied, cannot deceive; but he does not forget that man is fallen, nor that man is far from sure to apply his reason or his senses properly, whatever his good intentions may be. Reason is true, but in conformity to truth. It is not safe, even when it is not wrong, to take it as a principle. It is this love of unity and law which leads him to trace all our ideas to exterior sources. The mind is like a bright mirror, which reflects truth; and so well adapted is it for this office, that in reflecting truth it is inevitably correct and even infallible: but when we come to the practical question, we must ask, Who can absolutely guarantee that the reflection in our minds is a perfect reflection? Although for practical purposes we can take it as sufficiently correct, nevertheless our prejudices and bias are so strong that they may impair the image of truth, and give to it a shape that has no real counterpart. Hence the danger, to say the least, of taking our ideas as universal laws.

A leading principle in St. Thomas' method is that of causality. That everything has a cause, is a true Thomistic axiom. Every creature is part of the universal net-work of law and order. It depends on something else; it can only be understood when its cause is known. His proof of the existence of God is based upon this principle; and we may say that it is the same proof, scientifically drawn out, which takes hold of the human mind in its universal aspect, according to the doctrine of the apostle, "The invisible things of God by the things which are made are understood."

It would take more space than we have at our disposal, to draw out all the principles of St. Thomas's method. It may be shortly described as the *a posteriori* method. It is the method which proceeds cautiously, in order, and, we must add, scientifically, from known facts to their known relations, and to their known causes. It is a method which admits no assertion and advances no conclusion without a proof; which proceeds upon the principle that the universe is one and harmonious, and is ruled by law. All *a priori* assumptions and foregone conclusions are alien to the method of St. Thomas. They may not be false; but they are out of order, only accidentally right, and dangerous as a method of reasoning. St. Thomas did not invent this method himself. He learned it from the great classical thinkers, from Aristotle and St. Augustine; and he handed it on, more precisely systematized and amplified, to swell the tide of true scientific discovery.

We mentioned the objective character of this method, as being its first mark. A true objective method, as our readers have already perceived, depends upon moral as well as upon intellectual qualities; and it was in these qualities, as a Christian and a saint, that St. Thomas had the advantage over Aristotle. It was not only in his moral character that he possessed this advantage, but in his clear knowledge of that truth which is the key-stone of the moral and highest order of truths, — the knowledge of the Personal God. The truth of personality is the supreme truth which our Divine Lord brought upon earth and gave to man, as the principle of his perfection as well as of his worship. St. Thomas possessed this truth as a heathen philosopher could not; and it is a cardinal axiom of his method, that if we wish to understand, we must bring our person into complete subjection to the Personal God. It is this principle which makes his philosophy Christian, and raises it so infinitely above all others which are founded upon truth of a lower order.

Although the doctrine of St. Thomas means principally his method, there are many positive doctrines of the Church which he has vigorously and ably defended. We may mention his magnificent proof of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, his unfolding of the beatitude which the glorified soul enjoys, and especially his treatise on the Holy Eucharist. These occur in his last and greatest work, the *Summa Theologica*, which, in a manner, contains all the rest. His works, which are printed in twenty folio volumes, comprise treatises on all subjects, from the education of children up to the vision of God in heaven.

The moral qualities of his works, and especially of the *Summa*, are as conspicuous as their intellectual greatness. The charm and unction of the style are so attractive, the tenderest love so breathes forth through the scholastic form, that many have found the *Summa* to be the best spiritual reading, and have derived from it increase of love as well as increase of light. It is this angelic poetry and feeling which Cardinal Newman refers to: "Such poets as are born under her shadow, she (the Church) can even make schoolmen of, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical"; and Father Rawes does not hesitate to say that he considers the *Summa* "the greatest epic poem that ever was written."

The broad humanity, the fresh common sense of St. Thomas make such expressions as these perfectly just. No man had less liking than he for useless sub-

tilties and refinements. He wrote for a practical purpose, with facts ever in view. He makes truth not only persuasive and attractive, but he makes it live, so that it supports our steps and becomes a motive of daily conduct. It is this union of light and love, this incomparable wisdom, which has given St. Thomas his name and power. He is the master of truth, because he was its humble disciple. Sometimes he even appears to play and disport himself with it, in his freedom of spirit.

It is remarkable that St. Thomas is the only one of the doctors and theologians of the Church who has formed a school, in the proper sense of the word. One reason is, that first of all his teaching is true, although this is not peculiar to himself. The chief reason is that his teaching is extremely easy to understand. A critic, in the "Dublin Review," called him "probably the clearest writer who ever lived." It is the gift of teaching, of bringing the highest truths to the level of the ordinary mind, which has made his doctrine so efficient an instrument of education. Great thinkers without this gift are, in an intellectual sense, solitary. The people admire them, but they do not take their principles as motives for their ordinary conduct, because they cannot think with them; but St. Thomas is surrounded with a throng of listeners who have not his eagle gaze, but who can see the bearing of his teaching upon common facts; and while he comes down to them, he thereby in some degree lifts them up to himself.

Perhaps the world has never seen a more eminent body of intellectual men than the school of St. Thomas. Plato and Aristotle had their disciples; but the disciples of St. Thomas, whilst they were men of cultivated and powerful minds, had the advantage of faith, and a knowledge of the unseen world.

Cardinal Manning has remarked of the scholastic philosophy, "Beyond all doubt this philosophy is the most solid and subtile system which the human intellect has ever elaborated by its own unaided force"; and the school of St. Thomas stands foremost in the scholastic philosophy.

This school is composed, first of all, and so to speak, naturally, of the Dominican Order, which enjoins upon all its members the duty of following the doctrine of St. Thomas, not only in substance, but as far as possible even in choice of terms, in phrase, and mode of expression.

A writer in the "Dublin Review," a short time ago, declared that St. Thomas and Albert the Great were commanded by members of the episcopate to turn their attention and genius to the investigation of truth. We have never understood who these mythical personages were. Honor to whom honor is due. The credit of the achievements of St. Thomas, so far as they can be traced to direction, is to be given to the Dominican Order, which discovered his vast genius, and made every effort and sacrifice for its development, with what results the world well knows. To his authority the order has ever been faithful. St. Thomas has always been equally honored at home. But the school of St. Thomas is by no means confined to the Dominican Order. It includes all those who profess to follow his teaching, such as the Society of Jesus, and other distinguished orders who are bound thereto by rule, and others who follow him by choice.

The doctrine of St. Thomas, flowing through the many channels which opened before it, at one time attained to a supremacy which has had no parallel before or since. It seemed to take possession of the chair of truth, and to speak in the voice of the Church. As the Pope says in his encyclical, "One would have believed he saw Thomas taking part in the Councils of Lyons, Vienna, Florence, and the Vatican; even presiding, in a certain sense, over the deliberations of the Fathers."

It would be an interesting task to trace the influence of St. Thomas's doctrine upon the after-course of philosophy and theology. To the Catholic mind it will seem a truism to say that the tradition of philosophy belongs to the Church, and is handed down by her philosophers and theologians, and that it does not belong to the secular and infidel thinkers who do but perpetuate the tradition of folly condemned in Holy Writ: "Dixit *insipiens* in corde suo, non est Deus." The tradition of the world is that of the corrupt heart, — of the wishes of fallen man; that of the Church is the tradition of reason. The highest and purest Catholic tradition has been the Thomistic; and when we gaze upon the Thomistic tradition, flowing like the Father of Waters amongst the rivers that refresh the earth, we are struck no less by its moral than its intellectual greatness, and even more so, as being a phenomenon exclusively belonging to Christian philosophy. We see the greatest minds anxious only to continue the tradition, and to serve truth. They reverence St. Thomas as their chief and master; they make their works simply commentaries upon his; they are content to be second, or rather they have no thoughts of place, because they have the spirit of Christian humility. And as a consequence, the moral argument from their

unanimity is as striking as its intellectual force. How different is the scene outside the Church! There, pride reigns as a principle, and each one wishes to be followed as an original thinker. The confusion and disorder that ensue attest the presence of falsehood as well as of moral chaos.

The school of St. Thomas is not confined to priests and religious. The members of at least one confraternity, the Angelic Warfare, engage to follow his doctrine. Many laymen have devoted themselves with great fruit to the study of his works and to the diffusion of his principles. Others have found his writings so interesting that they have given their leisure to them for their own comfort and strength. The heroic General Lamoricière was found dead with the *Summa* open before him. We venture to express a hope that the school of St. Thomas may extend to many who have time, even in the affairs of the world, to give to the profound study of their religion. The moral effect of this study would be as beneficial as the insight gained; for the special fruit of St. Thomas is strength of mind in the things of faith, a gift which in these days is no less wanted than accurate knowledge. If the councils of the Church have been so intimately affected by the teaching of St. Thomas, we should expect to find its influence in other directions, as indeed we do. The most famous spiritual work of the last three centuries, the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, is so penetrated with the Thomistic tradition, that we may say that without the *Summa* it would have been impossible, at least in its widest and philosophical application. We have only to scan the works of St. Teresa and of St. John of the Cross to learn how much mystical theology is indebted to the same source. From the *Secunda Secundæ* of the same immortal work, moral theology also derived principles extending to every part of its wide and noble domain. St. Thomas and the scholastics have done for Catholic theology what Bacon, it is said, has done for the conveniences of life: they have brought it to every man's door and made it a common property. The simplest preacher now finds it an easy task to speak with propriety upon the deepest mysteries of the faith. Errors or improprieties of speech, from which the great Fathers of the Church were not free, owing to the want of a scientific terminology, are heard with surprise from the lips of the village pastor. The devotions of the Church have shared in the radiance of this sun of doctrine.

The Office of Corpus Christi came from the pen of St. Thomas, or rather straight from his heart; and it yields the hymns, so dear to all Catholics, which are sung over the globe at benediction and processions of the blessed Sacrament.

The works of St. Thomas are penetrated with an apostolic motive. He wrote, as his father St. Dominic preached, to save souls. For this he spent toilsome days in study and writing, and curtailed his brief repose at night. In these days of controversy, therefore, when to defend and explain the truth is an apostolic work of great responsibility, the method of so great a master in dealing with opponents is of wide-spread interest; and we append the words of the learned Pope Benedict XIV., which fitly crown St. Thomas's merits as a controversialist. These words occur in the constitution prefixed to the Index (§ 24), and are therefore authoritative

"The Angelical Prince of the schools and Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, in writing so many works which can never be sufficiently praised, necessarily gave offence to the opinions of the philosophers and theologians whom truth obliged him to refute. But the other merits of the great doctor culminated in this: that he was never known to abuse, vilify, or traduce any of his opponents, but on the contrary, he treated them with courtesy and with the greatest kindness; for anything hard or ambiguous or obscure in their writings he softened and explained by a large and generous interpretation. But when the cause of religion and faith required that he should explode and refute these opinions, this he did with so much modesty, that he deserved as much praise in differing from them as in asserting the Catholic faith. Those who follow and glory in so great a master (and for the singular veneration and affection we ourselves have ever entertained towards him, we rejoice to say they are numerous) should strive to emulate the moderation in writing of this great doctor, and his fair method of dealing and arguing with opponents. Others who differ from his school and his teaching should also follow the same method. For the virtues of the saints are proposed by the Church as an example to all; and since the Angelic Doctor has been placed amongst the saints, whilst it is allowable to think differently from him, it is not at all lawful to introduce a different method of dealing and arguing. It closely concerns public tranquillity, the edification of our neighbor, and the cause of charity, that Catholic writings should be free from malice, bitterness, and scurrility, so entirely at variance with the Christian profession and all right conduct."

### CONFRATERNITY OF THE CORD OF SAINT THOMAS; OR, THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

Whilst St. Thomas was confined in prison, his relations endeavored to overcome his constancy by the ruin of his chastity, and for this purpose they introduced a person to tempt him. Without hesitation, the saint plucked a burning brand out of the fire and drove the wretched creature from the room. He then knelt down in prayer, and falling into a slumber, two angels appeared, who girded him so tightly that he cried out and woke with the pain. From that time, he assured his confessor, he never felt the sting of concupiscence. This incident has given rise to the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, the members of which receive and wear a linen girdle, and look to St. Thomas as their patron in the conflict of chastity.

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### RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

A curious story of an imbroglio between a party of Russian and of German officers comes to us from Berlin. From the details published in the "Hamburger Correspondenz" it would appear that the officers of a Russian regiment stationed at Kalisch invited the officers of a Prussian regiment across the border to dinner. The dinner itself passed off peaceably enough, but gradually the wine inflamed the patriotism of the Russians to boasting point, and their vaunts of their own land were not unmingled with sneers at the country of the Teutons. The Germans responded freely in defence of Fatherland. The discussion grew momentarily warmer, till finally swords were drawn by hosts and guests for the final settlement of the dispute. Then the colonel of the Russian regiment interfered, with some difficulty rescued the Prussians from the overpowering attentions of their hosts, brought them to his residence, and sent them thence under the escort of a troop of hussars to their own quarters. The next invitation card that comes to them across the border will, we think, be very attentively scrutinized before it is accepted. The incident is interesting only so far as it gives an insight into the feelings of the military men of both nations. The feeling in the army is not unfrequently a very reliable criterion of the feeling of the nation.

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### SPRING.

The bridal fields and woods are full of mirth,
For Spring, swift-footed, comes across the hills;
His garb is yellow like young daffodils,
And the gay sunshine is his golden girth.

At his dear coming, i' the womb of the Earth
All nature leaps, and a long rapture thrills
Through every vale and down a hundred rills:
Oh, shout and sing to hail this blessed birth!

The tender buds peep up with timid eyes,
The green-gold grasses nod to one another,
And leaves are stirred with rustle of light laughter;
The while fair Earth with open bosom lies,
And smiles, renewed in heart like a young mother
Wan through her labor, but more lovely after.

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The lessons for parents, and for all who have to do with children, are obvious. Children are as different in their natures and temperaments as grown-up people are, and they are infinitely more sensitive, making them easier both to manage and mismanage. Children cannot be governed by any stern, unvarying rule; they must be treated according to the differences in their characters. Above all, children who appear morose, obstinate, unhappy, should not be made more so by punishment,—they are wretched enough already. To alleviate, not increase the unhappiness of childhood should be the aim of all who have the welfare of children at heart.

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Potatoes Fried Whole. — When nearly boiled enough, put them into a stew-pan with a piece of butter, or some clean beef-drippings; shake them about often, to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured and dipped into the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread-crumbs.

# THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

## OUR RACE AT BUNKER HILL.

APART from the interest which this ever-memorable battle has for the American citizen, it is doubly interesting to those Americans in whose veins flows the Irish blood. As soon as the news from Lexington and Concord, where the Irish colonel, Barrett, commanded, had reached the hills of New Hampshire, the Irish-American left his plough in the field, and quitting home and family, hastened on to join the patriots at Boston. Within the redoubt, on the same ground moistened by the blood of the lamented Warren, fell the noble Major Moore beside the wounded form of Colonel Nixon, both as true-souled Irish-Americans as ever lived. Knox and Reid were there, too; and Major-General Stark, with his own devoted Irish riflemen, did terrible execution at the rail fence, and repulsed charge after charge of the redcoat soldiery, while the patriots for want of ammunition were retreating from the hill. And as the Americans crossed the "Neck," the stalwart Irishman, Major McCleary, received the fatal shot. When night closed around the summit of Prospect Hill, where the patriots rested on their arms after the hard fighting of the day, Brigadier-General John Sullivan was there, having been placed in command. We speak of these heroes as Irishmen, for Irish was their blood, though America was their country. They loved their country, and their unconquerable spirit could not be subdued in America any more than that of their fathers was in Ireland. The sons of Erin have ever been found in the foremost ranks fighting for liberty; and on the 17th of June, 1775, her American sons did not fail to maintain their reputation for bravery and patriotism.

We subjoin some additional particulars of the leading spirits who fought on that memorable occasion.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN. — The cannon and most of the small arms used at Bunker Hill were captured from Fort William and Mary at Portsmouth, N. H., by Gen. John Sullivan, in December, 1774. This young Irishman was dreaming of war while others were dreaming of peace. Accordingly he and John Langdon collected a band of followers, and marching on the fort, took the garrison prisoners, and removed one hundred barrels of powder, fifteen pieces of cannon, and other arms to a place of safety. Peabody, in his life of Sullivan, says: "This affair may appear in itself to be of no great moment, but it assumes another aspect when we consider the time at which it occurred. It was the first act which could be regarded as one of open and direct hostility, committed by a military force against the royal government."

GENERAL JOHN KNOX, who served as a volunteer at the battle of Bunker Hill, was born in Boston in 1750, of Irish parents. This Irish-American rendered valuable service to the patriotic cause by bringing more than fifty cannon, mortars, and howitzers from Ticonderoga and Crown Point to the lines before Boston. The Marquis Chastellux said of him: "From the very first of the campaign he was intrusted with the command of the artillery, and it has turned out it could not have been placed in better hands."

MAJOR ANDREW MCCLEARY was one of those Irish-American volunteers who came from New Hampshire to fight at Bunker Hill. The "New Hampshire Gazette" of July, 1775, speaking of him, says: "The major displayed great intrepidity and presence of mind in the action, and his noble soul glowed with ardor and the love of his country; and like the Roman Camillus, who left his plough,

commanded the army, and conquered his opponents, so the major, upon the first intelligence of hostilities at Concord, left his farm and went a volunteer to assist his suffering brethren, where he was soon called to a command, which he executed to his eternal honor, and has thereby acquired the reputation of a brave officer and a disinterested patriot; and may his name be held in respect by all lovers of liberty to the end of time, while the names of the sons of tyranny are despised and disgraced, and nothing left to them but the badges of their perfidy and infamy. May the widow of the deceased be respected for his sake; and may his children inherit his spirit and bravery, but not meet with his fate!"

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK was born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1728, his father having emigrated from Ireland forty-seven years before the Revolution. Young Stark was a stanch patriot, and as soon as news of the battle of Lexington and Concord arrived, Stark was seen *ten minutes afterwards* in the saddle, and galloping away towards Boston. He was promoted to the rank of colonel in the Continental army, and was stationed at Medford. But on the day when the storm was gathering on Bunker Hill, he was sent for in hot haste. Marching his regiment through the cannon-balls that swept Charlestown Neck, he led them with shouts up to the American lines. Addressing his men, he told them that the eyes of the country were upon them, and the cause of freedom intrusted to their hands, and roused them by his fiery language till loud huzzas rent the air. His station was behind the rail fence filled with hay, between the Mystic River and the road, and thither he led his men. Some one had asked General Gage in the morning if the rebels would stand fire. "Yes," said he, "if one John Stark is there, for he is a brave fellow."

Froude, in his "History of Ireland," tells us that the name of Massachusetts' great battle ground — Bunker Hill — is called after an eminence in Ireland. Referring to that Revolutionary battle, and to the Irish element that participated in it, and that contributed to make the American rebellion a success, Froude says, "There is a Bunker's Hill close outside Belfast. Massachusetts tradition has forgotten how the name came to the Charlestown peninsula. It is possible that the connection with Ireland is a coincidence. *It is possible that the name of a spot so memorable in American history was brought over by one of those Irish exiles.*"

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AN Indiana girl wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store clerk.

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THE Duke of Argyll was once giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons on the temperance question. "But," said a member inquiringly, "one Bailie MacPherson, apparently a person of authority, deposes that he never saw any one drunk in his district." "Very likely," replied his Grace; "Scotchmen will hardly allow a man to be drunk so long as he can lie still upon the floor."

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NAPPER TANDY was not executed by the English authorities, though he was in their clutches, having been arrested on neutral territory in the independent republic of Hamburg by order of the British consul in 1799, when making his way from Ireland to France. But as Tandy was a citizen of France and an officer in the French army, Napoleon threatened to hang up a dozen English officers who were in his hands if Tandy were hung; so the English were forced to release him.

## ENGLISH POLITICS.—HOME RULERS.

St. John (N. B.) Freeman.

THE real weakness of the Liberals now is their large majority. The various sections of the party will, in all probability, soon begin to insist upon having their special views acted upon. The Non-conformists will insist upon the disestablishment of the Church, if they see the slighest chance of succeeding. The danger is that, as they are peculiarly stiff-necked and self-willed, they will insist upon the attempt being made, whether there is a probability of success or not. This great victory may lead to the rapid disintegration of the party, as the Whigs may coalesce with the Tories against the common democratic enemy, rather than do all that their radical allies will now demand. It will be a great mistake if the Liberals attempt to treat the Home Rulers as the Tory papers suggest. They may defy them for a year or two, but they cannot afford to drive them into active opposition. We may expect to see the new ministry introduce, within a year, a bill to abolish primogeniture; a bill to facilitate the sale and transfer of lands; a bill to give tenant farmers absolute security for the property they have invested in the lands they occupy; a bill to abolish or greatly modify the game laws, and a bill to extend the franchise and place the people of Irish boroughs on a footing of equality with the people of English cities. Probably they will also introduce an education bill satisfactory to the Irish people.

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## WHAT WONDER IS IT THAT THE IRISH ARE DISCONTENTED?

Dublin Freeman's Journal, April 1.

A STORY comes to us from a district in the South which forcibly reminds us of the time when cave or hillside formed the only temple in which the solemn rites of the Church dared be performed in this Catholic land. In a district remote from chapel or schoolhouse a parish priest has sought for a site on which to build a school for the children of the district in which religious and secular training could be properly carried on. The soil is vested in Protestant hands, and, although there are no Protestant children in the place to attend such a school, the reply was a refusal, unless the management of the school were vested in the national board and taken out of the hands of the parish priest, or any priest in the locality. The site was not asked for gratis; any reasonable rent that might be asked, it was intimated, would be paid. The application was renewed again and again, but without effect. A house on the property became vacant, and the kitchen of this was offered for an hour or two in the week for the purpose of imparting religious instruction by the caretaker, if consent could be got from the owner; but this was equally vain to hope for. The only resource open to the parish priest is to collect the children *on the roadside*, *in the open air*, each Sunday afternoon, and in this barbaric way strive to impart to them that religious instruction so essential to their welfare. The elements are not always propitious, it need hardly be said, and the hardships to which priest and flock are subject are typical of the spirit which inflicts them. It is a long time since we heard a story of such unfeeling bigotry, and we hope it may be long before we hear of a repetition of it.

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KNOWLEDGE. — Girls, if they intend to become useful members of society and make good wives for "honest men and true," ought to be perfectly acquainted with all kinds of domestic work. They should know how things are done. "Knowledge is power," and such power renders a woman very independent in this age of inferior servants. She may, perhaps, never be required to use her knowledge in a practical way by performing household work, but it is well to possess the knowledge.

# LOUGH DERG AND ITS PILGRIMAGES.

## CHAPTER IX.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. DABHEOC BY THE DANES — ITS COLONIZATION BY AUGUSTINIAN CANONS — PILGRIMAGE OF THE KNIGHT OWEN.

He next for Ireland shaped his course,
And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly sainted elder made the cave
In which men cleansed of all offences are;
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save.
*Ariosto, "Orlando Furioso," translated by W. S. Rose.*

From the fifth till the close of the eighth century, Ireland won for herself that glorious distinction among the nations of being called the *Insula Doctorum et Sanctorum*. From the beginning of the ninth century, however, down to the battle of Clontarf in 1014, the scene changed. During this period the Danes plundered and laid desolate very many of the religious houses throughout Ireland. That Lough Derg shared in the common ruin is only too likely; for we find in the "Four Masters," under the year 836, that "the churches of Lough Erne were destroyed by the Galls" (the Danish invaders), "with Clones. Devenish, etc." During the long and cruel wars with the Danes, who are called in our annals "foreigners," and also "black Gentiles," pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Patrick's Purgatory, even supposing that the place had escaped their notice, would be certainly a most perilous undertaking. And hence we may at least infer that this sanctuary, if not altogether destroyed, had been almost completely abandoned during a considerable interval, and had lost in the mean time much of its former lustre.

Some time after the Danes were expelled, religious of the Augustinian Order were introduced into Ireland. They took possession of the ruined cloisters of Lough Derg, Devenish, Clones, and many others throughout Ireland. Imar, Archbishop of Armagh, is, indeed, said to have been the first to introduce them into Ireland, about the year 1126, and to have put under their charge the abbey founded by him at Armagh, and placed under the invocation of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul. It is asserted that the monastery erected by these venerable canons at Lough Derg was also dedicated to the same holy apostles. Ware states that this house of the Augustinian canons at Lough Derg, according to the "Register" of John Bole (sometime Archbishop of Armagh, and who died A. D. 1470), is called "the filial place of the monastery of the Apostles Peter and Paul of Armagh."

And so wide-spread did this order become throughout Ireland, that, at the time of the suppression and confiscation of their houses and property in the sixteenth century, no less than two hundred and thirty-one houses belonged to this order.

With the introduction of the Canons Regular the second epoch in the history of Lough Derg is reached, which as far excelled the glory of the first as the third epoch, dating from the Reformation, is destined, we hope, to transcend the glory of both. Under the pious canons life was again infused into the withered bones, pilgrimage to Lough Derg received a fresh impetus, and its sanctuary soon reappeared in still greater proportions and beauty. The Canons Regular appear to have tenanted Saints' Island for about four hundred years, from the twelfth till the sixteenth century.

Dr. Lanigan, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (Vol. I. p. 368), exhibiting a want of taste and judgment so little in keeping with his acknowledged character as a historian, writes: "It will not be expected that I should waste my time with giving an account of the so-called Patrick's Purgatory, of Lough Derg, or examining if there could be any foundation for attributing it to our apostle. It is never mentioned in any of the lives, nor was it, I believe, heard of until the eleventh century, the period at which the Canons Regular at first appeared. For it was to persons of that order, as the story goes, that

St. Patrick confided the care of that cavern of wonders." It is easy to understand how Dr. Lanigan has been led into this mistake, when we consider that he spent so many years of his life out of Ireland; and though he was profoundly conversant with the historical writings and records of his country, yet its archæology, topography, and local traditions — such fruitful sources of history — were to him a sealed fountain. Besides, if only such facts as are related in the early Lives and Acts of St. Patrick were to be admitted, then we should reject as spurious very many statements and traditions, not only as regards St. Patrick, but the other Irish saints in general, which are accepted by historians as established facts. Strange to say, Dr. Lanigan seems to base his argument against the origin and antiquity of St. Patrick's Purgatory on the authority of a little tract, which Colgan says he found in a MS. placed after the end of the *Vita Tripartita*, and which he attributes to the author of the "Tripartite Life." That it was not written by the author of the "Tripartite" seems certain, from the mention in it of Canons Regular, a class of persons then unknown. It appears to be a transcript of the narrative of the monk, Henry of Saltrey. In this little tract it is said: —

"Statimque Beatus Patricius in eodem loco ecclesiam construxit, et Beati Patris Augustini Canonicos vitam apostolicam sectantes in ea constituit; fossam autem prædictam quæ in cæmeterio est extra frontem ecclesiæ orientalem, muro circumdedit, et januas serasque apposuit, ne quis eam ausu temerario et sine licentia ingredi præsumeret, clavem vero custodiendam commendavit Priori ecclesiæ ejusdem, et quoniam homo a peccatis purgetur, locus ille Purgatorium Sti. Patricii nominatur."

As the Canons Regular repeopled most of the monasteries laid desolate during the Danish wars, the custom gradually obtained of calling their monastic predecessors Canons Regular; and in this way St. Patrick himself was called a Canon Regular, and his feast regularly observed in their order.

Had Dr. Lanigan and the Spanish critic Feijoo (the latter of whom seemed to think that the visions related of the mediæval pilgrims constituted the origin of the pilgrimage) only thought of this, — had they but known the ancient remains, inscriptions, traces, traditions at the place, as well as references in the ancient Irish writings pointing to St. Patrick, St. Dabheoc, and other holy abbots who presided over the monastery of Lough Derg, — they would have been spared the opprobrium of assailing this venerable pilgrimage, which is one of the most precious legacies bequeathed by St. Patrick to the Irish race.

Jocelyn also impugns the Patrician origin of Lough Derg, for the sole reason, as it would appear, that it detracts from the fame of his favorite pilgrimage on Croagh-Patrick; that of Lough Derg having been established, as he says, by the Augustinians in opposition to it. But the reasons we have adduced against Dr. Lanigan's view will also sufficiently explain Jocelyn's objection.

Touching the occupation of Lough Derg by the Augustinians, the following lengthy extract from Dr. Lanigan's "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (Vol. IV. p. 348) will be interesting: —

"About the twelfth century the Irish monasteries very generally adopted the rule of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. Nor was the transition difficult; for the old Irish rules did not, in substance, differ much from that of the said canons, inasmuch as they were not as strictly monastical as those of the Egyptian, Basilian, or Benedictine monks, and allowed, without particular dispensation, the union of the active service of the Church, such as practised by the secular clergy, with the monastic regulations, which, although varying more or less, were, as I have often remarked, founded on the system which St. Patrick had seen followed at Lerins and at Tours, and which he introduced into Ireland. Now the characteristic feature of the Canons Regular, which distinguishes them from monks, emphatically so called, is that, although they make vows and are bound to observe certain laws similar

to those of the monks, they are capable of practising the functions which usually belong to the secular clergy. Yet the system of the ancient Irish clergy was much more severe than the Canons Regular, as is clear from the rule of St. Columbanus, which was taken from those of the monasteries in Ireland, particularly that of Bangor, of which that great saint had been a member."

From this we can understand how certain of the priors of this monastery, and, doubtless, others of the community as well, are recorded as holding parishes and other dignities in the diocese within which this establishment was situated.

Some time after the Canons Regular had come to reside at Lough Derg, there occurred an event which tended to give the Purgatory much of its Continental fame. It so happened in the twelfth century, that an Irish soldier, named Owen, who had served under the standard of King Stephen, and who had been a crusader, on returning home after long service, felt remorse of conscience for his sins; and so he resolved on making a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, there to find rest for his troubled soul. This narrative regarding the knight Owen is to be received with great limitation; for it was written at a time when, owing to the crusades, the troubadours had brought home from the East sensational, romantic, and exaggerated accounts of the deeds of chivalry of the Christian knights. This taste for the sensational had pervaded the literature of the age; and hence the narrative of Henry of Saltrey, the poems founded on it by Dante, Ariosto, and Calderon, must be considered as containing much that is purely poetic and imaginary. Owen, having obtained the usual permission from the prior of the island, as well as from the bishop of the diocese, both of whom strove to dissuade him from his purpose, prepared himself by a fifteen days' fast and prayer to enter the cave. After this, mass was said, the pilgrim received holy communion, a salutary instruction was given, and a procession of the monks was formed, in order to conduct the pilgrim to the mouth of the cave, as it is thus related in the metrical version: —

> "Every priest and every man
> Went with hym yn procession;
> And as lowde as they myghte crye,
> For hym they songe the letanye."

The prior having secured the door of the cave, the knight soon found himself in a large cloistered hall, in which were fifteen religious, clothed in white garments. One of them, preparing him for the attacks of the evil spirits he was to encounter, warned him to invoke the powerful name of Jesus to his aid. This advice is thus given in the same metrical version of Saltrey's narrative: —

> "But if they will thee beat or bind,
> Look thou have these words in mind,
> 'Jesus, as thou art full of might,
> Have mercy on me, sinful knight!'
> And evermore have in thy thought
> Jesus, that thee so dear has bought."

On being left alone, the pilgrim Owen was attacked by the evil spirits, and was preserved from the fierce punishments prepared for him by uttering the prayer, "Jesus, as thou art," etc. In this cave he saw souls undergoing the most terrible torments. From the vision of hell and purgatory the knight was led to a gate in a resplendent wall, which was set with pearls and precious stones. This heavenly sight caused him to forget the dangers and sufferings he had hitherto undergone. Here the most enchanting sights and the sweetest melody captivated his heart, so that he desired never to depart from this paradise. But he was not permitted to remain there; and on his return met with the fifteen ecclesiastics he had seen when first he entered the cave. Having spent a day in their society, and being made acquainted by them with the future events of his life, he left the cave, and received the congratulations of the prior and canons on his safe return. Having spent fifteen more days on the island, and after relating his vision and adventures to the community of monks, he took his departure from Lough Derg,

and amongst others communicated the account of his pilgrimage to Gilbert of Lud, an English monk, who, in his turn, related it to Henry of Saltrey. After leading a truly Christian life to a ripe old age, death closed the pilgrim-soldier's career: —

> "He died and went the bright way,
> To the bliss that lasts for aye;
> To that bliss may He us bring
> That of all is Lord and King."

Henry of Saltrey thus accounts for his knowledge of Owen's vision: He says that Gervasius, abbot of Louth, in Lincolnshire, obtained from King Stephen a grant of land in Ireland on which to build a monastery. For this purpose one of his monks, Gilbert, was sent into Ireland with the knight Owen, who accompanied him as servant and interpreter of the Irish language. Whenever they were alone together the monk asked him minutely concerning Purgatory, and the marvellous modes of punishm nt which he had there seen and felt; but the knight, who could never hear about Purgatory without weeping bitterly, told his friend, for his edification, and under the seal of secrecy, all that he had seen and experienced, and affirmed that he had seen it all with his own eyes. By the care and diligence of the monk, all that the knight had said was reduced to writing, together with the narratives of the bishops and other ecclesiastics of that country, who, for truth's sake, gave their testimony to the facts. "Lately, also, I did speak with one who was nephew of Patrick,* the third of that name, the companion of St Malachius, by name Florentianus, in whose bishopric, as he said, that Purgatory was: of whom having curiously inquired, he answered, 'Truly, brother, that place is within my bishopric, and many perish in that Purgatory; and those who by chance return, do, by reason of the extreme torments they have endured, ever look pale and languid.' The aforesaid narrative the said Gilbert did often repeat in my hearing, according as he had often heard it from the knight."

Henry of Saltrey wrote his account of Owen's pilgrimage in Latin prose, in the year 1153. The narrative was translated into several languages, in the metrical style then so popular. According to Sister Mary F. Clare, in her "Life of St. Patrick," there are some of these metrical versions still in existence. There are two of them in the British Museum. One is contained in the Cotton collection, and dates from the fifteenth century; the other is a MS. of the fourteenth century, in the Auchinleck collection, in Scotland. In the same valuable work of the "Nun of Kenmare" is given a vignette representing a pilgrim entering the purgatorial cave, followed by a procession of monks chanting hymns.

With regard to the penance performed by the knight Owen, there is no reason for saying that it differed substantially from the course of penance there pursued at the present day, highly embellished though the statement be by the chronicler as well as the pilgrim. It is even quite possible that visions regarding the future state of the soul, regarding the different degrees of punishment for sin, and also the happy state of the blessed, may have been vouchsafed to this great penitent, — such visions God having deigned to grant to many of the saints; among others, to his illustrious servants, St. Catherine and St. Theresa.

At all events, the narrative of the knight Owen served, under Divine Providence, to spread abroad the fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory, and to attract to its sanctuary, from every nation throughout Christendom, pilgrims of every rank, from the prince to the peasant.

Henry of Saltrey's narrative had been copied from monastery to monastery, till it became quite familiar

* No such name is to be found in Ware's "List of Bishops" for Clogher or Raphoe about the time in question.

over the continent of Europe. It had also found its way into the hands of the great mediæval poets. Ariosto had read it, as appears from the extract prefixed to this chapter. It would also appear from the plan and various passages in the "Divina Commedia," that "the divine poet, the inimitable Dante," had been conversant with it. It is stated that the second part of the *Divina Commedia*, "*Il Purgatorio*," is founded on Saltrey's account of Lough Derg. The Spanish poet, Calderon, — so celebrated for his sacred dramas, — upon this same pilgrimage, wrote one of his most charming plays, to which we have already referred, and shall have occasion to refer again hereafter.

## CHAPTER X.

TIERNAN O'ROURKE, PRINCE OF BREFFNY, ON PILGRIMAGE AT LOUGH DERG — DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN PILGRIMS — NARRATIVE OF JACOBUS DE VORAGINE.

TIERNAN O'ROURKE, prince of Breffny, was one of the most warlike of Irish chieftains. For about half a century, from 1124 down to the year 1172, when he met with an untimely death, he took part in the wars, predatory incursions, deeds of daring and bloodshed, which distracted his unhappy country, as also in the laudable attempt to resist the English invasion. In 1152, his wife, Dervorgil, that "degenerate daughter of Erin," eloped with his rival, the infamous M'Murrough. Dervorgil, after having reached the advanced age of eighty-five, closed her ill-fated career in the convent of Mellifont in the year 1193, after undergoing a lengthened course of penance.

It is stated that at the time of her elopement with M'Murrough, her husband had been away on pilgrimage; and the tradition is kept at Lough Derg that it was there he sought consolation for his troubled conscience when he returned to find himself betrayed by M'Murrough. Dr. O'Donovan, in his "Donegal Letters," also refers to the same tradition. This incident is wedded to immortal verse in the well-known melody of Moore, beginning thus: —

"The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim returned,
But though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned."

Nor will it militate against this tradition to say that on the occasion referred to, Tiernan O'Rourke made pilgrimage to Clonmacnoise, or some other of the many places of pilgrimage which were then frequented throughout Ireland; for about this period it was quite usual to make pilgrimage, without interruption, round the most famous sanctuaries of Ireland. Even those who journeyed to foreign sanctuaries fortified and prepared themselves for such distant journeys by first making pilgrimage to the most famous shrines of religion in their own country. To this effect different instances are recorded in the registries of Armagh; and a remarkable instance is there related of one Æneas M'Michael, who, by way of penance, visited no less than seventeen places of pilgrimage throughout Ireland, among the rest "St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg, in O'Donnell's country."

The Rev. Mervyn Archdall, of the Fermanagh family of that name, and who wrote his *Monasticon Hibernicon* about the middle of the last century, mentions a few facts regarding St. Patrick's Purgatory, during the time the Augustinians were in charge of it, which I have not seen stated elsewhere.

Archdall writes: "St. Dabheoc is said to have been buried in this abbey" (on Saints' Island). "It had a fine chapel, with convenient houses for the monks, the remains of which may yet be seen. One of the St. Patricks was prior here about the year 850.

"Notwithstanding the reputed holiness of this celebrated monastery, it was plundered and reduced to ashes

by Bratachus O'Boyle and MacMahon, A. D. 1207. John was prior in 1353."

The history of Lough Derg during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries is to be chiefly found in the accounts written of it by distinguished foreigners, who braved the dangers of a journey, then so fraught with peril, in order to pass through the penitential exercises of this celebrated sanctuary. Besides the history of St Patrick's Purgatory, printed in the works of Matthew Paris, the author of which was Henry, monk of Saltrey, in Huntingdonshire, and who lived about the middle of the twelfth century, there are several other manuscript accounts extant in different libraries. One of these is to be found among the Barberini MSS., and is called *Purgatorium S. Patricii, narrante Gilberto Monacho Ludensi, post abbate de Basingewereck in Anglia.* Another, in the same collection, is called *Visio ejusdem Fratris conversi in Anglia, quam habuit circa annum* 1196.

Another MS. in the Cottonian collection is called *Opusculum de quadam visione terribili de suppliciis animarum post obitum corporis: facta Edmundo, Monacho de Eynesham, regnante R. Ricardo.*

In the year 1358, Edward III.* gave testimonials to Malatesta, a nobleman from Hungary, and Nicholas de Biccariis, of Lombardy, to certify their descent into the cave of St. Patrick's Purgatory. In the year 1365, the prior of Lough Derg received a letter, asking him to give a kind reception to two distinguished foreign pilgrims, John Bonham and Guido Cessy. John Garry and Francis Proty, priests of Lyons, and John Burgess, applied for leave to go to the Purgatory, "sanctified by the forty days' fast and prayer of St. Patrick." In the year 1409, Sir William Staunton descended to the cave. He wrote an account of his pilgrimage, which runs through several hundred pages. It is entitled "Here begynneth ye revelacon ye which William Staunton saw in Patrick's Purgatorie, the Friday next after ye feast of ye exaltation of the Crosse in the year of our Lord MCCCCIX." Another account of this pilgrimage was written about this period by a knight of Hungary. It is named *Præmium Memoriale super visitatione Domini Laurentii Ratholdi militis et baronis Hungariæ factum de Purgatorio S. Patricii in insula Hiberniæ.* Froissart gives an account of Sir W. Lysle's and another knight's visit to the cave, when Richard was in England.

In the Bodleian Library is preserved a MS. called *Tractatus brevis, sed imperfectus de S. Patricii Purgatorio.* In the same place is a MS. entitled *Narratio de pœnis Infernalibus*, in which there is mention of St. Patrick's Purgatory. In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a MS. styled *Vita Sancti Patricii Episcopi et Confessoris; item de Purgatorio Hiberniæ.* There is also a MS. in the Vatican Li-

* Among the archives of England are certificates issued by Edward III., declaring that Malatesta Ungaro, Lord of Rimini, Fano, Pesano, and Fossombrone, and Nicolo de Beccario, of Ferrara, had performed pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, Lough Derg. The following is a copy of this certificate, taken from Gilbert's history of "The Viceroys of Ireland" "Whereas," wrote the King of England, "Malatesta Ungaro, of Rimini, a nobleman and knight, hath presented himself before us and declared that, travelling from his own country, he had with many bodily toils visited the Purgatory of St. Patrick, in our land of Ireland, and for the space of a day and a night, as is the custom, remained therein enclosed, and now earnestly beseeches us that, for the confirmation of the truth thereof, we should grant him our royal letters. We, therefore, considering the dangers and perils of his pilgrimage, and although the assertion of such a noble might on this suffice, yet we are further certified thereof by letters from our trusty and beloved Almaric de St. Amand, knight, Justiciary of Ireland, and from the prior and convent of the said Purgatory, and others of great credit, as also by clear evidence that the said nobleman had duly and courageously performed his pilgrimage; we have consequently thought worthy to give favorably unto him our royal authority concerning the same, to the end there may be no doubt made of the premised; and that the truth may more clearly appear, we have deemed proper to grant unto him these our letters, under our royal seal."

brary, by Peter Lombard, Primate of Ireland, which is designated *Relatio de Purgatorio Sancti Patricii in Hibernia.*

Besides these there are many other manuscripts treating of St. Patrick's Purgatory, which are still extant in some of the principal libraries throughout Europe; which fact of itself clearly shows how wide-spread was the fame of this pilgrimage during the Middle Ages, and what a firm hold it had taken on the religious sympathies of that period.

In a work of the fifteenth century, written by Jacobus de Voragine, and printed at Nuremberg in the year 1482, under the title of *Legenda Aurea*, is recorded an account of a vision with which a certain pilgrim, named Nicholas, was favored at St. Patrick's Purgatory. So closely does this narrative resemble that of Henry of Saltrey, that we might almost suppose it to have been borrowed from that writer. Of this narrative, which is written in Latin, I here insert the English version, not so much because I attach much historical importance to it, but principally as an instance of the religious tales of the period.

Jacobus de Voragine writes: "A long time, therefore, after the death of St. Patrick, a nobleman, named Nicholas, who had been guilty of a great many sins, being smote with contrition, wished to undertake a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory. Having endured, as was the custom, various acts of mortification during the space of fifteen days, on the door having been opened by a key which was kept in the abbey, he descended into the above-named cave, on the side of which he observed a doorway. Entering by this way, he found there an oratory, into which some monks, clothed in white, and repeating the office, had entered; and they forewarned Nicholas that he had many temptations of the devil to encounter.

"When he inquired of them what help he should have against the tempter, they replied, 'When you shall feel yourself afflicted by punishments, immediately call out and say, Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy on me, a sinner.' The monks referred to having retired, the demons forthwith appear, and at first flatter him with kind promises, saying that they should protect him and bring him back again in safety, if only he would obey them.

"But when he refused to obey them, immediately he hears the roaring of different wild beasts, which made him imagine that all the elements had clashed together, at which he exclaimed with breathless terror, 'Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy on me,' etc., and forthwith this dreadful tumult ceased.

"Being conveyed thence to another place, there also there appeared a multitude of demons, saying to him, 'Do you imagine that you have escaped our hands? By no means. But now you shall begin to be tortured and afflicted the more.' And lo! a great and terrible fire there appears, and the demons said to him, 'Unless you will submit to us, we shall cast you into this fire to burn'; which when he refused, they took him and cast him into the fire; but whilst he was there tortured, he exclaimed, 'Jesus,' etc., and the fire at once became extinguished.

"At length being led to another place, he beholds men burning alive, and scourged by the demons with red-hot iron plates, even to the very entrails, and crying out with pain, 'Spare us, spare us'; but the demons only scourged them the more violently. Others he sees, whose limbs serpents were devouring, and whose entrails were drawn out by fiery hooks of iron; but as Nicholas would not submit to their suggestions, he is cast into the same fire, and is tormented by the same punishments, until he cried out, 'Jesus, have mercy on me,' etc., and forthwith he is liberated from his sufferings. Thence, being conveyed to another place, he sees large pools of boiling metal, in which

some had one foot, others two; some were standing up to the knee in these pools, others up to the body, and others to the breast, neck, and eyes. Seeing all these torments, he invoked the name of God, and passed on to a wide pit, from which issued a horrible smoke and a most intolerable stench. The demons told him, 'The place which you now behold is hell, in which our master Beelzebub dwells, and into this abyss we shall cast you if you do not yield to us; and after you shall have been cast into it, you cannot find any means of escape': but as he spurned them, they seized him and cast him into the pit, where he was filled with such vehement torture that he had almost forgotten to call upon the name of God. After a moment, however, on recollecting himself, he expressed the name of Jesus in his heart, as he was unable to utter it with his lips, and immediately he escaped uninjured; and the whole host of demons, being completely vanquished, left him.

"Having been led to another place, he sees a bridge, over which it was necessary he should pass. This bridge was very narrow and smooth, and slippery as ice. Underneath this bridge flowed a stream of sulphur and fire. Then, recalling to mind the words that delivered him from so many dangers, he approached with confidence, and placing one foot on the bridge, he says, 'Jesus, have mercy,' etc. Then there arose a loud cry, which so terrified him that he could hardly keep his foothold till he repeated the same prayer again, which he repeated at each step, and thus crossed the bridge in safety.

"Thence he reaches a most delightful meadow, where the sweet odor of flowers charmed his senses. Here two fair youths appear to him, and conduct him towards a most beautiful city, resplendent with gold and gems. From its gate issued the sweetest odor, which caused him no longer to feel the sufferings and foul stench he had just escaped. They told him that this city was Paradise, into which Nicholas was most desirous to enter, till the above-mentioned youths told him that he should first return to his kindred, pass through the places by which he had come, — that the demons could not injure him, but would fly in terror at his sight, — that in thirty days afterwards he should rest in peace, and then enter that city as a perpetual citizen.

"Then Nicholas, returning from the Purgatory, finds himself amongst his friends, and after telling them all that had happened to him, after the lapse of thirty days he calmly rested in the Lord."

This legend, as also that related of the knight Owen, in the twelfth century, supplied the Spanish poet Calderon, who lived in the seventeenth century, with the groundwork of one of the most charming of his sacred dramas. It is called *Purgatorio de San Patricio*, a metrical version of which was written by our poet-laureate, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and published in the year 1847. Longfellow's beautiful "Song of Hiawatha" closely corresponds with it in metre. As the concluding part of the *Purgatorio* of Calderon, where he represents the pilgrim after passing through the different stages of punishments, and arriving before the celestial Paradise, is singularly sweet and interesting, I shall give it at some length: —

"Ere I reached the gates they opened,
And the saints in long procession
Came to meet me; men and women,
Young and old, and youths and maidens,
All approached serene and happy.
Choirs of seraphim and angels,
Breathing heaven's delicious music,
Sweetly sung divinest anthems.
After these at length approached me
The resplendent, the most glorious,
The great Patrick, the Apostle.
Much that dazzling sight rejoiced me,
For by it I was enabled
To fulfil my early promise,
In my lifetime to behold him.
He and all the rest embraced me,
Pleased at my extreme good fortune.
Bidding me farewell, he told me
That no living man could enter
That most glorious, happy city;
But that I, to earth returning,
Should await God's time and pleasure.
Back the proper way I wandered,

Unobstructed by the demons,
And at length approached the entrance,
When you came to seek and see me.
Since I have escaped this danger,
Holy fathers all I covet
Is to live and die among you."

*To be continued.*

## MONKS.

FROM the ninth to the thirteenth century Christian Europe formed but one association, having the Catholic faith for its source, the church of Rome for its rule, and the Crusades for its result. Of this social order monks were the principal instruments. It was the monks who proclaimed a more liberal sentiment than that of narrow nationality, and discouraged the pagan patriotism, revived in our own days, which consists in looking upon every foreigner as an object of suspicion or hostility. Monasteries opened their doors to all travellers and all strangers; monks brought to the councils of kings and nations a courage which did not recoil before any danger; they resisted the violence of the nobles, and sheltered the too feeble freeman from the attacks of Frank feudatories. Abbots, in union with bishops, assisted in maintaining the form and spirit of free government; the monks founded schools in which were taught poetry, astronomy, arithmetic, the Greek and Latin languages, dialectics, and music; the Benedictines are reported to have founded the universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and the medical school of Salerno; the monks copied manuscripts, and if they sometimes destroyed precious works, it is to them we are indebted for all that has been preserved of classic antiquity; they were artists, artisans, architects sculptors, painters, enamellers, goldsmiths, and jewellers; to an illustrious monk, Gregory the Great, ecclesiastical music owes its origin; Guido Arctino, of the Abbey of Pomposa, near Ravenna, arranged the diatonic scale, and so became the inventor of the solfeggio; the manufacture of linen and cloth was successfully carried on by the monks; fairs and markets often arose from the assemblies of the faithful at monastery doors; in the day of distress, of famine, of epidemic, the abbeys opened asylums for the indigent and afflicted, and poverty was placed under the protection of the church. Above all, the monks consecrated themselves to the cultivation of the soil; they cleared lands bristling with brushwood or covered with stagnant waters, built houses, ploughed fields, planted vines and orchards; introduced the rearing of cattle, horse breeding, bee keeping, brewing beer with hops; carried corn, busied themselves with fisheries, and "naturalized under a rigorous sky the most useful of fruits and the most productive of grain."

## DISASTROUS FIRE.

ONE of the most destructive conflagrations of modern times raged during the evening and night of Friday and far into the day of Saturday, 8th and 9th of August, in one of the principal towns of Southeastern Europe, named Serajevo, or Bosna Serai; and it was checked only when many lives had been lost and 20,000 people had been left without a roof to shelter them. Serajevo may be called the entrepot of European Turkey for commerce with Austria and Germany. But it is, besides, a large manufacturing centre on its own account in many and varied branches of industry, from death-dealing fire-arms to innocent woollen goods, from elegant jewelry to homely leather dressing. It has a population of 60,000, a third of whom have been, as we have said, rendered houseless and homeless. The fire, which is alleged by some to have been the work of a Mohammedan fanatic, ranks in extent and destructiveness not only with latter-day fatalities of a similar nature, but in a fore place amongst all kinds of recent Providential visitations of a direful kind; with the inundations in Hungary in the Old World, as well as with the fires of Chicago and Santiago in the New.

## SARSFIELD'S SORTIE.*

"To horse, to horse, my merry men,"
The gallant Sarsfield cried,
"But look to your saddle girths, for we
Have far and fast to ride;
Doth any prefer the red wine cup
To a gallop o'er the lea,
Let him say the word, — this night I wish
No craven to ride with me."

Then from the must'ring ranks outspoke
A veteran old and gray:
"The Lucan horse love the red wine cup,
But ne'er yet shunned the fray;
They love the glance of a wench's eye,
And the sound of m nstrelsy,
But better still in the headlong charge,
Bold chief, to follow thee.

"Bid them fling themselves on yonder foe,
And though they be ten to one,
I'll stake my head 'gainst a lady's glove
It instantly be done."
The chieftain bent to his saddle bow,
And laughing merrily,
Declared he'd ask on stricken field
No trustier company.

Straightway he turned his horse's head,
And rode through the city gate,
Followed by five hundred cavaliers
As true as steel or fate.
No word was spoke, no sound was heard,
Save the deep, dull, muffled tramp
Of the horses' feet, for near them lay
The hostile English camp.

So near it lay, they caught the sound,
As the whisp'ring night wind fell,
Of the low hummed song and measured tread
Of the watchful sentinel.
Onward they swept, at a rapid pace,
Over hill and dale and bank,
And the scared peasant awoke from sleep,
Roused by their sabres' clank.

On, on they swept, through the murky night,
A silent company,
Until they gained Aherina's height
When Sarsfield thus spoke he:
"Well done, well done, brave comrades all;
If fate propitious be,
We shall win, ere we repass yon wall,
A name in history.

"'Tis true some envious cut or thrust
May make our number less,
And send some gallant steed to roam
The country riderless;
But this you know is a soldier's fate,
And soldiers true are we.
Hurrah! my lads, for a soldier's death
In the arms of Victory!"

At this uprose one thrilling cheer,
And the martial train swept on,
Like a dark cloud o'er the summer sky,
Till Bridgetown's streets were won;
Nor slacked he here his headlong pace
To breathe or man or steed,
But swept along as though he sought
To test his courser's speed.

On, on they swept, over hill and dale,
Past ancient Killaloe;
And now Kinkora's honored vale
Looms darkly on their view;
On, on they swept — it too is passed,
They've gained the Shannon's side;
Here Sarsfield drew his courser's rein
And to his followers cried:

"Doth any among you know the ford?
If so, come, quickly speak,
And golden shall his guerdon be,
For, lo! yon ruddy streak,
Now bright'ning on the eastern sky,
Proclaims the approach of day.
And ere it lights Slieve Iellum's peak
We must be far away."

From out the ranks a youth rode forth:
A flush of manly pride
Lit up his face, and he said, "My chief,
I'll be your willing guide

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* The vigorous defence of the garrison (Limerick) filled William with anxiety. He sent orders to hasten the artillery, and commanded his cavalry to scour the country and repel the attacks of the peasantry, who sought every opportunity of retaliating the wrongs they suffered from the soldiery. The news of William's situation was conveyed into Limerick by a French deserter, and Sarsfield immediately formed the daring plan of surprising the escort that was now on the road. For this purpose he secretly led his troops over Thomond bridge, and proceeding up the Shannon as far as Killaloe, crossed over into the county Tipperary and formed an ambush on the line of march which the escort should pursue. Manus O'Brien, a Protestant gentleman, brought intelligence of Sarsfield's march to William's camp; but the English officers laughed at him for his pains, and much precious time was lost before he could gain admittance to the royal presence. The king at once conjectured Sarsfield's object, and ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed with a detachment of five hundred horse to protect the convoy. The precaution was taken too late. The convoy arrived within seven miles of William's camp, on a fine autumnal evening, without having discovered the appearance of an enemy the entire journey. Here they halted in reckless security, not dreading an attack so near the main body of the army. Suddenly Sarsfield and his cavalry rushed upon them; the wagoners and sentinels were cut to pieces in a moment; the others, startled from their sleep, half armed and unacquainted with the country, were slaughtered almost without resistance. Sarsfield hastened to improve his advantages: he loaded the cannon to the muzzles and buried them deep in the earth, heaping over them stones, carriages, and ammunition wagons; he then laid a train to the whole, and drawing off his men, fired it on his retreat. The dreadful explosion was heard at the distance of several miles through the country, and was by many mistaken for a supernatural occurrence. Lanier and his party came up just in time to witness the work of destruction; they attempted to revenge it by an attack on Sarsfield's rear, but were handled so roughly that they were forced to retreat. The whole Irish party returned into Limerick without loss.

To yonder bank; but not for gold,—
I scorn a sordid fee,—
My only guerdon and reward
My country's thanks shall be."

The chieftain seized the youth's right hand,
And grasped it fervently,
And said, "I wish that country had
Ten thousand sons like thee."
On, on they swept; the Shannon's wave
Lies sparkling far behind,
Yet still no pause that gallop knew,
Hill after hill is climbed.

On, on they swept; above their heads,
Like monarch in his pride,
Dark Keeper frowned and then they flew,
With hot and hasty stride,
By stern Glancoola's rugged base.
At length they gain a dell,
Into whose depths, with thunderous sound,
A mountain torrent fell.

"Here rest we for a little space,"
Their gallant leader cried.
"To breathe our steeds: i' faith we've had
A rough and lengthened ride;
But hither comes my trusty scout,
And, if I read aright
His countenance, methinks that we
Shall flesh our swords to-night.

"Ho! Dermod, hast thou seen the foe?
Where? When? Come, quickly speak,
And I will strike, ere morn, a blow
Shall blanch the Dutchman's cheek."
"I saw the foe," the scout replied,
"As sank the sun's last ray;
Encamped on Ballyneedy hill,
Both train and escort lay"

"Enough, enough, my merry men;
To horse, and soon shall we
D'sturb their dreams—be this your word,
'Sarsfield and liberty!'"
They gained the mountain's rugged brow,
And, slumbering far below
In rash security, beheld
The haughty English foe.

Down, down they swooped upon that foe,
As eagles on their prey,
And each blade was red from point to hilt
Ere they could turn to bay.
Then rose to heaven, in maddening din,
Shot, shriek, and curse and cry,—
"Strike for your homes—for your altars strike!
Die, hireling Saxon, die!"

Or, "Back with the Irish rabble rout!"
"Reform!" "Stand firm!" "They flee!"
Met with the fiercely answering shout,
"Sarsfield and liberty!"
Right valiantly the English fought,—
Broke, rallied, and fought again;
But at length a panic shook their ranks,
And then they fled amain.

"The field is ours!" brave Sarsfield cried,
"Be prompt, for this crimson plain,
By all I prize, shall see the last
Of William's vaunted train."
They bounded from their panting steeds,
And quickly piled on high,
In rude and wild commingled heap,
Guns, tumbrils, caissons lie.

"Now lay a train," he smiling said,
"For no gun, or great or small,
Of these shall ever make a breach
In Limerick's ancient wall."
The train was laid, a fuse applied,
And with deep, deaf'ning roar,
Uprose to heaven that fiery mass,
Lighting the mountains hoar.

Earth trembling owned the earthquake shock,
And distant Galtymore,
From all its deep, cavernous rocks,
Gave back the thunderous roar.
As sank to earth the shattered wreck,
Uprose the glorious sun.
"To Limerick now," bold Sarsfield cried,
"Our sortie's work is done."

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## FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without, when they come home at night.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within doors, and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little home sanctum.

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Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

# IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SYSTEM AND ORGANIZATION OF FREEMASONRY.

"I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon take another Troy:
I could add colors to the chameleon,
Change shape with Proteus for advantages,
And set the wond'rous Machiavel to school."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no railway company or tramway company in the world that has laid its engineering lines with more care, caution, precision, or experience than Freemasonry has done, in order to reach and compass the end and object of its organization. To attain this goal it takes the straight line when possible, the curve when useful, the tunnel when necessary. It advances by night and by day, by sunlight and lamplight, at one time a mere traffic train, at another a government express. Hence, examining Freemasonry by the light of history and experience, I shall endeavor to bring before the reader the various subtle and unprincipled means by which it accomplishes, and everywhere strives to accomplish, its great object.

As we have seen, that object is, to make of the human race one great family, without any distinction of religion or class. In order to eradicate all religious distinction, Freemasonry aims, through the denial of revelation, to establish what might be called a natural religion, which teaches no belief and imposes no particular moral obligation. To erase all distinction of class, Freemasonry teaches that all are equal children of nature, and therefore as such have equal rights of property and rank. All are equal — therefore all property is common. All are equal — therefore no one has a right to command, and there is no obligation to obey. Freemasonry seeks to overthrow authority by universal change, reform, and revolution, and to establish a universal brotherhood. Priests, kings, rulers, and governments reign over society, and maintain its distinctions of class and rights of property, and are, hence, objects of hostility, adversaries and obstacles to be swept away and buried. In this chapter we shall study how Freemasonry proposes to work out these ends.

I believe that it is most difficult to convince the great body of my readers as to the real nature of Freemasonry; but I shall try to do so, well aware how startling the revelation must be to most of them. In former chapters, by a study of their oaths and ceremonies, we have seen the gradual training of its youthful candidates to irreligion and loose principles sufficient to undermine any civil government which would maintain religion or Christian morality. We shall now suddenly open up and bring to light the fundamental principles and the wide scope of Masonic aspirations, to attain which the rest of the system is but an astute and serpentine code of rules, varying according to the circumstances, the form of government, and the atmosphere of popular opinion, wherever Freemasonry may chance to be working out its ends Do not wonder, then, if instead of seeing the overground temple of Masonry, which is built in the public thoroughfare, we excavate and, throwing up the concealing earth, reveal the deep-laid foundations and the subterranean chambers of this antichristian and antisocial pandemonium. I shall prove all from authentic Masonic documents and facts, and challenge Freemasons to deny or disprove either. As some of these must necessarily be foreign, and difficulties arise with regard to the implication of Irish and English Freemasons, I must refer my reader to the chapter on Connection, in addition to the significant facts which we shall study in the present one.

To follow this serpentine society through all its windings and intrica-

cies would far exceed the limits of a pamphlet. We can do little more than glance at the chief means by which it secures and holds its votaries and works out its ends. It swells its numbers by its many advantages and attractions. It is iron-bound by oaths, and cloaked and concealed in secrecy and symbolic language; organized as it is to be a supreme, governing power, with designs that are deep laid and concealed, — now hinted at, now completely hidden, now half revealed, now fully cloaked; setting forth only what seems just and feasible, and holding back for a safer opportunity the end and object so earnestly desired, but which cannot yet be accomplished. The Masonic brotherhood are gradually prepared by occasional lights, in the sayings and speeches of Masonic orators, either flashed out on them to blight at once long-cherished feelings, or laboriously dropped as seed which is to bear fruit in time. Thirty-three grades and oaths and ceremonies of progressive initiation test the character and advancement of the Mason, and in how much he may be trusted. Fools remain fools, but are made useful. Knaves become greater knaves from instruction, secured impunity, and organized support. The ruling, designing Worshipful Masters of the craft know their men, watch their opportunities, tack or spread their sails to the wind, and patiently await the wave and tide to accomplish their long-projected landing, invasion, and conquest.

In order fully to grasp and understand the extent of the evil influence of Freemasonry, we must consider that all the secret societies of any consequence in Europe and America are but offshoots of Freemasonry. The public trials of the years 1821–1831 and 1848 proved beyond a doubt that all these societies had common centres which directed all their secret movements. The Carbonari had their governing head-centres in Italy, France, Belgium, and England. Young Italy, young Switzerland, young Hungary, which caused the revolutions of Vienna, Berlin, and Prague, showed a similarity in their objects, and in the means used for their attainment, which bore undoubted evidence to a common understanding and direction. Freemasonry directed all. Carbonarism was founded by Maghella, a Freemason, who exempted from initiation and probation all Freemasons who desired to become Carbonari. Illuminism was founded by Weisshaupt, a Freemason, and all its first members were Freemasons.* The Philadelphians, the reformed European Patriots, and the Decisi were, in their turn, three offshoots of Carbonarism. The symbols of the Decisi were, lightning darting from a cloud and striking a crown and mitre, like the Knights Kadosh; the Phrygian cap upon a skull between two axes, and a skull and cross-bones. According to the "Memoirs of the Carbonari," among their officers was a register of the dead, who kept a registry of the names and condition of their victims.

The official report of the Conspirators of Macerata, October, 1818, published by order of Pope Pius VII., declares that, from the documents and the public confessions of the conspirators themselves, it was evident that they owed their origin to Freemasonry. Any one who has read the statutes and ritual of Carbonarism will see that it is one and the same as that of Masonry. The statutes of reformed Carbonarism were revised and modified by Bazard, Buchez, and Flotard, who, as well as Dugied and Joubert, who introduced Carbonarism into France, were Freemasons. Mazzini, founder of the Society of young Italy, young Switzerland, young France, young Hungary, was a Carbonaro, and was acknowledged by the Freemasons as a brother Mason of great merit, on the occasion of whose

* Findel's History of Freemasonry.

death the Grand Master and the Orient of Freemasons requested all Masons to go into mourning; and one of their Lodges is at present called by his name. A like honor is paid to Garibaldi, an old Carbonaro, who is today a Grand Master Mason, and the first Mason in Italy. Illuminism, soon after its foundation by Weisshaupt, would have collapsed for want of money and from the indifference of its members, had it not been saved by Knigge, a young Mason, who succeeded in having it incorporated with Freemasonry. A member of one secret society is entitled to be received with a corresponding rank into any society which may be subsequently formed; so that Freemasons are entitled to as high a rank in Carbonarism, or any other offshoot society, as they have already attained in Masonry. All are merely offshoots of Freemasonry, and under her control, and have all the same end and object in view.

The number of those whom Masonry admits to a full knowledge of her plans is comparatively small, and she must be fully convinced of their talents and aptitude. How necessary, then, it is to have armies of agents ready to execute her sanguinary, socialistic, sacrilegious designs with dagger, torch, or poison, but whose disreputable acquaintance she may "cut" in public when the occasion requires it! So, when Freemasonry found herself suspected by the governments established in 1815, she found it convenient to change her name, and her fair fame suffered no injury from the doings of Italian Carbonari.

Nevertheless, Freemasons may be classified thus: First class, those who retain the name and external paraphernalia of Masonry. Second class, those agents who mix actively in political conspiracies where the government is Catholic, who do not retain the name of Freemason, yet use the statutes, oaths, and ceremonies of Masonry with the same end and object. Third class, associates or members of various denominations, having at their head one or more Freemasons, with or without the mask of a secret association, and enrolled with more or less reserve, according to time or circumstances. One of this later class was Voltaire, who was not officially enrolled until shortly before his death. Masons of this class frequently do the work of Masonry whilst pretending to be in the opposite camp.

I do not refuse to admit that a person not a Mason (as in France and Germany) may found, or attempt to found, a secret society; but such societies are of little moment. Behind the bulwark of secret societies Freemasory intrenches herself and watches while they do her work. Unknown to themselves, they are deeper in her secrets than many Masons of advanced grades, for they accomplish and execute Masonry's great secret.

In the "Lexicon of Freemasonry," p 325, Mackey, after some remarks on the universality of Masonry, goes on as follows: —

> "The evidence of these assertions will be found in the following table of the countries in which Freemasonry is *openly* and *avowedly* practised, by the permission of the public authorities. *Such places as Italy, where, owing to the suspicious intolerance of the government, the Lodges are obliged to be holden in private, are not mentioned.*"

Then follows the table, too long to be given here.

Over both "*the avowedly practised*," and "*those holden in private*," Scotch and English Freemasonry rule.

"The ancient and accepted Scotch rite," Mackey tells us,* "is, next to the York rite, the most extensively diffused throughout the Masonic world. Supreme Councils or Lodges, of this rite, exist in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, the United States, and many other countries. This administrative power of the rite is deposited in Supreme Councils of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General." Italy, likewise, belongs to the Scotch rite.

* Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 308.

SOVEREIGN GRAND INSPECTORS-GENERAL.*

REPRESENTATIVES.

From the Supreme Council of France, M. P. J. W. Melville, 33°

From the Supreme Council of S. Juris., U. S. A, M P. J. W. Melville, 33°.

From the Supreme Council of N. Juris., U. S. A., the Earl of Rosslyn, 33°.

From the Supreme Council of Belgium, Ill. Bro. S. E. MacRitchie, 33°.

From the Supreme Council of Brazil, Ill. Bro. Will. Man.

From the Supreme Council of Italy, Ill. Bro. L. MacKersey, 33°.

From the Supreme Council of Switzerland, Ill. Bro. L. MacKersey, 33°.

From the Supreme Council of Greece, Ill. Bro. Col. A. C. Campbell.

From the Supreme Council of Colon,—

From the Supreme Council of Dominion of Canada, Ill. Bro. D. MacKersey, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of France, Ill. Bro. Jean Adolphe Vittecoq, Paris, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of S. Juris., U. S. A., Ill. Bro. Luke E. Barber, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of N. Juris., U. S. A., Ill. Bro. C. L. Woodbury, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Belgium, Ill. Bro. Louis Richle, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Brazil, Ill. Bro. Antonio Gomes de Mattos, Jr., 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Italy, Ill. Bro. M. Zaccaria, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Switzerland, Ill. Bro. L. Ruchonnet, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Greece, V. P. N. Damaskinos, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Colon, Ill. Bro. F. W. Ramsden, 33°.

At the Supreme Council of Dominion of Canada, Ill. Bro. John V. Ellis, 33°.

It would be impossible, as I have said, to treat of this masterpiece of organization in all its details; but an idea of its wily perfection may be gathered from a perusal of the following selection from the General Statutes of the Order, which Article 531 describes as "The authorized collection of the Freemason laws of the Scotch rite universally acknowledged, and which are known and called under the title of 'The General Statutes of the Order.'"

Art. 530. "The Masonic legislation of the Scotch rite emanates from the Grand General Diet of the Order, of which the original and supreme seat is fixed and perpetual in the Orient, or Grand Lodge of Edinburgh. There the legitimate representatives of Masonry of the Scotch rite of every nation of the political world have a voice."

Art. 532. "The General Statutes are obligatory on all lodges, and upon all the Freemasons of every grade and degree of the two hemispheres."

Art. 11. "Every lodge or chapter has a representative in the Orient, or Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge, or Orient, of every country, has a government or administration, peculiar to itself, of all the Freemasons of the country, but never discusses or calls into question the General Statutes of the Order. The Grand Lodge also corresponds with all the Orients, or Grand Lodges of foreign countries."

Art. 18. "Every Freemason regards as *profane* those whom he does not regard as his brothers, and he should never reveal to them or give them the slightest idea of what passes in the lodges, or of the signs and secrets of the society."

Art. 19. "The same precaution should be used towards brethren not initiated into the same degree."

Art. 23. "A lodge should be as far as possible concealed from the view of *cowans*."

Art. 28. "The Hall of the *Temple* should have no entrance but the door, and the windows should never be opened if accessible to the gaze of *cowans*. Secrecy is the first characteristic of our order."

Art. 215. "The brother Hospitaller is an official upon the selection of whom too much care could not be bestowed. He is one to whom the lodge confides its most important interests. He is one who should possess, in addition to a sweet and sensible disposition, sufficient talent, much activity, and all the qualities which belong to his office, which are those of a doctor, as well as a lawyer, etc."

Art. 216. "He should visit every day the sick brother."

Art. 217. "All the brethren are obliged to visit the sick brother, each in his turn, one every day. The brother Hospitaller is, by his office, obliged to see that they do so, and to report to the lodge the neglecting brethren."

Art. 218. "The sick brothers *are obliged never to refuse* the visit of the visiting brother."

Art. 219. "If the sickness is serious or dangerous, the Hospitaller brother is obliged to see that the sick brother gives up to him, or the visiting brother, all the papers, jewels, badges, etc., of Masonry, which are to be deposited in the archives of the lodge, and which, if the brother recovers, are to be faithfully delivered back to him."

Art. 220. "In case of death the Venerable, or Grand Master, instructed by the Hospitaller, assembles the lodge, and names a committee to attend the obsequies of the dead. All the brothers of equal or inferior degree to the dead should attend the funeral, and carry their Masonic badges beneath their garments" (origin of civil funerals).

Art. 222. "In the case of a great misfortune or affliction of a brother, the brother Hospitaller will also take notice to announce it to the lodge, so that they may assist him, and even use their influence with the Profane, so as to give him all possible assistance, to which, *by a mutual oath he has a sacred right*."

Art. 226. "The *Librarian* must not allow any brother to read or receive a book belonging to a degree higher than his own."

Art. 229. "No one can be an honorary

* Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar, p. 185.

member of any degree, unless he swears the oath."

Art. 231. "Artistes only of three degrees are not taxed, but are not admitted to the secrets."

Art. 235. "Every lodge can have as many servant brothers as required."

Art. 236 "They should know how to read and write, and be sufficiently prudent never to be indiscreet."

Art. 237. "The first, or head, of the servants is necessarily admitted to the Masonic mysteries exclusive of any tax. The others are simply instructed in the signs of the first Scotch degree (Entered Apprentice) and of the pass-words, and whatever else is necessary in the preparation of the different chambers, and the duties they have to perform under an oath of fidelity and silence."

Most of the statutes that follow refer to the oaths which we have already studied, and the proficiency of candidates and officers. Mackey gives the following under the head of Proficiency in his "Lexicon," p. 273:—

"One of the requisite qualifications for advancement to a higher degree is suitable proficiency in the preceding. . . . Some grand lodges, viewing the necessity of proficiency in its proper light, have strengthened the ancient regulations by express rules. The *proficiency of officers* is also an important requisite. No brother should accept office in a lodge unless fully qualified to perform its duties. . . . In February, 1844, the *Grand Lodge of Ireland* adopted, on this subject, resolutions declaring that no brother should be considered eligible for, or admissible to, the office of Junior or Senior Deacon until, by strict examination in open lodge, he shall have proved himself able to administer the mysteries of initiation to a candidate in the first degree; nor for the office of Junior or Senior Warden until, by a like examination, he has proved that he is able to pass a candidate to the second degree; nor for the office of Master, until he has proven his ability to enter, pass, and raise a candidate through the three degrees."

The revolutions, with their piles of burning churches and their streams of human blood, as well as the selfish injustice, self-aggrandizement, and self-gratification which meet our eyes daily and hourly, are but the means used by Freemasonry to forward and to combine organized agents of every country, rank, age, and passion, for forwarding the great end of Masonry. The first and the greatest step is that expressed by Voltaire, the chosen apostle of Freemasonry, in the words, "Ecrasé l'infame!"—which words, in the phraseology of the English "Times," means to "stamp out" Christ and Christianity. Hence, then, the Pope, the Church of Christ, the councils, the encycliads, the definitions, the excommunications, the syllabuses, and the jubilees, the cardinals, the bishops, the clergy, the orders, and every person or number of persons, every demonstration, or document, which advocate Christ or Christianity, are, according to grade or efficiency, objects of the hostility and persecution of Freemasons.

We shall therefore dive into the high tide of Masonic ideas by a study of the following translation of the secret official documents published in Italy by the highest authorities of the Order, for the guidance of the active head-centres of Masonry in 1818, under the title of "Permanent Instructions, or Practical Code of Rules; Guide for the Heads of the Highest Grades of Masonry." The original Italian document was given to Nubio, one of the Supreme Vendita, in 1824, when he was sent to Rome to carry it into effect, and it was to this instruction that he referred, when he wrote from Forli to Signor Volpi: "As I have written to you before, I am appointed to demoralize the education of the youth of the Church." When these documents were lost, the Freemasons offered fabulous sums for their recovery. These secret "Instructions," intended only for a chosen few Masons of heavy calibre, were written three years after what was called the "Restoration" of 1815, by a number of veteran Freemasons, all born in the past century, who had preceded, made, planned, and passed through the French Revolution of 1789. They were rife with the republican notions of France and Italy. They had survived their works, and had been in a great measure defeated, or at least modified by Napoleon, in whose hands they were like a boat in the hands of new pilots, and, stunned by the many changes, were motionless for a time. In 1815, brought, as it were, in presence of a new world, they took breath

and courage, and gathering up the broken threads of the tangled skeins, determined to spend the rest of their lives in restoring, if possible, the web commenced in 1789 and 1783. The principal author was supposed to be a man of the name of Filippo Buonarotti, one of the great correspondents of Nubio. From his biography, given in the eighth volume of the "Mondo Segreto di Castro," he would appear to have been an apt pupil and follower of Nubio's principle, "*Ama nesciri et pro nihilo computari.*" He was born at Pisa in 1761, was a friend of Robespierre, and an enemy of Napoleon, against whom he always conspired. He was a centre in Paris of both French and Italian Carbonari. He had been one of the principals in 1821, and in 1830 founded the sect of the Apofesimeni. In a published record, entitled "Bologna of the New Secret Society, 1835," we find the name of a young man, Guiseppe Petroni, afterwards a celebrated Mazzinian, and now Grand Master Aggunto of Roman Masonry of the Via della Valle, who was likewise one of this noble band. My readers may now thoroughly understand the character of the authors of this secret and curious document of the "Instructions." It is a *résumé* and summary, expressed in the clearest terms, of the aim of Freemasonry and the means by which it is attained. Freemasonry antecedent to the French Revolution, Freemasonry during the French Revolution, Freemasonry revived after the Restoration, Freemasonry to-day, is one and the same, using the same means to work out the same end and object.

So these old conspirators of the past century wakened up in 1815 from their long sleep more energetic than ever, and as a first step towards reviving their secret-society work, wrote the following "Permanent Instructions," as a guide for the *higher initiated* who were chosen to command the whole Masonic movement, especially in Italy:—

"Now that we are constituted in an active body, and that our Order begins to reign as well in places most remote as in those that are nearest our centre, one great thought arises, a thought that has always greatly preoccupied the men who aspire to the universal regeneration of the world" (Bismarck, Garibaldi, Gambetta, Napoleon III., Cavour, Palmerston, etc.), "that thought is the liberation of Italy, for from Italy shall one day issue the freedom of the entire world,—a republic of Fraternity, Harmony, and Humanity. This great idea is not yet comprehended by our brothers of France. They believe that revolutionary Italy can only plot in the shade, and accomplish the stabbing of a few spies or traitors, meantime bearing patiently the yoke of facts accomplished elsewhere, for Italy, but without Italy. This error has been very fatal to us. It is useless to combat it with words which would only propagate more. It is necessary to annihilate it with facts. And in the midst of anxieties, which agitate the most vigorous spirits of our society, one there is that can never be forgotten. THE PAPACY ever exercises a decisive influence over the lot of Italy. With the arm, the voice, the pen of its innumerable bishops, monks, nuns, and faithful of all latitudes, the Pope finds everywhere persons enthusiastically prepared for sacrifice, and even for martyrdom, friends who would die for him, or sacrifice all for his love. It is a mighty lever, the full power of which few popes understood, and which has as yet been used but partially. The question of to-day is not the reconstruction of a momentarily weakened power *Our final aim is that of Voltaire and of the French Revolution,—the complete annihilation of Catholicism, and ultimately of Christianity* Were Christianity to survive, even upon the ruins of Rome, it would, a little later on, revive and live. We must now consider how to reach our end with certainty, not cheating ourselves with delusions, which would prolong indefinitely, and probably compromise the ultimate success of our cause. Hearken not to those boastful and vainglorious French, and thick-headed Germans, and hypochondriacal Englishmen, who seem to think it possible to end Catholicism, at one time by an obscene song, at another by an absurd sophism, and again by a contemptible sarcasm. Catholicism has a vitality which survives such attacks with ease. She has seen adversaries more implacable and more terrible far, and sometimes has taken a malicious pleasure in baptizing with holy water the most rabid amongst them. We may, therefore, allow our brethren in those countries to work off their frenzy of anti-Catholic zeal, allow them to ridicule our Madonnas and our apparent devotion. Under this cloak, we may conspire at our convenience, and arrive, little by little, at our ultimate aim."

The reader will now begin to understand the great Masonic idea. "United Italy and no Papacy," which idea and "ultimate aim" European Freemasonry has been working out, from 1818 to 1876. A continuation of this Masonic "Instruction" will

throw some light on Bismarckian and European policy.

"Therefore," continues the Instruction, "the Papacy has been for seventeen hundred years interwoven with the history of Italy. Italy can neither breathe nor move without the leave of the Supreme Pontiff. With him, she has the hundred arms of Briareus; without him, she is condemned to a lamentable impotency, and to divisions and hostility from the foot of the Alps to the last pass of the Apennines. Such a state of things must not remain. It is necessary to seek a remedy. Very well. The remedy is at hand. The Pope, whoever he may be, will never enter into a secret society. It then becomes the duty of the secret society to make the first advance to the Church and to the Pope, with the object of conquering both. The work for which we gird ourselves up is not the work of a day, nor of a month, nor of a year. It may last for many years, perhaps for a century; in our ranks the soldier dies, but the war is continued. We do not at present intend to gain the Pope to our cause, nor to make him a neophyte to our principles, or a propagator of our ideas. Such would be an insane dream. Even should it happen that any cardinal, or any prelate, of his own will or by deception, should share in our secrets, such would not be a reason for desiring his exaltation to the chair of Peter. Nay, his very exaltation would be our ruin; for this reason that, his apostasy being prompted by his ambition alone, that very ambition of power would necessarily impel him to sacrifice us." (Catholics! what must we consider Freemasonry, when Freemasons themselves pronounce it an apostasy from Catholicity, and foresee that a power fully acquainted with them and their machinations would, as a consequence, seek to crush them. "That which we should seek," continues this most explicit of documents, "that which we should await, as the Jews await a Messiah, is a Pope according to our wants. An Alexander VI. would not suit us, for he never erred in religious doctrine; a Pope Borgia would not suit us, for he was excommunicated by all the thinking philosophers and unbelievers for the vigor with which he defended the Church. We require a Pope bound hand and foot by regal authority and by the freethinkers. Such would be a great Pope for us, if such a Pope were possible. With such a one we should march more securely to the storming of the Church than with all the little books of our French and English brothers. And why? Because it were useless to seek with these alone to split the rock upon which God has built His Church. We should not want the vinegar of Hannibal, nor gunpowder, nor even our arms, if we had but the little finger of the successor of Peter engaged in the plot; that little finger would avail us more for our crusade than all the Urbans II. and St. Bernards for the crusade of Christianity. We trust that we may yet attain this supreme object of our efforts. But when? and how? The unknown cannot yet be seen. Nevertheless, as nothing should move us from our mapped-out plan, we must labor at our newly commenced work as if tomorrow was to crown it with success. We wish in this Instruction, *which should be kept concealed from those simply initiated*, to give advice to the rulers of the Supreme Vendita, which they, in turn, should inculcate to the brethren by means of Insegnamento, or *Memorandum*.

"Little can be done with old cardinals and with prelates of decided character. Such incorrigibles must be left to the school of Gonsalvi, and, in our magazines of popularity and unpopularity, we must find the means to utilize, or ridicule, power in their hands. A well-invented report must be spread with tact amongst good Christian families: such a cardinal, for instance, is a miser; such a prelate is licentious; such an official is a freethinker, an infidel, a Freemason, and so on in the same strain. These things will spread quickly to the cafés, thence to the squares, and one report is sometimes enough to ruin a man. If a prelate, or bishop, arrive in a province, from Rome, to celebrate or officiate at some public function, it is necessary at once to become acquainted with his character, his antecedents, his temperament, his defects, — especially his defects. If he should be our enemy — an Albani, a Pallotta, a Bernetti, a Della Genga, a Riverola — at once trap him, entangle him in all the nets and snares you can. Give him a character which must horrify the young people and the women; describe him as cruel, heartless, and bloodthirsty; relate some atrocious transaction which will easily cause a sensation amongst the people. The foreign newspapers" (such as the "Times," "Daily News," "Telegraph," etc.) "shall learn and copy these facts, which they will know how to embellish and color according to their usual style. For respect due to truth show, or better still, quote from some respectable fool as having quoted the number of the journal which has given the names, acts, and doings of these personages. As in England and in France, so also in Italy, there will be no lack of writers who well know how to tell lies for the good cause, and have no difficulty in doing so. One newspaper publishing the name of a Monsignor Delegate, His Excellency, or Eminence, or Lord Justice, will be quite sufficient proof for the people; they will require no other. The people here around us in Italy are in the infancy of Liberalism. At present they believe in the Liberals, after a little they will believe in anything."

From a perusal of this part of the plot we may understand the English *caste* papers blackening, on every occasion, the character of Cardinal Antonelli and every other able and stanch supporter of Christianity, morality, and social order. Many good poeple are entrapped by these cunning and deep-laid plots, and become the severest critics, condemning, without knowledge or authority, persons of the highest virtue and position upon a malicious newspaper report.

About six years after the publica-

tion of this extraordinary production, Signor Nubio, the Masonic Stephens of the day, was, as we have seen, sent by the framers of the "Instructions" to become the head-centre of its executive power in Rome, the Eternal City being, in Masonic ideas, the "Christian fortress to which they must ever lay siege," and where he was to undertake the "demoralization of the education of the Church." There, for five years, Signor Nubio silently, like a Masonic *fossor*, mined, or strove to mine, his subterraneous way under the chair of Peter. In 1829 Leo XII. died, and Pius VIII., of Castiglione, succeeded him. In an encyclical letter to the bishops of the world, dated May 24, 1829, the first year of his pontificate, having repeated the excommunications of Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., and Leo XII., against Freemasons, he wrote, "We have resolved to bring under your particular notice a special plan of action lately designed, the object of which is to corrupt the youth educated in our universities and colleges. Everywhere they try by every means to appoint irreligious masters, who will instruct their students in the infidel doctrines of Baal, opposed to revelation. Take care that in your dioceses those intrusted with the education of youth be remarkable for their virtue and morality, as well as for proficiency in science and literature." He passes next to speak of the corruption which this sect diffuses by means of bad and obscene books; and concludes with an advice to them not to permit themselves to be deluded by any appearances, or deceived by malicious artifices.

This encycliad, by which the Pope laid bare the secret ambuscade of Freemasonry, and placed his finger, as it were, upon the very substance and point of their hostility to Rome, spread the greatest consternation amongst the Freemasons. On June 11, in the same year (1829), Felice, a notorious member of the "Alta Vendita," wrote in the following strain to Nubio, the Masonic plenipotentiary in Rome: "It is necessary that we play the dead for a time in order to let the old Castiglione cool himself, and that his suspicions may be rocked to temporary sleep. Some of our body may have been indiscreet or unguarded, or, notwithstanding all our precaution, portions of our correspondence may have fallen into the hands of Cardinal Albani" (who was then Secretary of State). "The encycliad complains, and specifies, and advises, with such precision and so much certainty, that we seem in danger of being entrapped by Rome as well as by false brethren. The Pope does not usually express himself with so much resolution and clearness; such language is not in keeping with the usual style of the Apostolic Palace. Its use on this occasion proves that Pius VIII. has procured some positive proof of our plot. It therefore devolves on you, who are on the spot, to watch more jealously than ever over the security of all. After so explicit a declaration of war, I think we must decide to lay down our arms for the present and declare an armistice."

Felice, we can see, had no desire to die a martyr to the cause, and was somewhat terrified at the Pope's public exposure of the Masonic plan of attack by which they designed the destruction of Church and State, through "the immoral education of youth," aimed at by means of honest appearances and malicious realities, in the shape of a national system of education and secular school boards.

This Voltarian Masonic idea, consisting in the destruction of *the Christian idea*, is to be secured, if possible, by the destruction of the papacy, both temporal and spiritual. The discovery of this portion, or rather this foundation-stone of the Masonic system, leads us to understand the anxiety of Bismarck and the Freemason liberals of Europe as to the future Conclave, and the hopes that the papal chair should be one day occupied by a crea-

ture of their own, — a Döllinger, a Panella, a Hyacinthe, a Gavazzi. We can also see why it is that Continental Freemasonry seems to lash itself into such paroxysms of rage and excitement, and show such an amount of feverish interest in what otherwise would not seem to concern it, such as councils, bulls, briefs, excommunications, condemnations of the Index, etc.

Only the temporal power can the Freemasons reach, just as the devil, wishing to destroy the Christian idea, destroyed the earthly temple of Christ, putting him to death by the hands of the Jews. The same ultimate success will the Freemasons have with the papacy. They require "a Pope bound hand and foot by regal authority." In some measure they have succeeded, in the person of the prisoner of the Vatican. But do they hope to conquer, to annihilate that power, of which Macaulay wrote, "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined *to see the end of them all*. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's"?

The greatest ambition of Freemasonry is the rooting out of Christianity; hence there is continual war between it and the papacy, by conquering which they hope to accomplish this gigantic scheme. "After all," says Berwick, one of the characters in Disraeli's "Lothair," "it is the Church against the secret societies. They are the only strong things in Europe, and will survive kings, emperors, and parliaments."

The individual members of the society, having been first enticed and then held fast, as we shall presently see, by self-interest, ambition, terror, hypocrisy, etc., are demoralized by irreligious ceremonies and banquets, where the speeches, songs, conversations, and allusions are antichristian, antisocial, and immoral. Freemasonry in Ireland and England is practically a school of irreligion and immorality for both young and old. The masses are corrupted by corrupt literature, theatres, education, and, when the government happens to be on friendly terms with Rome, "the Fortress of Christianity," by revolution. The latter is unnecessary just yet in England, where Freemasonry is satisfied with the antichristian tone and loose morality of its press and literature, with its secular, liberal, national, godless system of education, and its anti-papal government, which sanctions and approves revolution, infidelity, and Church persecution in every country. There is no need to excite revolution and rebellion in an anti-papal country; there it is necessary only to press on the rulers and the masses to encourage the agents and firebrands of revolution and irreligion in Catholic countries. Of this we have an example, which all may remember, in the abject adulation lavished on Garibaldi, the blood-stained assassin and highway robber of Italy, by the Prince of Wales, the present Grand Master of English Freemasons, and in the conduct of Sir Augustus Paget, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Minto, in coquetting with the Italian Carbonari, simply because they were carrying out the work of revolution against Catholic government and papal authority.

I know that again and again the reader will rise up against me and say, "Impossible! the Prince of Wales, members of our aristocracy, and our men of position are rulers and officers of Freemasonry in these countries." Firstly, I say in answer, they are connected and sworn brothers of

those Continental Freemasons without whom, as prime movers, authentic history tells us, no revolution is complete. Secondly, the objection may be met in three ways. These personages may not believe in the danger or in the real malice of the society. They are exhibited by the craft in grades and degrees of which they are but honorary members; their exaltation to these positions giving to the uninitiated that appearance of safety which, of all things, Masonic hypocrisy most desires, and there is no doubt that it is a great relief to a prince to escape from the responsibility of position and court etiquette to the free and brotherly intercourse of the lodge. Secondly, princes have joined Masonry with a full knowledge of its malice, but in the forlorn hope of controlling what they otherwise could never influence; and thirdly, some may be actuated by the selfish desire of averting, from themselves at least, what they feel must inevitably fall upon their successors.

The following address, issued from Paris by Joseph Mazzini to his friends in Italy, October, 1846, fully sets forth the deep-laid plans by which Freemasonry seeks to engage all classes in her work:—

"In great countries it is by the people we must go to regeneration; in yours by the princes. We must absolutely make them of our side. It is easy. The Pope will march in reform through principle and of necessity; the king of Piedmont through the idea of the crown of Italy; the Grand Duke of Tuscany through inclination and irritation; the king of Naples through force; and the little princes will have to think of other things besides reform. The people yet in servitude can only sing its wants. *Profit by the least concession to assemble the masses, were it only to testify gratitude.*" (This was exemplified on the occasion of the accession of Pius IX. to the throne, when they mixed ostentatiously in the processions which they had themselves organized, professing gratitude whilst they plotted how to turn all to their own advantage.) "*Fetes, songs, assemblies,* numerous relations established among men of all opinions, suffice to make ideas gush out, *to give the people a feeling of its strength, and render it exacting.* . . . Italy is still what France was before the Revolution; she wants then, Mirabeau, Lafayette, and others. A great lord may be held back by his material interests, *but he may be taken by vanity.* Leave him the chief place whilst he will go with you. There are few who would go to the end.

"*The essential thing is, that the goal of the great revolution be unknown to them; let us never permit them to see more than the first step.* In Italy, the clergy are rich in money and the faith of the people; you must *manage* them in both those interests, and as much as possible make their influence of use. . . .

"Learned discussions are neither necessary nor opportune. There are *regenerative words* which contain all that need be often repeated to the people. *Liberty, rights of man, progress, equality, fraternity,* are what the people will understand above all when opposed to the words *despotism, privileges, tyranny,* etc." . . . (This "regenerative" theory was found somewhat inconvenient when reduced to practice. In April, 1849, the Mazzinian republican coffers requiring replenishment, the "Citizens" were invited to assist in doing so, with a fraternal hint that severe measures must follow a refusal. The houses of the "Citizens" were occasionally visited, and their possessions carried off to assist the commonwealth, their names appearing next day as those of "voluntary" contributors to the coffers of the republic. Cardinal Castricani, who had taken shelter in the Irish College, was very much surprised to find himself in the *Monitore* as a *voluntary* contributor to the coffers of the republic; but soon discovered that his palace had been forcibly entered and that a quantity of his plate, which had found its way to the republican mint, constituted his *voluntary* contribution. The fraternal proclamation was as follows:—

ROMAN REPUBLIC.

PROCLAMATION.

"Citizens: — In the imminent circumstances in which the country is placed, and in the duty of maintaining the rights of the people as well as internal order and tranquillity, it is necessary for the government to furnish the public coffers immediately with a sufficient amount of effective coinage. And as all citizens are bound to co-operate, as far as in them lie, for the benefit of the commonwealth, the Triumvirate does not hesitate to turn to the rich amongst you, *inviting* you to bring immediately your *silver* to the government mint, *where it will be exchanged against a proportionate amount of treasury bonds.*

"The Triumvirate flatters itself that this invitation will be followed by an immediate effect, so sparing it the necessity of *positive orders and severe measures.*"

*The Triumvirs:*

CARLO AMMELLINI.
AMELIO SAFFI.
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

ROME, 26th April, 1849.)

"Nearly two thousand years ago, a great philosopher, called Christ, preached the fraternity which the world yet seeks. *Accept, then, all the help offered to you. Whoever will make one step towards you must be yours till he quits you. A king gives a more liberal law; applaud him, and ask for the one that must follow. A minister shows intention of progress; give him out as a model.* A lord affects to pout at his privileges; put yourself under his direction; if he will stop, you will have time to let

him; go he will remain isolated, and without strength against you, and you will have a thousand ways to make unpopular all who oppose your project. *All personal discontent, all deceptions, all bruised ambition, may serve the cause of progress by giving them a new direction.* The army is the greatest enemy to the progress of socialism. It must be paralyzed by the education of the people. *Clerical power is personified in the Jesuits. The odium of that name is already a power for the socialists. Make use of it.* Associate! associate! everything is in that word. The secret societies give irresistible strength to the party that can call upon them. Do not fear to see them split: the more the better. All go to the same end by different ways. The secret will be often violated; so much the better; the secret is necessary to give security to the members, but a certain transparency is needed to inspire fire to the stationary. Courage, then, and persevere!"

The objects aimed at by this secret association, and its means of carrying out its projects, have been brought to light by Cantalupo, of Naples, who gives the following selection from its statutes: —

"I. The society is formed for the indispensable destruction of all the governments of the Peninsula, and to form a single state of all Italy in republican form. . . 30. Members who will not obey the orders of the secret society, and those who unveil its mysteries, shall be poniarded without remission. 31. The secret tribune shall pronounce the sentence, pointing out one or two associates for its immediate execution. 32. *The associate who shall refuse to execute the sentence shall be held perjured, and as such put to death on the spot.* 33. *If the victim succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued incessantly in every place, and the guilty shall be struck by an invisible hand were he sheltered on the bosom of his mother, or in the tabernacle of Christ.* . . 54. Each tribunal shall be competent, not only to judge guilty adepts, but to put to death all persons whom it shall devote to death." (The following quotation from Masonic disclosures would seem to be an actual continuation of this Mazzinian scheme: —)

"But whereas nothing short of a miracle can work so sudden a change, and any premature action can only result in failure, we must set to work with skill and the greatest caution, until men are freed from those universal and ancient prejudices. We must confine ourselves to representing to our aspirant this freedom and equality as a delightful state of things, and a happiness reserved for our order alone, without losing sight of our real aim. We must *thoroughly imbue him with our spirit, until habit becomes second nature to him,* and the hour arrives when our society finds itself strong enough *to muster the whole world under its banner. Up to that time* we must depict our society to him as an elect family which, rocked in the bosom of beauteous nature, lives over again the Golden Age, and from its safe harbor looks out with pitying eye over the wide sea of error in which men are struggling in the present hour. We must hold fast to the principles of our order that all our brother Masons" (in the inferior degrees) "are only our soldiers and workmen, whilst we are their generals, the *great architects commissioned by freedom to construct a vast edifice,* i. e, the reform of the human race through the destruction of kings, those scourges of humanity."

Having pointed out the necessity of luring youth, especially of the aristocracy, into the Masonic Order, the secret document goes on: —

"In education we must gently instil the essence of our teaching in its most attractive form, *and without exciting the least suspicion,* insensibly prepare those in high places for the blow which will annihilate them, endeavoring, by means of well-known writers, whose views are in harmony with our plans, to weaken their prestige and destroy the power they have usurped over their fellow-men. . . . Thus we shall induce young hearts who are incapable of discerning our *real end* to help us in accomplishing our great work."

From all this we may see the full bearing of the portion of these "disclosures" given in the last chapter, where Freemasons declare that "Liberty and equality are the two main advantages towards which their plans must ever tend, *the employment of all possible* cunning and powers of dissimulation being a matter of course."

HYPOCRISY

must lend her able assistance. As Christianity, with its natural offspring, respect and obedience to lawful authority, have entered into the very soul of European civilization, and have been the guiding ideas of its intellect, the master feelings of its heart, the dominant notes of its harmony, and the very life-blood of its constitution and of its domestic and social life, it is clear that they cannot be uprooted in European society without great difficulty; particularly from order-loving England and Ireland. It is, therefore, necessary for Freemasonry, before attempting the operation, to administer chloroform, so that, having deprived the Christian and social body of its senses, it may operate on its half-torpid state. Hypocrisy is the chloroform which Freemasonry administers first to its candidates, and then to society.

Freemasonry has ever a mask on its face and lies on its lips to conceal its real desires and ambition. It deceives, by its consummate hypocrisy, not only the general public, but very many deluded members of its own craft who are imposed upon and led astray by the mask on its face and the lies on its lips, believing it harmless, benevolent, and even religious. A study of Freemasonry in Masonic oaths, ceremonies, speeches, etc, when made by the light of such quotations as the above, will teach us something of its vast hypocrisy. One or two facts may prove to what length the Masonic theory of hypocrisy may be stretched when reduced to practice. Like the false prophet of Khorassan, she keeps her features covered with a silver veil, and it is only in some dark inner chamber that she at last raises it, and says to him who has dared to follow her so far: —

"Judge if hell with all its powers to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."

Inner chambers there are within those that seemed the innermost; and directors for those who seemed to have reached the heights. In the year 1835, the present Cabinet Minister of Victor Emmanuel, Melegari, being in London with his chief, Mazzini, wrote to Dr. Breindenstein, telling him of certain orders of the Supreme Vendita, which seemed to appall him, though he described himself and his friend Mazzini as "veterans" of the society. "They require of us," he writes, "things that would make the hair stand on end. Would you believe it; I have just heard from Rome that two of our association, notorious for their hatred of fanaticism (Christianity), were obliged, by order of the supreme head centre, to kneel in church, *and receive the Paschal Communion!* I do not wish to discuss the question of my obedience, but I would wish to know whither such monk playing would lead us"

Melegari was anything but a "veteran," as he described himself, since he did not understand "how persons who did not believe could *go on their knees in a Christian church and make the Paschal Communion*, and when he felt shocked at such conduct. The real "veterans" in Rome — Nubio, Felice, Tegrotto, Beppo, and such men — knew that to escape the vigilant eye of pontifical authority, and to work their way into the very midst of the Catholic people, it was useful and necessary that these sarilegious Communions should be made.

Such is the Masonic oath which bids its members to obedience, not knowing who may command, or to what they may be commanded.

Another example, in some respects similar to the above, takes us to Brazil, where Masonic influence, as in Dublin, is too great. My readers will remember in our chapter on "Irreligion," the Masonic travesty of which the Catholic Bishop of Para had such reason to complain.

About three years ago, Freemasonry in Brazil, not satisfied with the government and direction of the whole state, thought it necessary for the accomplishment of its benevolent designs, to obtain also the management of the religious confraternities. Hence, many Freemasons took off the Masonic apron, and laying aside triangle, and mallet, and square, went directly to the oratory of the confraternity, and putting on the confraternity soutane, assumed and exercised the function of prior with the same gravity and decorum as they had just performed that of venerable in the Masonic lodge. Monsignore Vitale Maria Conclaves de Oliveria, the Bishop of Olinda, having fully informed the Holy See, proceeded to take measures for the reform of the abuse. The matter ended with the condemnation of the bishop, by a Freemason magistrate, to four years of imprisonment with hard labor, which sentence was commuted by Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, to confinement in a fortress. In an allocution of March, 1, 1874, Pius IX. de-

nounced to the Catholic world this Masonic imprisonment. After some time the Freemason ministry of Viscount de Rio Branco was succeeded by another ministry, not Masonic, under the presidency of the Senator Duke of Caxias. The Bishop of Olinda was subsequently released from prison, and permitted to return to the administration of his diocese. The Bishop of Para, to whom we have already referred, received the same sentence, as may be seen from the following paragraph which appeared on Feb. 6, in the English "Weekly Times": "Monsignore Antonio de Maceda, Bishop of Para, has been called to Rome to inform the Pope and give evidence before the congregation of bishops and regulars, on the subject of the controversy between the bishops and the Brazilian government with regard to the attempted expulsion of the Freemasons from the confraternity. The replies of the Bishop of Para to the questions to be put to him, together with those already made by the Bishop of Olinda, will form the basis of the precise instructions to be sent to the Brazilian Internuntio, Monsignore Roncetti. It will be remembered that the bishops of Para and Olinda were condemned to four years' imprisonment, with hard labor, in consequence of the disturbances which followed the steps taken by them regarding the Freemasons."

I now ask my reader, if Freemasonry will push its hypocrisy so far as to order its members, though unbelievers, to make Paschal Communions and enter religious confraternities in order the better to secure and accomplish its craft ends, what amount of hypocrisy and benevolent deceits may not honest men be prepared to meet with in Freemason members of poor-law, corporation, grand jury, harbor, railway, and public boards of every description, and in every profession?

SELF-INTEREST

is a point in this immense organization round which Freemasonry rallies an incalculable number of her votaries, without which many who are now her fervent followers would never have joined her ranks, and perhaps few would have been true to her.

Under the head of their organization we have already seen that many members of the Masonic body being naturally unsuited for the irreligious and communistic revelations of the higher degrees, are not permitted to rise beyond the symbolic. They are not to be excused. The very first of Masonry's blasphemous and irreligious oaths is incompatible with social and religious integrity. All that can be said is, that some enter without a full knowledge of its malice, and then, bound by weakness of mind, by selfishness, or by love of pleasure, or by fear, remain. Our innocent, uninitiated Irish and English readers may make as many apologies as they please for their universally benevolent Masonic friends on this head.

Men may be divided into two great classes. One class, of those who trouble their heads very little how the world goes, good or bad, if they may enjoy the pleasures of conviviality and good fellowship; another of those to whom self is everything, and for whom personal ambition and vanity, or love of gain and wordly interest, form the ruling passion. To both classes Masonry, which aims at forming of the world one vast Masonic lodge, holds out a glittering bait. The first class is not so large, yet tolerably large too. There are young men, ay, and old men, too, who, even when they do not forget their worldly interest, love and wish to enjoy a gay and social life, good company, and good dinners, at a moderate price. There are many in that ancient and honorable fraternity who, to quote Masonic language, dearly love the sound of the gavel "calling the craft from labor to refreshment." As to these banquets, in songs, toasts, and speeches, Masonry works constantly to advance her ends, whether at "labor or refreshment." Freemasonry is but a be-

nevolent and jovial society, yet rest assured she knows how to mix the *utile* with the *dulce*. The second class is composed of those to whom Masonry holds out the bait of worldly interest and the attainment of ambition. The ambitious belong to every class of society, and for every species of ambition Masonry finds a bribe. It is very sweet to the "tuft-hunter," in the brotherly intercourse of the lodges, to mix and exchange the grip of fellowship and brotherly love with those with whom he would otherwise never come in contact, but to whom the touch of a noble, or perhaps even a royal hand, the honor of a friendly word from such august lips, is a realization of bliss, whose sweetness is known only to those who are the slaves of this contemptible feeling; and even these Masonry draws in, by their very love of aristocracy, to work out her ends, overthrowing priests and kings, and aristocracy, "*the royalty of several.*" What a delight it is for those whom nature or fate had probably never marked out for ruling, to be King of the Royal Arch Chapter, or Prince of the Royal Secret, or Knight Grand Commander; to be tricked out in jewels and uniforms, to stand, for the time being, on an equality with royalty and nobility, and to command, for the time, a brigade of obedient brethren! What relief it is to a man whose mind is filled with dreams of appointment and promotion, which his brains and hands offer him no security of attainment, to find in the grasp of some powerful Master Mason, or the explicit term of the Masonic oath, the rich promise of help and gain; and what does he care if it be to the downfall of a host of deserving *cowans?*

This portion of the system is made such active use of in Dublin that it is at times attended with inconvenience to some of the benevolent brethren themselves, who, being in a position to help, are beset by needy fellow-workers in Solomon's Temple, "who have come up to Jerusalem to work at the building *without hope of fee or reward.*" Here is a lawyer who wants briefs, a doctor patients, a contractor business, a shopkeeper custom, a clerk a situation, a young man entering the world a brilliant future, promotion, or a nice appointment. Who is there that does not want something? If one is in difficulties, and has become bankrupt, and is obliged to go to law, there is nothing like having a friend in court, who has sworn to be one's brother, or a juror bound by oath to fight for one on the security of a Masonic sign in the balance against the strongest evidence, his brother being bound, as we have seen by the Masonic statutes, to give him all possible assistance, "*to which by a mutual oath he has a sacred right.*" Again, some intelligent, hard-working *cowan* stands in the way in some office, railway company, etc.; what could be more agreeable than to have one's own Masonic stupidity and inapitude lifted over his honest and meritorious head, and to find one's self in the pleasant shade of an upper department while he plods on in his uninitiated integrity, growing gray as a forgotten *cowan*. In a word, there is an end of justice in anybody, office or board, in which this unjust order of Freemasons has its representatives. There is and must be an end of justice in the very courts of justice where those members are found, whether on the bench or in the jury-box. Like all the other doings of Freemasons, nothing can be more craftily guarded and hidden than this very system. We have heard of haunted houses where benighted watchers feel all the horror of a supernatural presence without even the terrible satisfaction of seeing, much less grasping, the ghostly visitant. I know of nothing else to which this system can be compared; professional men, business men, soldiers, policemen, clerks, if of the uninitiated, feel it bitterly, yet cannot grasp it or drag it into the light of day.

A firm fails. The partners are Freemasons. Freemasons and Or-

angemen are the only secured creditors. But who is to prove that these men had not a just claim in preference to the "fleeced" Catholics and *cowans?* We can only remember the benevolent Masonic proverb — "A working Mason must have his rights; let the *cowans* do as they please!" — and be silent.

At the change of the Inspector of Police, a short time ago, a perfect shower of letters, setting forth the grievances of the constabulary, flooded one of our leading papers. Amongst these letters one, which appeared on Oct. 12, ran thus: —

"*Dear Mr. Editor,* —Your extreme kindness in publishing letters from the various members of the force makes me venture a remark not yet touched on — what is called Freemasonry in the ranks and the utter impossibility of justice being equally meted out to the different religious denominations of the force. I believe the best way to illustrate the grievances is by giving a case in point. Some six months ago a man in this county was reported for the crime of drunkenness. The man considered himself perfectly sober, he denied the charge, and, notwithstanding the sworn testimony of his three comrades, he was found guilty, fined £3 10*s.*, and one of his comrades threatened with dismissal for giving what is termed 'unsatisfactory evidence.' Now, Mr. Editor, what is the belief of the Catholic portion of the force on the case alluded to, and expressed as soon as they were made aware of those to whom the guilt or innocence of the man were left to be decided? Simply, 'Oh! the man is a Roman Catholic, the constable preferring the charge is a Freemason, the president of the court is a Freemason, and the junior officer a Freemason also. What can he expect?' One man went so far as to bet with a comrade £5 to 10*s.* that he would be found guilty, thereby expressing his utter disbelief in justice being fairly dealt with. Now, what I would propose is: let Freemasonry be expunged from the service; let the Lord Lieutenant grant another impartial inquiry into the case mentioned, that is, if the sub-constable wishes. "JUSTICIA."*

But, the Freemasons would say, who was to prove this? The word of three Masonic officials was worth that of a whole force of Catholic *cowans.* And so the poor fellow might bet £5 to 10*s.*; and the good man might as well have been drunk as sober, for all Masonic justice would do for him or them; but the Masonic system held, and still holds, its ground undisturbed.

We continually meet mysterious cases both in town and country. Sometimes they are put down as Freemasons at once, and sometimes they are called Protestant Ascendancy. If the sufferers in such cases would consult the return of the clerk of the peace for their county, the probabilities are that the landlords and gentlemen leading the side of Protestant Ascendancy would turn out to be members, and, perhaps, high officials of the Masonic body, and that the organizing dominant element was Masonic. They very frequently go hand in hand, as in case of the Belfast Workhouse, noticed in the "Ulster Examiner," of March 9, when imitations of squares, and compasses, and trowels, found their way into the mural decorations of Christmas-tide, and proselytizing tracts were distributed through the wards, one of the officials assisting in the work of insulting the unfortunate Catholic inmates.

We have had other instances of Protestant Ascendancy of late, as have appeared from occasional letters in our papers, one, for instance, signed in full, "Edmund Dease" (M. P. for Queen's County), was as follows: —

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.
"FEBRUARY 25.

"*Sir,* —I have read with much interest an able article in the 'Freeman,' of the 24th inst., on the subject of grand jury reform You call attention therein to a remarkable case that recently occurred at Drogheda. You state that 'the grand jury appointed a Mr. Butterly to collect the county cess at one shilling in the pound, while they had before them a Mr. McCarthy, who tendered to do the same duty for seven pence in the pound, and for the due performance of which he put forward two of the most respectable men in Drogheda as his sureties.' A case of exactly a similar kind occurred in Queen's County, at the last assizes, held at Maryborough in 1876. A vacancy in the office of collector for the barony of Tiernahinch had to be filled. Two candidates presented themselves, — one proposing to collect the cess at 9*d.* in the pound, and the other at 6*d.* in the pound. Each were gentlemen of excellent character; each had unquestionable and substantial security; one, however, was a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic. The candidate who proposed to perform the duties at 9*d.* was appointed by a majority of twenty-two out of twenty-three grand jurors, so that

* The constabulary, in their oath, swear to join no secret society, Freemasonry excepted. See constabulary oath.

the cess-payers were taxed with an additional 3*d.* in the pound by a totally unrepresentative and irresponsible body."

The organizing dominant Masonic element showed itself likewise in Carlow, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter which appeared in the "Freeman" of January 23 : —

"An election occurred to fill the vacancy of medical officer in the union workhouse, created by the resignation of Dr. Rawson, a veteran, in supporting the 'flag' of ascendancy, exclusiveness, and intolerance in this lethargic and notorious little county. The candidates were his son, Dr. Edward Rawson, and the son of Dr. O'Meara, a gentleman whose merited fame as a physician extends not alone beyond the boundaries of the county, but is not limited by the boundaries of the province. Dr. O'Meara, Jr., inherits the energy and talents of his father, with large experience for his years, possessing the very highest professional qualifications, and at present holds no public appointment. Dr. Rawson, a young man, too, and having most respectable qualifications, holds the situation of surgeon to the Carlow Militia, which occasionally necessitates absence; he also holds the situation of surgeon to the County Infirmary; he also holds the situation of surgeon and physician to the Carlow County jail; he also holds the situation of physician to the Union Fever Hospital; he also holds the situation of consulting sanitary officer; and now only awaits the sanction of the Local Government Board to add another important one to the foregoing long list. The voting was thirty-eight for Rawson, thirteen for O'Meara; the thirty-eight composed of Protestant landlords and their agents, the thirteen minority of eleven Catholic elected guardians and two Protestant *ex-officios*, the two Parliamentary 'representatives of the people' sustaining the hated principles of ascendancy with their surroundings of intolerance and oppression, and of which they will be undying advocates. And there were *ex-officio* guardians there whose faces were not known, unless to a few of their own class. Will the Local Government Board aid in perpetuating so monstrous a scandal? Are the people of the union so dead to a sense of moral responsibility as to suffer, without protest, the wholesale heaping of public situations on the shoulders of one man, the duties of which it would be physically and morally impossible for any one man to discharge? — I am, sir, your obedient servant.

"A REFORMER.

"P. S. — The appointments held by Dr. Rawson and above referred to are not supposed to interfere with an extensive private practice."

To quote a still more recent fact. The following appeared in the "Freeman" of April 12th. The hero of this latest achievement of the Masonic dominant element, Dr. Peele, is a Freemason : —

"The recent election of physicians to the Incurable Hospital has caused considerable discussion. The institution is a highly deserving one, and anything which might mar its usefulness would be a matter of regret. The circumstances of the election certainly seem a little curious. It was publicly advertised for the 3d inst. A preliminary meeting was held on the 31st ult. At the meeting a resolution was passed that no gentleman with less than five years' professional experience should be eligible. At the meeting of the 3d six candidates presented themselves, including three hospital physicians, Drs. Finny, Grimshaw, and Duffey, all men of experience and standing. But the meeting of the 3d rescinded the resolution of the 31st, and elected a gentleman of less than five years' standing, rejecting for him such men as we have named. We do not question Dr. Peele's professional qualifications: he is a licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, But he cannot pretend to the experience of his unsuccessful rivals; and, as we have said, the election is considered a curious one."

This is a theme which rouses a vibrating chord in the heart of many an unfortunate sufferer of this universally benevolent system; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the day may come when popular opinion in Ireland will, at last, rise and exclude, by its unanimous vote, all Masonic candidates for public boards and bodies.

*To be continued.*

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PEOPLE WHO NEVER WORK. — We pity those who do not and never have worked. *Ennui* and satiety, sooner or later, are sure to be their portion. Like the child who is in possession of every new toy, and who has snapped and broken them all, they stand looking about for something, — *anything* new and amusing; and, like this child, they often stoop to the mud and the gutter for it. It is an understood principle for human nature that people never value that which is easily obtained. Bread which has been purchased with unearned money has never the flavor and sweetness of that which is won by the sweat of one's brow.

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THERE are three kinds of men in this world: the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts. The former effect everything, the others oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

# THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE FINAL JUDGMENT, AND O'CONNELL'S DEATH.

The verdict of the jury. — No popular outbreak the best proof of O'Connell's loyalty. — The sentence on the 30th of May, 1844. — The state prisoners conveyed to Richmond Brid well. — Anecdote relative to Judge Burton and the author — A visit to O'Connell in prison. — The judgment of the Queen's Bench reversed by the House of Lords. — Emphatic declaration of Lord Denman. — O'Connell free. — The famine of 1847. — Neglected opportunities of improving Ireland. — The Blackwater navigation. — O'Connell in bad health. — Ordered to travel. — Died at Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847. — His varied talents. — Compared to Cato. — The end.

DESPITE the matchless ability displayed by the traverser's counsel, as well as the oration of the great Irish tribune, the jury, constituted as it was, felt little difficulty in their verdict, and the anticipated word, "*Guilty*," was pronounced. Owing to the teaching of O'Connell, his constant enunciation that moral means alone would succeed in benefiting Ireland, that no political agitation should cause the shedding of human blood, that whoever committed a crime gave strength to the enemy, this verdict, which sent such a thrill of sorrow throughout Ireland, elicited no outbreak of popular feeling. That no effort at giving vent to the people's indignation was made s the best proof of the thorough and sincere loyalty of Daniel O'Connell.

On the 30th of May, 1844, the sentence upon the state prisoners was pronounced in the Court of Queen's Bench, by Judge Burton. It was a sad sight to witness the venerable judge pass sentence upon a friend he had known nearly all his life. He cried like a child. The sentence upon O'Connell was imprisonment for twelve calendar months, a fine of £2,000, that he enter into his own recognizance in £5,000, and two sureties, of £2,500 each, to keep the peace for seven years. The sentence on the other traversers was somewhat less heavy as regarded the length of imprisonment and the amount of the fines. A carriage was in waiting to convey O'Connell and his son John to Richmond Penitentiary. A friend of ours stood close by while O'Connell stepped into the veh cle that was to bear him from home and family to prison. He was flushed, but in good spirits, and said to one of the officials in a bantering tone, "Keep us safe." As the carriage was in the rear of the Four Courts there was no crowd or tumult, and nothing indicated that O'Connell was being con-igned to his prison.

It happened the following year that the author was the unconscious means of saving Judge Burton from a public disp'ay ·f ill-feeilng. evoked by the fact of his having had to discharge the painful duty of sentencing O'Connell. The author had dined, at the close of the Cork assizes, with Judge Burton and his associate judge on the circuit, Chief Baron (now Lord Chancellor) Brady, and had returned to his home in Fermoy before the judges left Cork. Subsequently Judge Burton arrived at the hotel in Fermoy, a d the writer sat with him there, until his lordship was ready to continue his journey, and on the carriage being announced, took his venerable friend's arm, for the purpose of assisting him to descend the steps of the hotel, he being then very feeble. On reaching the door opening on the square of Fermoy where the carriage was drawn up, th·y were surprised to behold a considerable concourse of the peasantry clustered around the vehicle, bearing no very amicable expression in their countenances. No demonstration took place, however, and it was not until some time after the author had placed the judge in his carriage with his registrar, and that the vehicle dashed swiftly away, h· learned it had been the intention of the crowd to have groaned and hooted Judge Burton out of the town for having been instrumental in condemning O'Connell to prison. and that they were only prevented from carrying their intention into effect by the presence of the writer, for whom, he

is grateful to know, they entertain d feelings of respect sufficient to save his friend fro m the manifestation of their displeasur e.

When th e "Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater in Munster" was published, in 1844, the author (also the writer of this present work) proceeded to Richmond Bridewell,* to present a copy to O'Connell. He found him in a well-furnished, commodious apartment, in excellent health, and kind to the author as ever. He was greatly pleased with the present, and admired the tasteful way in which this book was br ought out. The prison was no solitude while O'Connell and his friends were in durance.

They had not to p ine long in captivity. The judgment of the Queen's Bench was reversed by the House of Lords on a writ of error, Lord Denman using the memorable words: "If such practices as have taken place in the present instance in Ireland should continue, the trial by jury would become a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'" Mr. O'Hagan, who had been one of O'Connell's counsel (now one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas), accompanied by Messrs. Mahoney, W. Ford, and John Macnamara Cantwell, the eminent solicitor, brought the news which rejoiced the hearts of millions. A monster procession enabled the people to give vent to their enthusiastic deli ht and once more O'Connell was free! Soon as possible he returned to Derrynane, where he hoped the fresh breeze of the Atlantic would blow away every trace of pr son air.

But this was impossible. The spirits of O'Connell never recovered the imprisonment, and the events which quickly followed did not tend to restore the cheerfulness he had lost.

It is not the intention of the writer to track with any minuteness the steps of the great tribune, from the period of his release from Richmond jail to the close of his mortal pilgrimage. This has been well done already in the excellent biography of O'Connell already published by Mr. Mullany. It is also rumored O'Connell's gifted daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimon, intends to publish a memoir of her illustrious father, and we have no wish to encroach on her labor of love. The condition of Ireland, at the close of O'Connell's life, was most disastrous. A famine had set in, and in 1847 half the population were dependent upon public relief. The proprietors of the soil, so far from being able to render assistance by employing the people, were bankrupt, — unable to stock their lands, or sufficiently cultivate them We had not then, nor, alas, have we now, that commercial industry so necessary to aid agriculture, for our seaports have little trade. The writer accompanied O'Connell when he waited on the Viceroy, as member of a deputation urging the importance of employing the starving people in works of national utility, such as would lead to the developing the resources of the country. The special mission of the writer was to press upon the Irish Board of Works the utility of promoting the navigation of the Blackwater in Munster, a measure which the Chairman of the Board of Works, Sir H. Jones, admitted and reported could be accomplished at a cost of £24,000, and which would, he reported, have increased the prosperity of the extensive and populous district through which the noble river flows. To the surprise and regret of the writer he was but coldly listened to by those who should have been most prompt to avail themselves of every opportunity of using the money so lavishly granted by the treasury, in a manner calculated to effect lasting benefit. The agriculture of Ireland is, after all, only one branch of industrial employment, and to increase the value of agricultural produce, the com-

* This prison has now acquired additional interest from being that from which James Stephens, head centre of Irish Fenians, escaped in December, 1865, when on the eve of his trial by special commission.

munication between the interior of the kingdom and the ports should be attended to. There was then a vast unemployed population, and by using their labors judiciously the Blackwater River, so capable of being rendered navigable to Fermoy, could have been made a source of permanent wealth, benefiting that town in the sum of at least £10,000 per annum. The government neglected the opportunity, and the people were allowed to do a little work on the highways and byways, much of which was left unfinished, and, from the way in which the money was spent, there was a good deal of jobbing, as usual, only a small portion reaching those really intended to to be benefited. Distress spread rapidly — sickness followed — the people's food failed. The consequence was the people died. This preyed upon O'Connell's mind, and, in 1847, his health became so seriously impaired, he was ordered at once entire cessation from business, and to travel on the Continent. He struggled to attend Parliament, but the effort was too much for his feeble frame, and much as he regretted being obliged to leave London at that crisis, his family bore him reluctantly to France.

At another time, and under different circumstances, O'Connell's progress on the Continent of Europe would have resembled that of a mighty conqueror receiving the homage of the human race. As it was, wasted by sickness and depressed by sorrow, he no sooner reached Paris than the best and purest in the land of France hastened to pay their respects to the great Emancipator. Montalembert and Berryer were prompt in offering their homage to the invalid, and the most distinguished physicians sought to restore his shattered health, but in vain. He hast ned south, hoping to reach the Eternal City, the capital of the Sovereign Pontiff, and journeyed from Lyons to Genoa. Here it was decreed he was to rest from his wanderings. In this superb city, by the bright waves of the Mediterranean, on the 15th of May, 1847, aged seventy-two, O'Connell departed this life. His heart is embalmed in Rome, but the shamrock grows green upon the grassy mound, beneath the shadow of the Celtic round tower which marks where his remains sleep in Erin. *Requiescat in pace.*

Thus closed the mortal career of the greatest Irishman of his age, whose earliest ambition was that his name should be written upon Irish history. We know how fully that aspiration has been realized, and however Irishmen may differ in opinion respecting his political career, we apprehend there can be no controversy as to his extraordinary genius and abilities.

It is, of course, his professional attainments we have chiefly to consider; his political career has been more than once treated of, and the devotion of his countrymen for so many years of his life, fully attested their sense of the obligations conferred upon them by one who, for nearly half a century, maintained the rights of Ireland against the intolerance, prejudice, and selfishness arrayed against her. As a barrister he was perhaps unrivalled. Profoundly learned in the law, keen, acute, and far-sighted in his mode of sifting evidence, skilful and rapid in converting anything capable of being useful to his client's benefit, he was eagerly sought for as an advocate.

O'Connell's humor, as we have said, was often a powerful engine of success. He thoroughly knew what suited the taste of his auditory, and could speak Irish fluently. His warning against Spring Rice, "Dead or alive, don't trust the Rices!" the pungency of his epithets, his felicitous nicknames, seldom complimentary, took amazingly with the lower orders. At the great Clare election in 1829, his speech announcing the flight of his opponent, the Right Hon Vesey Fitzgerald, was most ludicrous: "Boys, where 's Vasy Vigarald? Ochone,

Vasy, I 'm dull without you. *Righi! mavourneen, righi!* * and send the bell about for him. Here 's the cry for you —

Stolen or strayed,
Lost or mislaid,
The President of the Board of Trade!"

Being opposed to Mr. West, who was certainly a plain, heavy-featured man, O'Connell was lavish in calling him "Sow West,' and "Ugly West." In a hustings speech Mr. West said, —

"My opponent has the advantage of me, for he wears a wig."

"I scorn all such advantage," said O'Connell, taking off his wig. "Come now, boys, compare us both, is 'Sow-West' the beauty?"

O'Connell bore off the palm amidst loud cheers.

He carried his love of joke and readiness of repartee into the senate, and often the tedium of debate was relieved by the flashes of his humor. Perhaps his most successful *jeu d'esprit* was the parody he uttered on three colonels, members of Parliament, two of whom were quite innocent of hirsute appendage, while the third always wore a flowing beard. The lines were these, —

"Three colonels in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn;
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry — in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go, —
To beard the third she shaved the other two."

His abilities as an orator, as we have observed in the progress of this work, were of a very high order, and in the House of Commons he succeeded where those eminent ornaments of the bar, Erskine and Curran, comparatively failed. His power over the masses of his countrymen was immense, but not greater than his services merited. He procured their religious emancipation, and broke down the barriers which obstructed the progress of the Irish people. Well had it been if some spirit equally potent prevented the secret organization which has so extensively struck root, and spread throughout our country, as disclosed by the Fenian trials. Now, indeed, the English government must feel and regret that Daniel O'Connell was doomed to incarceration, for his attempts were open, and took place in the light of the day. The character of O'Connell has been compared to some of the great men of antiquity, — Pericles and Cato. That of the latter, as described by Livy, shows many points of resemblance: "Si jus consuleres, peritissimus; si causa oranda esset eloquentissimus. Orationes et pro se multæ, et pro aliis, et in alios, nam non solum accusando, sed etiam causam dicendo fatigavit inimicos. Simultates nimis plures et exercuerent eum et ipse exercuit eas; nec facile dixeris utrum magis pesserit eum nobilitas, an ille agitaverit nobilitatem." *

This able lawyer and first-rate advocate must ever occupy a foremost place among the great men of the past, whether regarded in his professional or political capacity If the writer has been the means of preserving such details of his "Bar Life" as otherwise might have perished, he considers his time and labors have been well employed. For the manner in which he has executed his self-imposed task, all he can say is, would it were worthier the subject of his memoir.

THE END.

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THE first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

* Run, dear, run!

* If consulted on a legal question, he was the ablest counsellor; if a cause was in need of advocacy, he was the most eloquent. His speeches are very numerous, — spoken for himself, for others, and against others; for he wearied his enemies, not only by accusations against them, but by sustaining debates in opposition to them. Hostilities of every kind gave him full work, and he thoroughly worked them; and it is not easy to decide whether the aristocracy tried most to crush him, or he to crush the aristocracy. — Lib. xxxix. c. 40.

# THE IRISH MEMBERS.

THE following is a complete list of the Irish members elected to the next Parliament, with the political leanings of each.

ANTRIM COUNTY. — James Chaine, Edward Macnaghten (Tories).
ARMAGH COUNTY. — J. N. Richardson (Liberal); Maxwell C. Close (Tory).
ARMAGH CITY. — Capt. G. de la Poer Beresford (Tory).
ATHLONE BOROUGH. — Sir John Ennis (Liberal).
BANDON BOROUGH. — Capt. Perry Bernard (Tory).
BELFAST BOROUGH. — Capt. James P. Corry, Wm. Ewart (Tories).
CARLOW COUNTY. — E. Dwyer Gray (Lib. Home Ruler), D. H. McFarlane (Nat. Home Ruler).
CARLOW BOROUGH. — Charles Dawson (Nat. Home Ruler).
CARRICKFERGUS BOROUGH. — Thomas Greer (Tory).
CAVAN COUNTY. — Charles J. Fay, Joseph G. Biggar (Nat. Home Rulers).
CLARE COUNTY. — The O'Gorman Mahon, Capt. Wm. H. O'Shea (Nat. Home Rulers).
CLONMEL BOROUGH. — Arthur Moore (Lib. Home Ruler).
COLERAINE BOROUGH. — Sir Henry Bruce (Tory).
CORK COUNTY. — Wm. Shaw, Col. David Colthurst (Lib. Home Rulers).
CORK CITY. — Charles Stewart Parnell, John Daly (Nat. Home Rulers).
DONEGAL COUNTY. — Thomas Lee, Rev. John Kinnear (Liberals).
DOWN COUNTY. — Lord A. H. Trevor, Viscount Castlereagh (Tories).
DOWNPATRICK BOROUGH. — John Mulholland (Tory).
DROGHEDA BOROUGH. — Benjamin Whitworth (Liberal).
DUBLIN CITY. — Maurice Brooks (Lib. Home Ruler), Dr. Robert D. Lyons (Liberal).
DUBLIN COUNTY. — Col. T. E. Taylor, Ion Trant Hamilton (Tories).
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY. — Edward Gibson, David Plunkett (Tories).
DUNDALK BOROUGH. — Charles Russell, Q. C. (Liberal).
DUNGANNON BOROUGH. — Thomas A. Dickson (Liberal).
DUNGARVAN BOROUGH. — Frank H. O'Donnell (Nat. Home Ruler).
ENNIS BOROUGH. — James L. Finigan (Nat. Home Ruler).
ENNISKILLEN BOROUGH. — Viscount Cole (Tory).
FERMANAGH COUNTY. — M. E. Archdall, Viscount Crichton (Tories).
GALWAY COUNTY. — Mitchell Henry, Major John P. Nolan (Nat. Home Rulers).
GALWAY BOROUGH. — J. Orrell Lever (English Liberal-Whig Humbug); T. P. O'Connor (Nat. Home Ruler).
KERRY COUNTY. — Sir Rowland Blennerhasset (Lib. Home Ruler), Rowland P. Blennerhasset (Home Ruler).
KILDARE COUNTY. — Charles H. Meldon, James Leahy (Nat. Home Rulers).
KILKENNY COUNTY. — Patrick Martin, M. Mulhallan Marum (Home Rulers).
KILKENNY CITY. — —— Smithwick (Liberal).
KING'S COUNTY. — Bernard C. Molloy (Nat. Home Ruler), Sir P. O'Brien (Liberal).
KINSALE BOROUGH. — Eugene Collins (Home Ruler).
LEITRIM COUNTY. — Major Francis O'Beirne (Lib. Home Ruler), Loftus Tottenham (Tory).
LIMERICK COUNTY. — William H. O'Sullivan (Nat. Home Ruler), Edmund J. Synan (Lib. Home Ruler).
LIMERICK CITY. — Richard O'Shaughnessy, Daniel F. Gabbett (Lib. Home Rulers).
LISBURN BOROUGH. — Sir Richard Wallace (Tory).
LONDONDERRY COUNTY. — Sir Thomas McClure, Hugh Law (Liberals).
LONDONDERRY CITY. — Charles E. Lewis (Tory).
LONGFORD COUNTY. — Geo. Errington (Home Ruler), Justin McCarthy (Lib. Home Ruler).
LOUTH COUNTY. — Alexander M. Sullivan (Nat. Home Ruler), Phil. Callan (Lib.-Whig-Tory-Home Ruler, etc., etc.).
MALLOW BOROUGH. — William M. Johnson (Liberal).
MAYO COUNTY. — J. O'Connor Power, Charles S. Parnell (Nat. Home Rulers).
MEATH COUNTY. — Charles Stewart Parnell, R. H. Metge (Nat. Home Rulers).
MONAGHAN COUNTY. — W. Findlater, J. Givan (Liberals).
NEW ROSS BOROUGH. — J. W. Foley (Nat. Home Ruler).
NEWRY BOROUGH. — H. Thompson (Tory).
PORTARLINGTON BOROUGH. — Bernard Fitzpatrick (Tory).
QUEEN'S COUNTY. — Richard Lalor, Arthur O'Connor (Nat. Home Rulers).
ROSCOMMON COUNTY. — Dr. Andrew Commins, James O'Kelly (Nat. Home Rulers).
SLIGO COUNTY. — Denis M. O'Conor (Home Ruler), Thomas Sexton (Nat. Home Ruler).
TIPPERARY COUNTY. — Patrick J. Smyth (Repeal Home Ruler), John Dillon (Nat. Home Ruler).
TRALEE BOROUGH. — The O'Donoghue (Lib. Home Ruler).
TYRONE COUNTY. — Edward L. Lytton (Liberal), John W. Ellison McCartney (Tory).
WATERFORD COUNTY. — H. V. Stuart, John A. Blake (Lib. Home Rulers).
WATERFORD CITY. — Richard Power (Home Ruler), Edmund Leamy (Nat. Home Ruler).
WESTMEATH COUNTY. — T. D. Sullivan, H. J. Gill (Nat. Home Rulers).
WEXFORD COUNTY. — John Barry, Garrett M. Byrne (Nat. Home Rulers).
WEXFORD BOROUGH. — Wm. A. Redmond (Nat. Home Ruler).
WICKLOW COUNTY. — W. J. Corbett, J. C. McCoan (Nat. Home Rulers).
YOUGHAL BOROUGH. — Sir J. N. McKenna (Home Ruler).

# HIGH TREASON.

## A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### HOW THE JESUITS FARED IN PRISON.

THERE is a story related of the Prussian monarch, Frederick the Great, that being on one occasion at a review, the troops were thrown into confusion by the blunder of an officer, whereupon the king savagely kicked the offender's shins. Burning with rage at the pain and indignity, the officer turned to his neighbor, a private, and kicked him; and upon being angrily remonstrated with by the king, responded sulkily, "Sire, I kick where I dare!" which is eminently characteristic of poor humanity.

The unceremonious treatment that the sheriff of Warwickshire had received from Sir John Coniers, and the deep humiliation of soul he underwent in consequence thereof, only rendered him more eager to wipe out the memory of his shame; and being unable to retaliate upon the man who had made him bite the dust, he turned his attention towards the defenceless priest, whom he held solely responsible for his wrongs.

His perseverance was rewarded with some success; and with the aid of two of his sharpest followers, he tracked the fugitive to the town of Stratford. From the authorities he received the most cordial and energetic assistance. In accordance with the cruel policy of the times, the magistracy was recruited chiefly from the ranks of the Puritan faction, whose fierce antagonism to the State Church was overlooked on account of the zeal they displayed in putting down the still more obnoxious Papists. Nor must it be forgotten that the godly work of reformation succeeded in a great degree because it was paid for by results. The persecution of Catholics was social; and the authorities were careful not to drive these men to desperation by putting forth all the strength of the law at once. The legal processes were tedious and protracted; and the impoverishment of recusants was effected in the main, slowly, and by degrees; and as in every case informers were enriched at the expense of the accused, it is easy to conceive how fast the work must have sped when quickened by the combined incentives of fanaticism and avarice.

Over the whole face of the country was spread a vast network of persecution; so meanly ingenious in its details, that a late writer expresses his "wonder that any Catholic priest, whether secular or religious, could have existed at all under such circumstances." Besides the various commissions, or courts of law maintained for the sole purpose of repressing the Catholic religion, with their busy agents in every district, hunting out priests and plundering the houses of recusants, the corporation of every leading town was enlisted in the same odious service, and was stirred up by repeated admonitions to exhibit their zeal in the good cause. In the villages, the small squires, justices of the peace, and parsons joined in the pursuit; while behind these appeared a vast horde of pursuivants and constables, who did pretty well as they pleased.

This may appear exaggerated, but it is the sober truth; and we extract, almost at random, from a manuscript recently published, a few instances, in the words of the sufferers themselves.

"William Newnham, alias Claxton, condemned at Nottingham for robbery committed by him on the highway, broke from his keeper, the jailer, there, took away with him the daughter of one Griffith Apparaye, minister, and now hath gotten a counterfeit pursuivant's escutcheon and warrant; and so, under that pretence, robbeth and spoileth [the recusants] as others of like quality.

"William Stapleton's house searched; himself apprehended and sent to London, there imprisoned; a

lease of his life begged by Cuffe; he was enforced to take a lease of his own living at Cuffe's hand, having otherwise no remedy at all.

"Pursuivants came from London, from York, from bishops, from noblemen, besides justices, sheriffs, justices' ministers, etc.; if all daytime will not serve, nights must. Most upon the festival days, when, as they think, Catholics will for charity to themselves have priests, they charitably come to apprehend them. If they have (obtain) not what they will (demand), they take the man, wife, children, and servants all to prison. No help for it: yea, they are praised for it.

"Pursuivants searching at the house of Hugh Erdeswicke in his absence; he coming in finding his chests all broken open, and his evidences dispersed, one of them arrested him and called him traitor; whereto being moved, he bestowed some blows upon him, for which he was soon after deeply fined and endured long imprisonment.

"If any of them will but yield to go to church, all treasons are remitted."*

The last sentence sufficiently shows the object of the persecution.

At the time of which we write, Warwickshire contained a great number of Catholics, and among those inhabiting the little town of Stratford we may in all probability reckon Shakespeare, who then dwelt at his house in New Place. His earliest biographer affirms that "he died a Papist"; and in the list of recusants, still extant in the archives of the corporation, the name of his father, John Shakespeare, occurs repeatedly in the list of recusants.

At Stratford the worthy sheriff was utterly baffled; he could track his prey no further, and reluctantly gave up the pursuit. But some months later one of his men, happening to be at Aston Manor, learned from the servants' gossip that Burnet had been arrested in London. The information was useless to Mandrill, who was deeply engaged at the time in his very profitable duties; but he transmitted it at once to Sir Roger Aston, in the hope that the knight still felt sufficient interest in the matter to induce him to journey to London for the purpose of assisting justice, and bring the traitor to his richly merited doom.

Cuffe's severe wound healed but slowly; but his recollection of the affray was so vague and confused that Burnet might have cleared himself of the charge of attempted murder if the judge had not put some very awkward questions. In the course of his examination — for prisoners were not then held innocent until proved guilty — it transpired that he was a recusant, and, moreover, strongly suspected of being a priest; and upon his refusal to give an account of himself, he was committed again to prison; but had not fresh evidence been forthcoming, he might have reasonably hoped to regain his liberty by bribing the judge.

But his identity was clearly proved by Sir Roger Aston, who, upon the receipt of the sheriff's news, hasténed to London. He had a stormy interview with his brother, who displayed so much warmth and indignation that their meeting ended in a quarrel.

When the Jesuit was carried to the office of the Privy Council for examination, he found, seated at the table in company with several others, his old foe Sir Roger, who, greeting him with a sarcastic smile, addressed him as Walter Everard, and congratulated him upon his escape from Nottingham some two years before.

Further concealment was impossible; and the prisoner admitted that he was a Jesuit priest, ordained abroad, and whose life was consequently forfeit by the laws of the realm. But the matter did not end there. His judges proceeded with his examination.

"Who sent you into England?" inquired one.

* From a manuscript preserved at St. Mary's College, Oscott, and published by the Rev. J. Morris, S. J., in his "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers." Third Series. London, 1877.

"The superiors of the society."

"To what end?"

"To win back straying souls to the Creator."

"No, no," said another; "you were sent for matters of state. to excite rebellion among the King's subjects, and to induce them to transfer their allegiance to the Pope."

"We are strictly forbidden," rejoined Burnet, "to meddle in any way with affairs of state; and obedience to the Pope interferes in no way with that due to the King. Each is to be obeyed in his own proper sphere."

"You cannot be a loyal subject of the King if you obey the Pope," said a keen-visaged gentleman who had written down the answers. "The Scripture says that no man can serve two masters, and you will not deny Scripture? Supposing that the Pope sent an army into England, asserting that his object was solely to bring back the kingdom to the Catholic religion, and protesting that there was no other way of introducing that faith; and moreover commanding all in virtue of his apostolic authority to aid his cause; whose side would you then take — the Pope's or the King's?"

"I do not consider such a thing possible," said Burnet, as the others looked at him with some amusement, in the hope of seeing him entrapped. "But as I am a true Catholic and a true subject, I would obey each as far as his commands were just and lawful, and act as became a loyal subject and an obedient Catholic."

"That is equivocating," responded one of the judges, with much annoyance. "We know you Jesuits deal in cunning tricks and shifts, unbecoming to honest men. Answer positively and to the point."

"I can make no other answer," said Burnet.

"How long have you been playing the priest in this country?" was the next question.

"About four years."

"How and where did you land, and where have you lived since you came hither?"

These questions Burnet refused to answer. Of himself he was willing to speak, but declared that he would never disclose the names of those who had assisted or harbored him.

"We shall see!" said one of his examiners sourly. "If good-will fail, we must use force. Have you reconciled any persons during the past four years?"

"Many," said Burnet; "and I would that I had reconciled many more."

"That is high treason, as you well know. Give us the names of those whom you have thus persuaded."

"I cannot," said Burnet. "And I pray you sirs, not to set down my refusal to any contempt of your authority I have never meddled with affairs of state. I have tried, indeed, to bring back souls to the knowledge and love of God, for that is my duty. But never will I be guilty of the crime of exposing to the severity of the law those who are innocent of all offence, save that of embracing a faith that we know to be true, and in which your fathers and mine contentedly lived and died."

Finding that neither remonstrances nor threats made the slightest impression on Burnet, the commissioners signed the warrant for his committal to the Tower on the charge of high treason, and handed it to the jailer, directing him to put the prisoner in irons, for he was clearly a dangerous fellow.

"You can do nothing without God's permission," said Burnet, calmly. "His will be done."

He was led through the streets next day, in his Jesuit's cassock and cloak, and the people jeered and hooted as he passed. The honest jailer, feeling disgraced by being abroad in such disreputable company, reproached him with hypocrisy, declaring that no honest man would wear a disguise and go about under a false name.

"You are hard to please, friend,"

said Burnet. "But yesterday I was twitted with being a courtier, and told that I dressed myself in that fashion to hide my real character. Well, I have resumed my proper dress, and that is equally offensive to you."

He was duly consigned to the charge of Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower; and, after the necessary formalities had been complied with, was conducted to a cell at the foot of one of the towers then standing within the enclosure, and left for the night.

Some sixteen years before, that cell had been tenanted by a member of his own order — Father Henry Walpole, afterwards executed at York for being a priest — and upon the wall the prisoner had cut his name. A narrow window, blocked up with stone, had served for an oratory, and on either side he had traced with chalk the names of God, His mother, and other objects of devotion. Within those walls, it was said, he had been tortured fourteen times; and Burnet, by the morning light that faintly struggled in, contemplated with feelings of awe and pity those feeble memorials of one who, enduring to the end, had won the martyr's crown.

A thorny path, and well defined, lay before him. It was easy to follow; for those who had preceded him in that way of sorrow and humiliation had marked the familiar track in their own blood.

He was removed, much to his regret, to another cell. He would have remained there willingly, although it was destitute even of a handful of straw to lie upon; but the jailer's orders were peremptory, and this poor consolation was denied him.

Prisons at the time were self-supporting institutions, and the inmates were expected to provide themselves with food and furniture; and when Jennings, the warder, asked for money to obtain these necessaries, Burnet could only refer him to Father Gower. He had no friends, he said, of whom he could ask the favor, save those who were in durance like himself.

As the warder made several journeys to and from the Clink, Burnet availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded to write to his friend; and for a time the two contrived to maintain a guarded correspondence, which, however, shortly came to a sudden close.

One morning Burnet received the intimation that the attorney-general had arrived to take his deposition; and Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, came in person to fetch him.

The members of the commission, consisting of one of the judges, a privy councillor, Wade, and the attorney-general, occupied an apartment in the lieutenant's lodgings; and Burnet, casting a hasty glance about him, observed, with a quiet smile, a marble bust of King James with which the loyalty of the lieutenant had adorned the broad and massive mantel-piece.

The examination proved very similar to that which he had already undergone, his answers being again written down.

Among other questions, the judge asked: —

"Have you received any letters lately from abroad?"

This was with reference to an intercepted packet intended for Burnet, which had found its way by some means to the Privy Council. He admitted that he had; remarking that such letters related only to private concerns of Catholics who were living beyond seas, and bore no reference to matters of state.

"Well, where is he to be found to whom you delivered those letters, and how is he called?"

"I do not know," he answered; "and if I did, I could not tell you."

"Your refusal, let me remind you, renders you liable to the same penalty as those incur who correspond with traitors abroad. Tell us, then, with whom you have lived since you came to England?"

"My life is forfeit because I am a priest," was the reply. "You cannot

go further than that. I cannot give the information you require."

"But you shall before you leave this place," said the judge.

"Please God, that shall never be," said Burnet.

"Then you compel us to resort to harsh measures. We have the power to order you to be tortured. There is our warrant for what we do."

Burnet took the document, and reading it through, said, —

"By the help of God, I will never do what is against God, against justice, and against the Catholic faith. I am in your power; do what God permits you, for you certainly cannot do more."

"Let me entreat you, sir," said the councillor, who had hitherto been silent, "not to force us to this act. It is as hateful to our feelings as to yours. We are extremely loath to do it; for we are bound not to desist from putting you to the torture day by day, as long as your life shall last, until you give us the information we seek."

"I humbly trust that the goodness of God will not permit me to commit the sin of bringing innocent persons to harm. We are all in God's hand, and I do not fear the worst that you can do to me."

The depositions being finished, were handed to Burnet, who put his signature at the foot of the sheet, after reading it over with attention; and this stage of the proceedings was finished.

The torture-chamber was in a spacious crypt beneath the keep, and being perfectly dark, candles were brought thither by the attendants; and looking round, Burnet could dimly see the racks and other terrible instruments of torture scattered about the place. To intimidate him, they drew his attention to these engines, showed how they were worked, and hinted, with grim pleasantry, that he would have to taste every one if his strength and determination held out. When they had made the circuit of the place, which was of great extent, he was again asked whether he was yet willing to answer their questions.

"It is out of my power to satisfy you," he said; and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed fervently for a few seconds.

At the summit of one of the pillars that supported the crypt were fastened some iron staples; at its foot the attendants piled up some billets of wood, which Burnet was ordered to mount, after being divested of his cassock.

On his wrists were placed a pair of manacles, somewhat resembling handcuffs, and through the link that connected them was inserted an iron bar. Raising his arms at their request, the bar was laid across the staples above his head, and made fast. Then one by one the billets upon which he stood were withdrawn, and he was left hanging by his wrists.

The pain was most intense. It seemed as though all the blood in his body had rushed to his hands, upon which the whole weight of his body depended; and at the time he thought that the blood was actually bursting from his finger-tips and the backs of his hands.

He uttered gaspingly some feeble words of prayer; but the agony was so acute that he lapsed, after a short time, into insensibility.

When he came to himself, he found they had replaced the billets beneath his feet, and one of the gentlemen inquired again if he was willing to confess.

"I neither can nor will," he responded faintly.

The wood was again withdrawn, and his judges, finding that they could obtain no other answer, left him, and waited at the lieutenant's house, sending now and then to know how things were going on in the crypt.

Three or four strong men, with the warder, were left to superintend the torturing; and Jennings, out of kindness, wiped the perspiration from the sufferer's agonized face, imploring him

to have pity on himself, and tell the gentlemen what they wanted to know.

Burnet almost inarticulately desired him to hold his peace; and one of those who stood by said in his hearing, —

"He will be a cripple all his life, if he lives through it; but he will have to be tortured daily until he confesses."

For four hours he remained in this position. When he fainted, which happened about every half-hour, they supported him; but as soon as he recommenced his prayers, they let him down again.

Then Wade came back and asked, "Will you yet obey the commands of the king and the council?"

"No," said Burnet. "What you ask is unlawful; it is therefore vain to ask me."

"At least, then, say that you would like to speak to the secretary."

"I have nothing to say to him more than I have said already."

"Hang there till you rot!" said Wade; and turning his back, went away in a rage.

By that time all the commissioners had left the Tower; and as the bell now began to sound as a signal for closing the gates for the night, the attendants helped Burnet down and released him. But he was scarcely able to stand; and being almost carried back to his apartment by the warder, he lay motionless and helpless throughout the night.

This treatment was renewed at intervals during the two following days; and the lieutenant, finding Burnet's resolution still unshaken, left him to recover his strength as best he could.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AN ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

The Tower of London formerly occupied the southeastern corner of the city, of which it formed the chief bulwark. High above all its lowlier surroundings, the mighty keep, assailed in vain by time and storm for nearly a thousand years, still rears its massive front, solid and threatening as when the Norman, in his pride of conquest, first set it there to overawe and control his turbulent subjects. It was said, probably with truth, to be impregnable, and we believe that no record exists of its ever having been taken by assault.

On three sides of its extensive walls ran the broad, deep moat, and along the fourth there flowed the river on whose banks it stood. Like all feudal strongholds, it was entirely isolated. The main gateway, defended by drawbridge and portcullis, has been known for centuries as the Bloody Tower, and its sole remaining inlet, facing the river, bears the equally significant appellation of Traitors' Gate.

Its vast area teems with memories of deeds of craft and violence. Royalty itself has therein bowed its neck to the headsman, or bared its bosom to the assassin's steel. Nobles, whose broad lands excited the envy of their rulers; priests and monks, who incurred the tyrant's wrath by clinging to the faith that he had abandoned; women, and even children, have been foully done to death in its gloomy dungeons, or upon the ensanguined Tower-green.

Palace, prison, and fortress; its every stone deep-dyed with blood, its atmosphere burdened with crime and oppression, reeking of the axe and scaffold, it remains a gaunt monument of human injustice and cruelty; its memories are those of the graveyard and charnel-house; and, as with busy finger we search the pages of its ghastly records, unable to point to a single period when happiness resigned within its ill-omened walls.

The very chapel of the Tower, crowded with the headless trunks of unnumbered victims, is with strange irony dedicated to St. Peter's Chains!

It was with little difficulty that Pouch ascertained whither the Jesuit had been transferred, and, as frequently as he dared, he might be found making a circuit of the Tower, and anxiously scanning its walls in the

faint hope of being rewarded by a glimpse of the prisoner it held fast in its strong embrace.

Father Burnet was confined in one of the bastions on the eastern side of the fortress; and from the narrow loophole that lighted his cell he could see, beyond the moat, the little village of St. Katharine's and the green hedgerows and fields that skirted it.

He had been there about three months, and now, as the March winds were beginning to abate something of their sharpness, the trees were putting forth their leaves and giving promise of a genial spring.

Once or twice he had noticed a figure that, despite the disguising cloak, he recognized as that of his faithful friend, and he had watched patiently for its reappearance.

His contented demeanor and cheerful aspect had won the commiseration of his jailer, and the man had evinced a desire to lighten, as far as lay in his power, the irksomeness of his confinement. Burnet had corresponded several times with Gower in the Clink; and the jailer, for a small consideration, readily agreed to fetch and carry between the two Jesuits.

Some oranges that Jennings brought to him suggested to Burnet a very simple project, that he proceeded to put into execution. Out of the peel he fashioned some rosaries and crosses, and fastening them together by a silken cord, wrapped them in paper, and consigned them to the jailer for transmission to the Clink, as little mementoes for his friends there. With the aid of a pen, made from a toothpick he had begged of the jailer, he wrote in orange juice any matters that he did not consider it prudent to intrust otherwise to his obliging messenger; and as the writing only became visible upon the paper being held to the fire, there was nothing to arouse the man's suspicions.

Father Gower replied in the same way; and mentioning in one of his notes that Pouch had been a frequent visitor to the Tower of late, Burnet gave a description of the precise situation of his prison; and to enable Pouch to distinguish it, promised to wave his handkerchief at the loophole, every day as the Tower clock sounded the hour of twelve.

Pouch was on the point of giving up his search in despair when this welcome intelligence reached him. He had been so unremitting in his daily attendance at the Tower, ostensibly to view the curiosities therein displayed to sight-seers, that he became apprehensive of exciting suspicion by his frequent visits. Among the other attractions, there was a small collection of wild animals, a great rarity at the time, which included some exceedingly woebegone-looking lions, that were usually stretched at full length on the floor of their cage, with their heads sadly resting on their forepaws, as though captivity had broken their spirits. The air of the Tower seemed to agree but ill with things, whether of beasts or men. He had even got on speaking terms with the keeper of the beasts; but the man was unable to give him any information about prisoners, other than those he tended.

In the course of his perambulations round the building, it had occurred to Pouch that if an escape were possible at all, it could be effected only on the eastern side, where the moat was comparatively narrow; and when, a day or two later, he observed Burnet's signal, which he dare not answer, he drew his breath hard, and walked rapidly away with an elated smile. But he returned to the same spot again and again during the day, silently noting every feature of the place; and then, as darkness approached, gave a farewell look towards Burnet's prison, and betook himself to the Clink.

A brief conference with Father Gower resulted in the despatch of a missive to Burnet, asking his opinion of the scheme. But the priest, although admitting that it was quite practicable, declined to commit himself to the hazardous undertaking without the consent of the provincial; and

upon being assured of the cordial approval of that personage, provided that Burnet did not risk his life, it was finally decided that the attempt should be made.

The roof of the tower wherein he was confined was flat and battlemented; and under pretence of enjoying the air, Burnet obtained permission to walk in this small enclosure. There was little space for exercise, but a grateful and expansive view could be obtained from the summit of the country eastward of the city. Beyond the little village below, the more verdant hamlet of Shadwell (or St. Chad's Well) was visible, and the pleasant plains of Mile End. To his left, reaching far and wide, lay the Spital-fields, once the appanage of St. Mary's Hospital, a forgotten monastic house of charity, suppressed nearly a century before; and far away into the dim distance, almost as far as the eye could reach, stretched cornfields and meadows, dotted here and there with scattered farms, or the residences of the opulent, until the vista was closed by the well-wooded northern heights of London.

The view is somewhat circumscribed now; and it would not be easy to find in the dusty, noisy streets that cover the enormous area the overgrown city occupies, a single tree or blade of grass to break the monotony that is the pervading feature of the metropolis of to-day.

Some anxious days passed slowly by, during which Pouch was very busy making the necessary preparations; but the arrangements were completed at last, a small ship engaged to convey the fugitive to the French coast, and the long-expected night at length arrived.

Before the hour agreed upon, Burnet, having made a small bundle of the books he possessed, and which he was not willing to leave behind, took his stand on the roof of his tower.

The stillness of the night was unbroken, except by the slow and regular footfall of the sentry, who paced the deserted pathway that extended along the river front of the Tower.

Looking downwards, Burnet could hardly repress a cold shudder at the turbid moat over which he leaned, and in the darkness the distance from the opposite bank seemed increased.

He heard the plash of oars, and a boat grounded on the beach. It was Pouch and two friends whose aid he had secured; and Burnet could barely distinguish their forms that now appeared above the wall on the opposite side of the moat. A low, cautious signal was given, and Burnet waved his handkerchief in response.

Then taking in his hand a ball of lead attached to a string, he threw it with all his force. It did not reach the spot where Pouch stood, but fell with a loud splash into the moat. Their heads instantly disappeared, and after waiting a few moments, he drew the lead in carefully. He could hear a faint whisper of encouragement, and grasping the ball, he flung it a second time. It flew over their heads; but they seized it, and fastening it securely to a heavy rope they had brought with them, signalled to him to draw it up.

The rope was hauled across by means of the string, and Burnet coiled it round a heavy piece of ordnance that was placed in position on the Tower, but without knotting it, as their intention was to draw it away after he had effected his escape. He called to them in a whisper that all was secure, and Pouch fastened the other end firmly to the stem of a tree, making the rope thoroughly taut.

All was now ready for his descent; but Burnet observed that, owing to the width of the moat, the rope seemed to stretch almost horizontally, so that he would be unable to get along it by his own weight, without propelling himself by some exertion on his part. To satisfy himself of this fact, he first placed the bundle of books on the rope to ascertain whether it would slide down of itself, but it stuck fast at once. He threw it aside, and has-

tily commending himself to the protection of heaven, took the rope with his right hand, passed his left firmly round it, and with his face downwards, descended a few feet.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Pouch watched his progress in an agony of suspense. So slow and painful were the priest's movements that he was hardly able to make any progress at all. As yet he had not traversed a third of the distance, and his weight rendered the rope so dangerously slack, that the accomplishment of his task, if even his waning strength held out, seemed almost hopeless.

Suddenly one of the men uttered a cry. The priest had slipped, and swinging round, hung beneath the rope, to which he clung with convulsive energy. The shock was so great that he nearly lost his hold; but the sight of the dark waters beneath, from which there was little hope of escape should he fall, nerved him to another desperate effort.

"Hush, hush!" said Pouch, in an imploring whisper. "For mercy's sake be silent! Yonder sentry is within earshot. Would to heaven we had thought of bringing another rope to pass round the good priest's body; it would have been easy then to draw him across. See! he pauses again. Now God help him; for we cannot."

Burnet had now crossed about half way, and was actually below the level of the tree to which the rope was fastened. His strength appeared utterly to fail him, and for some seconds he was unable to move. Almost breathless, he clung by his arms and feet to his frail support; and looking nervously below from time to time, he put forth all the strength he yet possessed, and inch by inch struggled feebly on. To his joy his feet at length touched the wall; but his body hung downwards, with his head towards the moat, and he could go no farther.

Without a word Pouch directly mounted the wall, and grasping the priest's limbs, drew him up. They lifted him in their arms, and gently laid him on the ground, when, overcome with anxiety and fatigue, he fainted.

"The flask, quick!" said Pouch. "Every moment is worth a king's ransom."

Some wine was forced down Burnet's throat; in a few minutes he recovered consciousness, and looking up gratefully at his deliverer, silently grasped his hand.

"Rest here, sir, you will be better presently," said Pouch. "We must detach this rope before we leave. Lend a hand, friends."

But their combined and strenuous efforts were unavailing to dislodge the rope. It had been too securely fastened to the gun by Burnet, and Pouch therefore severed it with a knife, letting the ends fall gently into the water.

There was no time for rejoicing or congratulation. The priest was borne down to the shore, and he had hardly taken his seat in the boat when footsteps were heard rapidly approaching.

The noise had reached the watchful ear of the sentry, and he gruffly challenged them. Pouch dashed into the water and hastily pushed the boat off, and as he clambered in, the report of a matchlock awoke the stillness of the night, and the bullet went whizzing past them and fell harmless into the river.

The alarm was given; lights were seen flitting about; the drums beat; and some soldiers issuing from Traitors' Gate descended the stairs, and manning one of the boats lying there, followed in the wake of the fugitives.

The vessel that had been engaged to convey the Jesuit to France was a small hoy, anchored in mid stream; and in their excitement, Pouch found that the oarsmen were pulling away from it. Seizing the rudder, he altered the boat's course; and as they reached the hoy, and called to the lookout man to throw them a rope, he observed with dismay that the soldiers were coming nearer and nearer every instant.

The error made at starting had proved fatal, and Pouch, in utter desperation, watched the pursuers as they approached.

Captains of small traders plying between England and France were usually willing, for a small consideration, to convey recusants abroad, when it could be done with safety; but the penalty for assisting persons to leave the country without permission of the Council was very severe, and led to the confiscation of the vessel employed, as a matter of course.

The men on deck seeing that their passenger was pursued, made no response to Pouch's demand for assistance, and stood moody and silent as the priest reached the deck.

Almost at the same moment the soldiers, distinctly visible by the glare of many torches, came alongside, and making an ineffectual attempt to seize Pouch's boat, clambered up the ship's side.

Pouch and his companion were pulling away for dear life when a heavy splash was heard, and amid a confusion of voices, he noticed that the soldiers had re-entered their boat. Fearing that their intention was to follow him, he directed his little craft to the opposite shore, and running it aground, leaped out.

Burnet had stood for a moment hesitating, until the soldiers were within reach, and then suddenly turning, he plunged over the ship's side and disappeared.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SHEARING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

It was somewhat galling to the soldiers to lose their prey at the moment when it was almost within grasp; and they stood blankly staring over the side of the vessel, hoping to see Burnet rise again to the surface. But the darkness favored him, and they betook themselves to their boat and rowed about vainly for some time, roundly cursing the artful Jesuit who twice that night had slipped through their fingers.

As the waters closed over him, Burnet gave himself up for lost, fearing that his strength, already overtaxed, would not enable him to reach the shore. He had been an expert swimmer in his youth, and former experience served him in his hour of danger; but after a few determined strokes, he found the exertion gave him much pain, and he was fain to content himself with floating on his back, letting the current bear him on its course.

He could hear voices in the distance, and the regular splash of oars; and as they fell upon his ear, there came back to him the natural love of life and freedom, so nearly lost, so hardly won; and he struck out again with a certainty insured by early and constant practice.

This could not, however, last for long; his powers were rapidly failing, and looking eagerly about him for a convenient landing-place, amid the rotting wharves and dilapidated tenements that lined the river, he clutched at the gunwale of a wherry that obstructed his passage, and, supporting himself by his arms, paused, gasping for breath.

Encumbered by his heavy clothing, he began to sink; but he was nearer the shore than he had anticipated, and to his intense relief his feet rested on the ground. Blindly dashing through the water, he stumbled at the foot of a rude flight of stairs, upon which he fell exhausted.

The water here was comparatively shallow, scarcely reaching above his elbows; and slowly toiling up the steps, he rested himself and tried to wring the water from his saturated garments.

While thus engaged, he became conscious of the presence of a man who stood close to him in the narrow archway, watching his movements with dubious surprise. Burnet started, but bethinking himself that the stranger was merely a waterman in charge

of the boats, and waiting at the stairs for the remote chance of a fare, he uttered a short "good night," and passed hastily into the dark street beyond.

The only place of refuge that he could think of at the time was in Blackfriars, the house of a noble lady who habitually sheltered priests, and thither he directed his course. But coming unexpectedly upon the fish-market at Billingsgate, he stopped and turned into one of the numerous by-streets to avoid the crowd of fishermen and porters, busily engaged by torchlight, unloading some smacks that were drawn up in the little bay.

Bareheaded, his clothes soiled with the mud and slime of the river, and with the water dripping slowly from his drenched clothing, he presented an unenviable and somewhat suspicious appearance. But he carefully avoided the leading thoroughfares, and gliding warily through the least-frequented lanes, he reached St. Lawrence Hill, and in a few moments stood in the lane bearing that name.

He recognized the place instantly. A light gleamed faintly from one of the upper windows of the Golden Fleece, and feeling that it would be more prudent to seek shelter there rather than to present himself at the residence of his noble patron at such an unusual hour, and in a condition likely to provoke the comments and suspicions of the servants, he crossed the road and knocked softly at the door. As his signal was unnoticed, he cast a handful of gravel at the window, and waited. The lattice opened and a woman peered out, asking who was there. He said a friend from Master Gower, and the window was hastily closed again.

A cautious footfall awoke the echoes of the silent street, and as Burnet shrank closely within the sheltering porch, a man approached, and halted, looking in his face the while suspiciously. While they stood face to face, the door was opened, and the light falling on the stranger's face, Burnet recognized him as the man who had met him at the river-side.

"Did you say you came from Master Gower?" the woman asked, as she reclosed the door and gazed at him.

"Patience, good dame," said Burnet. "I used his name to induce you to give me shelter for the night. He was your guest some months since. I am a priest, flying for my life. Within the last hour I have escaped from prison, where I have been long confined, and I only evaded my pursuers by swimming. You see I am drenched!"

"A priest! Now God be praised," said Esther, kissing his hand. "My poor master is lying sick unto death, and you have been sent to us in time to give the poor soul an opportunity of making his peace with God. But, mercy on us, you must change these wet clothes, sir. There are others above stairs that Father Gower left here when they took him. Oh! these unhappy times! When will they end?"

Sighing and muttering to herself, she conducted him to the room formerly tenanted by his brother priest, and, pointing to the chest that held the clothing, left him, saying that she would bring food to him directly.

But his hands were weak and swollen, and benumbed with cold; he had made very little progress, when Esther called to say the meal was ready. He declined to eat, although he was faint and exhausted, but desired to see Shefford at once.

The unfortunate saddler lay in the room to which the body of his child had been brought, and where Gower had so earnestly striven to soothe his revengeful feelings. His stout, hearty frame had shrivelled to a mere skeleton; his face was white and emaciated; his hair had turned gray; and in a weak voice, thin and piping like a child's, he feebly greeted the priest.

"Esther tells me you are a priest, sir," he said. "God be thanked! It is more than I deserved." And the tears trickled down his cheek.

Burnet grasped his hand encouragingly

"I did not heed Father Gower's warning. He said that my — my child would shrink from my blood-stained hands; but he does not; I have seen him again, and he looked at me so sorrowfully and so lovingly, as he did when he was here beside me. But I am no murderer, thank God!"

By slow degrees the whole story was laid before the priest. He did not interrupt the dying man, but let him talk on. Shefford's brain seemed confused, and he wandered at times; but the story grew intelligible as he proceeded, and Burnet listened wonderingly to the revelation of the crime of which he had been a witness, and that from the lips of the man to whom he owed his own arrest.

The child's untimely death smote the saddler with crushing force. The object of all his patient, earnest labor was gone; his business was neglected; one by one his men left him to seek more profitable employ; and customers, finding him grow apparently reckless, took their patronage elsewhere.

The occasional paroxysms of grief to which his wife gave way were so pitiable to witness, and so aggravated the bitter sorrow that rankled in his heart, that he consigned her to the care of a relative, trusting that absence from the scene of her bereavement might bring peace to her troubled mind; and finding himself alone, he grew more taciturn and moody, loitering, purposelessly, about the place by day, and wearying himself by night with long journeys, undertaken with no object but to escape from his own misery, and by sheer fatigue to deaden the tumult that raged within him.

Some latent purpose of seeking out the hated pursuivant may have unconsciously animated him in his nightly wanderings, and shaped them to an end, for, it was noticed afterwards, he never ventured forth without a sword; but he earnestly assured the priest that, in obedience to Father Gower's solemn admonitions, he had laid aside every intention of revenge, and neither sought nor wished to meet the murderer of his child again.

The priest's words had deeply impressed him. His love for the child had been almost idolatrous; and as Mistress Shefford had only seemed to live in little Davy s presence, so the saddler, now that the child was gone, appeared to shrink and wither like a plant deprived of the light and air of heaven.

He was returning one night from one of his desultory journeys, when he was suddenly seized and forced back violently. Looking up in a half-dazed manner, he found that his assailant was Cuffe, who jeered at him for a sneaking Papist, telling him that he meant to beg a quarter of his friend the priest, to set over his own door, and uttering some further incoherent insults.

Even then Shefford would have avoided the man, seeing that he was in a half-drunken state; and he dejectedly bent his head and sought to pass him.

Some unfeeling taunt regarding his wife and child made the saddler start shiveringly, and a clumsy blow from Cuffe's sword aroused all his dormant passion. He could not recall the words the pursuivant had used, but whatever their nature, they stung him into fury.

That this man, above all others, who had ruthlessly trampled out of his life all the poor consolation that remained — that he should dare to turn the sufferings his own hand had wrought into mockery and derision — filled Shefford's cup of bitterness to the brim.

He flew at Cuffe like a tiger that has just scented blood; and maddened by the recollection of his wrongs, struck right and left with fierce energy, and thrusting his sword through the drunken pursuivant, was

borne to the earth by the force of his own blow.

In the fall, his sword was broken in two, and from the fragment buried in Cuffe's body he received an ugly wound. How he reached home, bleeding profusely, and with the sword-hilt still grasped in his hand, he never knew. A raging fever and delirium ensued, and weeks later he recovered his senses only to feel that life was slowly ebbing away.

"We are hunted and worried like wild beasts; but we show our fangs sometimes when driven to bay. Is it a crime to slay those that seek our death?"

The death-bed confession was finished at last: the priest gave the absolution; and, exhausted by the effort, the saddler slept.

Once or twice the priest watching by the bedside thought that the soul had quitted its earthly tenement, and listened for the fitful breathing of the dying man. And then, resolutely struggling with the overpowering sense of his own fatigue, he drew a volume from his pocket, and slowly read the prayers for a soul in its last agony. His voice faltered; the letters grew dim and confused; the book dropped from his trembling hands; and Esther, noiselessly entering, found him sleeping in his chair.

He was awakened by a loud crash, and as he started up, a man forced his way through the window into the apartment. At the same instant, the door below was burst in, a number of men clattered up the stairs, and greeting the priest with shouts of laughter, rudely laid hands on him.

"This man is dying," he said, pointing to Shefford. "Respect his sufferings: as you would die in peace, vex not his death-bed by unnecessary violence."

In their haste they had not observed the saddler. With fast glazing eyes, and the cold sweat of death upon his brow, he raised himself unaided from his couch. They stood spellbound; the ghastly figure seemed like a spectre. Inured as they were to scenes of misery and suffering, they stood silent and appalled.

With shaking finger he slowly pointed at them.

"Oh, men of blood!" he said in a faint, hollow voice; "sinful instruments of harsh and wicked laws, you have done your worst; I can endure no more. We are your pastime, your spoil. There is not a corner left in all England where we may hide from your injustice. You claim the right to make a new religion for yourselves: yet will not suffer us to cling to the faith of our fathers! the blood of our people — men and women and innocent children — cries to God for vengeance; and think you that the ears of the Omnipotent are deaf to the voice of our complaints? Before the bar of eternal justice we shall meet, and God will decide betwixt you and us."

A faint, gurgling noise sounded in his throat, and with his hand outstretched menacingly, he fell back upon the pillow, dead.

As they left the room, the priest observed the face of the man who had followed him an hour or two since, gazing anxiously towards the saddler's couch.

It was the Puritan. His reluctance to betray Gower had not hindered him from giving notice to the authorities of the half-drowned man he had seen seeking refuge at the Golden Fleece. Knowing the saddler for a reputed recusant, he had little difficulty in satisfying himself that his new guest was a priest; and repairing to the Lord Mayor, his fanatic zeal was gratified by intelligence that confirmed his suspicions. It was already known that Burnet had escaped from the Tower, and Price gave the clew to his retreat.

He was not naturally vindictive; and the charity that Gower and Shefford had afforded him, touched him with compassion. A pang shot through his heart upon seeing the priest in the hands of his captors, and he silently slunk away.

The book that he professed to hold in such profound reverence, read it how he would, had surely not taught him to render evil for good!

*To be continued.*

## AUSTRIA AND ENGLAND.

GALICIA, once an integral part of the kingdom of Poland, has belonged to Austria on and off for nearly a hundred years. In some way it stands in the same relation to Austria as Ireland does to England; the only difference is this, that in the monarchy of the Hapsburgs all the countries united under the imperial crown are treated on exactly the same footing, and there exists, in the western part of the monarchy at least, no ruling race. The Poles of Galicia enjoy the same rights as the Germans of Vienna and Graz, and the Emperor himself takes them into his confidence in a free and open manner that does one good to witness. Last week a deputation from Galicia waited on the Emperor to congratulate him on the betrothal of his son and heir. Francis Joseph, having thanked them, added in quite a familiar tone: —

"My son's betrothal delights me all the more as it was an act of his own free will, which is the foundation of true domestic happiness. I have not yet seen my future daughter-in-law, not even a photograph of her; but my wife has seen her, and likes her very much."

Does royalty in this country take the people into its confidence in this way? Yes, it does, if they happen to hail from north of the Tweed; but would Irish peasants in rags — which are now their national costume — be received as familiarly at Buckingham Palace as Polish peasants are received in the Hofburg of Vienna? — *London Universe.*

THE sale of a town is not a common event, but it takes place now and then. Perhaps the largest transaction of the kind was the disposal the other day to a Yorkshire (England) gentleman of Littleborough-by-Rochdale, containing 10,000 inhabitants.

## THOUGHTS ON A DEAD WOMAN.*

"*She should have died hereafter.*" — MACBETH.

A DEAD woman! Only a dead woman.
In the flood-tide of our soul-stricken grief
Why will the mind, fully formed and fixed,
With sentiment soft as in youth immature,
Dream and rave and feed its thoughts
On the memory of only a dead woman?

The poet prates of the dead past.
Poets are dreamers and makers of metaphors.
Figures of speech are the food of their faculties.
There is no dead past.
If there is, why not mentally bury
Our memory of only a dead woman?

The priest, God's priest;
The sainted Sister, the Virgin Spouse of Christ.
These ethereal spirits, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Revere, praise, and pray for the dead,
And memory of the dead,
And salvation of only a dead woman.

We labor by muscle and fibre of thought;
We rebel 'gainst blessings that God's wisdom gives;
We feed upon sin; we revel in vanity;
We crave for more luxury, — forgetting the while
We are sons of only a dead woman.

The dead past — why will it not die?
The dead past has live brain-ghosts
That haunt our humanity,
Sleeping and waking, sometimes to sweeten,
But oft — aye! God makes more oft —
To embitter, make sad and more bitter
Our quickened love of only a dead woman!

The grave, the clay, the cold slab,
The frosty blast, the sweet, fragrant flowers,
Entomb, enshrine, enthrone,
And with golden-laced shroud and snow-garnished coverlet,
Bury away our youth's impassioned love
With only a dead woman.

Our children grow up, learn and play,
Read, sing, romp, and be merry;
Labor, dress, dance, and be cheery;
Wonder and grieve at our sadness and sorrow, —
Forgetting we are living on the thoughts
Of their dead mother — only a dead woman.

* Mr. Robert White, of the New York "Sunday Democrat," has given us thoughts which, finding such expression as they do, would make the fame of any writer. Out of the range of sickly sentimentality, the thoughts grasp at things and find utterance in healthy phrase, — sometimes a little unconventional, perhaps, but all the more natural on that account. But the poet's inspiration in this matter was a great one: that "dead woman" was to him his life of life, and those wails over the "cold slab" are but the inadequate echoes of the ever-powerful heart-grief. We who were privileged to know that "dead woman" in life can understand the agony which called it forth.

# AWFUL DISCLOSURES.

## THE WOULD-BE APOSTATE PRIESTS.

As was anticipated, the so-called religious organization known as "Independent Catholics" are already fighting among themselves, and the rival leaders are hurling all sorts of anathemas at each others' heads. Each branch wants to be considered the "real, original Jacobs," and in the effort to obtain the desired distinction it is not at all improbable that both the American and the Irish wings will experience a smash-up something akin to an earthquake before long. At a meeting of one party of seceders, held at Clarendon Hall, one Dr. Fishblatt, who presided, made the assertion that "Father" Broderick, of the "Bishop" McNamara coterie, had suddenly eloped with a woman named Austen, and that his wife and three children were present in the hall seeking information as to his whereabouts. In order to ascertain the truth or falsity of this serious statement, a reporter for the "Star" searched the directory, for the purpose of ascertaining where Dr. Fishblatt lived. "Dr. Fishblatt, No. 103 East Thirtieth Street," gave the desired clew.

After a tedious search the doctor was found, and from him were learned the following particulars relative to the lost backslider from the fold of the "Independent Catholics." He said: —

"Father" Broderick on Thursday of last week eloped with a sewing-machine, two trunks, and a middle-aged woman named Austen, who was a boarder in the Ladies' Christian Union in Washington Square. An account of the disappearance of the pair has already appeared in these columns. The "father" has led a somewhat checkered career. Ballina, in the county of Sligo, Ireland, claims him for a son. He went to All-Hallows' College, near Dublin. This is an institution where priests are educated for foreign missions, in contradistinction to Maynooth College, where they are educated for domestic churches. About 1867 he showed up in Chicago, where he became a curate in one of the principal churches. He was a fine-looking young man then, and through the efforts of friends who had known him in Ireland he was introduced in good society. It was soon noticed that he dressed rather "loud" for a clergyman. He appeared on the street with a heavy gold watch and chain, and wore fashionably cut collars and neckties. He was also very fond of fast horses and high life. This conduct set people talking, and Broderick was taken to task by Bishop Duggan. Shortly afterward the handsome curate disappeared with another man's wife. The next heard of him he was in Boston, where he introduced a wife and three children to the astonished natives. Strong drink got the better of him, and he was compelled to accept a position as stage-driver on a line running between Boston and Charlestown, and afterward that of driver of a brewer's wagon. While engaged in the latter occupation a kag of beer fell on his arm and broke it. His alleged wife left him, and he came to New York as a priest of the "Independent Irish Catholic Church." He became dissatisfied, and joined the "Independent American Catholic Church," an offshoot of the former. There he made the acquaintance of Miss Austen, and she, it is said, furnished him with money for temporary expenses, and finally fled with him for parts unknown.

"Father" Ryan and Dr. Fishblatt, of the American branch of the church, informed the reporter that the leaders of the other branch were "no good." This referred to "Bishop" McNamara

and his satellites. On the other hand, the latter say that Ryan, Fishblatt, and the other "Americans" are a band of schemers, and are conducting their services for the purpose of "taking in" their followers and making money out of them. However this may be, the principal part of the entertainments of both branches appears to be the collections. Several are taken up during the services, and when the meetings are concluded the baskets are left at the door, so that anybody who may have any spare pennies about him may not take them home.

"Rev." Narcisse Cyr is the latest acquisition to the American firm. He came from Boston to join the band of dissenters, arriving in New York on the steamer "Providence" on Sunday last. On his way down the sound he got permission from Captain Simmons to preach, and quickly disgusted his audience by his scurrilous abuse of priests and nuns. Some of the passengers complained, but Cyr had concluded his harangue before efforts were made to squelch him.

For the "Bishop" McNamara branch the other party have nothing but expressions of disgust. Fishblatt and Ryan say that the "bishop" is a fraud, and has only entered into the business to fill his pockets. They charge him with being unreliable, hypocritical, dishonest, deceitful, and unchristianlike in his conduct; in short, that he is a schemer and a humbug. Nothing is too hard for them to say against him. They allege that he entered into a copartnership arrangement with another clergyman to fleece the public. He was afterward

"SILENCED" BY THE BISHOP.

Shortly after this he turned up in this city as a "free and independent" Catholic clergyman. He opened the Water Street Mission, and saved many souls and dollars. He kept on in the "good work," and finally organized the "Independent Irish Catholic Church," and proclaimed himself "bishop." His harangues were principally directed against the pope, and he maintained that the Roman Catholic Church was only kept in existence to benefit the "dictator at Rome and his Italian underlings here." He gathered about him a few followers, but these were principally excommunicated or silenced priests, and adventurers who were short of funds. Among those who joined him were Fishblatt, Ryan, Broderick, Cyr, Connors, and company. Too many cooks spoiled the broth, and the brethren began fighting among themselves. The quarrel did not amount to much at first, but it soon terminated in an open rupture, and the Fishblatt crowd set up a "meetin'-house" of their own. They won over to their way of thinking Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of the Brooklyn Rink, and other Protestant ministers; but it would appear that these latter have cut loose from the crowd, for at the meeting held at Clarendon Hall, Dr. Fulton, who was announced as a speaker, failed to put in an appearance. The several collections were taken up all the same.

There are some strange stories floating about concerning "Father" Connors. He came here about six months ago from Bloomington, Ill. It is said that he is also unscrupulous, and that he has entered into contracts with other ministers to "divvy" the proceeds of the revival meetings. One day last week a letter was received from the mayor of Bloomington, stating that Connors was not to be trusted and was unworthy of belief. Another letter from a Catholic clergyman of the same place corroborated the statement.

Cavanagh, one of the youngest and least able of all these so-called "priests," began life as a harmless reporter on some of the city papers. A silent voice, together with several city editors, admonished him that he had made a grievous mistake in his calling, so he took to preaching.

ARREST OF ONE OF THE GANG.

On complaint of Dr. Fishblatt, of

East Thirty-sixth Street, New York, Thomas Fred. Powers, commonly called "Father" Powers, was arrested for threatening him with violence. In the Police Court, Dr. Fishblatt accused the prisoner (Father Powers) of endeavoring to extort money from him, and that a few hours before he had become so exacting in his demands, and raised such a disturbance, that he was compelled to call an officer and have him arrested. Powers had reached the railing in front of the magisterial desk by this time, and raising his hand in an attitude of protestation, he said: —

"I am happy to be called on to speak, your Honor I am happy to be able to tell, like Paul the Apostle, the things that I have seen and heard, that I may bring into the light of day the rottenness and corruption that prevail among men who pretend to carry on a Christian movement. I have been called Father Powers. That is an error. I am not a priest, but the minister of a creed which does not recognize such sacerdotal functions. I have been a clergyman of the Baptist Church, and have had a flock in my charge; but drink has brought me into trouble, and I have some time since been called on to give over my ministry. Now I have reformed, and it was in a Christian spirit that I came to New York, hoping that by good service in God's name here I could obliterate the stigma which had fallen on me in the past."

CALLED TO NEW YORK.

"I have been living recently in New Haven, Conn., where my wife keeps a boarding-house; and last week I picked up a paper and saw in it an advertisement for Christian Workers, who were requested to call at No. 133 East Thirty-sixth Street, in New York. I said to my wife, 'Minnie, this is the chance I have been waiting for; it seems as though the Lord is calling me. I shall go to New York and tender my humble service in his name.' She said, 'You may do so, Thomas, if you deem it as you say; but how can you go? I have no money even to pay the fare.' A lady in the house, however, who heard of my purpose, volunteered the necessary sum, and on Friday last I reached this city. I went at once to Dr. Fishblatt, and announced my intention. He received me with an affectation of the greatest warmth. 'You are just the man we want,' said he. 'You will preach to our congregation on Sunday as the Rev. Father Powers, an ex-priest.' 'But I am not an ex-priest,' said I. 'I never was a Catholic clergyman. A Baptist minister is what I have been.' 'Oh! what of that?' said the doctor, 'it will keep up the excitement. We want half a dozen such men as you are to appear as ex-priests, you know. That will set the ball a-rolling and get this thing fairly started.' Well, I acceded to his proposal, I admit it. On Sunday I spoke three times at the meetings in Clarendon Hall. I also spoke in Brooklyn. Dr. Fishblatt professed to be vastly gratified at having secured me, and I was summarily appointed the secretary of the new movement and promised $40 a week for my services. Yesterday I wanted some money to send to my family. It was refused. I recalled the promises that had led me to lend myself to the movement, the stipend I had been told would pertain to my office. But Dr. Fishblatt refused to listen to me, said he would not meddle with the association's funds for any such purpose, and drove me away. Then I saw the rottenness of the American Independent Catholic Church, saw that it was a vast fraud and a pretext used by unscrupulous men to enrich themselves in the name of religion. I said I would leave it, and asked that I be given my fare to New Haven, and I would never show myself in the presence of any of the new-movement advocates again. This, too, was refused me, and I had no alternative but to persist in my request, as I was penniless and had

been decoyed away from home by this man."

HIS RIGHT TO PREACH.

Dr. Fishblatt here put in that he had no right to give the applicant the $40 he applied for, and that he did not wish to assume the burden of sustaining him, which had been foisted upon him in spite of himself. The man had certainly preached, but that did not entitle him to any monetary recompense.

The justice turned to the prisoner at this.

"You have preached to the congregation on Sunday, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, judge," he replied; "I have a right to do so."

"What right?"

"I have been ordained a Baptist minister. The ceremony was performed at New Carlisle, Ohio, on the 6th of August, 1864. I was given a charge soon after in St. John, N. B., and it was there that my unfortunate passion for drink caused my suspension from my functions."

Counsellor Nathan, who was elected attorney of the American Independent Catholic Church recently, was in attendance, and at this point he inquired how Powers had come by the title of doctor.

"I practised medicine," returned Powers, "in Connecticut since 1868. I have never received a diploma, which in that State is not essential, but assumed the name of doctor, as I discharged a physician's part, and have sufficient knowledge of medicine to practise with advantage."

Dr. Fishblatt had mentioned that the prisoner had confessed that fully a dozen times he had been arrested before. The Court inquired if this were true.

"I was never arrested in the streets," said Powers. "Several times, though, my wife had me put up to keep me from drinking and get the rum out of me."

The justice reflected for a moment and then asked, "What is this church? Is it an organization, or corporation, or what?"

Powers rose to his full height at this, and flushed with excitement as he cried out, "It is no church. It is no organization. It is an organized system of fraud and corruption.

"THERE IS NOT A CATHOLIC EX-PRIEST IN IT.

"There is not a man who preaches that has any means of his own. The so-called Father Quinn and Professor Wood both had to get money from me for a meal the other day. They have not a convert among them, but in spite of all they get plenty of money from people who don't know what they are. There is a poor boy, an invalid, confined to his bed with rheumatism, and he has promised Dr. Fishblatt to give $5,000 to help on the movement, if its advocates are earnest and sincere. I saw that boy and pulled the veil from his eyes I told him the whole thing was a nest of fraud and corruption."

The justice turned to the complainant.

"Is this true, Dr. Fishblatt?" he asked.

"We have been promised $5,000 by a young man who sympathizes with the movement," said the doctor. "This man Powers is only trying to belie us and belittle our organization, because we would n't give him the money he demanded."

"Are there any other officers of this church present?" asked the magistrate.

Dr. Fishblatt said there was, and called John McAllister; on which a very seedy and diffident little man crept out of a seat and edged up to the stand in a frightened, hesitating way.

"What office do you hold?" asked the Court.

Mr. McAllister looked at him blankly, and then muttered, "I am one of seven that manage things generally."

"But what are you, — deacon, or elder, or what?"

Mr. McAllister was again in a quandary.

"Or are you a trustee?" the judge added.

"Yes, that 's it," blurted out the church officer, much relieved. "That 's what I am, — a trustee."

Powers gave a short, cutting laugh at this.

"Trustee!" he cried, derisively. "Trustee, indeed! Why, I was elected secretary of this great church on my first appearance. The whole church, your Honor, is this Fishblatt and a couple of others, who are making money out of such fools as they can deceive."

At this point recriminations from the lights of the American Independent Catholic Church present seemed imminent, and the magistrate abruptly brought the hearing to a conclusion.

"There is no real charge against you," he said to the prisoner; "you can go."

"But can I remain in New York and expose this movement as it deserves to be?" asked the other, with a triumphant glance at his accuser.

"It is a free city," said the justice; "you can do anything that does not tend to a breach of the peace." And avowing his purpose of revealing the true inwardness of the new movement, Powers went his way.

DR. FISHBLATT'S EXPLANATION.

Dr. Fishblatt, when he was questioned in regard to the affair, declared promptly that he was about to "withdraw out of the whole thing." He required no pressing to induce him to give his reasons, as well as a history of the association and of the difficulty with Powers. He had been introduced by Dr. Newman to Fathers Quinn, Molling, and Wood, and the association had been incorporated. Wanting workers in the cause, they had advertised two or three times for Catholic priests, and Powers had seen the advertisement.

"He came to my house last Friday," continued Dr. Fishblatt, "and said that he had started on the boat from New Haven at midnight, having been moved by the Lord to come. He came to the door of my house, and I answered the bell. He asked if I had advertised for a priest, and I said yes. Well, of course I thought he was a priest, and I invited him in. He was anxious to join our association at once, but I told him he 'd better wait and learn more about the organization and the men who composed it. He was n't with us three hours before he began to talk about money.

"Well, he was very noisy. He said he held me responsible for $40, and he would have it from me. But I never employed him. Now, don't miss that, I never employed him. Of course I had to call an officer. I live in a neighborhood where it would n't do to have anything of that kind going on. I could have held him on the charge in the court, but I did n't want to. The question is, Where was he last night? You may make up your mind he was somewhere. I thought he was off taking advice from some one. I never saw such goings on. It made me and my wife both sick. Why, I was n't able to get up this morning."

In reply to further questions, Dr. Fishblatt controlled himself enough to give his version of the court scene. He said that Powers was a quack doctor who travelled from town to town practising medicine. He indignantly denied having refused to give Powers $2.00. "He never asked me for no $2.00; if he had I would have given it to him," continued the excited doctor; and then speaking of Fathers Quinn, Molling, and Wood, he said, "God knows what they were put out of the Roman Catholic Church for, if they ever belonged to it. They were no loss to it anyway; the whole thing is a humbug, and I wash my hands out of it."

WHAT THE N. Y. "TABLET" SAYS.

The apostate McNamara — who, by

the way, was the only ex-priest among the whole lot, though all of them figured as priests and monks and friars who had forsaken the "errors of Popery" for those of the Independent Church — is a vain, irascible creature, arrogant in his manner and domineering in his conduct, who was not likely to work in unity with the other members of the fold. He is a restless little body, with a full, sensual face, and wears his hair long and falling over his shoulders, a sure sign that something was wrong with the top story. He is also of a jealous, vindictive nature, and could not brook obedience or submission to his superiors when a priest, much less to the vulgar, ignorant class of apostles whom he had collected around him.

Dunn and others of his assistants were passable tradesmen, whom he perverted from their legitimate callings into poor preachers, or as he had sacrilegiously called them, "priests."

When Satan fell from paradise, maddened by despair and vain pride, he waged a war against God, and still relentlessly carries it on against the fallen children of Adam. So with McNamara. Degraded from the sacred ministry of God, he has waged a futile war against his Church, which has recoiled against himself and his miserable associates.

The Independent Church seemed to be in a remarkably harmonious condition for some time, and was attracting the attention of capitalists and religious fanatics, who felt sorely grieved at the degraded religious slavery in which unfortunate Catholics were held, and who resolved to aid "Bishop" McNamara in rescuing them from the benighted errors of "Popery."

Meetings were convened at the house of a Dr. Fishblatt, who resides in Thirty-sixth Street, for the purpose of raising funds to build a new church. It was also resolved to advertise for priests who had forsaken the "errors of Catholicity," to carry on the missionary work.

These meetings were characterized by brotherly love, mutual confidence, and a rivalry of zeal in disseminating the doctrines of the new church.

Indeed, the most sceptical cynic or ungenerous Pharisee could hardly have anticipated so sudden and complete a collapse of a movement which predicted the disruption of the "Romish Church."

It came, though, in a most unexpected manner. Bishop McNamara's disciples, as soon as the funds afforded them the means of enjoying life, had their midnight luncheons and feasts after their revivals, and soon the good things supplied at fashionable restaurants and bars weakened the spirit and nourished the temptations of the flesh. The result was that several of McNamara's priests took to themselves wives, regardless whether they were those of other men or not.

The crowning outrage in the church, though, was when "Father" Broderick took his flight with Miss Austen, of this city, deserting his lawful wife and three children. The "church" might have survived this great scandal had not a drunken scamp introduced himself as an ex-priest. He was a truly evangelical man, gushing with hatred of the pope and love of "Jesus Christ." He was the great prophet to demolish popery and all its abominations. Strong drink overpowered the faith of this unctuous Christian; and because Dr. Fishblatt would not supply funds enough to keep up his drunken orgies, he threatened that gentleman with anything but Christian arguments. The latter had him arrested; and from Powers's statement, published in this number of "The Tablet," it will be seen what a lot of hypocrites, sensualists, and scoundrels compose the so-called Independent Catholic Church.

If Powers's statement be true, — and it has not been contradicted, — the whole affair was a swindling piece of business from first to last, and Dr. Fishblatt's connection with it adds nothing to his reputation as an honest or an honorable man.

# THE WONDERFUL CURES AT KNOCK.

THE date of the earliest apparition was the 21st of August. A cure of deafness and pain in the ear was reported twelve days later, and several others in the course of the subsequent weeks; but Archdeacon Cavanagh took no steps towards collecting and sifting the statements circulating amongst the people until after the Archbishop of Tuam had appointed a commission to take evidence respecting the apparition, and after the commission had met, examined the several witnesses, and forwarded its report to the archbishop. By this time the accounts of cures were numerous, indeed almost continual; the body of testimony increased from day to day; and the archdeacon deemed it his duty, now that the Church, through his Grace of Tuam, had taken cognizance of the matter, to set down the exact particulars of such cures as could be proved to his satisfaction.

The diary opens with the words, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam" ("To the greater glory of God"). It is entitled "An account of the miraculous cures wrought at the gable of the chapel here, where the blessed Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Mother, appeared on the night of the 21st of August last." A further note specifies that the cures have been wrought on persons who either prayed on the spot, or applied cement or clay taken from the church to the parts of the body affected by pains or wounds.

[Here follows a list of two hundred and thirty cures.]

## LADY DAY AT KNOCK.

"Irish Times" Correspondence.

For a few weeks past enormous crowds have daily visited the little chapel of Knock to practise special devotions there. Tuesday being a festival of singular veneration in the Roman Catholic Church, the assemblage of people in its immensity of numbers far exceeded all previous gatherings. On arriving shortly before one o'clock this morning at Ballyhaunis, which is about six miles distant from Knock, the change which its vicinity to the locality has effected was at once strikingly apparent. Where once at nightfall the quietude of a little country town reigned, there is stir and excitement. Instead of the two or three passengers who hitherto travelled down by the night mail, several hundreds, nearly all of whom are sufferers in one phase or another of the "ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to," now pour forth from the compartments when the train arrives,—the lame, the blind, the deaf, the deformed, and the diseased. The greater number of people proceed at once to Knock, and in a very few minutes every car available in the town was engaged to convey the people to the scene of their pilgrimage. Many who were so unfortunate as to be unable to afford a conveyance, or who could not get one, walked the whole way, the strong assisting the weak.

The chapel of Knock is built in cruciform shape, and is of plain structure. The architecture of the church is extremely plain, and indicative of economy in its every feature. A weirdly strange and singular scene. The enclosure and the ground outside were black with people of all ages, while within the yard turf fires, surrounded by a few bricks, were burning brightly. Crowds of women, young and old, were assembled round them, boiling kettles of water for the making of tea. Tents were erected, and their interior was lighted with candles. In some crowds, hungry people were partaking of some slight refreshment, and in others a brisk sale in rosaries, books of religious devotion, statues, and pictures of the apparition was being conducted. All was business. Contrasting with their busy scene of preparations were the silent worshippers, who knelt, rapt in devotion, on the ground outside the brilliantly lighted church; and turning from this to the southern end, the voices of a multitude engaged in prayer broke on the ear with solemn impressiveness. Inside, the church was densely crowded by a congregation surging to and fro. Every available particle of room was occupied. The sanctuary of the altar was in the possession of some ladies. Here was enacted one of the most solemn and extraordinary scenes perhaps ever witnessed. I beheld a people with minds wrought to the highest pitch of religious excitement. As I watched the people praying at the gable wall where had appeared the visions that have earned for Knock a fame almost equal to that of Lourdes, I heard that a vision had been seen inside the chapel. My informant, an intelligent and respectably dressed young man, said he had seen it himself. It appeared, he said, on a picture that overshadowed it. Amid great excitement he was called forward to the altar by Mrs O'Neill, whose daughter had been cured by a visit to Knock. This lady, since the time of her daughter's

recovery, has taken a great interest in the apparitions. Attired in a plain dark costume, and wearing her bonnet, Mrs. O'Neill stood in front of the altar, the whole time exhorting the people to pray, and repeating prayers, which were said after her by those who said they saw visions. When the young man came forward she told him to kneel down, and, fixing his eyes on the window, repeat after her a prayer which she uttered aloud. He did so; and then, turning to the people, she asked them to kneel down and pray, and told them not to press too near the eastern wall. The people instantly began to repeat aloud the "Ave Maria" standing, the crush being so great as to almost prevent movement of the arms. The scene at this moment was one of the most intense excitement and utmost solemnity that could be conceived. Nothing was heard but the voices of people raised in prayer, while on the faces of young and old, men, women, and children, were depicted enthusiasm and religious fervor in their highest degree. Every now and then Mrs. O'Neill loudly exhorted the people to pray, and announced what those called to the altar saw.

Another young man then called out that he saw a vision. A passage was at once, but with much difficulty, owing to the crush, opened for him through the people. If the people had heard the previous announcement with emotion, they received this with cries of wonder and admiration. They pressed towards the altar; large crowds who stood at the three doors, having been unable to gain admission, crowding against the surging mass within. In vain did Mrs. O'Neill tell them that they would pull down the altar unless they kept back, and the three men who were acting under her directions tried to keep the people a sufficient distance. While the last boy who stated he had seen a vision was kneeling, praying, and watching, and the people were praying with fervent anxiety, a girl of about sixteen or eighteen years, who happened to be standing near where I was, cried out in a state of the wildest excitement, and her eyes intently directed on the windows or wall above it, that she too saw a vision. She was also called to the altar. Now many men and women in the congregation declared they also beheld visions.

All night long these scenes continued, and sometimes the noise was so great, that despite loud cries for order, Mrs. O'Neill's voice was drowned. Day at length broke, and the light of dawn fell upon an assemblage of people whose fervor seemed then as great as it had been when the clear, cold moonlight shone through the windows of the church. The names and addresses of those who stated they had seen apparitions were directed by Mrs. O'Neill to be handed in, so that their depositions might afterwards be officially taken by Father Cavanagh. I subsequently had an interview with him, and he told me that he did not intend to take the depositions, as he regarded as not important what had occurred. As the morning grew later, contingents of people began to pour in from Dublin and various other parts of the country, the numbers increasing as the forenoon advanced. As soon as the people reached Knock, they either entered the church or knelt outside, praying with a devotion there was no mistaking. Cars, carriages, and carts drew up every minute, and contributed an additional and socially better augmentation to the great assemblage present. Some partial cures, I was told, had occurred during the past week, and some visions had been seen during the same period, the latter statement being made by Rev. Mr. Cavanagh. Large crowds continued coming and going the whole day long, so that, judging from the enormous numbers always present, the aggregate of visitors must have been extremely great. Shortly before twelve o'clock High Mass there could not, at the lowest calculation, have been less than 15,000 persons present. Just at this time an incident occurred, which, although unattended by serious consequences, for a few minutes bore a grave aspect, and at the same time exemplified how easy it is for error to originate. Some school children, who were about to receive their first communion, attended, dressed in white, with blue sashes, and wearing on their heads white wreaths filled with roses. As one of the children was passing a window of a room above the altar, and the wall of which was the gable on which the apparitions were stated to have been seen, an old woman in the crowd called out in wildly excited tones, that she had seen the apparition. Some people near her tried to show her her error; but those far off, not hearing what was said, and only seeing her gestures, which they rightly interpreted, pressed forward in an irresistible mass, forcing all before them against a wall. In a few seconds, so great was the crush that several persons were slightly injured, and the air was filled with the cries of women and children. At length, however, the people moved back, and what might easily have resulted seriously terminated without any bad consequences.

Mayo "Examiner."

Fifty thousand persons must have visited the church of Knock between Spy

Wednesday and Good Friday. From the district, county, and province generally, large numbers came, but that many hailed from distant places there was ample evidence. Although the authority of the Church has not yet pronounced upon the apparitions and the miraculous cures vouchsafed at Knock, this holy resort appears destined to promote an early development of ecclesiastical inquiry into the highest sanction. The deep-seated religious impulse and feeling of the Irish may be seen unceasingly working at Knock; holy apparitions are accepted with the profoundest humility and praise, as the blessing of the Almighty's protecting hand extended to suffering and devoted Ireland. At Knock on Lady Day the remarkable feature for a stranger in the ever-flowing stream of human beings — for the people were coming and going day and night — was not the number of invalids, or the sick, or the cured, or the crutches and staffs, but of the youth and early manhood in this vast religious tide of human beings. What a study for those who have the grace, the training, the capacity to think upon such a vast representation of immortal souls, of human intellect, of the vast concerns of humanity, of eternity! To the ecclesiastic, to those deeply concerned in religious movements, to all those feeling holy religion to be the real root of progress, happiness, sobriety on this earth, and the beautiful foretoken of a brighter hereafter, all that now passes daily at Knock must offer the most acceptable material for hope and thought, prayer and pious labors. At the last mass to-day it was not only impossible to get into the church, but difficult to get near it, and so we and thousands had to kneel in the yard and adjoining fields. The poorest, we are told, are the most numerous visitors to this holy place. Well, that is so; God has promised much to the poor, and his commands in their behalf are many and decided. The poor are God's first care. We wish the English government could learn this lesson well in reference to Ireland, where the poor have been by them the least instead of the first considered, and thus a positive reversal of just principle and violation of precept have marked misrule. But we could give a long list of pilgrims from among the wealthy and the great. Mrs. Meldon was here to-day, Lady Power and her family, the Hon. Capt. Ffrench and Lady Ffrench, and others. Mrs. O'Neill, of Dublin, a pious lady, whose daughter was cured, is highly spoken of by the good parish priest. In proof of which we note that Mrs. O'Neill and some ladies and gentlemen from Belfast, Down, Waterford, and Tipperary were deputed to wait upon and present twelve guineas to Father Cavanagh for new altar rails. The collection was made immediately after the old altar rails were bodily carried away by the great crush in the church to-day. The way in which this was done bespoke the highest qualities; the givers and their deputation were almost all strangers in the local sense, but not strangers to genuine and generous Catholic feeling. While we were there several cures were announced. A poor woman said she was restored her sight. The list of cured expands weekly, and the acquisition of crutches, sticks, and other appliances of the invalid classes becomes more varied and extended. A Mr. Thomas M'Elhone, of Benfieldside station, county Durham, England, told us, immediately after he was restored the power of his limbs at the church, that he had come to make the announcement to the parish priest, and to get the priest's blessing. Mr. M'Elhone, who was accompanied by his son, assured us that for eight years he suffered from paralysis of both legs; that he tried the doctors and the baths and springs, but in vain. The doctors told him they were surprised the disease, which was spinal in its source, did not go to his head; never during these eight years could he move for one week without a stick; on this very day he could not get out of bed until assisted, and could not go to the altar rails without aid and without a stick; after all the doctors and places he went to he could not raise his legs; he had not been with the doctors for the last two or three years; his parish priest is Father Smith, of Shudly Bridge, county Durham. Mr. M'Elhone walked with perfect freedom without any assistance.

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In a lecture delivered at Troy, N. Y., Wendell Phillips said, "It seems to me that the landed aristocracy of Great Britain is doomed; it contends with the vast and limitless production of the prairie, and finds it impossible to maintain its supremacy against that stern competition. I believe that it is written as if in letters of light, the landed aristocracy will, within this century, come to an end. Once again England's adversity is Ireland's opportunity, and the same spirit of competition is putting an end to the unjust, unequal, and ruinous system of land tenure in Ireland."

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Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

# DEATH-KNELL OF THE EXPIRING FEUDALISM OF IRISH LANDLORDISM.

DUBLIN "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

A FEW days ago we deemed it our bounden duty to call the steady and serious attention of the farming and stock-raising interests in this country to the tremendous strides made by the vast and distant continent of Australia, as well as that of America, in competition with us at home in our own markets and at our own doors. The London "Times" has since awakened to the gravity of the problem which the situation presents; and in a lengthened essay upon the subject, in its issue of Tuesday, accumulates statistics, piling the Pelion of proof upon its Ossa, that the farmers of these islands, shackled by an absurd land system, will be soon driven out of their own marts by the free and unhampered foreigners. Within three years imports of live animals, principally from the cheap lands of Western America, have, notwithstanding the compulsory slaughter of cattle, sheep, and pigs at British ports within fourteen days after landing, increased eighty per cent. Thirty thousand live cattle are now imported annually into these islands from America alone, while of American bacon, pork, and hams Great Britain buys annually £10,000,000 worth at a price of about 3*d.* a pound. Two thousand carcasses of beef are regularly landed in British ports every week. Canned meat is imported in an equal quantity, and £2,500,000 of cheese and butter are annually exported from the three great emporiums of Chicago, St. Louis, and New York. These are the figures now; but what are they likely to be, and what in fact must they inevitably become? "Starting," says the "Times," "from the warm shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the great American grazing grounds run 1,500 miles north over the international boundary line into Canada." "They include," it continues, "large portions of Texas, with 5,500,000 cattle; Colorado, with 30,000,000 acres adapted for the growth of grain, cattle, or sheep; Wyoming, estimated to contain 55,000 square miles of grazing; Montana, larger than the British Islands, and half of it understood to consist of fertile valleys and grass-covered plains, much of it unsurveyed and unoccupied." Some of the herds muster, we are told. 50,000 head. These vast herds are raised at the minimum of cost; they are, of course, increasing at an enormous ratio, and must continue to multiply indefinitely, and they are rapidly brought closer to our markets by the lines of rails with which the country is daily being opened up, and the tariff of freights over which is so infinitesimally small as to make our old-world ideas fade away and our insular railway companies gape and stare with the vacancy of stupefied astonishment. Now, what is the natural result and inevitable sequel to this condition of affairs? Is it not the speedy extinction of the grazing interests amongst the farmers of these countries? This may not be a vital reflection and issue for England, which has its inexhaustible coal mines and its other wealthy resources to fall back upon; but for a purely agricultural country like Ireland it means, if the existing state of land tenure is to be maintained and perpetuated, certain and sudden death and extinction. Yet the grass farmers of Ireland have, up to this, in many districts of the country, blindly, and as if under the spell of some malign infatuation, chosen to cast in their lot with the old feudal landlords and the inheritors of an effete system, instead of making common cause with the small tillage farmer in his struggle against grinding exactions and limitless landlord power.

Will they open their eyes before it is too late? or will they continue in a course which inevitably leads to self-destruction and suicide of the maddest and most inexcusable type? We call upon the farmers of Ireland to hearken to the figures of the "Times," if not to our words of warning and counsel. Will they, even at the eleventh hour, make common cause for the common weal? Will they put their shoulders to the wheel and support the men who would abolish or reform an obsolete land system, and make the tenant practically the owner of the soil he tills or grazes? Even thus they would have great odds to contend against in American and Australian competition; but with the help of God, with honest hearts and strong hands, they may yet, and shall, with Heaven's assistance, hold their own. But not a moment is to be lost; and every man who rings a stroke of the death-knell of the expiring feudalism of Irish landlordism will be doing his first and truest duty to self, children, and country.

The elections testify, with an eloquence which there is no gainsaying, to the intense and overmastering desire of the Irish people for an instant settlement of the Land Question. We put this great question first, not from any disloyalty to Home Rule, but because Home Rule can wait and the Land Question cannot. Charity may alleviate some of the sufferings of Ireland, but the only way to remove them is to remove the land system out of which they all grow. The iron pressure of want is a great spur to exertion, and it is its stern touch that has filled the Irish heart with such determination. It is true that the overwhelming character of the Liberal triumph does not give the Irish party that position of command it was at one time expected they would occupy; but sixty men, united for a great purpose, and with a nation at their back, will soon find means for making their voices heard in the House of Commons.

A later issue of the "Freeman" says, "The Irish elections have now closed, the full toll of one hundred and three members have been elected to the Imperial Parliament, and the time has come when we may learn what, if any, is the political meaning which, viewed as a whole and apart from any mere personal considerations, the Irish elections have. No politician of average intelligence, no observer, however careless, can doubt that through all the Irish elections a firm and increasing purpose ran, and that purpose was to express the stern and unalterable determination of the Irish people that a great and immediate change must be wrought in the Irish land system. In the vast majority of the great popular constituencies it is plain that the grand question as to each candidate always present to the mind of the electorate was, 'Is he sound on the Land Question?' When it was known that a candidate was unsound upon this great question, nay more, when it was suspected — sometimes, as we believe, wrongly suspected — that he was only a lukewarm Tenant-righter, he was doomed; and neither personal popularity nor broad acres, nor even high repute as a good landlord, could save him. It was no ordinary wave of popular opinion that sent to the foot of the polls men like the Marquis of Hamilton in the North, King-Harman and the O'Conor Don in the West, Mr. Kavanagh in the East, Lord Charles Beresford in the South of Ireland. At the election of 1874, Home Rule was the key-note which stirred the popular heart; it occupied only a secondary position in the struggles now closing. It would be absurd to imagine that anything has in the past six years happened to diminish the intensity of the Irish desire for self-gov-ernment; but the truth is that events have forced upon the people the belief that while we can wait for Home Rule, the instant settlement of the Land Question is vital for the very existence of the Iirsh nation."

## IRISH SURNAMES.

John O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

Kerwick, Berwick, Kirby, Kerby: Irish O'Ciarmhaie.
Kevin: Irish O'Caemhain.
Kieran, Kearns: Irish O'Ciarain.
Kilkelly: Irish MacGiolla Ceallaigh.
Kinehan, Kinlehan: Irish O'Cinlechan.
King: Irish Mac Conroi.
Lally, Mullally: Irish O'Maolalaidh.
Lalor, Lawlor: Irish O'Leathlabhair.
Lane, Laney: Irish O'Lainidh.
Langan, Long: Irish O'Longain.
Larkin: Irish O'Lorcain.
Laury: Irish O'Labhra.
Lavary: Irish O'Labhradha.
Laydon: Irish O'Lamhdhean.
Leahy: Irish O'Laodhaigh.
Leary, O'Leary: Irish O'Laoghaire.
Lehan, Lyne, Lyons: Irish O'Lehan
Lenehan: Irish MacLongachain.
Leonard, Gilfinan: Irish Mac Giolla Finein.
Lestrange, L'Estrange: Irish MacCoscry.
Liddy: Irish O'Lideadha.
Logan: Irish O'Leochain.
Lonergan: Irish O'Lonargain.
Longsy, Linskey, Linch, Lynch: Irish O'Luingsigh.
Looney, O'Looney: Irish O'Loney.
Lowry: Irish O'Leathlobhra.
Lysacht: Irish Mac Giolla Iosacht.
MacAsey, Makessy: Irish O'Macasa.
Macaulay, MacAuley, MacAwley, Macgawley: Irish MacAmhalgaidh.
MacCampbell, MacCowell, MacCoyle, MacCaulfield: Irish MacCathmhaoil.
MacCarthy: Irish MacCarthaigh.
MacClancy: Irish MacFlanchada.
MacCloskey: Irish MacBlosgaidh.
MacCullagh: Irish MacCeallach.
MacDermott: Irish MacDiarmada.
MacDonald, MacDonnell: Irish MacDomhnaill.
MacDonogh: Irish MacDonchaidh.
MacEgan: Irish MacAedhagain.
MacElligott, Elligott, Elliott: Irish or Scottish MacLeod.
MacEvoy, MacVeagh, MacVeigh: Irish MacUais (signifying the descendants of King Colla Uais).

## ROMANTIC IF TRUE.

A CHURCH organist at Aratof, near Kief, lately confessed on his deathbed to the murder, twenty years ago, of a farmer. He committed the crime with the priest's pistol, which he stole, and then placed in the sacristy; confessed to the priest, so as to preclude the latter from giving evidence against him without infringing the obligation of secrecy, and then went and denounced the priest as the culprit. The priest, who vainly protested his innocence, was sentenced to hard labor for life; and on his liberation being applied for, on the strength of the organist's death-bed confession, the reply was that he had died a few months ago.

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## BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC CUSTOM.

ON Holy Thursday the Emperor and Empress of Austria, in the presence of their whole court, of the Privy Council, the Diplomatic Corps, and the superior officers of the Vienna garrison, washed the feet of twenty-four poor old men and woman, having previously served these venerable paupers with a plentiful meal, placing the several dishes before their humble guests with their own hands. After the people had partaken of the good things provided for them by the imperial bounty, the tables were cleared by imperial archdukes and ladies of honor. The feast consisted of four courses, conveyed into the banqueting hall by noble yeomen and patrician pages, under the direction of Count Kinsky, the High Cook Marshal. At its conclusion the foot-washing ceremony took place, a court chaplain reading aloud from Holy Writ during the performance of this ancient and touching rite. Subsequently a purse containing thirty pieces of silver was presented by the Emperor to each of the old men, and by the Empress to each of the venerable dames, one of whom had all but attained her hundredth year, while the youngest of the twelve was a hearty octogenarian.

# Useful Knowledge.

POTATO PIE. — Take mashed potatoes seasoned with salt, butter, and milk, and line a baking dish. Lay on it slices of cold meats of any kind, with salt, pepper, catsup, and butter, or gravy. Put on another layer of potatoes and then another of cold meats, as before. Lastly, on the top put a cover of potatoes. Bake it till it is thoroughly warmed through, and serve it in the dish in which it is baked, setting it in or on another.

HOW TO OBTAIN SLEEP. — The following is recommended as a cure for sleeplessness: "Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is charming, inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those who suffer from overexcitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy has proved an especial boon."

PROVERBS IN COOKERY. — The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour, or boil at the same rate for twenty minutes.

Single cream is cream, and has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk for twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water an hour before cooking.

Good flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with stones out, are the very best things possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Nelson's gelatine is the best, because it is stronger than any other kind.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs, the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard, put them in boiling water ten minutes, and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

SURE CURE FOR COLDS. — Boil two ounces of flaxseed in one quart of water; strain, and add two ounces rock candy, one half pint syrup or honey, juice of three lemons; mix, and let all boil well; let cool and bottle. Dose, one cupful before bed, one half cupful before meals. The hotter you drink it the better.

EARACHE. — Relief for earache may be obtained by putting in a spoon two or three drops of sweet oil, or, better still, almond oil, the same of molasses and laudanum, warming it all together. Absorb some of the mixture in cotton wool, put it in the ear with a piece of the wool outside to keep out the cool air, repeating if necessary. A roasted onion-heart, dipped in this and surrounded with cotton, is also often very efficacious.

WALNUT CANDY. — The meats of hickory nuts or English walnuts may be used according to preference in that regard. After removal from the shells in as large pieces as practicable, they are to be placed on the bottoms of tins, previously greased, to the depth of about a half inch. Next, boil two pounds of brown sugar, a half pint of water, and a gill of good molasses, until a portion of the mass hardens when cooled. Pour the hot candy on the meats, and allow it to remain until hard.

BROWN PAPER AGAINST THE COLD. — The "old woman's" remedy for "a cold on the chest," a sore throat, or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy to the heat-retaining properties of the paper. A wet pad of this material, as far as the surface next to the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet linen rag protected with a thick covering of flannel. In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is an effective nonconductor, and may be advantageously employed as covering for beds or to eke out scanty clothing. A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat, or in the back of a thin coat, will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

POTATO BALLS. — Boil and mash a few potatoes, season with salt, form into round balls, dust them with flour, and brush their jackets with an egg, — the whole egg to be beaten up; fry till a light brown. Cold potatoes may be thus dressed, and saved; the balls look well and taste nicely.

# The Humorist.

ARCHERY is to be fashionable among the ladies, and very properly; every young lady should know how to manage her beau.

A LITTLE fellow who wore striped stockings was asked why he made barber's poles of his legs. His reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"

"I'M afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in!"

DON'T fall out with the world because it refuses to applaud your first efforts. Keep on if you have the merit and metal in you; you will force it to applaud eventually.

IT being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

THACKERAY tells us of a woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life." But when he only pulled out his snuff-box, she immediately added, "And never overtake you."

SAID a distinguished politician to his son, "Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree: and what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied, "Yes, dad, when *you* die, but not till then."

"Is there anything that will make the grain come up quick?" asked a rich amateur farmer of an old husbandman. "Well, no, I don't know of nothin' that will do it," was the genial old fellow's reply, "unless it be rooks." Then the amateur farmer wanted to know where he could get some.

FOR ASSOCIATORS OF IDEAS.—A guide, showing some ladies and gentlemen over the Oxford colleges, had his attention called to a picture of one of the celebrities of the place. "A great gun?" asked one of the gentlemen of the cicerone. "Yes, sir." "A canon, perhaps?" said the inquirer, remembering his Joe Miller in the midst of scenes of his youth. "Can't exactly say, sir," was the answer, "but I know he had a brother in the army."

"WHAT was the origin of the noble house of Fitz Clarence?" asked a teacher of a class in history; to which a boy answered, "One day old Clarence had fits, and after that they called him Fitz Clarence."

"FIRST class in astronomy stand up. Where does the sun rise?"—"Please, sir, down in our meadow; I seen it yesterday."—"Hold, you dunce. Where does the sun rise?"—"I know; in the east."—"Right; and why does it rise in the east?"—"Because the 'east makes everything rise."

LATE.—Extract from young lady's letter: "And do you know, Maud and I are quite sure that Captain Popple had taken far too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch, and looked hard at the back of it, and then muttered, 'Blesh my shoul! I had n't any idea it was that time o' night.'"

A BASHFUL young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered, "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er—that it is not g-g-good that a m-man should be alone?" "Then had n't you better run home to your mother?" coolly suggested Martha.

VICTOR HUGO was talking about age, and confessed in a charming humor that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from 39 to 40. "Oh, that terrible 40!" he said. "But," remarked some one, "I should think it a great deal better to be 40 than 50." "Not at all," replied Hugo; "40 years is the old age of youth, while 50 years is the youth of old age."

"STEWARD," said a passenger on board a steamer one morning while at breakfast, handing across the table a cup containing some dark, muddy-looking liquid, "what is that?"—"I think it 's tea, sir," replied the steward, after a hasty inspection. "Oh, very well," rejoined the traveller; "then take it away, and if it 's tea bring me coffee, and if it 's coffee bring me tea."

A YOUNG woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have her kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip; and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly, "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Have n't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where 's the soap?"

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## DOLLY'S PET.

I KNOW a little lady
Happy, bright, and fair,
Eyes as blue as spring skies,
Rippling, sunny hair.

We call her Dolly Dimple,
Gentle as a fawn,
Pretty as a primrose,
Smiling as the dawn.

Dolly has a brown thrush,
Her special pride and care,
A bird that sings and dances
Upon her golden hair.

He always follows Dolly,
And sings a merry trill,
Perching on the chair-back
Or on the window-sill.

He stands upon her shoulder
When she sits at tea;
Takes the crumbs she gives him,
Chirps in merry glee.

And on a sunny morning,
If Dolly oversleeps
And lingers still in dreamland
After daylight peeps,

The bird becomes uneasy
And flies to Dolly's bed,
Alighting on the pillow
Close to Dolly's head.

He sings out loud and merry,
Sings with all his might,
Till Dolly's blue eyes open,
Big and round and bright.

Having waked his mistress,
He sings her out of bed;
Sings her through her toilet,
And sings till he is fed.

## THE MAY-FLOWERS.

On a sunny hillside grew a little colony of May-flowers.

They had slept quietly through the long winter, tucked up snug and warm in their covering of snow; and now the bright sun looked down on them, and the wind stirred them, and the birds called to them, and they raised their strong, hardy leaves, and lifted up their stems of small buds, and rejoiced that spring was near.

A little girl came out among them. She said to herself, "I am going away to-morrow. I can't stay to see the dear May-flowers open, so I will take some of them with me, and keep them in water, and they will remind me of this beautiful place, and perhaps they will blossom."

"Oh," said the May-flowers, "please don't take us."

But the wind blew so that Mary, the little girl, did not hear them; and she pulled stem after stem, till she had as many as she could hold in her small hands. Then she looked around her at the blue sky, and the branches of the trees against it, and the soft, dead leaves flying in the wind, and the patches of white snow in the hollows; and away in the distance the light-house and the blue water.

She said good by to it all, for she was afraid she might not see it again soon, and the little May-flowers said good by to it too.

The next day Mary tied the May-flowers together, and wound a piece of wet paper around their stems, and they started on their journey.

The cars were crowded and hot, and Mary held the flowers very tight for fear of losing them, and the tall people rested their elbows on them, and the stout ones pushed against them, and they thought they would die.

But soon the paper was taken off, and the string was untied, and they were put into a vase of water.

The little May-flowers drooped for a time, and could not hold up their heads

Mary set them in the open window, and a gay bird in a cage sang to them; but they mourned for their pleasant home, and they did not like to stand with their feet in water, and they said, —

"Let us give up in despair."

Then the bird sang, "Cheer up! cheer up! chirrup, chirrup!"

They did not listen to him at first, but by and by they said to him, —

"Why do you say that to us? Do you know that we have been taken from our home and our friends on the hillside, where the sun shone, and the birds sang all around us? How can we live and be happy here, and with our feet in the water, too?"

But the bird said, "Cheer up! The sun is shining on you, and I am singing to you as well as I can; and how much better it will be for you to blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, than to do nothing but wither and be thrown away! Do you think I like to be here, shut up in this cage, when I have wings to fly? No! If this cage-door should be left open you would see me fly up to that chimney in a second."

"Could you?" said the little flowers.

"Yes, indeed," said the bird.

"Would you?" said the flowers.

"Yes," said the bird, "and then into that tree, and then away into the woods somewhere But while I am here, I think I may as well sing and be gay."

"Perhaps he is right," thought the flowers; so they lifted their heads and looked up.

Mary gave them fresh water every day, and loved them dearly, and talked to them of the beautiful hillside; and the cheerful bird sang to them, and at last the little buds began to grow and make the best of it.

One bright morning, just two weeks after they were gathered, the largest bud opened its petals, and blossomed into a full-grown May-flower!

It was white, with a lovely tinge of pink, and oh, so fragrant! Mary almost cried with delight, and she kissed

the dear flower, and carried it to every one in the house to be admired. The bird stood on tiptoe on his highest perch and flapped his wings, and sang his best song.

"Was I right?" said he. "Did I give you good advice?"

"Yes," said the flowers, "you were right. To blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, is better than to give up in despair and do nothing."

### DON'T, BOYS.

Don't be impatient, no matter if things do sometimes go wrong. Do not give the ball a kick and send it into the mud-puddle because it don't go straight when you throw it. Do not send the marbles against the fence, and thus break your best glass alley, because your clumsy fingers could not hit the centre. Do not break your kite-string all to pieces because it will not come down from the tree with the first jerk; it will take three times as long to get it down afterwards. Do not give your little brother an angry word and a sharp push if he cannot see into the mysteries of marble-playing or hoop-rolling at the first lesson. You were once just as stupid as he, although you have soon forgotten it.

What in the world would become of you if your mother had no more patience than you; if, every time you came to her when she was busy, she thrust you off with a cross word? Dear, kind, loving mother, who never ceases to think for you, to care for you, who keeps you so nicely clothed, and makes such nice things for you to eat! What if she were to be so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her of your troubles at school or at play? Ah, how you grieve your mother by your impatience and your crossness!

### POLITENESS AT HOME.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, to covet the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, Cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home, — in the sitting-room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, — and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

### CAT'S CRADLE.

There is an amusement with which children are familiar, which consists in twisting a circle of twine about the hands and fingers into a certain form, which the playfellow can remove to his own hands and fingers in such a manner that it forms a different figure, and can be thus removed, each time receiving a different figure, several times. For what reason this game is called Cat's Cradle has puzzled heads young and old.

The game has come down from Catholic times, and has a religious impress. Cratch — corrupted into cat's — meant formerly a manger, like the French word *crèche*, and the word was especially applied to that in which our Lord lay. Cratch cradle, therefore meant the manger-cradle of Bethlehem. Fanshaw, in his translation of the Lusiad, says,

"—— day
On which, a King laid in a cratch to find,
Three kings did come, conducted from the East."

It is sometimes called scratch cradle even now.

# IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

## Elementary Instructions in the Irish Language.

[*Commenced in No. 4, Vol. III.*]

### SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS.*—(Continued.)

Every final vowel in the Irish language must be sounded, but final vowels without the accent are very short.

### SOUNDS OF THE CONSONANTS.

A consonant, if written with a *broad* vowel, has a broad sound; if written with a *slender* vowel, a slender sound.

If a broad vowel precedes a consonant, or a combination of consonants, a vowel of the same class† (broad) shall follow; and if a slender vowel precedes a consonant, or a combination of consonants, a slender vowel shall follow.

Note.—To those unacquainted with the Irish language the sounds of ᴅ and ᴛ will seem rather difficult; but by forcing the tip of the tongue against the upper teeth, in expressing the sounds of these letters, the difficulty is overcome. ʟ, also, commencing a word and followed by a broad vowel, requires a similar action of the tongue.

## Aṅ Ċéad Ċeaċt.

(LESSON I.)

Words in which the vowel ᴀ occurs:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ᴀgus, and. | ᴄᴀṁ, a heap. | lá, a day. |
| ᴀm, time. | ᴄᴀt, a cat. | láṅ, full. |
| ᴀṅ,‡ the. | ᴅáṅ, a poem. | mᴀc, a son. |
| ád, high. | fᴀdᴀ, long. | málᴀ, a bag. |
| ᴀt, a swelling. | fᴀṅṅ, weak. | mᴀll, slow. |
| bᴀ, cows. | gᴀr, a stalk. | ṅᴀ § the. |
| báṅ, white. | glᴀr, green. | tá, am, art, is, are. |

* In Munster, single vowels, and sometimes diphthongs, unaccented, in monosyllables ending with double letters, have a diphthongal sound. These vowels are chiefly *a* and *o*, and that diphthongal sound is somewhat similar to *ou* in the English word *sound*. It is the same in monosyllables ending with *m* and *ng;* also a short diphthong in monosyllables ending with the double letters get this long, diphthongal sound. This is a peculiarity in the Munster pronunciation which is not recognized in the north or west.

† This is the grand rule of spelling in Irish, called "*Leathan le leathan, is caol le caol,*" (broad to broad, and slender to slender.)

‡ *An* is the definite article in Irish; there is no indefinite article in the language, but the absence of the article *(an)* shows that the noun is used in an indefinite sense, and in the English translation "a" or "an," if considered idiomatic or euphonious, may be used with such nouns.

§ *Na* is the plural form of the article *an*, and always qualifies plural nouns. This is the only form the article has in the plural.

Rannа ó Dhollaċ Fomur Feara Éireann, Doċtúra Ċéitiġ.

Tá Samuel Daniel, Gildar, Rider, Nennjur, agur mórán d'úġdaraiḃ eile, do ṡiúḃ ṡtaiṁ na bhreataine móire, aġ a admháil gur ab neamḋhuine an feanċur atá aca féin air dálaiḃ feanta na bhreatan, de bríġ go ruġadar Románaiġe agur Saxonaiġe a feanċur agur a fean ṡcríbne uaċa, jonnur naċ bí aca aċt amur no barraṁuil do ċabairt air dálaiḃ feanta na bhreatan, ṁér na Saxonaiġiḃ, agur ṁér na Románaċuiḃ; agur ir air an adbar ṡin, a deir Camden foġlumṫa féin, naċ fíor do ca h-am a d-táinġadar na Picti d'áitiúġaḋ an taoiḃ ṫuaiġ do'n bhreatain ṁóir, agur fós naċ fíor do ċréad ó n-abairṫar "britannia" re bhreatain, aċt a barraṁuil do ċabairt mar ġaċ fear eile; agur mar go nabadar mórán do dálaiḃ feanta na bhreataine móire n-a b-foilċeor air, nír b'iongnaḋ a deir nír a ṁó 'ná ṡin i n-a b-foilċeor air Hanmer, agur foilċeor ir mo air feantálaiḃ na h-Éireann, agur d'a réir ṡin nír barraṁta ṁíċreiḋe é, fá ríġ Loċlan do deir i n-a ríġ Éireann re linn Críosd do breiṫ.

Ar deir, mar an ġ-céadna, náċ e Pádraiġ apstol na h-Éireann léir ṡíolaḋ an ċreideaṁ Caṫoilice 'r an ċríṡ air d-tús, no ruair uaiṁ Pádraiġ i n-oileán na Ruiġaḋóra, aċt Pádraiġ eile, ab, do ṁair an tan fa h-aoir do 'n tseaṁa 850 bliaḋna.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO DR. KEATING'S "HISTORY OF IRELAND."

Samuel Daniel, Gildas, Rider, Nennius, and many other old authors, who have written the history of Great Britain, confess that they possess but scattered fragments of the ancient history of Britain, because the Romans and Saxons carried away and destroyed their annals and ancient records, so that there remains to them nothing but surmise and conjecture to be offered concerning the ancient transactions of Britain before the days of the Saxons and Romans, which gave occasion to the learned Camden himself to observe, that he knew not at what time the Picts settled in the north of Britain, nor could he determine so much as from whence Britain was called "Britannia," and is obliged to give us his conjecture like other writers; and, since many of the ancient transactions of Great Britain were in obscurity in his time, it is not surprising that they should appear more obscure to Hanmer, and that he should be in still greater uncertainty with respect to the ancient affairs of Ireland; wherefore he is not to be credited in asserting that the king of Denmark was king of Ireland at the birth of Christ.

The same writer declares that it was not St. Patrick the apostle of Ireland who first planted

Sɟċeaḋ, ɳí ꝼɪoɳ ḋo ꝛo, do ɳéɟɳ Caeꝛaɪɳuꝛ ɳaoiɳṫa, do ṁaɟɳ do'ɳ leɟṫ aꝛṫɟ do ꝼé ċéaḋ blɪaḋaɟɳ do Ċɳíoꝛꝛ, aguꝛ da ɳéɟɳ ꝛɪɳ do ṁaɟɳ ḋa ċéaḋ go leɟṫ blɪaḋaɟɳ ꝛul do bí aɳ ḋaꝛa Páḋɾaɪg aɳɳ ꝛo. Alg ꝛo ɳaɾ a ḋeɟɳ, 'ꝛ aɳ 38 cab. do'ɳ ḋaꝛa leaḃaɾ déag, ɳe páɟḋeaɾ, "*Liber Dealogorum*:" "Alɳ dé ċuɟɳeaꝛ coɳɳḋaḃaɟɳṫ ɟ b-ꝼuɾɟaḋóɾ, dɾɪallaḋ ɟ ɳ-Éɪɾɪɳɳ, déɟġeaḋ aɾḋeaċ ɟ b-ꝼuɾɟaḋóɾ Naoiɳ-Páḋɾaɪg, aguꝛ ɳí bɪaɟḋ coɳɳḋaḃaɟɳṫ aɟge ɟ b-ꝼɪaɳuɪḃ ꝼuɾɟaḋóɾa ó ꝛɪɳ amaċ." Alɾ ꝛo ɟɾ ɟoɳḋuɟġe ɳáċ é aɳ ḋaꝛa Páḋɾaɪg úḋ, luaɪḋeaɾ haɳɳeɾ, a ꝼuaɟɾ Puɾɟaḋóɾ Páḋɾaɪg aɟɾ ḋ-ṫúɾ, acṫ aɳ ċéaḋ Páḋɾaɪg; oɟɾ, cɪaɳɳoɾ ḃa ꝼeɟoɾ go ɳ-ḃa é aɳ ḋaꝛa Páḋɾaɪg do ġeaḃaḋ aɟɾ ḋ-ṫúɾ ſ, aguꝛ go ɳaɟḃ dá ċéaḋ go leɟṫ blɪaḋaɟɳ ó 'ɳ am ꝼaɾ ꝛɜɾſoḃ Caeꝛaɪɳuꝛ aɟɾ Puɾɟaḋóɾ Páḋɾaɪg, go ɧ-aɪɳɳɾɪɾ aɳ ḋaꝛa Páḋɾaɪg do ṁaɾṫaɟɳ? aguꝛ ꝼóɾ a tá ꝛeaɳċuꝛ aguꝛ beoloɟḋeaꝛ Éɟɳeaɳɳ aġ a aḋṁáɟl ġuɾ ab é Páḋɾuɪġ aꝛṫol ꝼuaɟɾ Puɾɟaḋóɾ aɟɾ ḋ-ṫúɾ ɟ ɳ-Éɪɾɪɳɳ. Uɟɳe ɾɪɳ, ɟɾ ꝼolluꝛ ġuɾ ab bɾéaġ ṁeaḃlaċ do ɟɟɳe haɳɳeɾ aɳɳ ꝛo, ɟ ɳ-ḋoɟġ go ɳ-ḃa lúġaɟḋe do bɪaḋ caḋuꝛ aġ Éɟɳeaɳɳċaɟḃ aɟɾ uaɟṁ Puɾɟaḋóɾa é.

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In an Irish manuscript-book, presented us by Mr. Patrick Terry of Somerville, Mass., we find that O'Halloran, the author of the poem on the next page, and in past numbers of the Magazine, lived as late as the year 1844. In this manuscript-book, over that date, is the long and interesting poem entitled, "*Eachtra Toirlibh Mac Staruin agus a 'Triúar Mac*," (The Adventure of Thorluv the Son of Starun and His Three Sons,) in O'Halloran's handwriting, with other rare pieces never printed. The idea of publication is to preserve them, hoping that in the near future some "favorite of the Muses" may take them up and render them into English verse.

the Catholic faith in that country, and discovered St. Patrick's Cave in the island of Purgatory, but another Patrick, an abbot, who lived in the year of our Lord 850. But there is no foundation, in truth, for the assertion, according to the holy Cæsarius, who lived about six hundred years after Christ, and, consequently, two centuries and a half before this second Patrick was here. This writer says, in the thirty-eighth chapter of his twelfth book, entitled "*Liber Dealogorum*": "Whosoever has any doubt of purgatory, let him go to Ireland, and enter the cave of St. Patrick there, and from that forth he will no longer question the pains of purgatory." From hence it is evident that St. Patrick's Purgatory was not originally discovered by the Patrick whom Hanmer speaks of, but by Patrick the apostle; for, how could this second Patrick possibly have first discovered it, since we find it to be spoken of by St. Cæsarius, two hundred and fifty years before the time in which this second Patrick flourished? besides, our ancient records and traditions unanimously confess that the Purgatory was originally discovered by St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. Therefore, it manifestly appears that Hanmer fabricated this malicious falsehood, in hopes of lessening the respect which the Irish have for the cave of the Purgatory.

## AN GUIDE ADHAMNAIC.*

FINGIN UA H-ALLURAIN, DO CAN.

A DHE MHOCAIR MHIR FHUIGHE FÉIN GLUIN FUAIRC,
CÁIR MHIRE RIN DÁ RERIBHIRE AN MÉID RIN UAIT,
DO BEIDEAD GUIDHE AN LEIRIS 'NA DHUINE A NAENFEACT RUAIR,
CUM AIMHRE, TUIRA CUMAIRC IR DO LÉIGEAN BUAN.

NÍ'L FHE FUINTE CUIRFEAD RIOLLA A G-CÉILL 'R AN UAIMH,
AIAR RITID-RIN Ó'N SIORAIN GIL GO BÉARA AN CUAIN,
AIA LEIGIR-RE NA MHÓIDE-REO DO DÉANAM NUAD,
NACH CUIRFEAD L'OIDHE A B-FUIRIM CEART DO D'FAORA AIR GUAIR.

NÍ'L CION AMOIR AIR L'OIDHID RUILT NÁ AIR DHEACHTAIB DHUAD,
NÁ AIR FHIOTALAIB NA FUIRINNE BÍ A NEIM GLIN UAIR,
'SE CUIGIM-RE GO B-FUIL CUBAIRT CUIRFEAC DAOR, MO NUAR,
AIR A N-DUINE ACA LÉ'R BINNEAMHAIN AN GAEDILGE A LUAD.

TUILE DE NAR CUIGIM-RE, IR DAORDA RNUAD,
'NÁ AR INIRIOR, A DONNCAD, 'R AN MÉID RO LUADAIM
GO N-BEIDEAD RIBHE IR MIRE CIORBUIGHE NO FAOR Ó GUAIR,
A N-IORRAINN NO A G-CUIDEACHTAIN NA NAOMH-NGEAL RUAR.

NÍ'L DUINE AIR BIC 'R AN INNIR REO DO BÉARFAD DUAIR,
IR D'IMIGIG-RIN CUM GLIOGAIR UILE AN ÉIGFA UAIN;
FUIRIOM GEAL AN OINIG, IR LUCHT DEUNTA DUAN,
GUR CUIDEADAR 'R GO B-FUILID-RIN GO LEIR 'R AN UAIG.

FICHE CEART AIR CRIOCHADAIB DO LÉIGIN UAIM,
GAN FUIGIN BRIAIT DÁ G-COMAIRC NA DÁ G-CAOMHNA AIR FUACHT,
LE CUMANN DÍL DO'N T-RIOLLAIRE MEAR ÉADTROM RUAIRC,
NÁR ERLIC ROMH INNIRT LAINNE GOIRM' GÉIRE CRUADA?

CEANGAL.

AN CÁRTAC BEOCHA BEOLTAIR BLARTA BEURAC,
SLACHTMHAR REOLTA CÓRAC CNEARTA CÉIM-GLAN;
AITCIM TÓIB AN CUMHACHTAC, GEAL DO FAOR RINN,
DÁ CARA FÓR A RÓD A LEARA CEUMAIN.

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This poem is addressed by the poet to one Denis McCarthy, requesting a loan of two very old Irish manuscripts, which he was anxious to transcribe, so as to preserve them. These manuscripts O'Halloran considered of great value, judging from his verse.

# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1880.


## A Talk with our Readers.

P. O. RUSSELL, ESQ., gives us a good article on Irish Emigration.

FORTY-SIX thousand one hundred and forty-eight steerage passengers arrived at New York in the month of April.

NEW subscribers who desire to learn the Irish language should commence with the March number of our magazine, as in that the Irish alphabet is given.

THE suit of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, in reference to the taxation of Catholic schools, has been decided in favor of the bishop.

WE would like to copy all the good sayings of the "Catholic Columbian"; but then, if we did so, our contemporary would probably say that we were stealing his thunder. We therefore desist.

THE May number of Donahoe's has as usual a great variety of reading, of an interesting and instructive kind. It opens with a portrait of the Rev. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout"), and gives an entertaining sketch of that brilliant genius. The Rev. J. V. O'Connor contributes an excellent article, "The Exiled People," in which he encourages the Irish to make homes for themselves in America. This, like all previous numbers, is "devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad," and as such is pre-eminently deserving of their patronage. — *The Tribune, Toronto, Ont.*

THE English are paying us back with a vengeance. We sent over our Moody and Sankey; and they now send us in return their Salvation Army. The military organization — for it is a well-disciplined and well-officered military force — has started on the rounds of our principal cities. They are all cockneys, and perfectly reckless in the use of the letter H. The New York "Methodist" declares that any man who exhibits such carelessness and indifference in the requisition of right pronunciation of his mother tongue is too slovenly and slipshod to make a good exhorter. — *Western Watchman.*

CONNOR MCCARTHY, 111 years of age, died recently in Mallow, county Cork; and Hugh Kennedy, at the age of 105 years, died near Tullamore, King's County. Mr. Kennedy was a rebel in 1798, and narrowly escaped being shot.

THOSE newspaper scribblers who aim to fill out the space for which they were hired, may not always be held to a strict accountability for the expressions they make use of; but those who are responsible for bringing to the light of day the nameless crimes will regret, sooner or later, that they thus aided the arch-enemy of mankind in the destruction of souls. The little fugitive paragraph that suggested the crime which damned a soul will one day claim its author, and terrible will be the sentence of this accomplice in sin. It is no excuse to say that it is news, but rather so much for the greater condemnation of him who sent it forth as sensational news. More than one half the work of the press at the present day is in the interest of those who seek the destruction of souls. To counteract this mighty influence is an important portion of the mission of the religious press, aided by Christian fathers and mothers. — *Catholic Columbian.*

WE give elsewhere a complete exposé of the McNamara gang. We should have appended the following in relation to the French apostate, poor old Loyson, who finds to his extreme mortification that his apostasy does not pay. His undertaking to set up a new Catholic Church in opposition to the Pope having turned out a dead failure at Geneva, where he received every possible help from a church-persecuting government, he left the city of Calvin about eighteen months since, to set up a new shop of his own, called the Gallican Church, in the Rue Rochechouart, in Paris. One might imagine that in a city of near 2,000,000 inhabitants, a new kind of heresy, supported by the incontestable eloquence of its would-be apostle, might prove a success, or at least pay its way; but such is not the case. At a public meeting held last week it was stated that the new conventicle requires £4,000 for rent, £680 for the support of its three "priests" and their interesting little families, and £200 for the organ and other attractions; and that nothing like the £2,000 that has already been spent has as yet been covered by subscriptions. The promoters want more money, and they want the town to give them a building rent free; but every one turns a deaf ear to poor Loyson. — *London Universe.*

THE lecture recently delivered in this city by Hon. John Kelly realized the handsome sum of $1,500 for St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

MESSRS. FEELEY & Co., of Providence, R. I., were the makers of the badge presented by "the Men of Wicklow" to Mr. Parnell.

"LA SALLE JOURNAL."—A very neat eight-page paper, bearing this name, has just appeared in Philadelphia. It is conducted with much ability. The price is only a dollar a year. Address as above.

THE names of Bishop McQuaid, Rochester, Bishop Ryan, Buffalo, and Bishop Corrigan, Newark, are understood to be the ones sent to Rome for coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

A FARMER writes to the editor of the "Chicago Express": "Dear Boy,—I saw in the paper that a Western farmer planted flax with potatoes, and it kept the beetles off. I planted flax with potatoes, and the beetles roosted on it, waiting for the potatoes to come up. Could you give me the address of that Western farmer, that I may call on him?"

SAYS the "Dublin Freeman" (Mayor Gray's paper), "By this election Mr Parnell has had conferred upon him an honor unparalleled in parliamentary history, so far as we are aware. He is now member for no less than three constituencies There is no mistaking the extent of the popular enthusiasm which these facts demonstrate."

IN our last we mentioned the fact of the huge cross of St. Laurence O'Toole's Church, St. Louis, having blown down. The particulars are rather strange. The cross was lifted out of the socket in which it rested and carried outward by the wind, alighting on its base on the curbstone, where it was found standing without even a chip being struck off its contour. A gentleman who was standing near by when the solid stone took its flight incontinently fled, thinking the Day of Judgment had come. —*Western Watchman.*

MANY readers would smile incredulously if they were told that a church could be built for ten dollars. Still such things have been done in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas, where the walls of churches are built entirely of sods, the roof covered with sods, and the floor of earth Churches 26x36 built after this fashion cost only $10, for a few windows, and we doubt not people pray just as devoutly in them as they do in Gothic cathedrals costing millions of dollars.

BLASPHEMY is a terrible crime, and he who is guilty of it will discover, unless he repent, that indeed the devils in hell bend the knee at the name of Jesus. It is shocking when we hear unbelievers speak disrespectfully of God and holy things; but when one who is an instructed Catholic thus gives way to such a crime, we wonder at the patience of God Miraculous manifestations of divine anger with the blasphemer are numerous; still the lesson is unheeded. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE Bishop of Hartford, Conn., has received from the different parishes of the diocese $24,120.37, for the relief of the distress in Ireland.

THE Rev Joseph George Sutcliffe, curate at Great Yarmouth, has been received into the Catholic Church by one of the fathers at St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London.

THE "Western Home Journal," published at Detroit, Mich., has been enlarged and otherwise improved. The editor and proprietor, W. E. Savage, Esq., is a live man in every respect, as his journal fully attests. We wish our contemporary still greater success than has heretofore marked his progress.

DR. JOHN P. ORDWAY, one of the best known physicians in Boston, died at his residence, No. 1672 Washington Street, at about 1.30 o'clock on the morning of April 27, after an illness of about three weeks. The direct cause of his death was malignant carbuncle, complicated with several other disorders, part of which resulted from internal injuries which he sustained in an accident on the New York and New England Railroad in February, 1875. Dr. Ordway was much respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

A PROTESTANT ON ROUND DANCES.—We have only to say that long before we viewed the subject from a religious stand-point, we would have felt ourselves insulted to be asked whether we would allow a sister or a daughter to be whirled through a room in the arms of a man, who would not dare to touch her form with his little finger except on that pretext. We can see no propriety in "round dances" as between the sexes. Could women know how the very men they dance with regard it and comment on it behind their backs, we are sure there would be far less of it done. — *Christian Intelligencer.*

PRESENTATION CONVENT.
ST. JOSEPH'S, TUAM, IRELAND,
March 30, 1880.

DEAR SIR. — Having had past experience of your generosity and love for the "Irish poor," I am induced to solicit your aid and influence with the truly noble-hearted Americans, to enable us to get up a fund to procure even one meal a day for two hundred starving children and their parents, who are mostly depending on the charities we can procure for them. In 1846 and 1847, we experienced the charity and liberality of the good people of Boston, who sent us several barrels of flour, and clothing also, for the poor. I sincerely hope this appeal will be as productive of good results as the former.

You will naturally say, so much money coming to Archbishop McHale, we ought not to want; but the fact is, his diocese is so extensive and so poor, he leaves the nuns to work for their own schools. Any contribution will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Superioress,

SR. M. DE P. BURKE.

[Mr. Donahoe will cheerfully send any funds intrusted to him, free of charge.]

THE collection taken at the Madeleine, in Paris, France, for the relief of the distress in Ireland, yielded 22,000 francs, — $4,500.

THERE exists a clause in the Emancipation Act providing that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shall be a Protestant.

A FALLING-OFF to the value of more than fourteen millions sterling has taken place in the consumption of beer, wine, and spirits within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

MR. T. F. GALWEY, who during the past year has been the able and efficient assistant editor of the "Catholic Telegraph," has accepted the position of assistant editor of the "Catholic World."

AN attempt is about to be made to introduce and extend the practice and industry of bee-culture into Ireland. In Germany, France, America, England, and other countries, bee-keeping is a profitable as well as a scientific pursuit; why not in Ireland?

THE receipts of the lecture given by Wendell Phillips, Esq. (who gave his services free), in the Music Hall, March 21, for the suffering poor of Ireland under the auspices of the Irish societies of Boston and vicinity, were $976; expenses, $205.90; net proceeds, $770.10.

THE death, at the early age of 34, of Mrs. Hackett, the wife of Alderman O'Connell Hackett, the mayor of Clonmel, is announced. The premature demise of this amiable and beloved lady cast the deepest gloom on Clonmel and its neighborhood, while all Tipperary feels the deepest sympathy with the bereaved husband.

THE Corporation of Dublin has formally completed the contracts for one of the greatest and most necessary improvements required in Dublin, — the paving of the city. They have authorized contracts for one hundred thousand pounds worth of paving. We are very glad to perceive that, so far as practicable, Irish stone is to be used, and we think we may congratulate the Corporation and the citizens on the good work well commenced immediately.

THE numerous cures reported to have been effected at Knock are of a character to arrest the devout attention of every Catholic. Faith and prayer are powerful means in obtaining special graces and favors from God. The devout peasantry of Ireland are gifted with a faith strong enough to move mountains, and this faith and piety are manifested in a singular degree in the pilgrimages they are making to Knock. Two cases of cure have come under the notice of a London priest: one, that of a child whose eyes had been diseased from birth, who, taken from London to Knock by her mother, returned perfectly cured; and the other case, that of a man declared by medical men to be hopelessly suffering from cancer in the face, was cured after a *Triduo*, during which cement from the chapel at Knock was applied to his face.

EARL COOPER has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is a large property-holder in Ireland.

THE Marquis of Ripon has been appointed to the viceroyalty of British India. He is a convert to Mother Church.

THE number of converts during 1879 to the faith, in the Redemptorist churches in England, Ireland, and Scotland was 1,050. At this rate, how long will it take to convert England and Scotland, to say nothing of the Orangemen of Ireland?

THE Catholic population of Canada numbers 1,816,800 souls. There are 4 archbishops, 19 bishops, and 1,999 priests; 1,617 churches, 18 seminaries, 40 colleges, 85 academies, 247 convents, 43 asylums, 34 hospitals, and 3,554 elementary schools.

THE Irish papers say that an apparition of the blessed Virgin has been seen by several persons at Holy Well Catholic Church, county Fermanagh, during the past month. The church is visited daily by large numbers, and it is stated that several cures have been effected.

MR H. W. I. GARLAND, lately connected with the "Catholic Union," Buffalo, N. Y., has accepted an editorial position on the "Catholic Telegraph," of Cincinnati. Mr. Garland is a gentleman of well-known ability, and will take with him the best wishes of many friends.

FORMOSA AND JAPAN TEAS, of this season's growth, just landing from steamship "Glenorchy"; imported direct by the Globe Tea Company, 44 and 46 Broad, corner of Milk Street, Boston, Mass. These teas surpass others as to quality, strength, and delicate flavor. Send stamp for revised circular of presents, etc. A. HETHERSTON & Co., *Managers.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH made her last public appearance at the Flower Show held at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on the 22d of April. The Duchess cannot speak of leaving without tears in her eyes. She is very fond of the Irish people, and in speaking of her departure the other day, she said, "At my time of life, five years is a very long time to look back on; and when and where can I ever hope to again make so many dear friends as I have done during that period in Ireland?" She was enthusiastically cheered by the people on her departure from Dublin. The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" remarks: "The farewell letter, short and simple, is printed on fly sheets, in Irish as well as in English; and, read by the priests and people from the centre of the island to the sea, it will insure that neither old nor young will hastily forget a gracious lady whose last thought was about her poor friends of the bogs and mountains, and who, as there have been epithets of courtesy and compliment bestowed upon ladies who heretofore occupied high places in the circle round our vice-regal throne, — if there have been 'graceful Hamiltons,' and a 'Faerie Queen,' so shall she go down in our familiar chronicles with the soft womanly title of 'The Motherly Duchess.'"

## PERSONAL.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning has lately been on a visit to Rome.

Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Alfred A. Curtis and B. J. McManus, left New York on April 22, by the Inman steamer "City of Chester," on a visit to Rome.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K. C. M. G., speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Victoria, who has left the colony, we understand, for a short period, for the purpose of publishing a history of Ireland, has just arrived at the Continental Hotel, Paris, *en route* to England, where he may probably remain for some time

The Pope has appointed the Very Rev. Geo. H. Doane, V. G., of Newark, N. J., a prelate of the papal household and a member of the Roman court. The dignity brings with it the title of Right Rev. Monsignor, and, besides various other prerogatives, the right to wear the purple. The new Monsignor is a son of Bishop Doane, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was born in Boston in 1830.

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in New York, delivered a lecture, a week or two since, in the Brooklyn Institute on Washington Street, before the Young Men's Hebrew Union, his subject being "Heads and Hearts." The audience was large and appreciative. The lecturer was introduced by Mr. Isaac Sternberger, one of the directors of the Union, and in opening said: "I am announced to speak on 'Heads and Hearts'; but at the outset I desire to say that it is a great pleasure to me to address an audience assembled at the invitation of the Young Men's Hebrew Union of Brooklyn. It is a sign of the times, a sign of the coming together of all nations and of all creeds, when a Catholic priest is invited to address an audience assembled under your auspices; and I rejoice exceedingly to see that the barriers are being broken down, and that men are beginning to look each other in the face, and join hands when uttering the words, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, recently nominated Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, was born on the 27th of May, 1844, in Bairdstown, the Westmoreland County portion of Blairsville, which is mainly situated in Indiana County, Pa. He attended the public and afterwards the parish school, and later on, was sent to St. Vincent's College Westmoreland County, Pa., where he remained a short time. At the suggestion and advice of his pastor, Father Stillinger, who was one of the early mountaineers himself, he went at the age of seventeen to Mt. St Mary's College, Emmettsburg, where he passed and finished his classical studies. After graduating in 1865, he became a professor of Latin and Greek, while at the same time he studied theology in the seminary. He was elevated to the priesthood on the 8th of August, 1868, by Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of Pittsburg. The ceremony took place at St. Vincent's Abbey, in presence of the abbot and about twenty other priests. After his ordination he returned, with the permission and approval of his bishop, to the mountain, and taught in the college for a year or so, and was then raised to the chair of Moral Theology, and afterwards to that of Sacred Scripture, which positions he held until a short time ago. He became vice president of the college in September, 1876, and president on the 15th of September, 1877. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in June, 1878, from the University of Georgetown.

# Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

## CLERGYMEN.

Right Rev. Bishop Pellicer. — A large circle of acquaintances and friends will be shocked by the news, which has come so suddenly, of the death of Rt. Rev. Dr. Bishop Pellicer, Bishop of San Antonio, Texas. In his fifty-sixth year, he had the frame and appearance of one whose constitution would endure for many years to come, full of strength and activity for the great work he was pressing with so much vigor and success. God, whose appointed time no man knows, has sounded his hour, and others must carry on the work, to which no one in particular is necessary. As a Catholic bishop, the Church feels that she has lost one of her chief pastors; as a personal friend, the loss will be recognized not only in Texas, the seat of his most recent associations, but in Florida, the land of his birth and family, in Alabama, where the labors of so many years were sown broadcast throughout the State, and even in Louisiana, where metropolitan ties and loving predilection so often brought him that he became known and endeared to our people. — *N. O. Star.*

The diocese of Newport and Menevia (England) has lost its chief pastor. Full of years and full of honors, the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Joseph Brown, O. S. B., has passed to his eternal rest. Death overtook him on Monday, April 12, not altogether unexpectedly, and his final hours were calm. The departed bishop was prior of Downside College before his consecration, and it was from thence that he was chosen to be vicar-apostolic. From a comparatively early age in the sacred ministry, he manifested a faculty of preaching with great eloquence, force, and vividness of illustration. As a pulpit instructor, it was always a sincere pleasure as well as a great spiritual profit to listen to him. He was also an effective and ready writer; though, from

natural modesty, and indeed from a disinclination to withdraw himself to any appreciable extent from the immediate care of his people did not use his large literary talents as freely as he might have done. In the year 1854 the late Holy Father, Pius IX., nominated him assistant at the pontifical throne.

Rev. William McManus, formerly of Fredericton, N. B., died in Chicago, Ill., recently.

Rev. Father Martin Walsh died at Urbana, Ohio, after a brief illness, on the 7th of April.

The Rev. Father Clarkson, of St. Edwards, Rusholme, Manchester, England, died at the Presbytery, Thurloe Street, on Sunday, 11th of April.

The Rev. M. J. Curran, a respected priest of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Holyoke, Mass., died there recently, and was buried on the 13th April, the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly officiating.

Rev. J. T. Sheehan, Holyoke, Mass. — Rev. J. T. Sheehan, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Holyoke, died of consumption on the 24th of March, at the age of thirty-two. He was a native of Worcester, and a graduate of Montreal University. After receiving holy orders he became assistant pastor of St Joseph's Church at Pittsfield, under Rev. E. H. Purcell, and removed from there to assume the pastorate of the Sacred Heart. *Requiescat in pace.*

Death has again been busy at his work among the priests of the archdiocese of Philadelphia. In less than three weeks Fathers Knowd and Dougherty have been followed beyond the uncrossable bourne by Father Blacker, late pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Coatesville, who breathed his last in St Joseph's Hospital, in this city, early on Friday morning, the 16th of April. The Rev. Patrick Francis Blacker was born in Cullyanna, county Armagh, Ireland, in 1842, and was, accordingly, thirty-eight years old at the time of his death.

The Rev. John Brande Morris, whose death took place recently, at Hammersmith, was the eldest son of the Rev. John Morris, D D., of Brentford, in Middlesex, and nephew to the distinguished chemist, William Brande. Born at New Brentford on the 4th of September, 1812, he passed away at the age of sixty-seven. This distinguished convert to Catholicism matriculated at Balliol on the 17th of December, 1830, being then just eighteen. He was elected Fellow of Exeter College on the 30th of June, 1837, in place of Jacobson, and resigned on the 24th of January, 1846, upon becoming a Catholic.

Rev. Father Ryan, of Oakville, Canada, died at his residence on the 15th of April, after an illness of only a few days' duration, which had been contracted from exposure to the cold, while in the discharge of his pastoral duties. Full of years and good works, he was widely known throughout the province, especially for his championship of Catholic education, and among the Catholics of Halton and Brant for the unostentatious zeal and unremitting devotion with which he ministered to the spiritual wants of the congregations placed under his charge. The Rev. Jeremiah Ryan was born in the year 1808, in the county Kilkenny, Ireland, and received his early education at St. Kyran's, the diocesan college of Ossory, in the city of Kilkenny.

## IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JOHN A. McGILL, S. J.

Mournfully peals a bell's deep voice
On the air of a chill March day:
Tears unbidden start at the sound,
For a just one has passed away;
Gone fore'er from the toils of life,
Gone where the harps of angels play.
Great, tho' the world never knew it,
Great in the sight of God alone,
Was he o'er whom we mourn to day,
Whose spirit forever has flown;
Gone to rest from the toils of life,
Gone to dwell near the great white throne.
Yet why should we weep? the chains of life
The bright Angel of Death did sever;
His soul has flown to mansions of light;
His weary heart resteth forever.
Gone to sleep in the bosom of God,
Gone to dwell with angels forever.

Maggie E. Burke,
*Loretto Academy, Florissant, Mo.*

## SISTERS.

We regret to have to record the death, on April 1, at the convent in Monroe Mich., of Sister Chantel, a member of the Order of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the past eighteen years. This good *religieuse* was well known in the world as Miss Kate Marum, daughter of the late Edmund Marum, Esq., of Rathpatrick, county Kilkenny, Ireland, and sister of Prof. Hamill Marum, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart and St. Laurence Church, New York. She had been delicate from early childhood, and her holy and useful life was prolonged far beyond the years anticipated for her by her friends. She was a most useful and valued member of her Order, — never weary of doing good, always happy and hopeful. May she rest in peace! Amen.

## LAYMAN.

Mr. Kenelm Henry Digby, author of "The Broad Stone of Honor," "Mores Catholici," and a great number of other works, and father of Mr. Kenelm Thomas Digby, M. P. in this last Parliament for the Queen's County, died recently after a brief illness, in his eighty-first year, at his residence, Shaftesbury House, Kensington.

It is most gratifying to the Catholic heart to see that Catholic churches are rapidly rising in Dublin and many other parts of Ireland. A beautiful church has been opened in Dublin by the archbishop, dedicated to St. Joseph (it was the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph), and four other Catholic churches have been opened in Munster and Connaught. May the good work prosper!

# Events of the Month.

THE decree is being prepared by which St. Thomas Aquinas will be proclaimed protector of all Catholic educational institutions.

DENNIS KEARNEY was committed to the House of Correction at San Francisco, on April 19, and was at once put in convict's garb and placed in a cell. He was much chagrined and depressed.

THE London "Examiner" says that English bishops are raised to the bench mainly because they have been useful political partisans, and that they naturally shrink from rebuking the clergy who follow their saintly example. The church, it says, is demoralized, and her ministers have lost hold of the people's affections.

A TERRIBLE hurricane swept over Marshfield, Mo., Sunday evening, April 18, working much destruction to life and property, the whole town being nearly destroyed. The killed will reach at least one hundred, and the wounded over two hundred. It was by far the most fearful storm disaster ever known in this country. What a warning to those who live as if they were never to die, or put off reconciliation with God until the last possible moment! We know not the day nor the hour. — *Catholic Columbian.*

IRISH LAND LEAGUE IN BOSTON. — A branch of the league has been formed in Boston, with the following officers: *President*, Hon. P. A. Collins; *Vice-Presidents*, Dennis B. Cashman and P. J. Flatley; *Treasurer*, John Boyle O'Reilly; *Recording Secretary*, Thomas O'Flynn; *Financial Secretary*, P. J. O'Daly; *Directors*, Hon. P. A. Collins, George Cahill, of Quincy, J. P. McLaughlin, Jerome S. McDonald, Dennis Moore, Thomas Riley, and John Clancy.

THE JESUITS IN PARIS. — On Maundy Thursday the Church of the Jesuit Fathers in the Rue de Sèvres presented a remarkable spectacle. It was invaded by a compact crowd, which was unceasingly renewed, in which the men showed in great force. It was a mute protest against the anti-Catholic measures of the government. Many present were men of mark. After having adored the blessed Sacrament the crowds passed, with great reverence, before the tombs of the five priests assassinated by the government of the Commune, and left the church.

THE fourteenth centennial anniversary of the birth of St. Benedict has been solemnly celebrated at Monte Cassino, the monastery founded by him in the fifth century, as well as at Subiaco, the place of his hermitage, and Norcia, his birthplace. The three days' commemoration concluded on the 24th of March, thousands of pilgrims and ecclesiastical deputations from all parts of the world having attended. The Benedictine churches in Rome have also had splendid services, especially St. Paul's Extra Muros, where the music at vespers on Monday afternoon was simply matchless. The great event was also celebrated in other parts of Europe and America.

THE thirty-one colleges possessed by the Jesuits in France are said to contain no fewer than 15,000 scholars.

THE value of domestic breadstuffs exported from the United States during the month of March was almost $20,000,000, — an increase of almost $6,000,000.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, before leaving for Zululand, made a present of her imperial crown to the Church of Nôtre Dame des Victoires, in Paris. It is of great value, both from its artistic composition and the number of precious stones it contains.

THE venerable Cardinal Newman has been appointed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the title of Saint George in Velabro; and thus to a certain extent official approbation has been given, if such were needed, to the revival of the devotion to the great saint, practised to the glory of England for so many centuries.

LEO XIII. says: "The situation in France is grave and not without serious apprehensions, but the duty of the Holy See is always the same, under favorable circumstances or the contrary; namely, to promote, guard, and defend the interests of the Catholic religion, which is the religion of France, and which reflects glory on France itself."

WHEN Bishop Fitzgerald's Catholic cathedral at Little Rock, Ark., is completed it will be free from debt. All denominations of Protestants, and even the Jews, of two Arkansas dioceses have deemed it a privilege to contribute towards the building of the church, so great is the popularity of the good bishop among all classes of citizens. Though there are only 5,027 Catholics, by actual census, in the diocese, Bishop Fitzgerald has received and transmitted to Ireland the sum of $1,000.

CONVERSIONS. — Within a month some notable conversions to the Catholic Church have taken place in England. Among them are Sir Gilbert Scott, the great architect, and son of the more celebrated architect of the same name. About the same time a large number of the congregation of St. Alban's (Ritualistic) Church in Holborn, London, were also reconciled to the faith of their fathers. The stream of converts to the Church, which had been somewhat checked for a few years, has begun to widen again, and we daily have news of new conversions. In the United States conversions are of daily occurrence. The Rev. J. C. Russell and his family, consisting of five children, were received into the Church and baptized conditionally by venerable Father J. J. O'Connell, O. S. B., on March 31. This distinguished convert has been for the past nineteen years, and up to this time, an eloquent preacher and notable minister of the M. E. Church, and has filled the most prominent stations with credit to himself and honor to the Christian name. His conversion has been the result of years of patient inquiry, close study, and fervent prayer

JOHN MURPHY & Co., book publishers, Baltimore, Md., have presented Nôtre Dame College with two hundred volumes of books, towards re-establishing the library destroyed by the fire at that institution.

BY command of the queen, a stone cross has been erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial of France lost his life. The cross bears the following inscription: "This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where, while assisting in a reconnoissance with the British troops, on the 1st of June, 1879, he was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with his face to the foe."

A SHORT time ago what is known as the St. Vitus' dance broke out among the inmates of the Ursuline Convent, in Brown County, O., and began spreading so rapidly that the authorities telegraphed to parents to come after their children. In a short time the scholars were all taken away, and it is the present intention not to open the school until the fall. One lady died from the disease, and several others are in a bad condition. There were about three hundred scholars, but the exact extent of the disease is not known.

ONE of the newly arrived operatives at Chicopee, Mass., tried a few days since to hire a house; but the owner objected on account of the number of the applicant's children. Applying elsewhere, he first sent his children just inside of the cemetery fence, and on being asked by landlord No. 2 if he had any children, replied with a most mournful tone and manner, that his "children were all in the cemetery." The tenement was duly hired; and though the landlord was at first considerably annoyed to discover the trick played upon him, it was so well executed that he concluded to submit.

IN Catholic Austria, France, and Italy, in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, men are never excluded by Catholic constituencies on account of their religious persuasion from a seat in the representative assemblies of these countries. In England, where civil and religious liberty is proclaimed as the birthright of every Englishman, an English Catholic is not indeed debarred by law — at least since Catholic emancipation — from public and parliamentary life; yet he is virtually excluded from Parliament by the narrow sectarian bigotry of English Protestant electors. In the new Parliament there will not be a single Catholic Englishman. Indeed, there was only one — Lord Edmund Talbot, brother to the Duke of Norfolk — bold enough even to appeal to an English constituency. There are many Catholics of position and property in the country, — men of education and ability and public spirit; and yet so unfair and ungenerous are English Protestant electors that no Catholics have the slightest possible chance of election. In the late Parliament not one English Catholic sat for an English county or borough. Ireland had the generosity to elect two English Catholics, both converts, — Lord Robert Montagu and Sir George Bowyer; but in its present conflict Ireland prefers to elect Irishmen to represent its interests and wishes.

THUS far, the number of Grant delegates chosen to the Chicago Convention is much larger than the number of delegates elected who favor the nomination of some other man; and there is every reason for believing that the Grant majority will be much increased.

MORE than seven hundred buildings were destroyed, and more than 4,000 persons made homeless, by the great fire in Hull, Canada, on April 21. Hull is opposite Ottawa. It is supposed that a large number of persons lost their lives.

IT is stated in Rome, on very good authority, that the difficulties between the Vatican and the Prussian authorities are at an end. If Prince Bismarck has not actually reached the famous goal of Canossa, he has gone a considerable distance on the way to it, and the exercise of the Catholic faith in Germany has been rendered much more easy.

MLLE. ROSE GAMBETTA, aunt of the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, has lately died at Nîmes. This good woman, a servant of Canon Ailhaud, would never ask for assistance from her nephew. When begged to do so, she would reply, "I will owe nothing to him who has abandoned the Legitimist opinions of all his family. I pray God to enlighten and convert him, but I will ask nothing from him."

A TREMENDOUS tornado swept over parts of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, on April 19, and inflicted great loss of life and of property on those States. It seems to have been the greatest storm of the kind ever known in that part of the world, the deaths being counted in hundreds, and the value of the property destroyed estimated in hundreds of thousands of dollars. Of the wide-spread, various, and lasting suffering caused by so terrible a visitation, no estimate possibly can be made.

MR. EDWARD MCDONALD, of Belleville, Ashtown, who had sole charge of the hunting arrangements of the Empress of Austria while in Ireland, has received a letter informing him that the Emperor Francis Joseph had been pleased to confer upon him the Golden Cross for "merit, with the crown." Mrs. McDonald received a magnificent brooch from the empress. The pattern is that of a butterfly with outstretched wings, the body being represented by a large amethyst, while the wings are formed of sixty diamonds set in finest gold. The head is composed of a large diamond, and the eyes are of bright emeralds.

THERE is an institution at Sheffield, England, purporting to be a charitable institution, though it profanes by its bigotry the name of charity, which excludes from its benefits Catholics or members of the Jewish body. The institution was founded for the aid of unmarried or married women or widows. A leading townsman of Sheffield, Mr. William Fisher, who died recently, has left by will the sum of £8,000 to found an institution for the benefit of Catholics and Jews excluded from the existing institution by the bigotry of its Protestant founders. Mr Fisher, who has thus shown a truer sense of the spirit of Christian charity than some of his fellow-townsmen, was a Unitarian.

SECRETARY SHERMAN states that reduction of the national debt is going on at the rate of $10 000,000 a month.

THE Gaelic Union offers a sum of £30 as a prize for proficiency in Irish, to be competed for in the next Intermediate Examinations in Ireland. This is a practical way of encouraging the study of this rich old Celtic tongue.

THE brave old Irish-American, Gen. Shields, who represented three States in the United States Senate, and gained laurels in two wars, while battling 'neath the stars and stripes, is to have a monument to his memory. The affair is in the hands of energetic Missourians; it will cost $25,000, and Congress is to be petitioned to donate the material in the shape of condemned cannon, — which it cannot well refuse, though republics are ungrateful. No one has more deserving claims for honorable remembrance by his adopted country than this brave Tyrone man. We knew him well, and cherish memories of many a pleasant meeting. Sweet be his sleep by the borders of Missouri's rushing river! — *The Catholic Union.*

THE UNITED STATES TO IRELAND. — At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 20, the United States naval sailing frigate "Constellation," — a vessel that will be known in the chronicles of the time as "The American Relief Ship," — laden with clothes and provisions for the Irish poor, dropped anchor, after a stormy passage of twenty days, in Cork Harbor. Thirty-three years ago, almost to the day, another United States vessel, putting off the trappings of war, and arrayed in the guise of mercy, came like a white-robed angel to the aid of the generation before us, then sinking under the wave of adversity and famine. Then, as now, the American Congress cordially voted the ship; and the "Jamestown" in the April of 1847, like the "Constellation" in the April of 1880, received a grateful welcome from the warm-hearted people of the southern capital. The crew of the "Constellation" number one hundred men, commanded by Capt. Potter, a splendid specimen of the American sailor. They are all, if not Irish by birth, at least Irish by sympathy, and they have entered upon their charitable mission, each man with his heart in his work. Capt. Forbes, who "still lives," was the commander of the American relief ship "Jamestown," and he was received with the proverbial hospitality of our race. It is not uninteresting now to look back upon the records of that time, and to note that amongst those prominent at the public receptions given to Capt. Forbes were the celebrated Father Mathew, the late John Francis Maguire, Michael Joseph Barry, and others whose names are not forgotten. The "Jamestown" brought 15,000 barrels of flour, besides money relief. We have only to say in conclusion that another bond of amity is forged between the great continental republic of the West and this little Atlantic island from which the great republic drew so much of her blood and bone. That blood and bone throve and grew strong in the free atmosphere of magnificent America; but in the days of independence and strength the exiled progeny of Ireland have not forgotten her, but lavishly given to her out of the plenteous stores with which Providence has blessed them.

## Notices of Recent Publications.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.*

THE RELIGIOUS MISSION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE AND CATHOLIC COLONIZATION. By J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria.

This is a seasonable book, and deserves a wide circulation among all desiring to learn about Catholic colonization. The preface says, "The general truth which I have sought to develop is that the Irish Catholics are the most important element in the Church of this country, and that their present surroundings and occupations are, for the most part, a hindrance to the fulfilment of the mission which God has given to them." Bishop Spalding has done and is doing great service to our race, and the Irish people should not only read this book, but should use every effort to circulate it. We shall give a chapter from it in our next.

*P. O'Shea, New York.*

THE BYRNES OF GLENGOULAH: a True Tale. By Alice Nolan.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS. By J. W. Cummings, D. D., LL. D., late pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York.

This is a new edition of an excellent book, useful and instructive for every member of the household.

SHORT AND FAMILIAR ANSWERS TO THE MOST COMMON OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST RELIGION. From the French of L'Abbé Segur, formerly chaplain of the military prison of Paris.

This is a new and improved edition. All M. Segur's books are excellent. His "Plain Talk" has had an immense sale. This book is equally good. Parents should buy it for their children.

GREAT TRUTHS. By the same author.

We wish our Protestant friends as well as Catholics could be induced to read these books. Col. Bob Ingersoll should peruse them.

*T. Sherlock, Chicago, Ill.*

The "Western Watchman" gives this notice of a book not yet received at our sanctum: —

THE CASE OF IRELAND, STATED HISTORICALLY, from the earliest times to the present; together with a gazetteer, geographical, descriptive, and statistical. Compiled from the latest and best authorities. Chicago: Published by T. Sherlock.

Of the many books, pamphlets, and essays written about Ireland within the past fifty years, little more can be said than that they were eloquent in the details of a past without glory, and studiously indifferent to a future that might be made glorious if some of the best

of her rhetoricians would study logic, — the logic of facts, patent and palpable even to the blind.

The great error of the average writer on Ireland is his halting at places of apocryphal renown and his prolixity when describing them. Who cares for one half or two thirds of the cairns and raths that occupy so much space in so-called histories of Ireland? The writers imagine that the world is, like their feelings or prejudices, standing still and doing nothing to be up to the age, but "sighing like a furnace" for the past, — a past in thirst of glory.

This little book has laid volumes under contribution, and has carefully discarded the frenzy of fancy, and is full to the covers of facts, even facts which one will remember and bear in his head and heart for many a day.

It is not, however, creditable to the publisher to send it out to the world full of typographical errors. "Oars" is used for ores, page 13; "Dangannon" for Dungannon, page 44; "MacDonalds" for MacDonnells, page 64. "Wolfe Tone was captured on board a French vessel, tried, and executed."

Mr. Publisher, why do you let this *nod* appear in your book? You ought to know that Mr. Tone was not captured on board a French vessel, but in Ireland after leaving the vessel; nor was he executed. He is reported to have committed suicide, but he may have been murdered.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, it is a valuable and interesting book, and tells the story of the landlords and landless poor of Ireland logically and well.

*Benziger Brothers, New York.*

PARTS 29 and 30 of the LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, and his blessed Mother, perhaps one of the best works on this subject ever written, has been received. The frontispiece is a fine picture of the Crucifixion. The work is drawing to a close.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.*

LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT.

We hear that Hon. George Shea, Chief Justice of the Marine Court of New York, will soon give to the public a pamphlet entitled "Why is Ireland again a Mendicant?"

*D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.*

ONLY A WAIF. By R. A. Braendle ("Pips").

*Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.*

THE IRISH LOURDES. The Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Knock, County Mayo, Ireland. By Sister Mary Francis Clare.

This pamphlet has a peculiar interest at the present time, and we have no doubt thousands will seek to learn what Sister Clare has to say on the subject. The price is only twenty-five cents.

All the above books can be had at Messrs. Noonan & Co.'s, 21 and 23 Boylston St.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERY interesting paper in the April number of "The Dublin Review" is the contribution of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, with regard to the birthplace of St. Patrick. His lordship contends for the truth of the tradition of the Scottish Church, which has assigned Old Kilpatrick as the birthplace of the apostle. The evidence and argument with which he sustains his view on this subject are perfectly convincing, and ought to settle the question definitely. He gives extracts in favor of his contention from the "Vita Secunda," the "Vita Quarta," the "Irish Tripartite Life," the "Leabhar Breac" the "Book of Lismore," and from the writings of St. Patrick himself, St. Fiace, Probus, the celebrated Marianus Scotus, Jocelyn etc. The depth of his acumen and of his knowledge on the subject is shown by the able manner in which he disposes of the objections of Dr. Lanigan and other eminent scholars.

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MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Beautiful Dreams," song with chorus; words by Ida Scott Taylor, music by H. P. Danks. "It is Night: are the Children Home?" contralto song by D. F. Hodges. "Speak Softly to the Fatherless," song and chorus, by J. A. Barney. "The Italian Girl; or, the Brigand's Daughter," composed and sung by Alf. Shaw, vocalist. "The Farewell," Tyrolese song, words and music by Miss Alice Siedler. "Down by the Old Mill Stream," song and chorus, by John Read. "I'll be Dar," words and music by James S. Putnam, arranged by Harry F. Williams. The Great Plantation Songs: No. 1, "Penelope," Ann de Balz; No. 2, "A Life by the Galley Fire," two songs with chorus, words and music by Cuffy Josslin. "Waiting on the Shore," by M. F. Sanborn; sung by Miss Annie Pixley. "The Lass on Shore," song for tenor; words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. L. Gilbert.

*Instrumental:* "Nearer, My God, to Thee," fantasie de concert for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. 'Racquet Waltzes," by George Thorne. "The Sea Cadet," grand potpourri de concert, by Chas. D. Blake. "Love's Return Waltzes," by A. E. Warren. "Medley Waltz, Lancers Quadrille," containing the popular melodies of the day, by E. H. Bailey.

MUSIC BOOKS.

SMITH'S MUSICAL ALBUM, No. 6, containing a choice collection of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

THE MUSICAL GREETING, a Collection of Music for the Piano-forte.

This is an excellent book, containing two hundred and forty pages of good piano music that will please any one. The selections are all taking and popular, and are worth the attention of any piano player. The work is tastefully issued by Messrs. White, Smith & Co., in their usual good style.

THE GLEE CLUB FOR MIXED VOICES, a choice collection of Glees, Quartets, Duets, Trios, etc., by E. H. Bailey and C. A. White.

Another excellent work. The contents are of the very choicest description, and indispensable to the lover of good part music. The selections are over sixty in number. The book is a handsome and tasteful one, and we would strongly recommend those of our readers who like good part songs to procure a copy. Also published by Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

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